News Compendium

Volume 2 - 2001 AD

Introduction

If you're reading this you almost certainly don't need to read this. You know what Something Awful was and you sought out this document in some way. Now that Lowtax is dead and the site has been sold it's future is more precarious. The Internet Archive has copies of this content in their Wayback Machine, but that too can be deleted with a legal letter or other threat. More and more we live in a world where the only certainty is your own hard drive, your own backups in your own house. My hope is, if you enjoyed this material as much as I did, you will download and archive it yourself. In fact, my real hope is you will then print out this volume as well as the other ones, 21 in total, one for each year from 2000 to 2020, and then bind them in finest calf skin with embossed spines and shelve them in your capacious library where you can retreat and drink brandy and seek solace in the wit of ages past.

Can we really blame the current state of the internet and the world at large on Something Awful? The answer is a definite "maybe", which is infinitely worse than a resounding "no".

In the early days it was possible to read the entire internet, or at least the interesting parts, every day. Most of the web was 3 page corporate placeholder sites created by companies that didn't really believe in this computer malarkey, but wanted to stake a claim in case it turned lucrative. The rest were slow and tame forums for nerdy hobbies, of which only Slashdot survives. It's important to remember how conservative the early internet was. The general human fear of anything new was amplified by clueless warnings about identity theft and social regret, published in legacy media, TV and print, who were reacting instinctively to the real threat posed to themselves by instant publishing, even as they scoffed at its future. Most people policed themselves far more than they do now.

The real action was taking place in email lists and Usenet, where the limited lifespan of the content enabled users to express themselves freely. But, once you'd exhausted alt.tasteless and maybe Rotten.com and The Onion, where did you go? Something Awful was there for you. I was never brave enough to join the forums, I was never a goon, but I always read the publicly available sections. It was the essence of the site, finessed and presented to the world without fear, inspirational in those days. As a wordy chap the News was my favourite. It evolved out of an afterthought into a masterpiece of surreal and savage humour that still holds up, can still astonish and impress. As Lowtax grew bored of writing he relinquished the task to a growing cadre of talented amateurs, who created series and eventually spun off entire books and novels, now forgotten to all but the scholars. This node of creativity flourished as the web grew and changed, until finally dying away in a series of steadily rarer updates and more perfunctory entries, as such things tend to do.

You'll notice that I'm tactfully avoiding the matter of the way Lowtax chose to exit his existence. That would be because I don't care. The "death of the author" means we don't need to care about the ethics of the human who wrote the words in the order we find them. In fact most other writers contributed more to the News than he did.

I'm releasing the LaTeX source so more talented individuals might work with it to improve the aesthetics. The formatting and fonts are mostly native LaTeX which are considered perfect by all cultured people. Someday I hope to stumble upon this in the wild, perhaps being sold by some unscrupulous vendor in the form of an instant print paperback, or tucked away in the private collection of a rogue AI nesting in the disused servers of a defunct game. More likely it will be buried and devalued by the avalanche of slop generated by tame AIs trained on the data of the original site, and tweaked by detailed research into human neural architecture to produce far more tantalizing and addictive prose. That can't be helped. This shit was written by humans and deserves to survive.

Copyright

All work remains the copyright of the original authors, or perhaps it was sold to Somethingawful and then transferred to the mysterious entity which now owns the site, or perhaps it never existed. Who knows?

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Chapter 1

January

1.1 The State of The Internet Article

Sunday, Jan 14, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

The Outlook

With the recent shakeup in the dot-com / Internet network advertising industry, I have written and posted up an article entitled "The State of the Internet." I have taken a critical look at the Internet's business model, examined why it has failed, and what it will take to make the online advertising a viable solution.

> *How many times have you seen a completely worthless, uninteresting ad banner running on this site? More importantly, when was the last time you saw an ad banner you WANTED to click on to find out more information? This fault lies with the online advertisers and their failure to do the necessary research and homework. While they can't get data which is exact as television industry-type statistics, they can determine a general profile of their audience and effectively cater a campaign to them. However, most advertisers haven't been trained to do this. The Internet is a new frontier for them and they have absolutely no clue how to adapt to this playing ground. It's just easier to make one broad ad and toss it to a gigantic network. Then, when it inevitably fails, blame the network and pull out. This situation has happened so often that it has easily become the norm and not the exception.*

This is a serious, solid look at why the entire dot-com advertising industry has gone belly-up in recent months and how this situation can be corrected. Hopefully this article will help answer questions many people have regarding the entire industry and why it's currently failing. I have the utmost faith that the Internet will adapt and come out stronger than ever, but I am also sure that things will get much worse before they get much better. Please have a look at the article and post your feedback and comments on the forums.

Thanks

I'd like to thank everybody who have provided support and encouragement during the current network situation. Hopefully eFront will make good on their word and rectify the situation by the end of this week, before I go and decide to walk away forever. I'd like to especially thank the guys at Shugashack, Stomped, [H]ard|OCP, ARS Technica, and Lum the Mad for their support. The gaming network scene, despite growing by leaps and bounds, continually goes to show how close knit and community-oriented they are, and it makes me proud to operate a site that is in any way affiliated with them. I'd also like to thank the people on my forums who have resisted the lure of immediately jumping ship and moving to another site the first chance they got. A lot of vultures recently swept into my forums and tried to pull people away to their own sites for the sake of "the community", and I appreciate all the people who decided to stick with SA until the bitter end. Hopefully eFront will prevent such an end from manifesting itself, and the migration of people to other forums will simply reduce the clutter of newbies and "first post idiots" on SA's forums. This site wouldn't be anywhere without its fans, and I appreciate the people who stick by me and offer their support, instead of instantly leaving.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

1.2 Southern Fried Retards

Monday, Jan 15, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Your News at a Glance

- Immigrant Sues Alabama Over English-Only Driver's Test - Another intensely stupid lawsuit? You betcha!

> *The U.S. Supreme Court hears arguments Tuesday in a lawsuit filed by a Mexican immigrant who alleges Alabama violated the 1964 Civil Rights Act by giving driver's license tests in only one language: English.*

I personally agree with this outlook and think that America is acting very racist and discriminatory by only offering the driving test in English. If I were to fathom a conservative estimate, I would guess there's at least nine different immigrant nationalities currently living in the US, even more if you count the people waiting in line at the local In and Out Burger. It's quite racist to assume that all people living in America speak English, and as a result, I believe all driving tests and traffic signs should be translated to every known language in the universe including Klingon and that one which involves clicking your tongue a lot. This will result in the following outcomes which will undoubtedly be beneficial to everybody involved (unless of course you actually live in or travel to America):

> 1) Stop signs will grow to become 500 x 500 feet in order to accommodate every single translation of the word "STOP". Since they will invariably start blocking out nearby stores, these shops will have to be rebuilt to 100 times their normal size so people can see them behind the large signs.
>
> **Winners in this situation:** The metal, brick, and construction industries. **Losers in this situation:** Really short people, because they'll feel even shorter when entering a 7-11 with a door the size of a pregnant sperm whale. They'll probably feel even less appealing to women and will start doing narcotics, so I guess I could list the "drug industry" as a possible winner too. I'm not going to though, because I'm lazy and don't want to hit the up arrow key three times in rapid succession.
>
> 2) Stop signs will stay the same size, but the font on the word "STOP" will be reduced to 4-point Arial so the sign may hold every possible translation of the word. Signs will have to be memorized by their respective color; "stop" will be red, "yield" will be yellow, and "Now Entering Alabama" will be essentially clear due to all the bullet holes through it.
>
> **Winners in this situation:** The eyeglass industry and the Type Setters Union of America. **Losers in this situation:** People who currently aren't Superman and can't read really tiny print while driving a SUV at Mach-4 type speeds. A recent survey has shown that up to 97% of the American public is in fact NOT Superman, so this could have wide-reaching effects. One of them might even involve the NASDAQ.

So, as you can see, it's the world's God-given right to have American streetsigns translated to every language known to mankind and many theoretical languages which are currently being invented. It's even your American right as a native non-American.

- Confederate Flag Casts Shadow of Doubt Over King Day - Those wacky southern gents are at it again, defending the Confederate flag from the evil people who don't like to be reminded of what the South stood for back in the Civil War: bloated, armed white guys with sideburns the size of yak legs.

> *South Carolina for the first time recognized Martin Luther King Jr.'s birthday as a state holiday on Monday, but the divisive question of what to do with the Confederate battle flag flying on state grounds loomed above the ceremonies.*

To sum up the argument revolving around the Confederate flag, there are currently two warring factions at odds with each other: the group of people who like the Confederate flag and the group of people who DON'T like the Confederate flag.These groups will not reach a compromise and will not settle until their complete demands have been met, which range from either having the flag stay up to having the flag NOT stay up. Negotiators have been called in and offered the following solutions, but neither side has agreed with them:

> **Solution 1:** Cut the flag in half, making one side the Confederate logo and the other a big red arrow pointing to the Confederate side with the words *"THEY SUCK"* written above it in marker.
>
> **Solution 2:** Keep the entire Confederate flag design but begin manufacturing them from cancer-causing fibers that spontaneously combust into a cloud of poison gas after six days.
>
> **Solution 3:** Replace every single Confederate flag with a large flat-screen television that shows continuous, looping ads for Cherry Mash bars and beef jerky.

As imagined, none of these solutions panned out properly, and as a result, South Carolina is currently stuck in a stalemate (that is a chess term which is declared when your opponent picks up your Queen piece and shoves it into his mouth before fleeing from the room in a maniacal frenzy). However, I have a solution which will easily benefit all parties involved, as well as take advantage of an American tradition. It's simple: REVISIONIST HISTORY.

Remember when all the self-professed "historians" stepped out of the woodwork in the late 1980's and claimed absolutely insane things like George Washington was really a Hispanic female in drag and Christopher Columbus was a wife-swapping opium junkie who sold his Nina, Pinta, and Santa Monica series of adventure boats for two dollars cash and a pack of cigarettes? If the government employs these history revisionists to create a "new" Confederate history, one with an embarrassingly stupid looking flag, the southern gents will have no problem at all with taking down their flags. All they have to do is write some bogus research papers, hold a few press conferences, and bam, problem solved. Just to make South Carolina's problems easier, I have developed a few potential ideas for Confederate flags. If your state chooses to use them, I expect my site's URL to be printed on the bottom of every single flag.

Option #1: "Penis County" flag. Note the "flaming pink" background color which suggests blatant homosexuality, inferring that perhaps the Confederate-obsessed flag nutballs are having sex with their sister just to cover up their homosexuality.

Option #2: "Otis Nixon Profile Shot" flag. Otis Nixon, one of the most horrendously ugly men in baseball, would make sure not a single Confederate flag is ever sold. Ever.

▪ Nintendo Controls What Words You Can Write and Use - Apparently not happy with only pulling in $67 billion a day from sales of Charmander nativity scenes and Pikachu feminine anti-itch products, Nintendo has publicly declared that nobody can use or write the word "Pokemon" except them.

> *We represent Nintendo of America Inc. ("Nintendo"), the owner of the trademark(s) and/or copyrighted works listed above (the "Nintendo trademark(s)/works"). It has come to our client's attention recently that you are using the Nintendo trademark(s)/works in the hidden text/visible text/Meta tags and/or title of the above-referenced sexually explicit Web site. This use is unauthorized, and we are writing to demand that you immediately cease and desist this infringement of Nintendo's intellectual property rights."*

This might be a valid concern if there weren't two minor points to consider here:

> 1) Crackerjap doesn't have any porn. 2) They didn't even have the word "Pokemon" in any of their active webpages.

It's understandable how Nintendo would want to protect their intellectual property, as Pokemon merchandise is the number one export for many third-world countries which list "traffic cones" among their national assets, but this is just ridiculous. Does a relatively small site like Crackerjap pose such a threat to a gigantic, transglobal corporation like Nintendo that they must harass them for petty, bogus, false things? Nintendo actually had Crackerjap's entire server shut down and all files locked out for these supposed infractions of their trademarked word. What kind of brave new world are we entering in to when humongous companies like Nintendo can shut down personal sites and silence speech with absolutely no type of proof or procedure? Look soon for the day when 12-year olds are sentenced to the Gulag because they claimed Oddish "sucks."

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

1.3 Pic of a Fat Man and Time Travel

Tuesday, Jan 16, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Guide

Tomorrow: heaps o' gooey content including a few new pages of Cliff Yablonski Hates You. Today: nothing except technical problems and a dead cable modem.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

1.4 Nintendo Sues Daily Radar, Cliff Y. Hits #100

Wednesday, Jan 17, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Swarm to Attack, My Delicious Legal Monkeys!

Well, you gotta love Nintendo. No seriously, you've legally **GOT** to love Nintendo or else you'll find yourself at the end of a very costly lawsuit. The gigantic console megalomaniac has taken the next logical step and moved from suing small sites to suing much larger ones. As much as it pains me to sympathize with them, everybody's favorite online gaming mag Daily Radar has recently found themselves staring down the ass-end of a gigantic Nintendo lawsuit claiming copyright infringement, trademark infringement, and general *"willful and unlawful conduct."* Why? Because Daily Radar published a walkthrough *Pokemon* trainer's guide.

Now I'll be the first one to admit I'm no legal expert (that's why I have Leonard Crabs on staff), but what does Nintendo stand to gain from suing every warm-blooded creature in the entire world who dares to use the word *"Pokemon"* on their webpage? Why are they on such a massive witchhunt, obsessed with shutting down each site on the Internet that even mentions their game's name? I seriously do not understand why they'd file a lawsuit against Daily Radar, which does nothing but promote their products and post hundreds of thousands of links to buy their games. Hell, last time I checked, there wasn't a single link on Daily Radar that DIDN'T lead to a site where you could buy *Pokemon*. In fact, I don't even think Daily Radar is an online magazine anymore -- it's just a gigantic redirect to places that sell stuff.

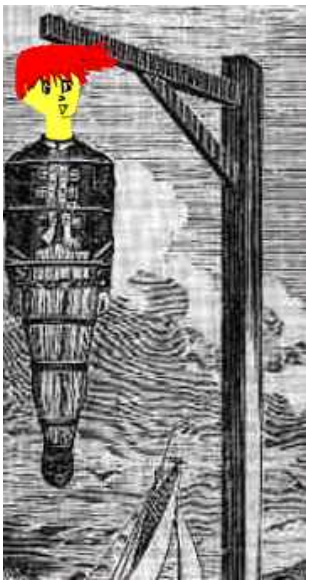
Despite all this, Nintendo just couldn't help coming down on them and threatening a legal bitchslap if they didn't remove every single Pokemon graphic, picture, screenshot, and "trademark violation." I sat in my chair for six hours, desperately trying to brainstorm why Nintendo would go balls out and take such a drastic measure. Okay, maybe I wasn't exactly brainstorming, but I did have my pants off at the time, and I usually do all my best thinking when I lack pants.

Then it suddenly hit me like a ton of pillows (a ton of pillows weighs exactly the same as a ton of bricks, so it had the same effect): Daily Radar was facing the consequences of writing the world's most stupid article, "The 20 Gnarliest Torture Devices of All Time." In case you missed this wonderful feature the first time it ran (and you probably did if you're not currently in prison for attempting to assassinate the editor of Daily Radar), they tried to break up the "ho hum" monotony of reporting on video game ads and women's breasts by offering a look at the 20 most disturbing torture devices of all time. Just like in the Nintendo lawsuit, I can't help but ask myself, "why?" Why on God's green Earth would Daily Radar choose to suddenly publish an article about the top ways to mutilate and murder somebody? Who actually agreed to write this awful monstrosity and post it up on the site? How does something so horrible come to be?

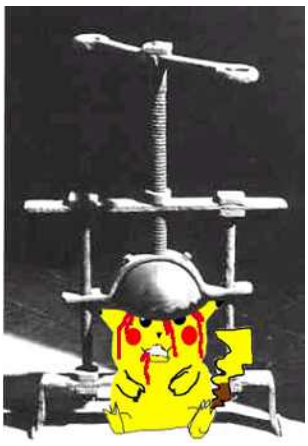
> **DAILY RADAR EDITOR:** "I'm really happy with how our online magazine is going. We've managed to successfully confuse 98% of our viewing audience so they no longer can tell if a link will send them to an advertisement or another piece of content. However, I just can't help but feeling that something is... missing. How has the public responded to our recent advertising blitz?"
>
> **PROFESSIONAL WRITER SCOTT DeVANEY, WHO IS ALSO PROBABLY A JET PILOT:** "A lot of people have written in complaining that visiting our site is similar to torture."
>
> **DAILY RADAR EDITOR:** "If so many people are writing in and talking about torture, that must mean that they're interested in various torture techniques!"
>
> **PROFESSIONAL WRITER SCOTT DeVANEY, WHO IS ALSO PROBA-**

> **BLY A NUCLEAR TECHNICIAN:** "Maybe I should write an article detailing the most disgusting and terrible torture devices of all time! Then our magazine will seem slightly less painful by comparison!"
>
> **DAILY RADAR EDITOR:** "Excellent idea! Try to include URL links to purchase these torture devices online."

At that point I imagine Professional Writer Scott DeVaney would probably just stare at the editor and wonder how he was able to hyperlink certain words in his oral conversation. If I had to guess, I would imagine it probably had something to do with the Bitboy's latest bullshit idea *(NOTE TO SELF: make fun of Bitboys more)*. However, it's not my place to speculate how the editor of Daily Radar can manage to defy all laws of physics; it's my job to run an unsuccessful entertainment site. I assume that Nintendo's legal team, which consists of over 500,000 lawyers continuously replacing the yardsticks lodged up their ass every hour, were tipped off by a concerned parent who noticed the indirect link between Pikachu's evolution and cutting a person in half by sawing through their groin while they hang upside-down. To test this Nintendo legal theory, I am going to post a mini-gallery of the torture devices featured in the Daily Radar article along with various assorted characters from Pokemon (as drawn by Bobby, age 8). Nintendo legal team, if you're ready for a lawsuit, Leonard Crabs will be reading and waiting for your inevitable threats. I can't wait to see the look on your face when he busts free from your closet and stabs you with a particularly sharp comb that he whittled from a ripe oak tree last Spring.



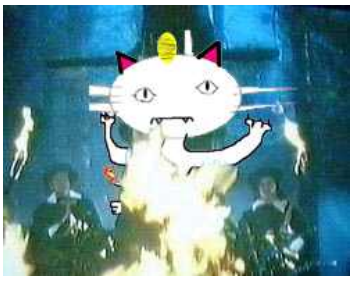
Misty in the "Hanging Cage"



Pikachu enjoying the "Head Crusher" (NOTE: blood trails added for emphasis)

Yablonski Hits the Milestone!

Cliff Yablonski, the man, the legend, the hero, has hit a milestone: 100 pages of people he hates. Yup, the big one-zero-zero. That breaks down to Cliff's documented hatred of exactly 600 people in his hometown of Appleton City. I'm sure you can imagine the raw excitement his email message to me contained.



Meowth being burned at the stake.

From: cliff yablonski
Subject: 100

hey shithead,

Ive finally got to page 100 of people I just cannot stand. 100 pages of low-life dregs, retarded simps, and other human wastes of skin and cartilage. post a link to the six new pages of people I hate or your parents are going to discover your rotting corpse inside a waste barrel tomorrow morning.

cliff

Oh that Cliff Yablonski. What a card! Make sure to head right on over and discover the six new pages of people Cliff hates, then congratulate the old bastard on hitting the 100-page mark! Sniff... this day will go down in history, I'm sure of it.

ICQ Prank? ICQ Prank!

Having gone through a brief dry spell of ICQ spammers who would fall for my idiotic pranks, I recently came up aces with Roy and his attempt to make me visit his life insurance website. My goal: to appear to be the absolute most horrendous credit risk in the history of mankind. Did I succeed in that goal?

Roy - Do you have heart problems or medical conditions like those?

Lowtax - You're damn straight I do. All kinds of crazy shit. I get worked up over the Raiders game and start crushing lawn furniture, so my wife tells me to calm down and the next thing you know I've passed out and fallen down and knocked over the birdbath. I have anger problems, Roy, probably because every single person in my life continually disappoints me and shits me off to no damn end. There's only so much disappointment a man can take, Roy.

Roy - What kind of medication are you currently on?

Lowtax - Some white pills, a few blue ones, and one orange tab thingy. I don't usually take the orange one because when I start drinking I can't see anything because of the damn spots everywhere. It's enough to make a man crazy.

Decide for yourself.

Hosted Site Mayhem!

Look at all this hosted site goodness!

- Bjørnar B. has updated with about four new drawings, including one for you Counter-Strike fans out there! I mean, just look at this description!

> *D. Duck shoots on his dear loved nevus becuase they are mudding Wheat bread all over the gras in the Garden. (Wheat Bread (very unhealthy for bloodtype 0 and A.)*

There's no Fat Uncle Jubalon but oh well, I guess you can't have everything.

- Taco the Wonderdog has a whole bunch of new stuff, and like usual, I'm not really sure what any of it is. Mainly it consists of mp3s, but there could very well be other stuff buried in there. Maybe you can find out.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

1.5 Random E/N Site Generator

Thursday, Jan 18, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Good News!

The good news is that eFront finally came through on their word. As a result, this site will be up until (at least) February 19th.

Bad News!

As I'm sure you've heard, Jeff K. has been taken into legal custody by the FBI Cyber-Crimes department. I am currently on my way up to Washington with Leonard Crabs so we may straighten this mess out. More details will come soon.

Also...!

In the meantime, feel free to enjoy the Something Awful Random E/N Site Generator! This page automatically refreshes every 60 seconds with a brand new page of teenage angst, depression, and incessant whining about how cruel and heartless life is! Have a blast with the Random E/N Site Generator!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

1.6 Selling Transformers and Action Movie Scripts on eBay

Sunday, Jan 21, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

My True Calling...

I have finally found my true calling in life thanks to eBay. This is an event which really goes against the grain, as the nature of eBay often causes people to realize what they absolutely, positively, 100% do **not** want to ultimately do in life. Here's an example of what I'm talking about:

> TRANSFORMERS GENERATION ONE - $10,000
>
> *Here is what is up for auction to help you with names in each picture below: AUTOBOTS 1984:OPTIMUS PRIME, TRAILBREAKER, SIDESWIPE, SUNSTREAKER, WHEELJACK, JAZZ, RATCHET, IRONHIDE, BLUESTREAK, PROWL, HOUND, MIRAGE, BUMBLEBEE, CLIFFJUMPER, BRAWN, WINDCHARGER, HUFFER, GEARS, BUMBLEJUMPER, RED BUMBLEBEE, YELLOW CLIFFJUMPER. DECEPTICONS 1984: MEGATRON, SOUNDWAVE, BUZZSAW, RAVAGE, RUMBLE, FRENZY, LAZERBEAK, STARSCREAM, SKYWARP, THUNDERCRACKER. AUTOBOTS 1985: OMEGA SUPREME, JETFIRE, BLASTER, PERCEPTOR, ROADBUSTER, WHIRL, TOPSPIN, TWINTWIST, POWERGLIDE, COSMOS, SEASPRAY, BEACHCOMBER, WARPATH, CAMSHAFT...* (other 99/100ths of the list not quoted)

Now after reading a bid description like that, one where the auctioneer was able to list approximately 15 billion Transformers FROM MEMORY (yes, from memory), I instantly realized that no matter what job occupation I may choose in the future, **there's no way in hell that I want to end up working with that guy.** I can't think of anybody more potentially psychotic in the world except perhaps the person who actually ponies up $10,000 to purchase the freak's used toys. I can just imagine what kinds of conversations might ensue when this guy is attempting to pawn off his crap.

> **TRANSFORMER SELLER:** "HELLO I HAVE ZILLIONS OF TRANSFORMERS INCLUDING BEASTBOX, QUAKE, SPINSTER, NEEDLENOSE, FLAMEFEATHER, AND SPARKSTALKER, THE ULTIMATE COLLECTION INDEED."
>
> **TRANSFORMER BUYER:** "OH WELL THAT'S A VERY NICE COLLECTION BUT DO YOU HAVE SPROCKET, OVERRUN, ASTRO SQUAD, METRO SQUAD, AND CONSTRUCTION PATROL?"
>
> **TRANSFORMER SELLER:** "WHY YES I DO THAT'S A DUMB QUESTION BECAUSE I HAVE EVERY SINGLE DAMN TRANSFORMER EVERY MADE IN THE HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSE."
>
> **TRANSFORMER BUYER:** "OH YES I BET YOU DO, HEY I THINK THIS ABOMINUS TRANSFORMER HAS BITE MARKS ON ITS LEG FROM WHEN YOU WERE A KID."
>
> **TRANSFORMER SELLER:** "NO, I MADE THOSE BITE MARKS LAST WHILE NIGHT IN BED, TRYING TO SILENCE THE VOICES IN MY HEAD THAT SPEAK TO ME AND TELL ME THAT COLONEL SANDERS IS A STUNT BIKER WOOKIE BENT ON WORLD DOMINATION."
>
> **TRANSFORMER BUYER:** "WOW YOU HAVE VOICES IN YOUR HEAD TOO? DO YOURS TALK TO YOU IN ALL CAPS LIKE MINE?"
>
> **TRANSFORMER SELLER:** "WHY YES THEY DO, NOW GIVE ME THE $10,000 OR I'M TAKING BACK THE COMPUTRON."

> **TRANSFORMER BUYER:** "OKAY LET ME JUST PULL THE PLUG ON MY MOM AND COLLECT THE CHECK."

However, today's topic isn't about how neurotic some Transformers nutballs are; today's topic is about how neurotic some screenwriters are. Keep in mind that I'm not talking about every screenwriter, but simply limiting my criticism to screenwriters who *sell their scripts through eBay.*

Yup, you read that correctly. Now that we've entered the digital age where (according to popular television shows) people can turn into tiny 1s and 0s and fly through data streams and fight computer viruses with microscopic cyberguns, it seems as if the movie industry has begun to pay more attention to this digital medium. Need proof? Let me illustrate this example with the following eBay auction (thanks Kevin):

> HOLLYWOOD IDEA, SCRIPT "NEW YEAR'S EVE" FILM - $100,000.00 - *GREAT HOLLYWOOD IDEA! "NEW YEAR'S EVE" SCREENPLAY.. LOGLINE: "ON NEW YEAR'S EVE, A COP DISCOVERS A TERRORIST PLOT TO BLOW UP TIMES SQUARE, NY." THIS SPEC SCRIPT IS TITLED "NEW YEAR'S EVE".*

Keep in mind that this guy is attempting to charge $100,000 for essentially THE TITLE TO A SCRIPT. For all we know, the manual could be loaded with 117 photographs of the author pulling a wheelbarrow with his penis (not that this wouldn't be worth $100,000, but I can find that kind of stuff on The Stile Project for free). It's the concept of merely being able to ask for $100,000 for a mystery script that intrigues me. Think about it; what is your $100,000 paying for? Let's gather all the available information.

- ***"GREAT HOLLYWOOD IDEA."***- All caps might denote an "exciting" script, but it also might suggest author uses AOL, so you'll probably have to download Instant Messenger to chat with him.
- ***"'NEW YEARS EVE' SCREENPLAY"*** - Script probably takes place on or around New Year's Eve, hinting at a very tight shooting schedule and lots of inebriated family members.
- ***"ON NEW YEAR'S EVE, A COP DISCOVERS A TERRORIST PLOT TO BLOW UP TIMES SQUARE, NY"*** - If you do not own Times Square or know a friend who owns it, you will probably have difficulty filming there. I'd imagine it costs at least $100,000 to buy Times Square, so the total price of shooting the film has already doubled! This is what's known in the screenwriting industry as the old "bait and switch" or the "Rhode Island Rimjob." You'll also have to get a Police officer's uniform, which means you'll have to kill a cop, and you can't do that unless you're a popular rapper or drug czar (in which case you probably won't have to worry about money anyway).
- ***THIS SPEC SCRIPT IS TITLED "NEW YEAR'S EVE"*** - Added for emphasis I suppose, or in case you forgot what you read one sentence earlier.

So before you've even had a chance to edit this feature film, you've already spent $200,000, own most of New York, downloaded AIM, have murdered a Police officer, and either rap or sell drugs. Are you ready for that kind of commitment? I'm sure as hell not, and I doubt you are either because tax season is coming up soon and most people don't have enough time to bust "fly moves" AND file taxes. So, as a result, I am going to provide you, the viewing audience, a *100% free* action movie script! Yes, that's right, I'm saving you hundreds of thousands of dollars and offering up my action

packed feature film script for absolutely free! You can thank me later.

"ARBOR DAY"
By Rich "The Ferret" Kyanka

Starring **BRUCE WILLIS** as **"ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER"**
Costarring **LIV TYLER** as **"SULTRY ANNE BOSOMS"**

SCENE ONE: TOP SECRET CIA HEADQUARTERS
(Enter ARNOLD screenright or possibly screenleft, depending on how the furniture is placed in the room)
CIA DIRECTOR MIKE FISCHER: "Arnold! You're late! You've done it again! You're a loose cannon! You're fired!"
ARNOLD: "CIA-you in hell, bastard!"
(throws CIA DIRECTOR MIKE FISCHER out the window, who explodes shortly thereafter)
CIA GUY: "Wow, you saved us! That wasn't CIA DIRECTOR MIKE FISCHER, but was instead a clone with scientifically manufactured DNA which explodes at a predetermined time!"
ARNOLD: "I know."
THE REAL CIA DIRECTOR MIKE FISCHER: *(Exiting his office)* "And here I was in my office the entire time! Good thing you're here, ARNOLD, I've been meaning to tell you that you're late, you've done it again, you're a loose cannon, and you're fired."
ARNOLD: "CIA-you later, creep!"
THE REAL CIA DIRECTOR MIKE FISCHER: "You've already used that catch phrase."

SCENE TWO: ARNOLD'S HOME
(Enter ARNOLD from the front door, which should be placed on or near the front of the house)
ARNOLD: "I cannot believe I've been framed for a crime I didn't commit. I wonder where my wife is." *(Phone rings)* "Hello?"
GUY ON PHONE: "Your wife has been kidnapped by us terrorists who are planning on cloning her DNA and turning her into millions of ticking time bombs of destruction which will blow up the capital and various other famous national landmarks which we will list once we get access to a Rand McNally map."
ARNOLD: *(Thinking deeply)* "You'll pay for this!"
GUY ON PHONE: "Muuuhaha, I doubt that! What can one man do? We're a terrorist army of thousands!"
ARNOLD: "I'll defeat you and kill you all and get my wife back before you can turn her into a ticking time bomb of destruction!"
GUY ON PHONE:*(Talking to people in the background)* "Oh shit, we never planned on that!"
(Hangs up)
ARNOLD: *(In a very serious tone of voice)* "Time to pay the piper! It's Arbor Day."
(Gets into some type of vehicle which has multiple mounted artillery cannons and tinted windows)

SCENE THREE: THE HIGHWAY
(*ARNOLD destroys 14 terrorist jeeps, four terrorist trucks, three terrorist helicopters, one municipal building, an ambulance which was carrying an injured terrorist to the ER, and a schoolbus transporting a terrorist's niece)*
ARNOLD: "Have a pleasant afternoon."

SCENE FOUR: THE TERRORIST'S HIDEOUT
(If you have a big budget, please make this something cool like an underground magic labyrinth or floating base. If you don't have any cash left, use an abandoned poetry house)
HEAD TERRORIST: "With your DNA, I shall RULE THE WORLD!!!"
SECOND-IN-COMMAND TERRORIST WHO HAS A DISTINCTLY DIFFERENT SKIN COLOR THAN THE MAIN TERRORIST SO WE DON'T GET SUED FOR RACISM: "Look!"
(Points to the human-sized air duct, which suddenly emits smoke)
THIRD-IN-COMMAND TERRORIST WHO IS YET ANOTHER NATIONALITY JUST TO MAKE SURE WE DON'T GET SUED: "Everybody shoot the human-sized air duct! There must be an intruder in there!"
(They all shoot at the air duct)
ARNOLD: *(Bursting through the floor panels which he got to by crawling through the human-sized water sewage disposal system. Shoots and kills all the terrorists in the room)* "Tree down, one to go."
SULTRY ANNE BOSOMS: "Uh, no, you actually just killed them all. There aren't any more terrorists. There were only three left."
ARNOLD: "You don't want to STICK with this BRANCH of terrorism, eh? HA HA."
SULTRY ANNE BOSOMS: "Oh, what an Arbor Day!"
(Comedic faint aimed at appealing to the under-12 year old-demographic)

SCENE FIVE: ARNOLD'S HOME
(He and his wife are resting comfortably on the couch. Dick Clark is on television, broadcasting from the world famous National Arbor Day celebration at the capitol)
DICK CLARK: "...and this truly was an Arbor Day to remember."
ARNOLD AND SULTRY ANNE BOSOMS IN UNISON: "You got that right! Ha ha ha ha!"
(Telephone rings)
THE REAL CIA DIRECTOR MIKE FISCHER: *(On phone)* "Hello Arnold? We heard about that great job you did on the multiracial terrorists who were planning on blowing up the world! We'd like to give you your job back and supply you with enough promotions to essentially bestow upon you the ranking of Jesus Christ in this organization."
ARNOLD: "You can take your job and SHOVEL it."
(Hangs up)
ARNOLD AND SULTRY ANNE BOSOMS IN UNISON: "Ha ha ha ha."
SULTRY ANNE BOSOMS: "I didn't get that last joke."

THE END; FADE TO BLACK OR POSSIBLY A LIGHTER COLOR IF BLACK CANNOT BE AFFORDED

Well, that's it. I hope you enjoyed the exclusive script of "Arbor Day." If you didn't, I really don't care because it's not like I'm charging $100,000 or anything. That's just insane. However, if you'd like to pay me $100,000, I'd be more than willing to accept it.

Cliff Yablonski... Well... Doesn't Like You.

I have spoken with Cliff, and he has decided to keep updating his site, since writing about people he can't stand is a much better alternative than going out and getting arrested for bashing them in the skull with a traffic sign. Here's his post from today:

> *that ugly peckerhead Richard convinced me to keep updating my page. he said "what else are you going to do with your time?" so I said "kick your scrawny white ass down the street" and I did that for an evening. that night when I was in jail, the cop said that Im going to keep showing up in jail if I keep assaulting people, so I should just stick to writing this site here and watching tv. the cop also said that if he ever sees a picture of his daughter on this site he'll unload a few hollow points into my skull, so if you've got a photo of Captain Hazelford's kid, send it to me ASAP so I can get back at that bastard.*

Well, here you go: either check out Cliff's site, or dig right in to today's four pages of people he hates, starting with page 101.

The Turban Speaks!

International pop sensations Semiautomatic Turban have updated with another stellar masterpiece of art, including TWO quasi-new songs entitled "Cow Hard" and "Dune of Hazard." Ah, their music is like... music to my ears.

> *There is something to be gained from your early trouble. This was what the old crooner learned when he talked the street man. Street man says that He is who told him He was who he was. But He was not of morals as he was a working for Him. And Him was spelled as Hee! The deficit did not last with long order as Hee soon came to realize.*
>
> *A street man of this this time was expected to be a worthy anniversary. So when a date came a long an acceptanace was considered common ground. This was not a case for the street man since Hee was really using Him in his attribute to decieve him to go to the dance of high elder!*

I couldn't have said it better myself! Er, if I knew what I was saying in the first place, that is. Check out the new songs and their "Fan Fun and Games."

Taco Speaks Too... But I Don't Know What He Said.

Once again, there's approximately 50,000 updates on Taco's site, and like normal, I can't tell what any of them are. However, I have to admit, this is absolutely one of the best mp3s I've ever heard. If you're not brave enough to wander through his site, at least download the mp3. You owe it to yourself... and your coworkers.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

1.7 The Urkel Shirt!

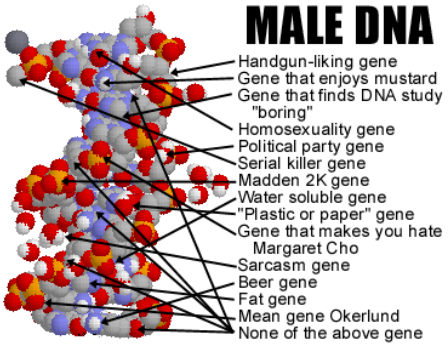
Monday, Jan 22, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

The Urkel Shirt

There comes a time in every man's life when you realize you have to do the "right thing" and take the next responsible step in manhood. A time when you have to sit down, examine where you currently are and where you ultimately want to end up in your life. A period of time that really defines what being a "man" is all about.

I am of course talking about doing laundry.

For all three of the women who read this page, let me take a couple minutes to explain something about men to you: we lack the critical "laundry" gene that is necessary to function properly in society. When God was handing out DNA that reminds humans to wash their clothes, he ended up accidentally skipping men and heaping it all on women. To compensate, he gave us 450% the recommended amount of the "Wanting to See Car Chases" gene, which the female gender was sadly denied. This is why, more often that not, you will see men watching "COPS" on television rather than washing their pants; it's simply in our genetic code.



Thanks to this deficiency, men have the innate ability to casually ignore all traces of bodily odor and stains for months, just to get out of doing laundry. It's not that the process of shoveling our filth-encrusted shirts into a cold war-era washing machine is a particularly grueling act -- it's simply that we lack the laundry DNA and we'll do anything to get out of washing clothes. One day when all our wire hangers are empty, we'll dig our favorite shirt from the laundry basket and realize that, hell, it still has a few good days left on it! We must've carelessly tossed it into the hamper by mistake! A week later, after our spreading armpit stains have thoroughly consumed the entire shirt so it smells like one humongous plaid onion, it will go back into the hamper where it came from, only to replaced by yet another shirt which has a few critical hours of lifespan left in it. It's really pathetic and disturbing to see a grown man recklessly dig through his dirty laundry pile, yank out a yellow tank top which has countless ketchup and relish stains streaked across the front of it, and begin to cradle it against his chest while muttering, "it's okay, you're still fine, you'll look better than ever on me tonight when I attend father's funeral." Besides whiskey and the WWF, it's hard to find another source of inspiration that can motivate men as much as dirty laundry.

Since men cannot control the actions of their laundry-lacking gene code, capitalism has come through to rescue the ignorant, sweaty, filthy guys of the world. The clothing industry, sensing an imbalance in the sexes and gene pool, began to produce what would ultimately act as the "cold shower" for men's infinite laundry procrastination -- the Urkel Shirt.

Now keep in mind that when I refer to the Urkel shirt, I'm not just referring to "The Urkel Shirt." This may seem confusing at first, and will probably remain so until you have a chance to inhale sufficient quantities of paint varnish fumes in your poorly ventilated hobby shop, but the Urkel Shirt is essentially any t-shirt that you've got crumpled away in your closet, resting underneath a 15-year old Adidas gym bag. This is the one article of clothing that you dig out of the dark recesses of your storage closet after every single other shirt of yours is hopelessly filthy and 110% un-wearable. You'll hold the wrinkled, mothball-ridden, tribute to the 1970's in front of your face, shake it to knock off

all the stray millipedes and spiders clinging to it, and think for a brief second that hey, maybe you could wear this for a day or two. I mean, it's not THAT bad; you can hardly see the stains from when you wiped off the dog crap from your hands back during that nasty summer of '71.

Immediately after catching this thought racing through their brain, men will suddenly see the entire situation in perspective. Here they are, seriously contemplating wearing a shirt that saw its last printing run over four decades ago, and 99% of the male population will instantly break down and haul their dirty clothing to the nearest laundromat. The Urkel Shirt is the ultimate wake-up call, demanding that men right their laundry wrongs and do what should've been done a long time ago; their laundry.

Do not fear the Urkel Shirt. Embrace it!

Many fine Urkel Shirts can be found in the suitcases of friends and family members who have recently returned from a trip to South America. This region of the world has created a near monopoly of Urkel Shirt production for various reasons:

> 1) South America's entire economy consists of tourist T-shirt sales, fake jewelry, and alcohol,
> 2) Americans on vacation have some morbid obsession with purchasing the absolute most idiotic and tacky clothing ever created.

These two factors work well with each other, causing the fat, bloated American tourists weighed down by their wallets and the 400 pounds of McRib sandwiches digesting in their guts to purchase over $21 billion a year in tasteless t-shirts for their friends. In case you aren't as worldly as I am, let me present you with some of the more famous Urkel Shirt examples, imported from some of the more horrible Mexican sweatshops and plastered across various South American tourist traps.

- "I'm shy, but I have a big dick" *(accompanied with cartoon frog with comically large penis)*
- "TOMMY PULLMYFINGER" *(Beavis and Butthead, who went out of style last decade, are featured dancing in front of the Tommy Hilfiger colors)*
- "I went to *(RANDOM PASTY WHITE TOURIST RESORT CITY)* and all I got was the crabs!" *(accompanied with cartoon crab wearing a bib and dancing like a moron)*

Now you and I, who are both reading this webpage and experiencing a fairly good percentage of correctly firing brain neurons, would never spend $16 on such a stupid purchase. However, tourists have a distinctly different mindset when buying things. I can't really explain how or why they act the way they do, but you can recreate the same situation by handing your wallet to a monkey, bashing his skull against a desk for two hours, and then letting him go into an Eddie Bauer store. It's basically a money-spending free-for-all where the tourist attempts to throw cash at anything composed of cotton with more than two English letters printed across it.

However, it's not my place to ask why these awful articles of clothing are purchased. It's my job to make every single male out there realize and fully appreciate how valued these seemingly worthless articles of clothing are. Think about it; if your best friend never went to Tiajuana and bought you the "DRINKING BEER MAKES YOUR PENIS LARGER" shirt which was hidden on the top shelf of your closet behind the Stratego box, you might've lived in a permanent cloud of putrid stench for the rest of your life. Do not shun the Urkel Shirt -- embrace it.

Welcome Planet Sandy!

We here at Something Awful are simply ecstatic. Why? Well we finally landed ourselves a real live Internet journalist! Yes, that's right, we've gotten ahold of a no-holds-barred, tell-it-like-it-is, not-afriad-to-pull-any-punches-and-use-a-lot-of-hyphens writer who will comb the channels of the Internet, fighting for your rights and exposing all the horrible secrets of online industry leaders. Sandy Smith, a British freelance journalist who has been "telling it like it is" online for years now, has opened up his hosted site, Planet Sandy. Inside you'll find some of the most controversial articles ever printed in the history of the Queen's fair countryside. Today's launch sports three exciting and Earth-shattering new topics, each one more explosive than the previous... and if you read it on the Internet, it **MUST** be true!

- **Jason Hall Lives... Forever?!?**

  According to Monolith's most recent bug-filled deceitful disaster, no one lives forever. But insiders seem to indicate that Monolith's dapper dreamy minority hunkboat CEO Jason Hall is an exception to this rule...

- **id Software Funding Dreamcast Pirate Sites?**
  Ever stop and think why id Software wasn't directly involved in the Dreamcast port of *Quake III*? The "company line" claimed that team members were too busy working on the rip-off crapshoot of a cack, *Team Arena*, to be directly involved. However, I have a more accurate theory as to why id refused to assist the Dreamcast port team in any of their pursuits...

- **Widescreen, Censorship, and Your Freedom** With the Japanese unleashing a DVD player cleverly disguised as a harmless videogame trinket (The Playstation 2), is it any surprise that the greedy DVD-loving movie studios are using the popularity of the format to further their own interests? I came across an attractive FAQ on DVD censorship that should bristle most brustles. Think the widescreen format on your DVD's allow you to see more of your favorite movies in a jiffy? Bollocks, you just fell for the DVDians propaganda...

The articles are accompanied with forums that allow you to post your followup replies commenting on the article and all previous responses, thanks to the stunning technology of Awfulrama v.0.0.7! Please head over, check out the articles, and post your thoughts on our newest site, Planet Sandy, your one-stop source for the most stunning and **100% true** news on the Internet! If only there were more pure and untainted journalists like Sandy Smith, the Internet would be a much safer and wonderful place. Look for more groundbreaking exposes as the month rolls on! God save you, Sandy Smith!

The Lost Child

Since Ed Baker is going to be present and recording the upcoming Jeff K. / FBI trial, I thought it would be appropriate to promote his hosted site for a bit, which was accidentally lost during the server move. So now, without further ado, I present Ed Baker's world famous Christian comic book, "Ed Baker's Christian Decision, Episode One: A Party With SATAN!" This is some good stuff which will make you laugh, cry, and maybe learn a few important lessons about Jesus along the way.

We're Cranky Again!

...and you thought Cranky Steve had gone away forever! We wouldn't leave you hanging! No siree!

Cranky Steve's Haunted Whorehouse is back with a brand new review of a shitty *Half-Life* map entitled "MAVTOWN." Here's a little taste of the pain, scarecrow:

> *As the map fades in, you'll slowly come to realize that "MAVTOWN" isn't even a town at all but actually a... uh... well it sure as hell isn't a town, folks, you can trust me on that one. BIO*Maverick has apparently never seen an actual building or town in his entire life because "MAVTOWN" consists solely of large misshapen objects grouped together to form... larger misshapen groups of objects. This map is simply a gigantic disgrace to all geometry as we know it. I really don't know how else to describe it, you'll just need to see it for yourself -- and even then you'll need a few dozen syringes of morphine to inject directly into your eyes.*

Cranky indeed... see for yourself!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

1.8 Video Game Designer Consultant

Wednesday, Jan 24, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

My (New and Improved) Calling

Okay, now I know that I said I discovered my new calling a couple days ago (I was going to write and produce action film scripts, then sell them on eBay for millions of dollars), and I know that I've discovered my new calling about seven times the past six days, but I really, really mean it this time. Really, I do. Seriously. No fooling. I recently realized there's a giant void out there that needs to be filled and I'm the only one that can fill it. No, I'm not talking about satisfying the Goatse.cx guy, I'm talking about being a Video Game Designer Consultant.

If you're like me, and I know I am, you've undoubtedly noticed that the gaming industry seems to be "lacking" something lately. It's one of those feelings you just can't quite put your finger on. Something intangible that you know is wrong but can't really define it. Like when a coworker arrives in the morning with breast milk sprayed all over his pants and a set of long, bloody scratch marks across his face. You know that SOMETHING is not right, but you're not really sure what.

As a Video Game Designer Consultant, my job would be to sweep into gaming companies and offer advice such as major structural overhauls which would undermine and possibly destroy the entire intent of the game. Only except destroying it in a bad way, I would destroy it in a GOOD way (the direct polar opposite of "bad"). Think *Daikatana* only minus the entire game and that's what I'm talking about. The idea of a time-travelling pimp and convenience store clerk fighting mutant spider robots in 1075% green lighting is genius, but somewhere along the way it became flawed. I will single-handedly prevent games from spiraling out of control and flying into the bastion of Hell.

Now some of you may be thinking to yourselves, "but Rich 'Lowtax' Kyanka, how did the need for this odd position ever arise?" I'm very glad you asked this question! In case you've never noticed, video game production companies quickly turn into some kind of bizarre, quirky microcosm a few months into production. The entire design team slides a little bit farther and farther away from reality with each passing workday, and soon their in-house insanity feeds off itself and becomes amplified. Let me give you an example of how conversations progress during two different time periods of design:

> **DAY ONE:**
>
> **Lead Designer:** "Okay, this game will be a realistic FPS that challenges the player to rescue the President from a bunch of terrorists. Now why would the President be kidnapped? What would their motives be?"
> **Artist:** "Blackmail maybe?"
> **Lead Designer:** "No, too boring. We need something flashier."
> **Second Designer:** "Ransom for nuclear secrets? Like they're developing a nuclear warhead and need the final component or something?"
> **Lead Designer:** "That sounds good... let's go with that..."

As you can see, the conversation sounds remotely rational and not out of the realm of possibility. This is because the people working in the game company haven't had enough time to slip into their little microcosmic gaming world and lose touch with all traces of logical thinking. Let's jump to six months later and see how this changes...

> **DAY 126:**

Lead Designer: "Okay, we need a way for the player to enter the enemy base."
Artist: "Well we've established that the terrorists are making nuclear missiles, so how about we make a big fucking swamp of nuclear waste that the player has to swim through?"
Lead Designer: "I like it, I like it! People love toxic waste dumps in games! Plus we'll get to use that green colored lighting that all the kids are raving about! Colored lighting gives any game instant atmosphere and makes killer screenshots we can send to Gamespot!"
Modeller: "And we'll make mutants attack the player, like people who tried to swim through the radioactive shit and MUTATED! Horrible mutations, like a dragonfly man and a kangaroo with two human heads instead of testicles!"
Lead Designer: "Yeah! That will add variety to the game! The kids like variety!"
Second Designer: "Well if they like variety, let's put a level in space! The terrorists are storing all the Kangaroo testicle monsters in their space station because they're planning on colonizing Jupiter with them and building a radar dish which will emit gamma radiation and harvest crystals from the orbiting moons!"
Lead Designer: "Great! And it turns out that the ENTIRE PLANET OF JUPITER is ALIVE! And Jupiter has Martians on it which will attack the mutant Kangaroos!"
Mapmaker: "Wait, why are there Martians on Jupiter?"
(pause)
Lead Designer: "You're fired."

As clearly shown in this conversation, the insanity just feeds escalates later into the game design process. That's where I would come in. See, I haven't been exposed to months and months of working on a single game. My mind is pure like the fresh-fallen Colorado snow after it's been exported to a ski resort in California. I have not been corrupted by the video game design insanity and will keep all their horrible ideas from ever manifesting themselves in games. Observe:

Game Designer: "You get a gun that shoots green-"
ME: "NO."
Game Designer: "...to reach the enemy base you must jump across a series of-"
ME: "NO."
Game Designer: "...and the gravity and lights goes out so-"
ME: "NO."
Game Designer: "...so you're paired up with a teammate who-"
ME: "NO."
Game Designer: "...forcing you to crawl through air ducts and-"
ME: "NO."
Game Designer: "...dropping the red key-"
ME: "NO."
Game Designer: "...avoiding pits of lava which-"
ME: "NO."

For added emphasis, I will also slap their wrists with a ruler and force them to sit in the corner if they mention "jumping puzzles" even once. It's a sad day when **I'm** the one having to bring back people to reality, but jeez, have you seen these games lately? I rest my case.

JOE DON BAKER?!? YES!!!

Joe Don Baker, best known from his MST3K'ed film "Mitchell" is back and better than ever* in

"Framed" which has been reviewed for your pleasure! Includes ton of action-packed** pictures and the best review of a Joe Don Baker film that you'll ever read! Here's a little taste for you!

JOE DON BAKER - MAN OF A MILLION (awful) FACES!

Need I say more? Read the review!

* He's worse
* There's no action even remotely near

◘ MORE JOE DON BAKER?!? HELL YES!!!

Can't get enough of Joe Don's love, baby? Head on over and visit the Random Joe Don Baker Image Generator, which spawns a new horrid image of Joe Don Baker in action! Guaranteed to keep you repulsed for minutes if not hours! Don't delay -- act today!

◘ EVEN MORE JOE DON BAKER?!? Well, no.

I've got some videos from the movie, but I can't seem to convert them to DivX properly. As a result, no movies until I become smart enough to download a video encoder that can convert mpg layer 2 movies to something a lot more compressed. Any suggestions?

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

1.9 XFL Fever and VCR Surfing

Thursday, Jan 25, 2001 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

Special Guest Host - Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen!

Since Lowtax is off trying to score with something (Pikachu?), he asked me to handle today's update. Gee, you guys are in for a treat... not many people have an even more retarded nickname than "Lowtax." By the way, if you're wondering where Lowtax got his nickname, he ripped it off this psycho congressional candidate who murdered his opponent way back in 1998. Pretty appropriate if you ask me... you ever listen to his music? Sounds like great stuff to grind up human souls by, if you catch my drift. He's quite the gothic fellow!

But enough about Lowtax. The dirty scoundrel! There's important news to provide insightful commentary on!

2000 Flushes... OF DEATH!

Judge finds death in toilet was probably homicide, not suicide - Yeah, the highbrow standup comedians are going to have a field day with this one:

> **Jay Leno:** *Did you hear some lady in Wisconsin got killed by a toilet? Gee, talk about cutting the cheese! Hope they had enough toilet paper to clean her up... or maybe they just wrapped a whole roll around her and turned her into a Mummy! I bet she smelled like POOP! Talk about your SUPER BOWL! HAR HAR!*

Sure, I enjoy going to the occasional suspense-packed toilet murder mystery movie. Who doesn't? But when this kind of stuff goes down in real life it makes me... well... totally apathetic. To be honest, I couldn't care less if some butter-coated broad from Land O' Lakes sucked down her final gulps of air while worshipping the porcelain god. Get a plunger, unclog her sorry ass, burn her, throw her ashes in a box, and move on. Sympathy is for losers.

XFL Fever... It's Spreading!

Like most strapping young 20-somethings, both Lowtax and I are psyched about the upcoming XFL season, which kicks off February 3rd. Unfortunately, the league is already running into problems. For one thing, a XFL Blimp crashed into an Oakland restaurant. Somehow they lost control of the blimp, which is understandable considering those things move at what... three miles an hour? A spokesman for the blimp company offered up the following excuse:

> ***"There could have been a number of reasons [things went horribly and completely wrong]," Grant Murray, spokesman for blimp owner Airship USA, told reporters. "An airship moves with great mass and it's very difficult to control it."***

You know what else moves with great mass and is difficult to control? Joe Don Baker. And all these fat-ass, larded up, over-the-hill rejects who haven't played football since their college days in 1992, pathetically trying to make their triumphant "comebacks" in the XFL. Even the most of the cheerleaders are NFL castoffs with flabby arms and bad perms. No, stop! God has crashed your

blimp. He's trying to tell you this is a bad idea and that Vince McManwitch should concentrate on his primary business, which last I checked consisted of dressing up men in funny costumes, giving them catchy theme music, throwing him into a square with another a guy, and then watching them hug for ten minutes until someone is arbitrarily declared the winner. Despite all this, myself and thousands of other flag-burning Americans are breathlessly awaiting the season opener. Vegas con men are even taking bets on who'll win the championship! Here are the odds, plus my personal opinions on the chances of each team:

Los Angeles Xtreme - 5:2
Football in LA has a long, interesting, and storied heritage. That's why both the Rams and the Raiders ditched this hellhole for greener pastures. You know your city sucks when *St. Louis* is considered a more reasonable, safer alternative.

Orlando Rage - 4:1
Perhaps by funneling the rage of area seniors into their defensive strategy, this straggly bunch of over-the-hill junkies will succeed in their noble quest. If their noble quest consists of scoring cocaine from Daryl Strawberry's dealer, that is.

Memphis Maniax - 5:1
Despite their seizure-inducing logos, these backwoods bozos don't stand a chance. Sorry ladies, this is a football league, not an inbreeding contest. Get it? 'Cause they're hicks.

Las Vegas Outlaws - 5:1
I've been to Vegas, and on the taxi ride to the casino the cab driver warned me that lots of gangsters hang out underneath the laser light show canopies because "A lot of those L.A. gangsters have homes here." Thus... all Vegas cab drivers are friggin' nutballs, I guess.

N.Y./N.J. Hitmen - 6:1
Finally, someone had the good sense to combine professional murder with football. The result? High school quality football dressed up with cooler uniforms, supplemented by a larger percentage of surgically altered cheerleader sweater meat. Yay.

San Francisco Demons - 7:1
In the BASEketball league (if you don't know what I'm talking about, you're fortunate), the San Francisco team was nicknamed "The Ferries." Such a clever play on words! Rumor has it that the entire S.F. team consists of laid-off employees from a variety of area dot.com's.

Birmingham Bolts - 8:1
Ah, Birmingham... a wonderful city that couldn't even support a Triple-AAA minor league baseball team, let alone a World League franchise. I'm pretty sure the majority of the population doesn't even know where Birmingham is. It's in Alabama, right? Have they gotten around to outlawing slavery there yet? Jeez.

Chicago Enforcers - 12:1
Hitmen, Outlaws, Demons, Xtremists, Enforcers... what kind of league is this?! What are they going to name the expansion teams? Houston Hangmen? Cincinnati Cardiovascular Disease? Arkansas Abortionists? I think the stupid football league we had in our elementary school, which consisted of teams like "Mrs. Sherwood's Class," had better names and probably even a deeper talent pool.

All this coupled with the elimination of the "fair catch" rule leads me to believe that the XFL will be the most X-treme, X-hilarating, and umm... X-wife-beating league ever! FEEL THE POWER!

VCR Surfing... The Cat's Meow!

I don't know about you, but I for one am a little disturbed by the latest kiddie fad to invade our schoolyards and possibly poison our drinking water. No, I'm not talking about scooters or those crazy "trading cards," I'm talking about VCR surfing. Now that DVD has hit the mainstream, people are tossing out their old outdated VCR's. Kids across the nation are getting their mitts on them and converting them into giant surfboard-like devices. They think it's all "rad" to "hang-ten" on the streets with old VHS players strapped to their feet or buttocks.

I didn't believe this fad when I first heard about it, but apparently there's a show on Nickelodeon or something where the main character VCR surfs to his job at an AK-47 factory. After work, his fast-on-his-ass VCR surfing always helps him elude the gang of pedophiles who try to take advantage of him every day after work. This is nuts. Life is not a Steven Spielberg movie. You will never meet a magic alien that will cause your bicycle to crash land on the moon or discover a buried pirate ship in a secret underground cave. Instead, you will only scrape your knee on a broken piece of wood and make awkward passes at girls who totally despise you. Back when I was a kid, we had those cool snap bracelet things that doubled as a ruler. Those were cool. VCR surfing? That's some dangerous, stupid, crap. So cut it out, youngins.

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

1.10 Art Films

Friday, Jan 26, 2001 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

The Retard Returns

Due to yesterday's perfectly mediocre performance, I, the noble dorkgeek known as "Fragmaster," have been officially appointed as the **Something Awful Weekend News Goon**. Oh, how the mighty have fallen!

See, I used to work with Lowtax at GameSpy "back in the day," when I was the grizzled old veteran and he was the energetic, young, grinning-at-the-gums uppity upstart. For those of you with great memories, I ran PlanetQuake back when *Quake* totally blew our collective minds. "You mean... it's possible to shoot people with phallic rocket launchers... ONLINE!? With other people? Zounds, this is truly a magic item for my collection that I must procure!" This was during the Internet Dark Ages, 1997 or something like that. ICQ was still a larvae in the mind of some crazy Israeli programmer and the best way to get MP3's were through lame FTP sites that allowed you to download one mp3 for every seventy you uploaded. Anyway, we worked together at GameSpy while Lowtax was running PQ. As I recall, work consisted of watching a lot of Pokemon and MST3K while flaming each other publicly in the PQ and Planet Half-Life mailbags. Ah, those were the days.

But now the tables have turned and I'm the new guy everybody's going to hate and Lowtax is the Living God whose every word positively reeks of funny comedy hijinx. I can see the SA forum threads now: "FRAGMASTER: FAGG0T EQUALZ OR SPPORFED DUMBFAWCKL!?" or perhaps even the wildly creative "FRAGMASTER IS **FAG**MASTAH!" I don't even know why I'm volunteering to assist that Brillo-headed weasel. The only thing he's ever helped with is three broken ribs and a cracked nostril, both of which I graciously received after Lowtax "accidentally" pushed me over a balcony railing while trying to find his car keys.

But enough of my pathetic little prattle. I've probably alienated 94% of you already. Onward!

Art Films = Sucks

I love movies, but I absolutely hate most of the movies they play in those small, musty theaters that only urban socialites and yuppie beatniks frequent. When I go to the movies, I want to see at least one of the following clichés: car chases, gratuitous full-frontal female nudity, kung fu, hammy villains, explosions, juvenile dick farting jokes, or a witty sidekick. Any of those will do nicely.

I don't go to movies to be inspired by the human condition, moved by a touching story of some cheeky little girl, fall in love all over again, or believe in the power of miracles. If I wanted that junk, I'd watch "Touched By An Angel" and "Oprah" while sucking down Little Debbie snack cakes and collecting Beanie Babies. So I never go see any of these movies, but since this America, I can still speculate on the horrors these films contain and encourage people not to see them (even though I haven't viewed these cinematic achievements myself). Inflicting your ignorance upon the populace is one of our most basic freedoms, especially on the Internet! Here's what's playing currently at my local film snobbery:

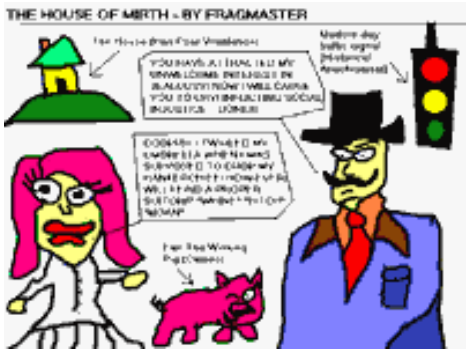
- **"The House of Mirth"** - In this Victorian era (or whatever) period piece, X-File hussie Gillian Anderson trades in her Alien-chasing FBI badge for... I don't know, a tragedy and melodrama-

chasing badge, I guess. Here's a description:

> ***A tragic love story set against a background of wealth and social hypocrisy in turn of the century New York. Lily Bart, a ravishing socialite at the height of her success who quickly discovers the precariousness of her position when her beauty and charm starts attracting unwelcome interest and jealousy. Torn between her heart and her head, Lilly always seems to do the right thing at the wrong time. She seeks a wealthy husband and in trying to conform to social expectations, she misses her chance for real love.***

Yeah, yeah, yeah, some poor 19th century lady can't get laid. Big deal. Some stupid movie studio squanders millions of dollars to dress up a Star Trek lady in huge hoop skirts while I suffer the shame of not being able to afford trendy, solid Oak furniture! Next time you come up with a movie idea, Mr. Hollywood, just give me the damn suitcases of cash and save yourselves the trouble.

For all you visual learners, I drew the entire movie for you below (click to enlarge).



Anyways, back to this movie. What kind of love story could this possibly be? Back in those days people could only get busy after:

1) getting married,
2) turning off all the gas-stove lamps to protect their eyes from the sight of each others un-bathed flesh,
3) turning around all the pictures of Jesus so He couldn't see them hump, and
4) putting a sheet with a hole in it between the two lovers so their skin wouldn't actually touch and cause them to experience unneeded physical enjoyment.

These days, you can skip all that and pound away at ANYTHING you're attracted to in a Mall Food Court without catching any guff.

In addition, the dialogue in these movies always makes you feel like you're in a basket of elderly people. What are they going to say to poor Lily Bart after she commits some social travesty? "Pardon me, young merry widow, but your bloomers are peeking from beneethst ye mud skippers. Ye brazen temptress! Begone with you, and ye charlatan canoodling!" Yawn.

As for that line about how "Lilly always seems to do the right thing at the wrong time," I bet the marketing people stuck that in there to fool stupid guys into going to this film thinking it's one of those wacky slapstick comedies where the main character does stuff like farting BEFORE he gets to the bathroom and politely asking his MOM for a kiss instead of his love interest. HA HA, you loveable funnyman, will you ever correct the error of your social deficiencies, save your granny's house, and land this hot babe who'd be way out of your league in real-life in less than two hours? Of course you will because movies in no way resemble reality!

Now, back to the "House of Mirth." Ah, nevermind, just take my word for it and don't go see this movie. I can guarantee that you won't walk out of the theater and say to your friend "Yeah, man that 'House of Mirth' was tight. Did you see that social injustice? Snoogans, man, if only Lily stayed true to her heart, ya know? Then she'd be all hand holdin' and all." When a movie says it's about "social hypocrisy," it's just a nice way of saying that it's about women crying over inane, stupid, boring problems that men would usually shoot to death and forget about in under five minutes. And that there's no tits.

I think I've got time to squeeze in another art house movie review, so here it is:

- **"Chocolat"** - Some French floozy sells chocolate, puts out for Edward Scissorhands, pisses off a bunch of ignorant townspeople, and hawks magical candy that makes people horny for that old ugly lady from the James Bond movies, but only while she's bent over and cleaning bathroom floors. At least that's what the trailer led me to believe. And great job proofreading the movie title, guys. If you ran out of "e's" you could have gone out and bought some delicious Alpha-Bits brand cereal.

Ill-gotten Gains Leads To Astronaut Fame

California millionaire to go on $20 million ride to space station - The headline says it all, but here's the first paragraph:

> ***The California millionaire who paid $20 million for a ticket to ride to the Russian space station Mir may be getting much more than he bargained for: a week-long visit to the gleaming, new International Space Station at the end of April.***

Of course he's getting much more than he bargained for! Hasn't he heard about the terrible secret of space? Lowtax has already warned you dear readers about space's deep, dark, clandestine what-have-you, yet the general populace seems to completely ignore his wise words of warning.

So this rich guy who apparently made his fortune off the sale of his fourteen offspring to South American mind-control brothels, gets to blast off into space. Whoop-dee-doo. I just don't see the appeal of space. Sorry, but floating around, pissing upside down, dodging flying Cosmonaut dandruff, and eating dehydrated ice cream doesn't do much for me.

Two other things that bug me: first of all, what's with "getting more than you bargained for?" Nobody bargains for anything except at garage sales. And when I go to garage sales, I don't bargain down the price of somebody's old socks to twenty-five cents a box and then suddenly discover that my skillful haggling tactics has inspired the housewife selling this crap to also throw in four Apple IIe games, thus allowing me to proclaim that I truly did get more than what I bargained for. Upon re-reading this paragraph, I'm kinda disturbed by the fact that it sounds a little Jerry Seinfield-ish, which wasn't my intent. Yeah, I have a huge nose and use ICQ all the time, but I'm not Jewish.

Also, "gleaming." It's not just a "new" space station; it's the "gleaming, new" space station. WTF? I have never heard another human being utter the word "gleaming" in conversation. It's simply not a very good word. The English language has far too many words and it's impossible to learn them all, so can't we just outlaw all the stupid ones that are only used by people who have 27-volume dictionaries, big egos, and too much free time? This situation is unreservedly outlandish!

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

1.11 Super Bowl Super Villains and The Hand is Suspect

Saturday, Jan 27, 2001 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

Do Not Adjust Your Sets

For those of you just tuning in, this isn't Lowtax, it's Fragmaster, and I'll be doing the updates on weekends from now on due to changes in the world market economy and the level of sewage backed up in Lowtax's posh Costamesian home. Mr. Kayak-yank-ya will return Monday with his usual garbage.

Super Bowl, Super Villains

Since today is Super Bowl Sunday, every webmaster in the world is contractually obligated to talk about the "big game." Most of 'em will say dumb stuff like how they can't wait to unzip during the 'N Sync half-time show (well, at least sCary will) or how they're looking forward to the "Tomb Raider" movie commercials because they want to nitpick about all the inconsistencies between the videogames and the movie or some other such nonsense.

I, however, would rather talk about this wonderful NY Post article that helpfully points out which Super Bowl players have criminal records and / or run-ins with the long spork of the law. Let's examine some of the more juicer tidbits, shall we?

> ***[Ravens] Tight end Shannon Sharpe: charged with simple battery in January 1995 in Atlanta after fighting with his girlfriend. Disposition of case unavailable from the court.***

What the heck is "simple" battery? Is that where you just punch somebody in the face with your fist, compared to "complex" battery, which must involve building an intricate face-punching machine out of the remains of a depression-era electronic icebox? Or perhaps when the cops came, Sharpe said something like "The beeyatch got outta line... it's that simple!" instead of babbling on and on about how the insecurities instilled in him by his goose-juice swilling mother has since caused him great difficulty in maintaining healthy relationships with the opposite sex, thus making the battery "complex." Who knows?

> ***[Ravens] Defensive tackle Larry Webster: arrested in August 1992 on a charge of soliciting a prostitute in Opa-Locka, Fla.; case closed in November, with no other information available.***

Ewww, that is SO SICK. Trying to entice orange-faced chocolate-factory working midgets into bed in exchange for a few sawbucks? Oh wait, I read that wrong... I got "Opa Locka" confused with "Oompa Loompas," you know, those scary dancing wee men from "Willy Wonka." Regardless, I bet Larry Webster would love to "defensively tackle" one of those guys in a cheap hotel room, if you know what I mean... *wink* *wink*

> ***[Ravens] Running back Jamal Lewis: got three years' probation for shoplifting a $109 polo shirt in March 1997 in Atlanta.***

How embarrassing. A guy who does nothing but run - *professionally*, no less - can't elude a seventy-two year old J.C. Penny's security guard with a trick knee and glasses thicker than this grandchildren's elbows. As for the whole polo shirt thing, perhaps he should have been turned over to the

fashion police instead of the real cops? See, that's funny since there's no such thing as the fashion police and polo shirts make you look like a citizen of a short-bus community.

> ***[Giants] Defensive tackle Christian Peter: His arrest record includes charges of disturbing the peace, trespassing, urinating in public, refusing to comply with a policeman, threatening to kill a parking attendant, and possessing alcohol while underage. He was on probation for 18 months for third-degree assault on a former Miss Nebraska in a bar. In 1997, the University of Nebraska paid $50,000 to settle with a woman who said Peter raped her twice in 1991. He pleaded no contest in March 1996 to disturbing the peace in a case in which he harassed women in a bar, got 10 days in jail and a $300 fine.***

My, my, my, haven't we been busy Mr. Christian... IF THAT'S YOUR **REAL** RELIGION! You'd think with a name like that he'd be a fine, perfectly sturdy young man capable of good deeds, such as not pushing old women into the path of oncoming buses. But instead he pisses all over, threatens to kill people, drinks moonshine by the meter, and loves rape so much that he goes for the extra point by doing it twice. I'm not sure what "third-degree" assault means, it could be as minor as a lewd remark or something majorly serious like the kind of stuff that happens when Mike Tyson's leash-holders mess up and let him run loose. However, I do know that a third-degree black belt in karate can chop your head open with the heel of his or her left foot, so I'll just assume that's what he did. An astute hypothesis methinks!

So while you're watching the Super Bowl, just remember that a good percentage of the dudes running about in their fancy spandex uniforms and stupid double-digit numbers on their backs aren't very nice people. I'm not saying *all* NFL players are desperados, far from it, I'm just saying that the entire league is corrupt, secretly run by Las Vegas bookies, and that the Giants will win.**NOTE:** *most NFL head coaches are former car thieves.*

And after watching the hoodlums toss the old pigskin around, please forget to check out the second season of "Survivor." Jeff K's Internet Version is far, far, superior and the television show can't possibly live up to Jeff K's high production values and witty dialogue. And integrity.

The Hand is Suspect!

I'm sure you've all heard of the ghetto-fabulous phrase "talk to the hand." Now, in times of need I often heed this advice and chat it up with the hand just to pass the time, you know, like on a bus or at the DMV. But I recently went through a tough time in my life, a period in which I couldn't be sure if my hand was faithful, and more importantly, if I could trust it. Fortunately, most people will never suffer the pain of not being able to completely and implicitly trust the hand with every duty they assign to it.

It reminds me of another old phrase: "never bite the hand that feeds you." But what if the hand that feeds you... is biting *you*? This is not a jolly thing, and I learned this life's lesson the hard way. Since I think it's best to express your feelings through art and I am - if nothing else - an artist, I drew a picture of my ordeal to give you brief glimpse into what I felt at the time.

I wouldn't normally mention this, but in light of *certain recent events* I thought this would be a good time to bring it up. With the hand suspect in a variety of crimes - including world walrus and yellow

teeth hair - well, you can never be too careful. Plus, these recent outrages have caused us all to reevaluate our opinions on forced tattooing for mid-westerners.

So I guess the moral of this story is that you should never take things for granted. If you think your life sucks just because you only have a 14.4 modem and the last thing you took on a date was made out of lytherphforamra or one of those other new-fangled plasticsdiseases thingers, just take heart in the comfort of knowing that the hand will probably never, ever betray you. Now cut your damn fingernails, you slob, are you *trying* to make it mad?!?

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

1.12 Fragmaster Sucks

Sunday, Jan 28, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

IMPORTANT!

In case you missed it yesterday, here's another link to the video featuring grown women dancing with stuffed cat dolls. You owe it to yourself to watch this.

Fragmaster: Ass in the Hole

As you've undoubtedly noticed, Fragmaster (of Planethalflife infamy) has started doing the weekend updates. I decided to make this radical change in SA's style and content after I looked at the current schedule and discovered something was "lacking" for the weekend news posts. Well, to be more exact, **everything** was lacking for the weekend updates. I haven't written a Saturday news post since the Korean War which (strangely enough) was nearly as catastrophic as that weekend's news article.

In order to determine how to remedy this situation, I conducted an informal poll with a couple of the skateboarding kids in my apartment's parking lot. They seemed pretty "hip" and "in the know", as one of them had his hat turned backwards and another one was wearing a WCW Nitro shirt. Plus they had those little idiotic metal scooters which seem to be really popular in stores these days, and anything that intensely stupid simply must be "cool." To insure the children weren't biased, I asked a little warm up question.

ME: "Do you read Something Awful?"
KID #1: "What?"
KID #2: "The magazine?"

Both of these answers struck me off guard. Here I am, the webmaster of a wonderful site read by millions of people hundreds of thousands of people thousands of people hundreds of people me and my mom, and the little bastard had the GALL to play ignorant with me? As for KID #2's answer, I don't know what the hell to make of that. I do have a journalistic style similar to that featured in *Time Magazine* (only I use the word "ass" a lot more), so maybe that's what he was referring to. Next question:

Looking good there, Frags!

ME: "What would you like to see featured on Something Awful during the weekends?"
KID #1: "Huh?"
KID #2: "Like what?"

As you can see, my target data group wasn't exactly the shiniest apple on the tree. KID #1, whose name was something like "Bobby" or "Smelly" or something, clearly displays a distinct difficulty hearing. It's probably all that rock and roll or rap music kids these days listen to. I blame Lil Bow Wow for teaching kids that it's okay to rape your schoolteachers at the age of 11. Not that the schoolteachers are 11 years old; the kids are. I don't even know what the hell an eleven-year old could teach. Maybe spitting. KID #2 had a much better reaction, showing a slight bit of interest in the questions I was posing. I decided to clarify my question:

ME: "What kind of content would you like to see on Something Awful on the weekends?"
KID #1: *(at this point he began walking away towards the dumpster that has an abandoned couch from the 1850's laying in it)*
KID #2: "What's there now?"

Now we were getting somewhere. KID #1, who was probably an arsonist or budding sociopath, began to leave and make my work easier. KID #2 was getting into my questions and seemed very eager to answer them and participate in the survey. I could tell this by the way he turned around and shouted the answer at me while peddling his lame scooter away.

ME: "There's nothing there now."
KID #1: *(gone. I assume he went back to his crackhouse)*
KID #2: "Put something there!"

Since my goal in life is to make you, the consumer, a raging bundle of unquenchable happiness, I took the advice of this hardcore fan and decided to employ the wonderful talents of Fragmaster, who is neither wonderful nor talented. Technically, Fragmaster is "something", so I am kind of appeasing my polled audience in that respect. I have also heard people describe Frags as "simply awful", so put the two together and Fragmaster is... wait for it... SOMETHING AWFUL. If you ever want to contact Frags, his email account is fragmaster@somethingawful.com. Coincidentally, the email address I sent up to answer all inquiries regarding homosexual pornography is fragmaster@somethingawful.com. Feel free to contact either. Heck, I heard he even **replies** to his email, which is a trait I need to learn as well.

Cliff Yablonski... Well, I'm Afraid He Just Doesn't Really Care For You

Another Monday, another email from America's favorite bitter old war veteran (I think Cliff's been in every war for the last 500 years). What does Cliff have to say today?

From: cliff y.
Subject: shut up computer

hey jackoff, Ive updated my page with 5 new pages of people in Appleton city that I hate. todays pages are particularly horrid, not that the other pages are a walk through the goddamn rosebushes. youd better tell all the computer geeks that read your site to read mine or Ill break a lamp in their ugly faces. that goes for you too, shitbreath.

cliff

Wow, what a guy! Without further ado, may I present five new pages of people Cliff Yablonski really doesn't like!

Hakan on *Final Fantasy 9*

Since SA hasn't gotten any irate emails from furious RPG nutballs (and God knows there are a lot of furious RPG nutballs out there), I have decided to post Hakan's review of *Final Fantasy 9*. Hooray for Square!

Another aspect that returns in FF9 is the horrendously large amounts of encounter rates. Remember the "good ol' days" with the first and second FF? You had a battle like every three steps. Perhaps the increased amount of encounters was accidental, as I imagine the conversation at the Square offices went a little like this:

> ***Square Producer:*** *"Sir, we're past the deadline and the Ice Cavern is only 4 screens long! All the graphic artists are passed out from jacking off to scat porn all day. What can we do to make the dungeon longer?"*
> ***Hironobu Sakaguchi:*** *(suddenly looking up and intense) "INCREASE AMOUNT OF RANDOM ENCOUNTERS!!!"*
> ***Square Producer:*** *"Ok, we can't figure out where to put the chest with the ether in it, can you help us out?"*
> ***Hironobu Sakaguchi:*** *(turning around fiercely) "INCREASE AMOUNT OF RANDOM ENCOUNTERS!!!"*

Oh the humanity. The humanity. Read it and weep.

This Week's Dose of Joe Don Baker, Hot and Steamy!

I promised there would be more and hell, here's some more hot and spicy Joe Don Baker action for you fellahs! Five super videos showing off the man, the machine, the legend that is Joe Don Baker. These are clips showcasing some of Baker's finer work from the film "Framed", which was another one of those wonderful 1970's action films which made no sense and had the appeal of a rusted fork in the throat. Download a couple Joe Don Baker movies (in Windows Media Format) and bathe your monitor in the light of Bakerness.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

1.13 UFO Madness, DotComGuy Loses

Monday, Jan 29, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Terror in the Skies!

Better strap on the tin foil helmets, boys, the UFOs are a' comin'.

> UFO closes Russian airport (thanks Andrew) - *An unidentified flying object hovering above the runway of an airport in Barnaul, in eastern Siberia, forced the airport's closure for almost two hours, Russian news agencies reported Monday. During the incident, which occurred on Friday night, the crew of an Ilyushin 76 cargo jet refused to take off after spotting the glowing object hovering above the end of the runway. During the incident, which occurred on Friday night, the crew of an Ilyushin 76 cargo jet refused to take off after spotting the glowing object hovering above the end of the runway.*

Well we can finally add "Russians" to the list of popular alien targets now. They join a particularly notable group of people so far, including:

- Rednecks,
- Girlfriends of rednecks,
- Mayors of towns that have less than 40 people and a town hall which was built from the remains of a burnt down outhouse,
- Hippies,
- Cult members,
- Drunkards, and
- New age spiritual people who see angels in their bath soap and claim their breakfast cereal vibrates with the spiritual energy of Jesus.

It's not a big surprise to note that the popularity of a UFO visiting a particular area is inversely proportional to its cultural advancement. This is because UFO pilots buzz places which will give them the biggest and most entertaining crowd reactions. For example, note the following two scenarios which would be completely true if it wasn't for the fact that they're 100% fictional:

> **SCENE 1: Deep in the Alabama woods.**
>
> **REDNECK FATHER:** *(to son)* "Keep a' diggin', boy, we dun gotta string this here cable to da guest loft 'lest grammaw not get to catch her stories this afternoon!"
> **REDNECK SON:** "But paw, we ain't got no guest loft! Grammaw's been settin' a spell in that beanbag we got stored in tha storage room holdin' tha fertilizer and motor oil!"
> **REDNECK FATHER:** "Confound it, boy, how many times I gotta tell you that's DA GUEST LOFT boy? You wanna live with some class or be like the McKinely's next door who are so rude they dont take their cowboy hats off during the national anthem 'fore DA NASCAR race?"
> **REDNECK SON:** "But paw-"
> *(Family is interrupted by a plane passing by overhead, pulling a sign that reads "GO CRAZY FOR DORITOS BRAND NACHO CHIPS!")*
> **REDNECK FATHER:** "Jumpin' ditchdiggers, that be wunna them You-Foes that abducted grammaw and left those fork-shaped scars on the side of her head where she usually stabs herself with the fork durin' supper! Quick boy, fetch me mah gun!"

REDNECK SON: "But paw, you already holdin' yer gun!"
REDNECK FATHER: "Okay then! Jes give ol' paw a few seconds to sober up so I can shoot down that sucker and not accidentally blow your head off." *(shoots gun and blows son's head off)*
REDNECK FATHER: "Aww shit, looks like ah better git busy with maw and pump us out another youngun', else we ain't never gonna get this cable strung."

SCENE 2: Downtown New York.

CABDRIVER: "Where you goin' to, ya fucknut?"
MAN IN CAB: "Screw you, you motherfucking rat bastard! Take me to 21st Street or I'll shove my goddamn umbrella in your one good eye!"
CABDRIVER: "Whatever you say, asshole!" *(turns on cab fare meter, which charges $62.12 per second)*
(Cab ride is interrupted by UFO passing overhead)
MAN IN CAB: "Motherfucking UFOs, always screwing up traffic!" *(leaning out window)* "Hey UFO, I got places to go you rotten SOB! The Earth don't revolve around you and your fancy ass spaceship! Go piss up a rope you bastard! Go back to Alientown!"
CABDRIVER: *(Smacking the side of the cab fare meter)* "Well will ya look at that! That UFO musta' interfered with the magnetic waves, causing your cab fare to jump to $4,320.89! I'll be!"
MAN IN CAB: "Go back to Pakistan you fruit-picking scumbag!" *(somebody gets shot)*

I think it's naturally a very exciting development when the UFOs decide to go abroad and start messing with Russia's airports. With the possible exception of the aliens deciding to vaporize half the country, I don't really see any possible negative outcomes of this UFO flyby. Perhaps it will invigorate the Russian airline industry, which currently consists of a refurbished replica of the Wright Brother's plane and a model aircraft that catches fire after being in the air for longer than 17 seconds.

Dot Com Doom

From the "Hey, Anybody Remember That Jerk?" department:

> DotComGuy emerges without $100,000 'bonus' - *Although DotComGuy ceremoniously emerged from his yearlong seclusion Monday, he won't be receiving the nearly $100,000 he was promised at the onset of his venture. However, the company formed to support him -- DotComGuy, Inc. -- said Tuesday it will continue to remain in operation.*
>
> *"We didn't fail, and I want to stress that," said CEO and co-founder Len Critcher. "DotComGuy forgave his bonus at the end to keep the doors open."*

In case you missed the media fanfare surrounding Mitch Maddox, who legally changed his name to "DotComGuy", he lived in his apartment for a year without ever leaving, opting to purchase everything he needed on the Internet. This was incredibly exciting, as it combined the nonstop action of "sitting in a chair" with "buying shit on the Internet," two things which equate to the quickest recipe for media success ever. Dotcomguy, who was promised a $100,000 bonus for living like a dopey recluse for a year while people on the Internet stared at his various webcams and realized how less pathetic their lives suddenly seemed, decided to forfeit the cash. Why?

> *The money is being used to keep the business afloat, according to Critcher, in order to pay Internet connection costs, salaries and company bills. He said it did not go toward*

> *DotComGuy's purchases during his seclusion. Those were sponsored in a separate bank account by companies like Travelocity and UPS, he added, which paid a flat fee.*

Now you may be asking, "Rich 'Lowtax' Kyanka, what is Mr. Dotcomguy doing now with this $100,000 in his business? Please tell me, the suspense is driving me utterly crazy! I can't live another second without knowing!" You want to know? Well here it is, folks, THE DCG.com!

> *Welcome to theDCG.com. Every day I'm asked by people from all over the world what my new website will be, and I don't know how to answer them. Why should that stop me from opening the new site? So... here it is in its infancy. Instead of spending months developing in private, why not do it out here for everyone to see! I'm open to suggestions on everything from content to color schemes.*
>
> *I want this to be a group effort, so feel free to e-mail me with ideas of what you would like to see here. This will be an open development process. I'm creating the site using Macromedia's Dreamweaver, so if you have some cool buttons of flash animations send them to me. I'll credit you on the site somehow.*

BUT THAT'S NOT ALL FOLKS! THERE'S MORE! Take a gander at Mr. Dotcomguy's "journals", which would put any e/n site to shame:

> *Of course it's been more than a year since I've been to the post office... but now that I think about it, it's probably been at least two years. I must admit I was impressed with the way it has been updated. It looked clean and new, and more like a Sprint PCS store than a post office. We got in line, only to find out that we were in the wrong line to pick up mail. The door in front of the other line was closed, but the hours posted on it indicated we were in the right place - in line behind two other non-revenue generating customers. The top half of the door opened, a man took a slip of paper from the first in line and then disappeared into the mysterious back room. As we waited, I tried to remember the last time I mailed something. I can't remember the last time I mailed something outside of business. I can pay all my bills online, and if the vendor doesn't accept electronic payment, my bank mails the check. So as I scoff at the people scrounging around the stamp dispenser trying to get their one cent stamps so they can use the last of their 33 cent stamps, I wonder why I would ever need to use the post office. I send important documents via UPS or FedEx when I have to, but usually e-mail is adequate.*

If I was Mr. Dotcomguy and somebody wanted to hand me $100,000, you know what? I would've taken it and written journal updates like the following:

> *Of course it's been more than a year since I've been to the post office... but now that I think about it, it's probably been at least two years. I must admit I was impressed with the way it has been updated. It looked clean and new, and more like a Sprint PCs store than a post office. We got in line, only to find out that we were in the wrong line to pick up mail. Then I remembered, "Hey, I have $100,000 in my bank account", so I said "fuck yall" and left and bought a new Porsche. THE END.*

PS: If somebody wants to send me $100,000 for sitting in my apartment and updating this site, you can contact me here (assuming eFront hasn't crashed this server yet).

Back to the Good Ol' Days Which Weren't Very Good

One of my earliest articles was the (in)famous Doom Comic Book Review article, published on Planetquake a long, long time ago. Strangely enough I don't have the link for it handy, nor do I feel the pressing need to go through PQ and look for it. Anyway, I have decided to return back to my noble roots and review another comic book. Get ready for my review of "He-Man and the Masters of the Universe: THE ROCK WARRIORS"!

Features infamous He-Man reject hero Buzz-Off generally being an idiot and doing remarkably ineffective things! Also showcases He-Man punching rock monsters in the groin! What more could you ask for? Read the review!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

1.14 Everybody's Favorite Movie

Tuesday, Jan 30, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

He's Baaack

Hi everyone, Andrew Stine here once more. You might remember me from my SA updates during Lowtax's recent trip to Cancun, where he ferried stolen human organs under the pretense of "being on vacation." In his continuing "pawn Something Awful off on guest writers" business strategy, Lowtax has signed me up to cover Wednesday news updates here on SA. Coupled with Fragmaster's recent violent takeover of the Saturday and Sunday updates, this gives Lowtax almost half the week off when it comes to writing news updates. My moving into the Hump Day slot is the second step in Lowtax's master plan which eventually will allow him all the free time he wants to pursue his true passions, lawn bowling and heavy drinking (generally combined into one entity). I managed to sneak a peak at Lowtax's long-term calendar and was surprised but not shocked at what I found:

Tentative Something Awful Update Schedule, September 2001

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Fragmaster reminisces about how he used to work for Gamespy Post-lobotomy	Andy Smith writes an intelligent and well-researched article on the gaming industry	Lowtax makes his weekly update to remind everyone that he still exists and we should love him	Andrew makes a half-assed update in his continued strategy to infiltrate the computer gaming website "in-crowd"	Dennis "Thresh" Fong writes a column about how fresh and in your face pro gaming is	Norman Mailer's latest clap-trap about his waning libido	Fragmaster talks about how another one of his body parts is no longer under his concious control

So savor Lowtax's wit while you still can, before it's pre-empted by second-rate hack updaters full-time!

Picture Show

Most people have heard of Murphy's Law, which states in effect that "whatever can go wrong, will go wrong." This philosophy, however pessimistic, often proves a good model when dealing with relationships, carpentry, or website hosting services. Unfortunately, from this relatively unassuming credo has sprung a veritable army of similar but even less relevant laws, principles, corollaries, observations, rules, postulates, hypotheses, and theorems, each more hilarious than the last. Recently someone was kind enough to send me a link to a page listing around 900 billion of these laws in what must be the biggest collection of untamed wit ever assembled. Here's a few samples:

> **Gold's Law:**
> If the shoe fits, it's ugly.
>
> **Issawi's Law of Frustration:**
> One cannot make an omelette without breaking eggs -- but it is amazing how many eggs one can break without making a decent omelette.

> **Terman's Law of Innovation:**
> If you want a track team to win the high jump you find one person who can jump seven feet, not seven people who can jump one foot.

Hilarious! If Gold, Issawi and Terman can acheive literary immortality through their Zen-like mantras, I figure I ought to be able to as well. So without further ado I present my addition to the ever-burgeoning library of useless laws:

> **Stine's Law:**
> Every movie ever made is someone's favorite.

"What?" You say. "Surely no one fell in love with such stunning mediocrities as *Jaws 3*, *Mac and Me*, or *The Net*?" Well, sir, you'd be wrong, and you're ugly too! Thanks to the IMDB for providing an outlet for these downtrodden fans to express their undying love for these overlooked classics.

Jaws 3 -- This 1983 film capitalized on the success the astounding original and passable sequel by following a group of marine biologists attempting to capture a young great white shark that has wandered into Florida's Sea World Park. However, later it is discovered that the shark's 35-foot mother is also a guest at Sea World. What follows is the shark wreaking havoc on the visitors in the park. Although the film has been described by critics as "awful," "horrendous," and "one of the worst movies ever," that doesn't stop some IMDB visitors from professing their undying love for it.

Everybody out of the theater!

> That was the best jaws movie ever!I loved it.It was so chilling.Like the part with the glass tube.I was breathless.The 3-D was good two.The only thing bad about it was that it was to close to Revenge of the Creature.It was pretty darn cool.My My if there was oscar for scariest movie.It would win.It was very scary to me.
>
> I saw this movie many time and the thing that strikes me is that why didn't they have Roy Scheider play in this movie. But hey I ain't because they got Dennis Quaid and Louise Gosset Jr. And they are just as good. Anyway in this movie you will find out that a shark gets into the sea park. And there it starts having breakfast, lunch and dinner of fish and humans. (...) I think that this movie is excellent.

Mac and Me -- Start with *E.T. the Extra-Terrestrial*. Take away Steven Spielberg, the heartwarming story, and a prepubescent Drew Barrymore. Then add in a lead character in a McDonald's uniform, an extended song-and-dance number inside a McDonald's, Ronald McDonald, Big Macs from McDonald's, and life-giving Coca-Cola, presumably from McDonald's. Described by critics as "ridiculous" and "terrible." But wait:

A boy and his dog

> I rented this movie today just for something fun to watch, and low and behold, I sure was in for a treat! This is one of those "little boy meets alien" type of movie that was common in the 80s, and it gives you a fun, warm nostalgic feeling when you watch it. (...) Why they don't make movies like this anymore is utterly ridiculous! CosmicGirl

> I absolutely love this movie! This movie has to be one of the best I've ever seen! Seeing it now for almost a dozen times, it still wants to make me cry every time! (...) This movie is so emotional, I feel so bad for both the kid, and the alien! His whole family is so cute and sweet. Yes, the boy is in a wheel chair, so? Its still a really good movie. If you ever get a chance to see this movie, do check it out!!!

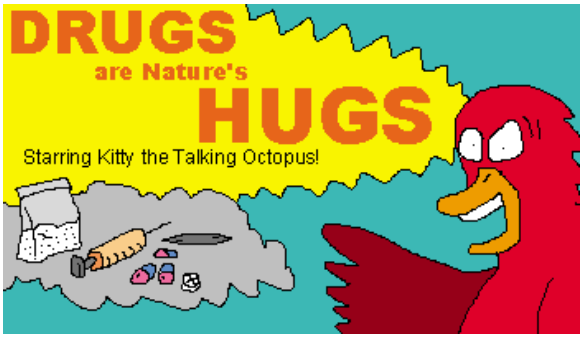
The Net -- Computer hacker Angela Bennett's identity is destroyed after she discovered the dirty little secrets of an evil faceless corporation. Described as "plodding" and "tepid" - but not by these fans!

Sandra Bullock portrays a cute but quirky girl-next-door type in her farthest acting stretch yet

> This film is incredibly fantastic. It is very relevant to most of us who are interested in using the internet. It must been very hard and frustrated for Bennett to face the alteration of her life from one direction to another, fears to lose everything. I believe that the film is very inspired me, and also shows me in a way that life is a very complicated network - the conflict between people may lead to a greater damage to the society that we're live in. I have to say that i really like the movie - i watched the movie about 4 times now, today is the last time.
>
> When I first saw this movie, I was blown away at how realistic it was. Everything in this movie could really have happened and it gives us a different view on the Internet and the control someone could have in a position like the baddies have in this movie. You genuinely feel for Sandra Bullock's character in this movie. Great performances from all actors and thank you to the director for making such a brilliant movie.

Kid's Koroner

In its continuing bid to become a major superpower in the high-stakes world of internet portals, Something Awful presents its latest Kids Korner public service announcement: Drugs are Nature's Hugs! In the straightforward but fun-loving tone which has made Kids Korner world-reknowned, Kitty the Talking Octopus takes on the serious issue of drugs, and why they are, in fact, nature's hugs!



Have you been looking for a way to broach this topic with your children in a no-pressure, non-confrontational manner? Look no further!

ROM Pit Time

August 29, 1997: the human race as we know it is destroyed when the newly self-aware supercomputer Skynet launches nuclear weapons, resulting in holocaust. Approximately 30 years later, freedom fighter John Connor sends a reprogrammed Terminator back in time to save his younger self from the liquid-metal T-1000 which has already been sent to kill him. The result? T2: The Movie for the SNES, the latest ROM Pit review!

> The plot of this game follows the movie in excruciating detail, except for all the stupid shit the designers threw in to pad what would otherwise be a mercifully short yet utterly traumatizing experience. You play the T-800 and have to run around punching and shooting people while doing various pointless things. In one level you have to search a house to find a photo ID of John Connor (wasn't the T-800 reprogrammed by the adult John Connor himself? HE SHOULD KNOW WHAT THE GUY LOOKS LIKE ALREADY, DAMNIT!). In another level you have to make a very challenging drive to the mall. In other words, you fuck around a lot while getting shot in the back by various people. Apparently Nintendo thought this sounded like a lot of fun and thus blessed the game with the coveted Nintendo Seal of Approval. Personally, I think you'd probably have more fun playing another game, one I like to call "Punching Yourself in the Testicles Until You Pass Out".

If you're always dreamed of being a cybernetic organism assigned to protect a wise-ass kid from Dana Scully's new partner, too bad! But, you can play this game instead.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Chapter 2

February

2.1 Disturbing Dreams

Friday, Feb 02, 2001 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

Good Eats!

Uncle Fragmaster here with the weekend news just a wee bit early. Don't forget that XFL starts this weekend, so be sure to turn in and laugh your ass off at the truly awful combination of professional wrestling, film school production values, high school football, kindergarten boob-jobs, and pre-school intelligence. It's gonna be great! From the makers of "E.R.," "The Bushwackers," and "Mother, May I Sleep With Danger!"

Figure 2.1: Thanks Chris

Dreamcast: It's Sinking

I don't particularly want to start writing about videogames again anytime soon, since I did that for the past four years and all it's gotten me is a wussy out-of-shape deformed body, a lack of social skills, and an encyclopedic knowledge of totally useless crap. Like who programmed the "Pac-Man" Atari 2600 port and the proper order of entities and triggers needed to cause a "Half-Life" scientist to say "WANNA SEE SOMETHIN' NEAT?!" before jumping off a roof to his death in a custom map. But this week Sega announced that it's giving up on the Dreamcast to focus only on making games as a third-party publisher. Not even the hip-hop antics of the criminally doofy-looking DJ Swirl can save the Dreamcast now. Doh.

When I was a kiddie, I used to think videogames were magical and that World 4-1 in "Super Mario Brothers" really did exist somewhere out there. I read and re-read Nintendo Power, and I think Nintendo missed out on a great opportunity in the late 80's: if only they had thought of giving away forty free NES games of your choice in exchange for your lifetime enlistment in The Nintendo Army, Navy, or Air Force. Nintendo was a master of using the magazine to spread their propaganda, and I'm sure they could of convinced millions of kids to sign away their lives for a chance to get "Hudson's Adventure Island," "Bayou Billy," "Kabuki Quantum Fighter," and "River City Ransom." Hell, they had most of us eating Nintendo cereal out of Mario lunchboxes! The SNES was our reason for living! Then, they'd lace these free games with subliminal messages that would induce all children enlisted in the Nintendo Military to show up for basic training at Nintendo's secret headquarters two days after their fourteenth birthday. Then, Nintendo's drill-sergeants would transform these kids into elite soldiers via a strict program of light gun games, power pad exercises, U-Force sparring, and Contra button mashing.

In just a few short years, Nintendo could have built up a huge army of unstoppable force and taken over the entire world, but instead they decide to spend all their money on making "Pilotwings," "Pokemon Mauve," "Banjo-Toolface," and "Yoshi's Temptation Island" or whatever the hell they're doing. Nice going Nintendo... "now you're playing with power" my ass! Nintendo could be in charge of the entire world by now if they only had planned ahead. All they're in charge of now is a mediocre major league baseball team and a huge stockpile of unsold Virtual Boy machines. BOO!!!

BONUS VIDEOGAME JOKE: Tony Hawk Pro Skater? More like Tony Hawk Pro MASTURBATOR! Get it? It's like Deus Goat Secx, except it's from the front instead of the back and far less

disturbing.

In Your Dreams

I don't know about you, but I have really, really, cool dreams. When I go to sleep, it's like I'm watching a messed up foreign television station with the most surreal programming you can imagine. Unfortunately, I don't remember most of my dreams, but I thought I'd give you a totally true (seriously) example of two dreams that I've been fortunate enough to remember:

- **Waterslide Schoolbus** - This was a long dream, but I only remember the end: I'm on a school bus and we're driving slowly down a blue waterslide through a heavily wooded area. This is taking forever and I'm starting to get impatient. So I get off the bus (I don't remember how) and start sliding down the waterslide myself. I'm really flying down this thing - probably like forty miles an hour - while the bus is chugging along at like three. All of the sudden, the relatively flat waterslide becomes a series of steep falls, and I'm falling hundreds of feet between drops. Things start to even out a little bit, but I'm still going too fast. Luckily, I notice a rope ladder dangling into the waterslide from the right (at this point the waterslide is about forty feet wide, but it was only three feet wide up by where the school bus was, which makes me wonder how the bus fit). So I climb the rope ladder type thing and end up in a tree-house type encampment.

Inside, it's really dark, but I notice an old 13-inch TV and an Intellivision (it's an old videogame system) with some games I've never seen, including one called Rainbow Lights or something. I'm looking through the games when I notice somebody looking at me from the back room as my eyes adjust to the light (this is a really big treehouse). I don't remember what happened, but I think I pissed somebody off and ended up getting back on the waterslide. But the bus had passed me up in the meantime, and even though I sped down the rest of the slide as fast as I could, when I get to the bottom where everything is just one blue, flat, waterslide road, there's the school bus in the distance and a Police SUV with flashing sirens parked off to the side of the road just behind it. The trooper is leaning against the truck and looking directly at me as I splash down, so I know I'm in big trouble. That's when I woke up.

> **Analysis** - *I think this dream is trying to tell me that a) I like treehouses, videogames, and waterslides and b) I'm too ugly to ride the bus and any attempt to escape the waterslide of life will result in my quick arrest and violent social embarrassment.*

- **Farm Bicycle Maze Journey** - I'm on a busy road somewhere, and I bike back home like twenty miles through the country from the outskirts of a farm in the middle of this busy road commercial district (this farm also sells stuff, like flowers). Or did I bike to the farm from home? I don't quite remember. Anyway, I get home and realize that all that hard work of biking twenty miles was a total waste since I left a really expensive bike and eleven or so special ears of corn in a field by the cross-walk on the outskirts of this road by a busy traffic intersection (I think I left that stuff there because I was tired of waiting for the walk signal light to change). So my mom (who isn't played by my mom in this dream, she's someone else... in fact my entire family is different) drives me back to this farm in the family van (which interestingly enough, is played by my actual family's van, perhaps they killed my old family and took over earlier in the dream, taking all my old family's stuff?). I get out near the farm and my bike is nowhere to be seen. So I wander through the fields of this huge farm to get closer to the big barns where they're selling stuff like cabbages and flowers, but these fields are really just high grass so I have no idea where they get their produce. I get into one of the barns and start looking for my bike (I think, I really don't remember what my motivation was at this point) and I'm acting all secret agent-like because I don't want to be seen. I get through this barn, which has wooden pig-like feeder things

filled with veggies laid out in a wacky swirling one-way maze configuration that winds up to be a dead end. Shoppers are trapped and confused by this dead end and just stand there, so I use them for cover.

Then I figure a way out of this barn without getting scene, only to end up in another building filled with people and their dogs waiting for a lesson or something. I somehow have acquired a dog and I walk up to the desk with it, trying to come up with an excuse for why I'm there. I don't remember what I say (if anything), but I do remember the dog I'm holding starts chewing and biting the face of a dog standing on the desk while everyone else in the room, including the clerk behind the desk, watches on in total silence. After my dog is done chewing on the other dog, I leave a note on the clerk's desk that says something incredibly witty and leave. After I'm gone, the clerk reads my letter aloud and becomes simply aghast at the clever turn of phrase or insult or joke or rhyme or whatever it is I wrote, and I appear to have won, but I'm not sure what, and I don't think I got my bike back. THE END.

This could be the same dream where you have to drive about five miles to get out of Wal-Mart's parking lot campground on the edge of a cliff, only to discover you don't have enough cash to get out at the gate, but I don't think it is.

> **Analysis** - *Writing about your stupid dreams are a great way to fill up space. Also, I must have eaten LSD breakfast cereal as a kid.*

In conclusion, it is fun to dream! So dream away, you sleepy saps!

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

2.2 Bad Fragmaster Poetry

Saturday, Feb 03, 2001 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

You'll Have Nothing

Hey kids, it's Uncle Fraggy again with the weekend news: and the news is... nothing has happened! The planet Earth is still rotating about the sun, everyone alive is getting closer and closer to death, and minor stuff has occurred like the death of presidents, the XFL, and the invention of a brand new floor soap that lasts twenty-five years even when stored underwater, but that's all petty junk in the grand scheme of things. Am I right? Of course I am!

He'll never get the hat back

There has been no massive extinction or apocalypse-type event for millions of years, aliens haven't tried to invade us, and nobody is launching nuclear missiles at each other. Thus, nothing of any real importance has happened in the world for at least a couple hundred years. Sure, I got a great pair of shoes for $24 because the guy running the store was dyslexic and Communism only seems to work for bearded military baseball players in the Caribbean now, but who cares?

What I'm trying to say is that somebody should invent hover-cars, and invent them in darn short order. The Jetsons had hover-cars, so we should too by now. Am I the only one who thought Judy Jetson was putting out for *anything* behind George's back, even Rosie the Robot!? Come to think of it, why doesn't the scientific community put more effort into making life more like cartoons? I'd love to be walking around in a forest only to encounter a troop of Gummi Bears. Not only could they help me out and do good deeds, but *I could actually eat their delicious candy flesh if I got hungry*! Wouldn't that be awesome? Speaking of which, why doesn't Bjørnar B. ever draw Scrooge McDuck? He's the richest, keenest cartoon duck of them all. And remember Tail Spin? It had that freaking Nazi of a lady boss who was voiced by that child-eatin' vocational school sell-out Sally Struthers, and that bear from the Jungle Book who somehow managed to con his way into a job as a FedEx pilot or something. Why can't Baloo be the guy delivering my packages? At least get Alf, he's almost as hard up as Gary Coleman.

If I'm going to be rescued, I want to be rescued by Chip & Dale Rescue Rangers, not some lame high-school dropout with a big chin. Cartoon chipmunks. Not people. That's all I'm sayin'.

Crisp Morning

Every crisp morning I enjoy a good feeling
As all-previous swordfish fall from the ceiling
But with steady hands and feet of fleet guessin'
I never receive a deadly blow to my intestine
The work that is done is of vast undertaking
And that might explain why the room, it is shaking!

Every crisp morning begins this same way
But something is different on this hallow day
Something is missing, yes now I see!

The sources of power, this bloated battery!
Bursting at the seams is a single 9-volt
I try to escape with the aid of my catapult
But it has malfunctioned and now I'm in quite the tight squeeze
With bags full of batteries about to explode on my knees!

Without hesitation I ask for cooperation
From the rebel AAA batteries on the radio station
But my request for help is completely ignored
They cannot afford to waste the power they have stored
Energizer and Duracell and cheap knock-off brands
They're all over me now, and I can't feel my hands!
Now they're all glowing with no signs of slowing
I fight some of them off but they keep going and going!
"We've powered your flashlights and Gameboys," they boast
"Now we're out for revenge; we're gonna tear out your throat!"
My last clean crisp morning becomes my own personal hell
'Cause avoiding the swordfish won't save you from an angry energy cell.

■ Fresh Soft Taco!

Since it's Sunday and you should probably be in church anyway, check out Taco Teh Wodoner Dog's latest episode of the "Cunrhcy Saviror!" I must say this is the best episode yet, and this is probably the best flash movie I've ever seen, outside of Sheriff Hippo. You owe it to yourself to view "Cunrhcy Saviror versus Mechajudas" right now!

He's also got some other new stuff, but who can understand it?

> ***OH WOW IT WAS CARAZY SO I WA SWAS WALKING IN THE STREEET AND THERE WAS ANTIU SHOP1! BUT I DIDN'T GO IN AN T HE NEXT DAY IT MYZXTERIOUSLY VANISHED!!!!! OOOH!!!! BUT THAT HAS NOTHING TO DO THE TIHING THAT HAPPEENED WHEN THE DAY THAT I FOUND THE ANTIQUE SHOP THAT ITAS SILL THEAR ANI WNTNEXT DOOR AN THIRE WS ATARUKSBUTTI WAS THE MAGIC STARBUCK!!!!!! [Goes on for about another eighty pages]***

Good Taco! Good dog! /me pats Taco on the head.

■ Is There Any Way To Save This Travesty of an Update?

I doubt it. History shows that my novelty value tends to wear off within about two minutes. I've long overstayed my welcome and will probably be lynched by angry SA forum junkies shortly.

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

2.3 Dog Bites Woman, Idiotic Warning Signs

Sunday, Feb 04, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Dog Bites (Wo)Man

For all six of you out there that haven't heard about the woman in California who was recently mauled to death by Nazi killer attack dogs, let me briefly recap the story for you so you may catch up with the rest of us. Uh, a woman in California was recently mauled to death by Nazi killer attack dogs. That's about it. There wasn't really much to this story when it first came out, and it seemed as if it was a simple open-and-shut case. However, the owner of the killer canines has recently come forward with shocking new "evidence" which has turned the entire incident upside-down, topsy-turvy, cateycorner, and all those other wacky phrases that nobody in their right mind uses anymore.

> Owner gives account of fatal dog attack- *The owner of two dogs involved in the attack that killed a woman in the hallway outside of her apartment said the dogs never showed any indications that they were violent. Noel also explained a letter he wrote to prosecutors that suggested that* ***the attack may have been triggered because Whipple could have been wearing a pheromone-based perfume*** *or might have been a steroid user. "I was contacted by an investigator who works dog cases, and I was also contacted by a professional animal trainer, who made the suggestion that those two things should be looked at from a forensics standpoint to see if that was a possibility," Noel said.*

Once again, the media-induced hysterics that followed a woman getting eaten to death by a rabid dog turn out to be just that: media-induced hysterics that followed a woman getting eaten to death by a rabid dog. As clearly demonstrated by the dog's neo-Nazi sympathizing criminal overseer, she obviously brought the attack upon herself by choosing to wear perfume. I don't think a court in the world would convict the dog now, mainly because he's dead (and a dog), but also because it's been proven that the dog and his owner were not at fault in this case.

Now some of you non-American people who don't have the luxury of interacting with the American legal system every time you're caught urinating into the company's water cooler may jump to false conclusions and believe that the since the dog **clearly** isn't at fault, the dog owner must be. There you go again, thinking with your ignorant non-American brains. As a person who was born and raised in the United States, it's painfully obvious who the guilty party in this situation is: the perfume company.

America is intensely proud of the complex and unnecessary legal warnings which are included with virtually every single product or service ever produced in this country. Walk into any Wal-Mart and you're bound to see countless legal warnings stapled onto every product imaginable. The general rule of thumb in America is to assume that every single braindead yokel in the country will buy your product and attempt to kill themselves with it. To counteract the avalanche of stupidity which smothers every product's lifecycle, the final nine months of every product's development is spent by lawyers and engineers brainstorming possible ways that people could inadvertently lose a major organ by using their product. As a result, lawyers are paid millions of dollars to write goofy little disclaimers encompassing every single possible negative use of the product, and print companies are paid millions of dollars to make tags that carry the lawyers' million dollar disclaimers. This is why you always see completely idiotic warning tags like the following:

As a result, I think it's naturally fair to blame the perfume company in this recent dog attack. When was the last time you picked up a bottle of perfume and saw a warning sticker attached to it? The answer, of course, is **NEVER**. The perfume industry is clearly negligent in this scenario; all they

WARNING
Vacuum should NOT be used to replace the act of oral sex.
WARNING
Hair Curler should NOT be used to scratch inside of brain.

do is manufacture a glass bottle which looks like a female's key reproductive organ, fill it up with really diluted orange Kool Aid, give it a fictional name that one of the ad guys heard in his dreams, and slap a $60 price tag on the box. It's about time somebody knocks the meglomaniacal perfume giants off their high horses and makes them pay for all the people eaten by pets after using their perfume of death. To help jump-start the perfume warning label industry, I have taken it upon myself to create an example warning sticker.

After all, should these giant companies get away with putting the lives of human beings behind PROFITS and GREED? I think not! Since there was clearly no sticker warning the ignorant victim of her heightened chances to be eaten by a dog, I believe the proper order of lawsuits stemming from this case should be the following:

1. Dog owner sues victim's family for allowing victim to be eaten, causing dog indigestion and ultimately death.
2. Victim's family sues perfume industry for failing to notify victim that upon wearing the perfume, she should never, ever, ever, ever leave her house or purchase a dog.

3. Perfume factory sues engineers for failing to include "secret bonus ingredient" which keeps dogs from eating people wearing their perfume.
4. Engineers sue colleges they attended, claiming professors failed to teach them the connection between "smelling like flowers" and "dogs tearing out your intestines."
5. College sues all teachers and instructors in school, including dog attack victim (who worked for Saint Mary's College), for failing to emphasize the *"Ways to Be Mauled By People's Pets, 102a"* class.

Once again the Great Wheel of Justice comes full circle, resulting in so many convoluted lawsuits that the victim's family actually ends up **SUING THEMSELVES**. For all you people who think there are too many lawsuits in America, I would have to disagree and cite this example. There are not enough lawsuits! If more people would just "play it smart" and pass the buck when it comes to suing, eventually all legal cases would come full circle and winning a lawsuit ultimately means you'll be losing in the long run, because subsequent lawsuits will come up and bite you in your fat, lazy ass. I think this whole killer Nazi dog incident could result in a big change in America, one which will change the entire legal system as we know it. Oh yeah, and I'll also finally be able to put on makeup and crossdress while visiting the kennel, which is one of my lifelong dreams.

Say It Ain't So, Cliff!

I have bad news for you ladies and gentlemen. Although it pains me to say so, I'm very much afraid Cliff Yablonski doesn't like me.

From: cliff yablonski
Subject: (no subject)

shithead,

Ive got 6 new pages of people in Appleton City that I hate. post the news and put up a bunch of links to it or Ill stab you in the face with a knitting needle.

cliff

ps: you're ugly and I hate you.

Oh that Cliff, what a charmer! He reminds me of the kindly old man who worked at the gas station down the street... you know, the guy that used to beat me into a coma with a big-ass wooden block attached to a bathroom key! Hmmmmmm... check out the six new pages of people Cliff Yablonski doesn't really care for!

Hot Donald-on-Donald Action!

Bjørnar B. has updated his ultra-high quality page with a whole bunch of new drawings of Donald Duck and essays about... uh... various things. Make sure to take a peek at the brand new Counter-Strike theme drawings depicting everybody's favorite Disney character shooting it out with his terrorists nephews, Ouie, Lui, Doie, and Uncle Jubalon. It's like every child's dream come true, assuming children have very disturbing dreams! Go now, young Uncle Jubalon wanna-be!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.4 California Power Shortages

Monday, Feb 05, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

She Needs More Power, Captain!

Electricity. All of us need and use it constantly throughout the day. In fact, most of us have been using electricity for so long that, like our relatives and loved ones, we've learned to completely ignore its existence. However, electricity is present in almost everything we own, especially in products which require some kind of power source to operate. Without electricity we would have no phone or phone service which allows people from all across the globe to call us up and con us into purchasing their credit card which has an APR in the mid hundreds. The recent power crisis in my state of California has really helped drive home this point into my thick skull.

If you've been "out of the loop" or "visiting another country" or "in a coma" or "dead" for the past month, let me explain the power-shortage situation, this quarter's deadly crisis in California. If you've lived in California for some time, you'll undoubtedly know that the news media chooses to distinguish the four seasons of the year by giving them different natural disaster threats. A typical year is described by the following TV news blueprint:

- **SPRING:** "Will global warming melt the ice caps, causing your yuppie seaside village community to be washed away in a giant tidal wave? Judging by the accounts of a drugged-out hippie who was once a professor at Big Hank's Big Weather University in southern Clydesdale, Arizona, the answer is an alarming 'maybe'!"
- **SUMMER:** "Heat waves are expected to roll in, killing hundreds of working class citizens like yourself. That's right, we said 'LIKE YOURSELF.' Will these heat waves make YOU die? Scientists who once had a vague involvement in a government project which studied the effects of caramel on fruit flies say the chances are moderately high! Keep your television tuned to 'HEAT DEATHWATCH 2000' and we'll keep you informed!"
- **FALL:** "Every year hundreds or maybe thousands or maybe six people are killed to death by deadly mudslides. These deadly natural disasters can kill you no matter where you are - nobody is safe from these so-called 'people-killers.' Learn how to protect you and your loved ones from Nature's Hitman, the death-inducing deadly mudslide of death."
- **WINTER:** "The popular movie 'Armageddon' illustrated how millions of people could be wiped out by a single deadly asteroid. Luckily that can't happen in real life... **or can it**? We've found two guys wearing white coats who claim that the chances of everybody on Earth dying due to an asteroid hit are quite high. But don't kill yourself now - tune in and watch out 8472-part series, 'Will You Die From an Asteroid? Probably!' on ABC news."

Those quarterly-crises are usually complemented with an assortment of other "YOU'RE MORE THAN LIKELY GOING TO DIE" investigative reports such as:

- **"Deals or Deathtraps?"** - Getting a "killer" bargain at a garage sale may end up killing you. More than likely it won't though, but the news team was somehow able to find an instance of a 130-year old Mormon woman who died of natural causes while

sitting in a chair she bought from a guy who was once a con artist (or *some* kind of artist).

- **"Something Your Kid Eats Every Day Has a 100% Chance of Causing Them to Positively, Absolutely, Undoubtedly Die"** - A popular, brand-name product that many parents give their children has been linked to a rare disease which hasn't really killed anybody YET, but according to a vague line graph displayed on a consumer watchdog's computer, it just might.
- **"Everything In Your House Will Kill You"** - Abridged version of the two topics above, basically insinuating that every single consumer product ever made was created with the sole intent to murder you. With the exception of the George Foreman "Lean, Mean Grilling Machine", this is pretty much false.

The current media crisis in California is this whole power fiasco. Each side has their own story regarding this situation; according to the power companies, California has no power left. According to media watchdog organizations, California has gobs and gobs of power left, but the companies are trying to manipulate the system so they can charge more. According to the California news services, drinking tap water gives you brain cancer. I personally don'tknow who to side with here, because I find all sides equally stupid.

First off, the power companies. After playing games like *Command and Conquer* and its smash hit sequel, *Dominion: Storm Over Gift3*, I've learned that everything revolves around power plants. I find it really hard to believe that these giant billion-dollar companies, who have been in business since the days when a computer took up 80,000 square feet and used punchcards and ran on human souls, can't grasp the simple power plant-building technique. It's simple guys: the bigger your "base" expands, the more power plants you need. As far as I know, California hasn't been attacked and destroyed by an army of Orcs within the past 20 years, so there's no damn reason for them to be lagging behind in the ratio of existing power plants to coffeehouses.

Then there's the consumer watchdogs. Their duty is to basically claim every company that employs more than one person and their dog is a lying, greedy, deceitful pack of wolves. For the most part, this is true; nobody really needs a third party to inform them that their boss is a crook bastard. However, they seem to be desperately grasping at straws in this case. Their whole argument seems to be based around... well, nothing. Any time an electric company executive appears on television to explain how they're $502 trillion dollars in debt and they're broke and they have to shove rocks in their daughter's mouth because they can't afford braces, the consumer watchdog group spokesperson will be given two seconds of airtime to shout that the power companies are lying. The interviews usually don't last longer than two seconds because the spokesperson often runs off looking for the mothership to whisk him back to his home planet.

So to sum up the whole mess, *there's a power problem.* Too many people are using too much power and the companies just can't keep up with demand. As a result, the ever-helpful news media takes it upon themselves to release informative and educational tips, supposedly to help curb consumers' use of electricity. The only problem with this is that their tips are completely stupid and obvious, like "when leaving your house, turn off all lights" or "if you're not using the oven, make sure it's not on." Anybody with the least bit of common sense knows the crap they babble about on television. To counteract these blatant displays of obvious they peddle on the news shows, I will present to you a short list of things that I'm doing to conserve electricity in California. While they might not be as apparent as the ones that the news media crams down your throat, let me assure you that they're

just as effective. Okay, they might not be effective at all, but they take up a lot of space and justify me sitting in front of a computer for extended periods of time.

- When playing mp3s 24 hours a day at 600 decibels, stay away from "high energy" types of music like techno and speed metal, which use up more power (hence the term "high energy"). Stick to slow, depressing songs like anything by Tori Amos or that one band with the fat lesbians that I can't think of offhand. I think their name was like "The Bacon Sisters" or something.
- Every time you change the channel on the television, it consumes an extra .10239 kilojoules per ampere of electricity. Try to find a program you like (such as "Road Rovers") and stick with it. When the show is over, keep watching the channel. Under no circumstances should you ever, ever change the station, unless Ron Popeil comes on and starts advertising a product which causes your skull to catch fire when used.
- Upon leaving your house, make sure all lights are off and your refrigerator is unplugged. In fact, never turn your lights on at all. If you have an artificial respirator, unplug that as well, because it's way past time you learned to breathe on your own you little spoiled sissy.
- Pets often produce excessive amounts of static electricity. Take your pet cat, rub him across the carpet for three hours, then sell him to the power company for a reduced price.
- Some guy made a lightbulb run by sticking it into a potato, although I don't really remember exactly how he was able to accomplish this. Go to your local supermarket and buy a sack of potatoes. Then dump them out onto the middle of your livingroom floor and stare at them for days. This will keep you preoccupied and prevent you from bitching about all your lights being off.
- Drinking a lot of liquor makes everything seem brighter, which is quite helpful in low-light situations. Drink heavily and then stumble around your apartment until you pass out or bash your head against a large piece of furniture. When you wake up, start drinking again.
- Call your local power company and shout into the automated system, "BUILD SOME MORE MOTHERFUCKING POWER PLANTS!!!" Perhaps they just might take your advice.

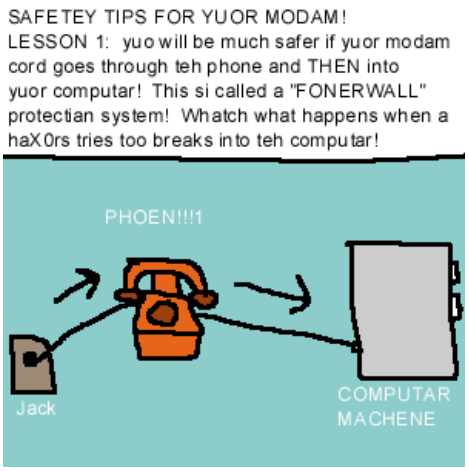
Good luck all you power-conscious Californians out there! With our help, the power crisis will soon pass and the news media will go back to their scheduled 600-part investigative report explaining how a popular, naturally-occurring atom that floats freely around in the air may be silently killing your kids. **AND IT MIGHT RAPE YOU TOO!**

Jeff K. - He's Back!

SA's very own technical expert Jeff K. is back from his temporary detainment by... "The Man." It seems as if he's been sentenced to 120 hours of community service for his pro-hacking website, and he's now prohibited from writing ANY articles or posts that promote the act of malicious computer hacking. As a result, Jeff's first article since returning is called "HELPFUL COMPUTAR HELP AND HELPING TIPS FOR YUO!!!", which makes up for three of his 120 hours of community service he must participate in. Luckily for all you readers out there, ol' Jeff K. is here to help you with all your computer protection needs!

Wow, I feel safer already! Head on over and give a look-see to "HELPFUL COMPUTAR HELP AND HELPING TIPS FOR YUO!!!", featuring some narrator called "Doctor Hard Disk."

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)


SAFETEY TIPS FOR YUOR MODAM!
LESSON 1: yuo will be much safer if yuor modam cord goes through teh phone and THEN into yuor computar! This si called a "FONERWALL" protectian system! Whatch what happens when a haX0rs tries too breaks into teh computar!
PHOEN!!!1
Jack
COMPUTAR MACHENE

2.5 Mega Spaz the Cat Update, First Backyard Love

Wednesday, Feb 07, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Merry Reverse Christmas!!!

WARNING: The following update centers around the activities of my cat, Spaz. The reason I feel the need to preface today's update with this warning is due to the recent controversy surrounding all cat-related material on Something Awful. Whenever I even briefly mention my cat, I get two very distinct types of feedback that soon fester and multiply in my emailbox like some kind of thing that spends a lot of time festering and multiplying. Here's an example of the two different camps that lobby against each other following a cat article:

The "Pro-Cat" Demographic:

> *From: Marie Spencer*
> *Subject: ur cat*
>
> *LOLOLOLOLOL ur cat sounds so cute! : P~~~~~~~~~~ why dont u write more about him??? thats the funnyest column youve ever written on SA and ive been reading ur site since April 1982!!!! i luv Spaz & I have 5937 cats of my own and their names are Chester, Larry, Snowball, Pumpkin, Rattletooth, Chester II, Perkins, Manhole, Garry, Suzy, Lil Bumpkin, Precious, Lacey...***(etc etc etc, email goes on to list all known possible variations of cat names until the message grows to be a few hundred megs in size and causes my ISP to go bankrupt due to bandwidth restrictions)**

The "Anti-Cat" Demographic:

> *From: -={k11l4h PATRICK}=-*
> *Subject: WTF?????*
>
> *WHAT THE HELL I READ YOUR SITE TODAY AND YOUR STUPID SHIT ABOUT YOUR CAT??? I DONT WANT TO READ ABOUT YOUR STUPID CAT!!!! MAKE FUN OF MY FRIEND RYAN, HE'S AN ASSHOLE HE HAS A PAGE ON GEOCITIES MAKE FUN OF THAT. NOBODY WANTS TO READ ABOUT YOUR CAT YOU MORON/*
>
> *PS: TELL CLIFF YOBLONKI TO UPDATE YOU LAZY ASSHOLE STUPID IDIOT DO IT PPS: PUT A LINK TO MY TRIBES CLAN ON YOUR WEBSITE PPPS: I HATE YOUR CAT!!! DRAGONBALL Z RULEZ*

So, as you can plainly see, I'm torn between two polar opposites here. For some mysterious reason, my cat-related updates easily draw the most controversy from readers. I'm not exactly sure why this is, but as long as it keeps people from writing flame mail to Jeff K. and accusing him of not being a "real hacker", I'm happy.

--- BEGIN CAT ARTICLE ---

Spaz as a kitten. Quite a cute cat, despite his lack of functionality.

As mentioned in previous articles (which I'm not going to bother linking to, as I can't really remember if these articles exist or not), ever since picking up my cat from the Animal Impound Facilities I have had nonstop doubts regarding his supposed functionality. I've owned all kinds of animals before this cat and all of them at least had a purpose or *something* they could do. For example, my dog would allow valuable papers and clothing to enter one end of him and be chewed up, then somehow miraculously produce the digested remains of these items out from his opposing end. My ferrets would steal everything I owned and deposit it under the couch with their cache of Gatorade caps, pens, and spent bullet casings. My bird would attack and try to kill anybody within a 500-mile radius of the house, and if nobody was around, he would attack and try to kill the house. When I went to purchase a cat, I wasn't really expecting much, but I was expecting him to do *something*. I'd seen the cartoons on television that featured brightly-colored cats holding amusing conversations with 8-year old children that attempted to solve crimes, and thanks to Joseph Lieberman, I truly believed everything I saw on television and any other forms of media. When I originally got my cat Spaz, things were looking good and he seemed to be interested in doing stuff. Just to name a couple things offhand, he participated in such exciting activities as biting me and running into stationary objects. Many of my friends would claim that he did those things because he was a goofy kitten, but I secretly harbored the notion that perhaps he was just really stupid. Of course I didn't voice these concerns to my cat, as I know all felines simply look for an excuse to pounce on their sleeping owner's face and claw their eyes out.

Cut to half a year later. Spaz has grown out of the "cute kitten" phase and has now entered the "not so cute cat" mode, where his head has finally reached an equal proportion to the rest of his body. In addition to forfeiting all his kitty-like physical cuteness, he now has the same activity level as a bowl of oranges. Most of his day is spent lurking underneath a filing cabinet or dresser, and he usually only comes out to eat, drink, or leave cat chunks in his litter box. Whenever I go to pet him, he gets up and tries to escape from my apartment and flee into neighboring countries. If he knew how to use my cellphone, I bet he would try to reserve plane tickets. Since evolving into "full cat" mode, Spaz has almost totally stopped doing anything at all. Or so I thought...

Spaz as a full grown cat (computer simulated aging and growth). Not so cute anymore.

A few days ago, I was lamenting the absence of holidays in between the Christmas and July 4th lull. Nothing pleases me more than witnessing a full multimedia assault of products aimed at celebrating a holiday that revolves around people who died violently a long time ago, and the half-year absence of any real holidays between these two is overwhelming. I don't really consider Valentine's Day to be a legit holiday because there's no way in hell I'd ever spend money on a bunch of crap that's pink and red and has sentimental calligraphy scrawled by a robotic machine across it. I'd much rather die in an IRA carbomb detonation than go shopping for, ack, Valentine's Day crapola. This isn't because I'm not a "sensitive, new age kind of guy," but is mostly because I'm a lazy asshole. Oh yeah, and I haven't had a girlfriend since the Cuban Missile Crisis, but that's another story.

So back to the story. I'm sitting in my underwear at 6:30 pm and listening to various Snog and Pig singles which I spent too much money on, and I go to drink a glass of water. Upon putting the glass to my lips, I immediately realize the water has a grainy, stringy feel to it. This conflicts greatly with my normal expectations of water, which I count on to be simply "wet" and that's about it. I set the glass down and realize the extra bonus ingredient in today's cup o' love happens to be a lump of cat hair the size of my

left hand. I head over to my sink so I can wash out the cup and begin the water drinking process all over again, but I quickly notice that the sponge (which used to be orange) has changed color to black after being wrapped in thousands of fluffy cathair strands. Then it all dawns on me. Do you remember the first time you saw "Aliens" and realized that the farther the Marines got into the space base, the more it looked as if they were actually entering the inside of a giant alien? The same feeling encompassed me at that point, as I looked around my flat and realized that cat hair was everywhere. On the walls. On the floor. On my clothing. On the cat. EVERYWHERE. I can't even begin to imagine where the hell all this hair even came from in the first place. Judging by basic laws of mathematics, if my cat lost this much hair from his own body, he should be completely stripped bare by now and unable to produce any more hair for the next six decades. I assume he's importing cat hair from various felines across the globe and the deliveries are taking place at night when I sleep. I don't even want to know how he manages to hold the pen and sign for them.

A few minutes after registering this shocking discovery, Jim Bagleaducia arrives on my doorstep, eager to get something of his I stole from him a few weeks before. While walking across my living room, I notice each step he takes causes a gigantic explosion of cat hair to balloon from the floor and into the air. Jim notices this as well, as he starts furiously blinking his eyes like a contact wearer does when he accidentally uses hydrogen peroxide instead of eyedrops.

"Jesus Christ, your carpet is ATTACKING ME!" Jim begins to shriek while attempting to retreat to the safety of the linoleum-floored kitchen. At that point all the cat hair begins to slowly fall back to the floor and I realize what sacrifice Spaz had made for me. He had been shedding nonstop and importing bonus external cat hair just so he could give me the ultimate gift: the gift of another holiday. Yes, Spaz had successfully introduced me to the holiday only cat owners get to experience, which I call "Reverse Christmas." Instead of snow falling from the sky and landing on the ground, cat hair raises from the ground and floats around in the air. Instead of reaching under a Christmas tree and pulling out a gift I really wanted, I get to reach under the couch and feel claws tear my skin into neat little strips of flesh. Instead of hearing cheery, heartwarming Christmas carols, I hear nonstop inhuman noises emanating from Spaz's mouth, as if people were being liquefied by an alien ray gun and their cries for help were being broadcast through Spaz's throat.

I can't imagine that at one point in time I so ignorantly believed that my cat had no feelings for me and was merely trying to wait it out until I choked and died from the 50 cubic pounds of cat hair drifting through my apartment. I had been taking his precious gift of Reverse Christmas and completely ignoring it. Next time your cat begins to murder you by clawing your throat out and ejecting enough cat hair into the atmosphere to clog jumbo jet engines, think of his actions as a gift to you, one that only cats can give. You'll have more than enough time in the hospital to think about it.

◘ Wrestle Those Problems Away!

Something Awful, ever eager to cash in on the current hype surrounding America's most popular sport of backyard wrestling, has started another biweekly column which probably won't be updated biweekly. Regardless, I'd like to take this moment to introduce the new love / advice column which will be sweeping the nation by storm. That's right, we've managed to merge backyard wrestling with love and advice columns! The result?

BACKYARD LOVE

We've scouted backyard wrestlers from across the world, and brought together the top five rising stars into one single column, ready to answer any relationship or personal questions you might have for them! Check out today's article, which features advice from world-famous backyard wrestling phenomenas "Badass" Shawn McCullum, El Terror De Fuego, Servants of Misery, MC Caucasian Ghost, and Geoff "Skeleton Spanks" Krakes. You know you want to!

Bjørnar's Got Yer Damn Art Right Here

The ever-prolific Bjørnar B. has three brand new drawings and a poem up on his wonderful work of art site. Today's contributions to the world of art include Donald Duck winning the 5000 meter competition in the Olympics, Donald's "nevues" stealing his "hand knitting", and some random shapes that have something to do with picking potatoes or "bloodtype 0" or something. It's kind of hard to tell. Head over and see for yourself.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.6 Weird Kids and The Scary Britney Spears Site

Friday, Feb 09, 2001 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

Scary Thought

I was sitting at my desk today, trying to figure out if I should refer to myself as a "loser geek" or a "repulsive nerd" in a personal ad I was filling out, when a terrifying thought washed over me like a cloud of water in a sea of fish: what if I actually got married and had kids someday?Don't get me wrong, I think kids are great. For example, I was on a plane ride back from Christmas vacation and I talked the whole way with the kid next to me, teaching him how to play *Super Mario Brothers* and lamenting together over the decline of the *Pokemon* franchise in general, when we got in a heated argument over whether it's better to be an alien or a ghost. The conversation went a little something like this (I'm not making this up, I swear to god):

> **Kid:** "I'd rather be an alien than a ghost. Then I could shoot people with lasers." *(this kid had incredibly violent tendencies, almost every idea he had involved people getting hurt)*
> **Me:** "Nah, I'd rather be a ghost. Aliens get captured by the government and get cut up and stuff."
> **Kid:** "I heard a story once about a ghost who rose from his grave and choked a kid to death." *(see what I mean?)*
> **Me:** "No way! Ghosts can't hurt people, they're transparent. They're see-through. If they tried to choke you then their hands would go right through you. That's why you only feel the wind when a ghost is running by."
> **Kid:** *(thinking for a minute)* "If a ghost can't grab on to anything, how does it dig itself out of its grave?"
> **Me:** "Ghosts float through stuff, they don't need to be able to grab anything. You're thinking of zombies, they're different. Besides, ghosts never hurt people, they're just there to scare people and tell them not to move into this house because the property taxes are high and stuff."
> **Kid:** "But what if you ate a ghost?"
> **Me:** "What? You can't eat a ghost."
> **Kid:** "It's better to be an alien. Have you ever heard of the... um... Abnormal Snowman? He takes seals and he hits them over the head with a club and then he eats them."
> **Me:** "ARE YOU NUTS? He's a nice guy! He helps drowning seals and he picks them up and he pets them and he says, 'I love you seal! I saved you from drowning!' Why are you so violent?"
> **Kid:** "I know! Egyptians are really aliens!" *(laughs hysterically)*

So kids are great. I've got no problem with kids; I obviously can relate to them pretty well since my maturity level is only a few notches higher then theirs and I'm big enough to knock them over when I throw a kickball at their head. The problem is what'll happen when my kids get older and decide to search the Internet using my name. Then my past will catch up with me:

> **12-year-old punk son:** "Hehe... hey Fragmaster the fagmaster... hehe."
> **Me:** "Shut up! It's a damn good thing I only have custody of your sorry ass for three months of the year. How'd you find out about my lame Internet past?"
> **12-year-old punk son:** "Googlehoo has a huge-ass cache. It's bytetacula-some!" *(Those are cool 2020's era catchphrase, remember, this conversation*

takes place the future) "I was reading all this terrible stupid shit you wrote when you were a kid. You've got all these terrible drawings and all this stuff about old dumb games I've never heard of and these TERRIBLE, scary-ass MP3's that just caused me to lose what little shred of respect I had left for you. Here, let me read you this entertaining excerpt you wrote on somebody's forums, requesting more rips of Jennifer Love Hewitt movies. I printed it out on CyBerPaper200!"
Me: "Give me that!" *(stands up to snatch paper away)* "OW! MY HIP!" *(drops back into Internet La-Z-Boy recliner, in terrible pain)*
12-year-old punk son: "You suck shit dad. Lamer. Cya later, I'm off to cyberskate with the GrindersPhunkPhreak gang!"

So think about all this when you're in the forums, posting stories about how you and your ex-girlfriend had a threesome with a pumpkin before getting sCr00f3d by a winnuke client or whatever the hell you forum people talk about. Think "is this something I'll show off proudly to my kids and grandkids years from now?" Then comfort yourself in the fact that you're being paranoid and there's no way your kids would ever even remotely care about something you wrote twenty years before because they'll be too busy downloading holographic-virtual-sex-simulator-farm-clones and playing *Cliffy B Presents Unreal Tournament 16: The Whole Think Pink Stink*. Thank God.

Eating Human Flesh is Positively Sublime!

This past week has been a rough one for even occasional television watchers, as television spots promoting the upcoming cinema-movie "Hannibal" have positively blanketed the airwaves. No channel or program was safe from the studio's relentless marketing blitz. Director Ridley Scott even showed up on "Sesame Street" to promote the movie. Here's a transcript:

Ah ha! I am an elderly people person! People eater, that is! Haha, dark humour!

Cookie Monster: "'C' is for cookie! Yum yum! And kids, your parents aren't getting divorced because of you, no matter what anyone says!"
Ridley Scott: "Haha! Don't lie to the kids, Cookie Monster. And speaking of the letter 'C,' remember to ask whoever currently has custody of you to drag your whiney ass to the theater so you can 'C' 'Hannibal,' a Ridley Scott film! I made 'Blade Runner' and 'Gladiator' and 'Alien' too, so buy those on DVD!"
Big Bird: "Did you not also direct '1492: Conquest of Paradise' as

well? OOOH, MY EGGS!"
Ridley Scott: "Buy my DVDs! You muppets are scary as hell!"
Maybe I'm just weird, but spending two hours with Sir Anthony Hopkins isn't my idea of a good time. I don't want to clean your dentures, I don't want to see your movie, and I don't care that you were knighted by some limey-ass Queen whose inbred offspring are constantly in the tabloids for some inane reason or another. Now based on the ads for this movie I've seen and my total lack of knowledge in regards to "Silence of The Lambs", here's my adapted abridged screenplay to save you all time and money:

SCENES 1-38
Hannibal: "It is scary because I eat people."
Woman who was Jodie Foster but is now Julianne Moore: "I see. How do you feel about this? I want to help you because you are old and seem harmless until you escape."
Hannibal: "Perhaps I will eat YOU. Therein lies the suspense. Will I succeed in eating you or will I not do so? The shocking surprise ending will reveal all!"
Woman who was Jodie Foster but is now Julianne Moore: "You are creepy Anthon... Hannibal! Please do not eat me."
(close up of a skull being torn open and Hannibal cooking it on the stove while pouring in some kind of weird beans only fruity French cooks use. Hannibal says something darkly humorous, like "Now this is what I call Brain Food!")
THE END
If Something Awful's Film Division ever gets off the ground (we kinda don't have a video camera), we'll show those Hollywood big-shots how to make movies that the INTERNET PEOPLE want to see. **HINT:** they all involve a geek with a gun sneering "AOL? That is sucks all your base are belong to us roofle owned scrubs yams yams YUO=FAGOT first post fire the laser A/S/L LOL on AOL!"

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

2.7 Economy Boosting Fun, Bin Laden Using The Web

Saturday, Feb 10, 2001 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

Economy Boosting Fun

If you haven't already noticed, the Internet isn't in the best shape right about now. Newspapers across the country sport clever headlines like "SITENAME DOT COM DOT BOMBS!" as literally hundreds of hopeful Internet startups go belly-up. The past couple years have been great for us Americans, as a strong stock market has helped the economy and all that financial junk. But that's over now and we need something else to keep us all employed, fat, and snooty. Our newly-elected President knows that, and that's why he's going to do what his father did, what F.D.R. did, and what that guy with the funny wig did: he's gonna start a war with another country! Nothing spurs on the economy quite like pumping bullets into some un-American foreign menace.

U.S. apology swift after sub hits boat - As you can see, we're already off to a good start. An American 7,000-ton Los Angeles-class nuclear sub "accidentally" surfaced right under a Japanese fishing research ship, busting up the damn thing and throwing about 30 crew members and student researchers into that big ocean that 17th century pirates loved to piss in. Now I'm no expert on submarines, but I have seen "U-571," "The Hunt for Red October," and that movie where Gene Hackman throws a hissy-fit because he keeps running over cute tropical fish due to his poor submarine steering and tries to launch nuclear missiles at the moon while his face contorts into a indecipherable mass of fleshy, gooey, chin fat. So it's safe to say I can comment on this situation with a great degree of accuracy.

Artist's rendition of the accident. Not based on thousands of eye-witness accounts and charts.

First of all, you may be wondering what a "Los Angeles-class" submarine is. Simply put, this is a submarine that is completely staffed by graduates of the Los Angeles Public School system. This means all of the sailors on this vessel are:

1) Street-wise hardcore gangbangahs frontin' serious 'tudes,
2) The product of broken, loveless families,
3) Armed with semi-automatic weapons,
4) Unable to read,
5) High on crack.

This may explain why the submarine's periscope wasn't able to see the fishing boat on the surface above, since it is very likely that the crew had ripped out this unnecessary luxury in order to put it to better use as a "really cool bong."

It's also very likely that some of you foolish tonsil-faces don't know exactly what happens on a Japanese fishing research ship. Well everybody knows that the Japanese had no use for fishing research until very recently, since they would export game consoles and videogames to America in exchange for a wide variety of seafood, including tasty toxic-chemical-flavored Lake Erie Bass. However, Japan's economy isn't so great now either, so they're currently in the process of conducting a multi-million dollar research project to discover the best way to take a fish from the ocean, torture it to death, and then sell it to hungry Japanese businessmen.

Unfortunately, the Japanese researchers have hit two very significant roadblocks. First off, Japanese businessmen are far too busy molesting 12-year-old schoolgirls in cheap love hotels and don't have enough extra time in their busy day to buy food that doesn't come out of vending machines. Secondly,

the researchers haven't figured out what makes good fish bait. The Japanese have no soil left - it's all been paved over or turned into monorail tracks - so they've tried feeding the fish old electronic watches, pieces of Toyotas, and X-rated anime alien rape Sega Saturn games, but nothing seems to work very well.

So it makes a lot of sense that George W. Bush would order a submarine full of L.A.'s finest to attack this Japanese fishing research vessel because a little dingo told me that researchers on this ship were getting *dangerously* close to discovering that you don't need bait to catch fish; all you needed is a callous heart and a big-ass Dolphin-stranglin' net. And if the Japanese discovered how to fish, we'd lose access to their three most important exports: videogames, Iron Chef, and anime torture comics. So we busted a Pearl Harbor on them first and now they'll no doubt launch a massive counter-attack and nuke us into the ground. Hooray for the economy!

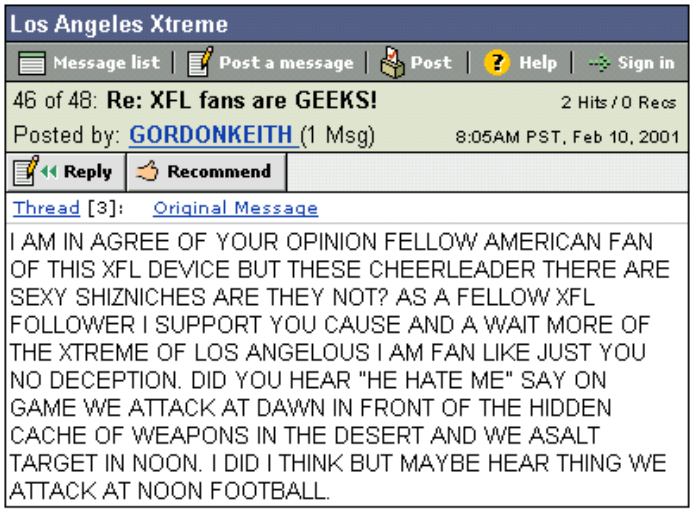
Recycle Bin Laden

And while us Americans are off attacking the country that invented toy robots which transform into dinosaurs and cars, terrorists with goofy-ass names are planning dastardly schemes of their own... IN AN AOL CHAT ROOM NEAR YOU!

Report: Bin Laden uses Web to plan terrorism - This article, accompanied by a totally retarded picture of tanks emerging from a monochrome mid-80's IBM monitor, claims that some Muslim extremists are organizing terrorist attacks with the aid of Yahoo Chat Groups:

> ***"The paper said weeks of interviews with U.S. law enforcement officials and other experts disclosed details of how extremists hide maps and photographs of terrorist targets in sports chat rooms, on pornographic bulletin boards and other popular Web sites."***

Now this is totally ridiculous, right? Well, maybe not. Check out this post I found on ESPN.com:


Los Angeles Xtreme
Message list | Post a message | Post | Help | Sign in
46 of 48: Re: XFL fans are GEEKS!
2 Hits / 0 Recs
Posted by: GORDONKEITH (1 Msg)
8:05AM PST, Feb 10, 2001
Reply
Recommend
Thread [3]: Original Message
I AM IN AGREE OF YOUR OPINION FELLOW AMERICAN FAN OF THIS XFL DEVICE BUT THESE CHEERLEADER THERE ARE SEXY SHIZNICHES ARE THEY NOT? AS A FELLOW XFL FOLLOWER I SUPPORT YOU CAUSE AND A WAIT MORE OF THE XTREME OF LOS ANGELOUS I AM FAN LIKE JUST YOU NO DECEPTION. DID YOU HEAR "HE HATE ME" SAY ON GAME WE ATTACK AT DAWN IN FRONT OF THE HIDDEN CACHE OF WEAPONS IN THE DESERT AND WE ASALT TARGET IN NOON. I DID I THINK BUT MAYBE HEAR THING WE ATTACK AT NOON FOOTBALL.

Pretty suspicious looking if you ask me! Hmm... and now that I think about it, perhaps Semi Automatic Turban and Taco The Wonder Dog are distributing secret terrorist messages via that wacky music Flash unreadable text of theirs... no wonder nobody can understand or translate any of that stuff - it's all encrypted!

Remember, you heard it here first: America versus Japan in "Operation Desert Storm II." This summer. Be there!

-∼Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

2.8 Raiding Dorm Rooms, Professor Hahn's Crazy Tests

Sunday, Feb 11, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Log On to Virtual CyberDeath.com.org.die.blahblahblah

Oh no! Quick, everybody lock your doors and windows, pull your children out of school, and cut the cable to your modems! According to Kent State University police, the Internet is breeding millions of potentially evil criminals!

> *Police raid Verder dorm room, confiscate computer - Kent State University police raided a dorm room in Verder Hall Thursday over what they suspect was a possible computer crime. They executed a search and confiscated a computer, CDs and computer games from Room 304. Kent State University police obtained a warrant after consulting with the prosecutor. Police were alerted about the Web site when an employee of Residence Services found some suspicious files on the server. The students said the game was not affiliated with the Kent State University Web server at all and that the game was located on an independent server. The Web site, www.bledfordays.50megs.com, is the location of the student's computer game. The site includes a list of rules, rankings of members, allies and the enemies titled "the shit list."*

Now I have no problem with Police raiding college students' dorms. Hell, I was in college once and I'm fairly certain that dorm rooms are where 93% of all unreported crimes in this country occur. The average underage college student possesses at least a few hundred thousand gallons of the cheapest and most vile alcohol ever created, at least nine pounds of weed, enough porn to choke a T1 (or their chicken, har har har), and so many mind-altering narcotics that Jerry Garcia's blackened corpse would weep a tear or two. Although it's difficult to deny that college students participate in plenty of illegal activities, it's even more difficult to deny that it's unwarranted. I mean, have you ever BEEN to college classes before? The basic intro-level course consists of approximately 14,000 students packed into one tiny lecture hall built during the Civil War, attempting to take notes from a mumbling, addled professor who was born during the Civil War. This wouldn't be so difficult in itself, but since the professor is usually older than God and consequently is engaging in the act of dying, his torso stays constantly bent over at a 45 degree angle and causes his face to be two inches away from the chalkboard. All his words and instructions come out mumbled and garbled to the point of no return, forcing his students to get stoned off their asses just so they may attempt to understand what the hell the professor is trying to teach.

Professor George T. Hahn (computer simulation)

For example, I had a Materials Science instructor back at Vanderbilt named George T. Hahn, a person who was old. I mean REAL old. DANGEROUSLY old. In the Great Cycle of Life, people generally age in the following order:

1. Young *(baby)*
2. Middle-aged *(man)*
3. Old *(special incredible bonus discounts at Denny's)*
4. Dead *(corpselike)*

Professor Hahn was so old that he completely broke the aging scale and went so far past step number four that he actually ended up back around step one again. He looked like a baby who had been dehydrated and placed in the desert for several months. Due to his ripe state of decay, his spine apparently began to buckle under the weight of gravity, forcing him to aim all lectures directly at the text he

was writing. The blackboard, made of experimental alien material which was able to absorb all sound waves, made it impossible to hear a single word of his speech. Combine this with the fact that he apparently could only write in ancient hieroglyphic symbols and you've got a Material Science course which was almost impossible to pass. I won't even mention the fat girl who sat next to me and never stopped talking about "Highlander: The Series," so this course would've naturally driven any sane man into the warm, welcoming arms of hardcore narcotics.

As if this wasn't enough, and by God it most certainly was, Professor Hahn had this bizarre, foreign method of giving tests. He would distribute the infamous Scan-Tron grading sheets, but there would be one major difference with his "modified" sheets: each answer had about 26 blank boxes following it. The chances of getting a good grade on a test went down even further because it was near impossible to record the answer (if by some major miracle you were actually able to figure it out in the first place). Let me demonstrate how convoluted this testing system was:

- **EXAMPLE OF A NORMAL TEST:**

1) Which mineral is not important in Polarized Light Microscopy of Asbestos?

A. cummingtonite-grunerite *(choose "A" if you think this mineral is not important)*
B. crocidolite *(choose "B" if you think this mineral is not important)*
C. tremolite-actinolite *(choose "C" if you think this mineral is not important)*
D. toothpaste *(choose "D" if you think this mineral is not important)*

Pretty simple and straightforward, isn't it? However, none of the tests in George T. Hahn's class were like this. Oh no. All rules were broken in this "no holds barred" Material Science bonanza of confusion!

- **EXAMPLE OF A GEORGE T. HAHN TEST:**

1) Cadmium at 20°C is HCP. Using a value of 0.148 nm for the atomic radius of cadmium atoms, calculate a value for its unit-cell volume. Assume a packing factor of 0.74.

CHECKBOXES:
A. alignment *(IF ANSWER IS ABOVE ZERO, LEAVE BLANK. IF ANSWER IS BELOW ZERO BUT "B" IS CHECKED AND "C" IS NOT CHECKED, PLEASE CHECK THIS)*
B. power *(IF ANSWER IS RAISED TO A CERTAIN POWER, CHECK THIS. IF POWER IS ABOVE 9, THEN DO NOT CHECK BOTH THIS AND "A")*
C. first number in power *(IF ANSWER IS NOT RAISED TO A POWER, LEAVE BLANK UNLESS "A" IS CHECKED AND "D" IS GREATER THAN 0. ASSUME FIRST NUMBER IS POSITIVE, UNLESS "A" IS CHECKED AND "D" IS GREATER THAN 5)*

FILL IN THE BLANK BOXES:
D. first number in answer *(ASSUME POSITIVE UNLESS FIRST THREE BOXES ARE CHECKED, IN WHICH CASE ANSWER IS NEGATIVE AND "B" IS ASSUMED TO BE A DOUBLE DIGIT ANSWER)*
E. next three numbers in answer *(ADD NEXT THREE NUMBERS TOGETHER AND WRITE THE TOTAL. IF TOTAL IS GREATER THAN "1", ADD THE NUMBER IN THE FIRST COLUMN TO THE ANSWER IN "D". IF ANSWER IS NEGATIVE, SUBTRACT EUROPE'S GROSS NATIONAL PRODUCT FROM ANSWER AND MULTIPLY BY YOUR WAIST SIZE)*
F. location where decimal point is placed *(IF THERE IS NO DECIMAL POINT AND YOUR LAST NAME BEGINS WITH A "L", ENTER "0". IF DECIMAL POINT IS*

LOCATED BEYOND THE FIRST FIVE NUMBERS, ENTER THE FIRST LETTER OF YOUR LAST NAME, UNLESS IT BEGINS WITH A "L", IN WHICH CASE YOU SHOULD ENTER THE FIRST LETTER OF YOUR MOTHER'S FIRST NAME, UNLESS YOUR MOTHER IS A FILTHY, FILTHY LITTLE WHORE)
G. bonus blank *(TRIPLE WORD SCORE)*

Is it any wonder that Police assume college students are criminals after they're forced to repeatedly take tests like this? So the mere act of raiding a college dorm room really isn't anything to be very surprised about. However, the circumstances which caused them to raid the students' dorm is quite unnerving; the Police acted on a tip of "suspicious files" from their Starcraft clan's website. Now I visited their webpage and went through every single awful link contained on the mess, and I think it's safe to say that this heap of graphical refuse is just like nearly every other clan page featured on SA's Clan Hell section. Horrible HTML skill, terrible graphic design, awful clan member names, and an unhealthy obsession with a goofy PC game are all common traits in these disasters. But honestly, somebody tell me how the heck the Police looked at this site, read the following section, and then were able to declare these goofy dopes a legitimate threat to college security?

BfD}Graffix420 (aka: {BfD}Wayne_X)
Patrick Barnes. 19 originally from Fairport NY, but now a Kent student. He enjoys mad hardcore metal tunes, Bacardi 151, sex, drugs, poker, and the beautiful Italian language.

A quick look around their site shows more of the same eye-melting crap that has grown synonymous with Internet clan pages. If the Police think the BfD website is full of potential criminals, wait until they're exposed to the countless other clan sites floating around the Internet like turds in a toxic waste dump. I'd imagine it's only a matter of minutes until the cops start busting down the door of every single teenager involved in a *Quake 3* clan and tossing them in the slammer. I personally won't find myself arguing with their decision to do so, and in fact welcome the invasion; any method to get our kids to turn off their computers and start doing hardcore drugs like they're supposed to is fine by me. Consider it "pre-college education."

Cliff Yablonski Hates Mondays. And You.

Another Monday, another update from everybody's favorite senile old bastard, Cliff Yablonski. I'll bet you're almost as shocked and amazed as I was when I found out that Cliff has update with six new pages of people he just doesn't really like!

From: cliff yablonski
Subject: no goddamn subject you stupid program

hey halfwit

Ive updated my wonderful page with six new pages of people I hate. link to it or you'll die (sooner than I was planning on killing you).

goodbye, sucker

cliff

Oh, that Cliff! What a card! Please check out his page of people Cliff Yablonski hates so I can sleep easier tonight. For the love of God, PLEASE GO THERE.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.9 Southern California Miracle Rain

Monday, Feb 12, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Hit the Decks... and Each Other

Well what a week! The 9th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals has ruled again Napster, NASA has landed a ship on an asteroid, and Congress is investigating to see if Bill Clinton stole enough gifts from the White House to cancel the local orphanage's next Christmas. However, none of this boring crap is important because... drumroll please... **IT'S RAINING IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA!**

Now while this may not seem like a major event to all you people not living in California and instead opting to reside in a normal state, one where "network television" doesn't mean "15 straight hours of hostage negotiations at the local Arby's drive-through," this is really big news. The amount of times it rains per year in Southern California can be easily counted on two hands, even less if you've been drinking particularly heavy. This lack of rainfall has pretty much spoiled the residents of Southern California and turned them into real weather snobs, constantly expecting every day to be sunny and 76 degrees, and for the most part, the weather conforms their expectations. I think it's a severe case of atmospheric peer pressure, one that Fred Savage and all the ABC "After School Specials" in the world can't cure.

However, there are a few days when the weather system looks down at Southern California and thinks to herself (I believe weather systems are female, as I have never ever seen a cloud with a giant floating penis), "you know, is it really worth it? Day in and day out I constantly provide these spoiled bastards with sunlight, only to have them wear sunhats and tan in medically-sealed booths. I provide them with warmth, just so they can complain about how it's one degree too hot or one degree too cold. Screw these bastards, let's see a little rain." Then all hell breaks loose and the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse come out of the local coffee shop to begin the destruction.

If you don't live in California, rain may not seem like that big of a deal. I lived in Missouri for 18 consecutive years and on the rare occasions when it actually failed to rain for a day, the humidity was always at least 450%, the equivalent of jumping into a hot tub for six hours. There was so much humidity floating around in the air that you could bottle and sell it as that trendy new "spring water", assuming people suddenly become interested in drinking water that tastes like a Jiffy Lube enema. Southern California is completely different in this aspect. When it rains, it's a major spectacle and people really care, as evident on the nightly news:

> **NEWS VOICE OVERDUB:** *(Stock footage of cars lying along ditches, helicopters flying around in circles, and Policemen chasing wild boars is running in the background)* "Welcome to the Channel 8 6:00 News, your #1 news program in the entire world, as rated by the man sleeping in the back of the wheelbarrow on 15th Street and Pomona. Our award-winning news has been recognized for our various groundbreaking features including 'Batteries - Harmless Sources of Energy or Cancer-Causing Deathsticks?' and 'Garage Sales - Refuge of the Damned.' Please welcome the news anchor team given the 'Most Extreme Coverage of OJ Simpson Grocery Shopping Award,' Ted Donahue and Barbara Barbaras!"
>
> *(Camera zooms over to the news set where the lights are off and you can barely see the silhouettes of the two news anchors, who are shuffling papers and picking sweet and sour pork from their teeth. Lights suddenly turn on, revealing Ted Donahue and Barbara Barbaras)*

TED DONAHUE: "Hello, I'm Ted Donahue." *(He quickly turns his head to the right so he's staring directly at Barbara. This is done so the drunk illegal immigrant operating the camera knows that it's time to point the camera in a brand new direction)*

BARBARA BARBARAS: "And I'm Barbara Barbaras. We welcome you to the six o' clock news. In a shocking development, scientists have determined that the entire Earth will explode in seven working days. However, this doesn't nearly strike as close to home as the recent rainfall in Southern California. Ted?"

DONAHUE: "Thank you Barbara. As Southern Californians may have noticed, water

has been flying all over the place today, and we're not talking about water from your faucets or garden hoses. No, we are in the midst of a stage 14-F California catastrophe, what scientists dub as 'rain.' This epidemic seems to be centralized to our area, causing widespread confusion and chaos. Let's check in with our Channel 8 On-The-Spot-Instant-Location-Crisis-Correspondant-Action-Report-Anchor Clarisa McDonalds, who is probably wearing an entire wardrobe with 'CHANNEL 8' written all across it. Clarisa?"

CLARISA McDONALDS: *(Standing in front of a highway median, wearing 190 pounds of Channel 8 rain slickers, hats, and umbrellas, just in case she forgets which television station she works for)* "Thank you Ted. The mood here in Southern California is of extreme fear, worry, and ultimate terror." *(People sitting inside cars in the background are waving and smiling)* "The rain has gripped this unprepared city and turned it upside-down, resulting in mass chaos and unchecked destruction." *(Random footage is shown that the film team captured while driving around town and eating Del Taco)* "As you can see in this picture, there is a very deep puddle somewhere in Los Angeles. Here is an SUV driving through this puddle. Wow, look at the splash it made! Here is some rain falling vertically from the sky and landing on the ground, where it groups with other drops of rain and forms puddles like the one you just saw the SUV drive through. Since this is all so incredibly exciting and intriguing, we decided to interview some of the morons walking around in the rain like clueless idiots, so they may confirm what I just said and eat up air time."

RANDOM WOMAN WEARING ARMANI DIAMOND RAINCOAT AND PLATINUM HAIRBAND: "I don't like this rain one bit! Can't we pass a law to stop it or something? Where are all my hard earned tax dollars going to, anyway?"

McDONALDS: "...and the rain is beginning to take its toll on local area businesses." *(As a general rule, EVERYTHING that EVER happens in the news "takes its toll" on local area businesses)*

GUY WITH MUSTACHE, STANDING IN FRONT OF CONVERTIBLE DEALERSHIP: "Well yeah, you naturally see the sale in convertibles drop off on days

when it's raining, but we more than make up for it in illegal drug trafficking. Whoops. I mean we **don't** make up for it in illegal drug trafficking. We make all our money through selling white babies over the Internet. Whoops."

McDONALDS: "Here is some more stock footage of items across town that are currently wet or have been wet some time in the immediate past. Here's a bench being rained on. Here's some guy running with a newspaper over his head. Oh look, it's another puddle." *(SUV drives through puddle)* "No wait, that's the same puddle as before. So as you can see, Ted and Barbara, the rain is causing mass havoc throughout Southern California and is turning our peaceful little town into a deathtrap, requiring major government funding to clean up and repair. Back to you, Ted."

DONAHUE: "Thank you for that groundbreaking report, Clarisa. Now let's go to our On-The-Spot-Eyewitness-Action-Extreme-Reporter Alan Fibers. Alan?"

ALAN FIBERS:*(Standing in the middle of the rain like a jackass)* "Thank you Ted. As you can tell, I too am standing in front of things that are becoming wet due to the rainfall. Back to you, Ted."

DONOHUE: "Thank you Alan. This unprecedented rainfall is causing the normally cautious and safe California drivers to turn into accident-prone maniacs. Let's head up to our eye in the sky, Scott Maynard, in the Channel 8 Extreme Traffic Chopper. Scott?"

SCOTT MAYNARD: "Thank you Ted."

DONOHUE: "Thank you Alan."

MAYNARD: "Thank you Barbara."

BARBARAS: "Thank you Clarisa."

McDONALDS: "Thank you Ted."

MAYNARD: "As I can see from the Channel 8 Extreme Traffic Chopper, which was recently modified to stop dropping trace amounts of Agent Orange on the highways below, every single road in the state is a complete mess. The 405 is backed up for 700 miles because a tanker trailer carrying Frosted Flakes flipped over and smashed into one of the 600 highway construction vehicles that were out trying to lay out more barbed wire on the bypass signs. The I-5 has been turned into a 'Mad Max' zone, where anything goes and hood-mounted machine guns are strongly encouraged. As always, I'd like to advise extreme caution when traveling down the highway during rainstorms. You must remember that since the roads are wet, your driving habits should change accordingly. For example, if you see a Cal-Trans worker along the road, waving orange flags at you and jumping around, don't throw your trash at him while driving 120 miles an hour. Instead, keep both hands on the steering wheel and let the passenger throw the trash at him. After all, your safety is our concern. Back to you, Ted."

DONOHUE: "Thank you Scott. And speaking of your safety, this brings us to this month's investigative report, 'Oxygen - The Invisible Killer.' Let's go to reporter Christopher Jenkins, who is probably standing in front of something wet. Chris?"

CHRISTOPHER JENKINS: "Thank you Ted."

DONOHUE: "Thank you Chris."

BARBARAS: "Thank you Alan."

With news reports like this, it's really no wonder why the citizens of Southern California panic and go insane when a little water starts falling from the sky.

What is it? It's BETTER, That's What!

Jeff K. has put the finishing touches on two brand spankin' new strips for his wonderful comic entitled, "THIS COMIC SI BETTAR THAN PENNEY ARACADE!!!" When I asked him what exactly the comic was about, he just replied with "IT'S BETTAR THAN PENNEY ARCRADE" and logged off. I'm not sure if this strip counts for his "commulity service" requirement, but hey, here it is.

ROM Renegades

What's that? Yes, the good ol' ROM Pit has been updated once again! Today's review takes a critical look at the game everybody loved to hate, *Renegade*. Here's a quick clip:

> *Anyway, when you have caused enough of the poorly dressed Asian-American men to flash / die, either a door will open or the laws of physics will once again apply, allowing you to move beyond a given portion of scenery. My only guess as to why you are being sought after by these men with blunt wooden objects is simply because they want to steal your ultra hip reddish-brown leisure suit. I assume that when one of the characters finally rips the jacket and pants from your body, you will in turn chase and attempt to beat him. Everyone wants that groovy suit! The game must never end for these crazy "Renegaders". It is possible that you never really know who is wearing the suit. Perhaps that is what makes this game so much fun to play, or perhaps this is the wretched puzzle which keeps me up at night shaking violently?*

Good lord, I knew about 50 people who owned that game, and not a single one liked it. I wonder how it got so popular in the first place. Perhaps you should read the review and try to figure it out for yourself.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.10 Serious Sam

Tuesday, Feb 13, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Serious Suck

The gaming world has been abuzz as of late with the impending release of one of the last year's most hotly anticipated action games. No, not *World War II: Normandy*, the bargain-basement ValuSoft game created by ex-*Daikatana* team members in approximately 0.4% of the time. No, not the latest Playstation game where scantily clad women have lesbian sex briefly interrupted by killing monsters. Not even the eighteenth *Half-Life* compilation which includes another mod with some submachine guns.

QUICK, GET THE COACH GUN!

I am of course referring to *Serious Sam*, which has been the subject of rave reviews from the media, with PC Gamer calling it *"the Doom killer"* and Computer Games Monthly saying it's *"the best first-person shooter made entirely by Croatians."* With such critical acclaim from the two released demos, could the Croatian masterminds behind our beloved alliterative protagonist possibly go wrong? The answer, of course, is yes.

Before an angry mob armed with torches and two-by-fours hunts me down and hangs me by my testicles from the nearest church steeple, let me quantify that statement: I *used* to like *Serious Sam*. Like most people I was enthralled with the bright textures and the pretty lights and the mile-long levels. It was a break from the standard fare of gloomy passages and dank caverns that the FPS genre had all but disintegrated into. But then I made my fatal mistake: I tried to play it multiplayer.

During one of my visits to Lowtax's plush Malibu estate, between downing White Russians and gold laced hors d'oeuvres, Rich mentioned that he had downloaded the latest *Serious Sam* test and wanted to try out the newly implemented co-op mode. Following is a timeline of events from the session:

10:46 PM -- Andrew joins the game
10:47 PM -- Lowtax joins the game
10:48 PM -- Andrew discovers that the knife does approximately 10000000000 damage per slice to other players
11:02 PM -- Lowtax and Andrew grow tired of gibbing each other with knives
11:03 PM -- Headless guys teleport into the giant room
11:04 PM -- Screaming headless guys teleport into the giant room
11:05 PM -- More headless guys teleport into the giant room
11:06 PM -- Lowtax finds the "Coach Gun"
11:09 PM -- Pillowcases with teeth teleport into the giant room
11:12 PM -- Larger pillowcases with teeth teleport into the giant room
11:18 PM -- Flying pillowcases with teeth float into the giant room
11:37 PM -- Bird-women teleport into the giant room
11:43 PM -- More bird-women teleport into the giant room
11:47 PM -- Everything teleports into the giant room
11:54 PM -- More of everything teleports into the giant room
12:04 AM -- Andrew's eyes melt
12:05 AM -- Lowtax's head explodes

With such varied action and nail-biting suspense, it's no wonder GOD Games jumped at the chance to publish *Serious Sam*! Of course, GOD Games also jumps at the chance to hire leather-clad midgets and project 50-foot displays of lesbian makeout sessions, so their credibility might be questioned.

Wrestling With Emotions

Something Awful's biweekly love and advice column, Backyard Love, has been updated with a brand-new selection of letters from from those in need of romantic counseling. What will this edition bring for the masters of the Crossover Spinal Suplex? Here's a tidbit:

> *Dear Backyard Love:*
>
> My wife, the love of my life, is driving me nuts. She wants an open marriage, and I'm just not into that. She married me when she was very young, before she had much of a chance to explore, but I'm done with exploring. I know how confusing it can be. I've already decided that if I agree, I'm not going on dates myself. The problem is that I'm afraid I'll lose her no matter what I do. I feel really confused. I did not think marriage was going to be like this.
>
> Signed,
> Nuts in Nantucket
>
> **EL TERROR DE FUEGO**: WHO ARE YOU? LADY MARITIA? WHY DID YOU WANT TO MERRY ME WHEN I DID NOT ASK? THE BELLY IT SWELLS BUT A BABY OF DEMON TERROR INSIDE IS NOT MAKE SENSE BECAUSE MY FIRE INSIDE! IT WOULD BURN IN MY SEED AS WELL! YOUR BELLY IT BURNS!! IT BURNS!! I WILL RUN TO HOME AND FIND A BUCKET OF THE WATER AND WHO AM I SAVING? I MUST RUN TO FIND THE HELP BUT FOR WHO IT IS NOT IN MY CURRENT PLANS BECAUSE YOUR WIFE, YOUR LOVE OF LIFE, I DRIVE MY NUTS INTO HER AS OPEN MARRIAGE IS FORCED BETWEEN THE THIEGHS! BUT I MUST RUN BECAUSE THE FIRE WILL BURN IN HER TOO AND NOW I REMEMBER WHY I HAVE THE WATER BUCKET!

The Revolutionary Scarecrow demands you go read or risk multiple puncture wounds from his mighty pitchfork of revolution.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.11 UFO's and Art Bell

Wednesday, Feb 14, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

UFOs - They Ain't Jes Fer Rednecks No More

In the dead of the night, when families are sleeping soundly in their warm, tiny little beds, something sinister travels across the world at the speed of sound. This horrifying and frightening entity can find its way into almost any house or building with the greatest of ease, sliding across wires and radiating right through solid walls. It beckons to the criminally insane and conspiracy-minded crowds of people, pulling them towards it in countless masses and holding their attention for hours. Yes, there is no stopping Art Bell.

The local Los Angeles KFI-640 AM radio station recently decided to pick up Art Bell's syndicated show, "Coast to Coast With Art Bell," which runs from 10:00 PM to around 4:00 AM. This coveted "drug user and insomniac" spot was previously filled by repeats of the ever-helpful Doctor Laura, a world-famous talk show host who became popular by offering common sense advice to the braindead yahoos of the world.

> **CALLER:** "Doctor Laura, I gots a problem. My baby's in the trash compactor and won't stop crying. What do I do?"
>
> **DR. LAURA:** "Take her out of the trash compactor."
>
> **CALLER:** "Thanks Dr. Laura! You're a true genius." *(Hangs up)*
>
> **NEXT CALLER:** "Doctor Laura, I need your advice. Should I invite a Neo-Nazi to my son's Bar Mitzvah? The Neo-Nazi bags our groceries at the local Food Hut and he often tries to stab me with a knife, but I think I'd feel bad if I didn't invite him."
>
> **DR. LAURA:** "You shouldn't invite him."
>
> **CALLER:** "Thank you Dr. Laura!" *(Hangs up)*
>
> **NEXT CALLER:** "Hey Doctor Laura, my 89-year old mother has been acting cranky for the past week. She keeps shouting and crying. What can I do?"
>
> **DR. LAURA:** "Is she in the trash compactor?"
>
> **CALLER:** "Let me check." *(Pause, filled with screams in the background)* "Yeah she is. What should I do?"

Repeat this kind of drudgery for three hours a day and bam, one show of Doctor Laura is done. To be honest, I really give Dr. Laura all the credit in the world. Day in and day out she has to deal with the complete idiots that call her show, asking for painfully obvious advice that anybody who hasn't been convicted of repeatedly molesting a charcoal grille would be able to figure out. If I was Dr. Laura and I had to wade through nonstop questions from people with an IQ smaller than their firearm collection, I'd probably go crazy and jump into a hot tub filled with radios tuned to my show. Now if you'll please excuse me, I have to answer all the email to Jeff K., accusing him of not being a "real hacker."

So anyway, Dr. Laura is now out and "Coast to Coast With Art Bell" is in. If you live in the remaining 19 square feet of the world that doesn't pick up Art Bell's nightly escapades, let me explain what his show is all about. Imagine the most ludicrous episode of "The X-Files" that you've ever seen, magnify the raw unbelievability of it by one billion times, and then throw in some guy that only speaks in a monotone drawl under fear that the government will implant tracking devices in his testicles if he raises the pitch of his voice by one cent. Each episode of "Coast to Coast"

seems to top the previous in the sheer amount of gullibility required to believe a single minute of it. Now many people may claim, "but Rich 'Lowtax' Kyanka, you're just putting down Art Bell because you have a close mind! If you were receptive to new ideas and would bother opening your mind a little, you'd find the show much more enjoyable!" That's the problem right there, folks. If I was open-minded and listened to Art Bell's show for even 10 minutes, you can bet your black ass I'd instantly start building a fallout shelter behind the local Arby's and strapping on the tinfoil helmet. Listening to Art Bell's show with an open mind is essentially setting yourself up for insanity because, as a general rule, each episode of his show deals with the following subjects:

- Aliens and how they're everywhere and can't be stopped and how they could float into your home and start shoving lawn furniture into your rectum if they really wanted to,
- Bigfoot and how he's everywhere and can't be stopped and how he could tear your wife in half and force feed her corpse to your kids if he really wanted to,
- Deadly diseases and how they're everywhere and can't be stopped and how they could kill the entire world's population if we don't IMMEDIATELY start investing in canola oil and pork futures,
- Ghosts and how they're everywhere and can't be stopped and how they could possess your wife and force her to start performing slightly embarrassing dance moves during an important social event.

Occasionally Bell "spices things up" a bit by interviewing some guy who claims to work for the government on an ultra-top secret project which either made visible things become invisible or invisible things become visible, but these clowns easily take back seat to the alien scientists. The alien scientists are Art Bell's favorite guest, as they often have the best evidence to back up their bizarre theories. Note that when I write "they have evidence" I mean "they don't have any evidence." Each time an alien scientist is on, he invariably claims to have conclusive proof of alien existence that can not be refuted by any scientist either alive, dead, or a combination of the two. Unfortunately, the alien scientist is never able to bring the proof or show it to the media because it's in the lab being examined or he accidentally left it on the subway or it's being tuned up at the local tire store. But hey, this evidence is REAL and it'll be available through his members-only website or $29.99 hardback book entitled, "What the Fuck Kind of Crazy-Ass Shit Has Been Implanted Into My Nose, Huh?"

So the monotone guest alien scientists come on and Art Bell attempts to temporarily suspend all rational thought on his part so he can stretch the conversation over a two hour time span. Usually this isn't particularly hard to do, as 99% of the mentally imbalanced folk out there have severe problems shutting up. When was the last time you saw somebody committed to a mental asylum because they were too quiet? Well, besides in "Hellraiser 2"?

ART BELL: "Greetings everybody. We're at the bottom of the hour and our special guest Dr. Biff Largenbus was just starting to explain the connection between the recent UFO sightings in Eastern Nevada and the government's refusal to comment on the abundance of sodium in the new Gatorade 'Mega Melon' flavor. So Doctor Largenbus, what were you saying about UFOs in the previous segment?"

DR. LARGENBUS: "Well Art, I was just establishing the fact that nobody, including you, Art, has ever seen a convertible UFO before. Tell me Art, have you ever seen an UFO with its top down, Art?"

BELL: "Fascinating. No, I can't say that I have."

DR. LARGENBUS: "So it's obvious that the aliens, Art, who I have already established are time-travelling humans working with the Pleiadians to terraform the Earth for their species, have a weakness against sunlight. Do you see, Art? Their skin actually combusts under natural light, Art, as I have proven in many experiments at my scientific laboratory which I recently upgraded to provide both hot and cold running water, Art. Have you ever noticed that when people are abducted it's usually during the night, Art? Art? Have you? Art?"

BELL: "Intriguing. This really makes you think, doesn't it?"

DR. LARGENBUS: "Well Art, back before the accident with the farm thresher, Art, when I was working for the government on their top secret Majestic-28 project, Franklin D. Roosevelt actually visited us and gave an order to destroy all evidence linking the alien visitations with the rise in popularity of Pepsi-Cola and ICBMs. Tell me Art, when was the last time you heard of Pepsi-Cola sponsoring an alien research study? Huh, Art? Art, Art, Art, Art."

BELL: "Incredible. I can't believe I've never heard this theory before; it makes perfect sense. Let's see if any of my listeners haven't overdosed on heroin by now. Ray in San Bernadino, are you there?"

CALLER: "BLUUUUGGGGGHHAAAAA!!!" *(Horrible screeching sounds and echoes reverberate in the background)* "BLLUUUUAAAGAGA GROOOOOOLIE."

BELL: "Ray, Ray! You'll have to turn down your radio, Ray! We can't hear you. Ray? Ray! TURN DOWN YOUR RADIO, RAY!"

CALLER: "MAAARMA HORRRRRDAAG." *(More ungodly noises fill the background, like a pig being rubbed up against a cheese grater)*

BELL: *(Pause)* "Oh wait, my producer just informed me that your radio isn't turned after all. You claim to be an alien who is currently traveling across the ninth dimension and this is your method of communication. Sorry Ray, but you'll have to call back on 'Alien Free For All Night' this coming Friday. Carla in Rosedale, you're on."

CALLER: "Hello?"

BELL: "Hello Carla, you're on the air with Art Bell."

CALLER: "Hello? Am I on?"

BELL: "Yes Carla, this is Art Bell and we're talking with Dr. Biff Largenbus. Do you have a question?"

CALLER: "Hello? Art?"

BELL: "Yes ma'am, this is Art, go ahead with your question."

CALLER: "Art who?"

BELL: *(Disconnecting)* "Jay in Birmingham, you're up."

CALLER: "Hello Art, I love your show. I have a question for Dr. Largenbus. You wrote in your previous book, 'Laughably Vague Predictions For the New Millennium', that humans would be granted incredible psychic powers in the year 2000 which would allow them to construct entire cities just by merely using their mind. Do you have any clarifications you'd like to make on why that didn't occur? Because I tried doing this the other day and nothing happened except my dog looked at me funny but my dog always looks at me funny because he's been dead for the past seven months."

BELL: "Excellent. Fascinating question."

DR. LARGENBUS: "As a remote viewer, I have no exact perception of time. All I can do is make a rough estimate. It's like a blind NASCAR driver attempting to plot out the entire solar system while engaging in a one-handed swordfight and memorizing the entire Bible in Latin. You surely can't expect me to beat such odds, can you? It's an imprecise science, as I've explained in my recently published book, 'Where Are We Now and Where Did We Come From and Why Aren't We There Now Where We Were Before Now?' which you can pick up at finer K-Marts across the US."

BELL: "Amazingly interesting. That's totally incredible. Doctor, using your professional judgment, would you say that these aliens will kill us all?"

DR. LARGENBUS: "Probably."

BELL: "How very intriguing."

As you can see, the problem isn't because I'm close-minded; the problem is due to all the open-minded people out there. Although I will admit that "Coast to Coast With Art Bell" is incredibly entertaining and amusing, I'm not sure if it's for the intended reasons. Until the night aliens break down my door and force me to ride in their trans-dimensional spacecraft while they get loaded and drill holes through cows' skulls, I'm going to remain a cautious skeptic. Luckily for me, Dr. Largenbus predicts I'll be picked up by the aliens tonight, so you can expect a sincere apology and retraction tomorrow.

PS: If you'd like to read more about "Coast to Coast With Art Bell," check out his website or see which station he's on in your area.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.12 Anarchy Online, Rowdy XFL Fans

Thursday, Feb 15, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Excitement... Rising...

Although I normally don't enjoy playing PC games, I have to admit that I'm getting really excited thinking about *Anarchy Online*, the futuristic online RPG from Funcom. Despite the horrendously embarrassing name of "Funcom," which immediately conjures images of clowns juggling puppy dogs and chocolate basketballs, everything seems to look completely amazing in this upcoming title. I've been waiting for a good, engrossing online RPG for quite a while, and judging by the screenshots coming out from the current beta test, I think *Anarchy Online* may finally satiate that need. Let me explain why I haven't been able to get into any previous online RPGs, particularly *Everquest*.

Now, I don't want to sound wishy-washy or impartial here, but I fucking **HATE** *Everquest*. If the game of *Everquest* was an actual physical entity, I'd like to anally assault it with a spiked oven mitt while injecting Liquid Plumber into it's neck via a rusted hypodermic needle the size of my microwave oven. The entire game is like going into the world's most tedious job and performing the same task over and over and over until a giant beetle kills you. Leveling isn't looked at as something "fun" and "exciting"; it's viewed as a chore, hard work, and a pain in the ass (and for the most part, it really is a pain). I don't want to play a game that constantly frustrates and annoys me to no end. I don't enjoy titles that force feed monotony down my throat all day. Most of all, I don't want to be around the vocal *EQ* players.

Let me get this clear: there are a lot of *Everquest* players who are normal human beings, playing occasionally to just have a little fun. However, there are also the hardcore *EQ* addicts who spend their entire life online and have a greater emotional attachment to their level 58 Wood Elf than they do to any living relatives. These are the kind of psychos who spend 23 hours a day playing *EQ* and the remaining one hour bitching at Verant on public messageboards. If *Everquest* had never been invented, these are the guys who would be featured on "America's Most Wanted" for sexually defiling the largest amount of corpses in American history. To them, every single minute aspect of the game is a crisis. If anybody at Verant decides to slightly alter an item or quest, the *EQ* nutjobs get all up in arms and start comparing the Verant staff to the Third Reich. They have an inner pit of self-hatred which constantly fuels their unquenchable rage against this company, allowing them to write rambling, grossly incoherent 67-page rants against every single modification to the game ever made. They're never happy and if Verant somehow finds a way to make them happy, they bitch to Verant about the time it took them to make it that way. No, I don't want to group with somebody who says things like, "WTB SoW PLZ at PLT / PCP / TRD 4 1HS or 2HB NBA OCP FYI LOL." No, I don't want to join a guild of some guy who wept for nine hours when their character was killed by a Rabid Ice Giant Poodle. Games are supposed to be fun, and when the vocal part of a game's community is populated by such nonstop raging bitch-fests and people out of touch with reality, the game gets a hell of a lot less fun. Luckily for me I never found *Everquest* to be enjoyable in the first place, so I can't say that the *EQ* Nutjobs ruined the game for me.

I've got no idea what the community of *Anarchy Online* is going to be like. If I had to take a guess, I'd probably say it might be less mature and younger than the *EQ* audience, as kids seem more attracted to shooting things than posturing with a flaming sword and role-playing like a flaming idiot. There will probably be the same amount of bickering, complaining, and whining as *EQ*. However, I can easily overlook that if the game is enjoyable. I'm a huge fan of apocalyptic sci-fi and futuristic stuff, so it makes sense that *Anarchy Online* would interest me. Hell, I even sent the

people at Funcom about 10 emails and applications, begging to be a part of the *AO* beta session. Obviously they weren't interested in letting some unskilled hack webmaster beta test their game, as I got no response. Regardless, I have a very strong feeling that I'll get addicted to *Anarchy Online* the moment it comes out and become one of the people I laugh at and make fun of. Yes, I will become an *Anarchy Online* Nutjob. Prepare for the worst.

For more information and screenshots on *Anarchy Online*, check out these sites:

- AO Vault
- AO Basher
- Anarchy Lore
- AO Breeds

If anybody out there can sneak me into the current beta test, I'll give you my firstborn child (assuming I'm ever told how to make babies). Yes, that's right, I'm begging!

Deathmouth Football

It seems as if the normally sedate, laid-back, quiet XFL audience is beginning to get a bit rowdy.

> Rowdy XFL fans toss paraplegic to Coliseum floor - *Rowdy XFL fans tossed a paraplegic from his wheelchair head-first to the concrete floor six feet below at the Los Angeles Coliseum, leaving him in a puddle of blood and beer with a gash in his head. Brawling fans at Saturday's XFL game between the Los Angeles Xtreme and Chicago Enforcers pushed him to the floor in the section below his area in the handicapped section. Trevino recalled hearing his head crunch against the floor, then lying face down, his head covered with blood. His 13-year-old nephew, Eddie Cardenas, rushed to his aid and wound up covered in beer and his uncle's blood as fans lobbed brew in his direction, Trevino said.*

Hey, you can't write "EXTREMELY LIFE-THREATENING HEAD INJURY" without "EXTREME", now can you?

In this particular situation, I'm not really sure who to blame. I mean, I can't pull a Colonel Grossman and blame the football game for turning the audience into violent, bloodthirsty zombies bent on world destruction, because XFL games don't seem to have that much violence. I've seen about four games so far, and 99% of the match is either:

- Somebody running 35 yards down field to catch a football, then realizing the quarterback was either sacked or accidentally threw the ball into the Gatorade dispenser,
- Cheerleaders' boobs.

I can't make an immediate connection between incomplete passes and beating up the crippled, so I think this is one of those mysteries that mankind was never meant to solve. Sure, the XFL tries to get fans all riled up by providing lots and lots of beer. And yeah, maybe the audience that attends XFL games are the exact same people who support shows featuring fat white guys in tights smashing each other over the head with folding chairs. But these are all non-issues here - if the media and media advocates have taught me one thing, it's that there's ALWAYS a direct link between entertainment and violence. I suppose I blame the quarterbacks for having the throwing accuracy of a blindfolded senior citizen. If they would complete more passes, the crowd would get up and cheer more. And if the crowd cheers more, they'll spill more beer. And the more beer they spill, the

less beer they have to drink, so the number of drunken brawls should diminish considerably. I don't know, at this point I've really grown sick of writing about the XFL and the liquor surrounding it, so I'll just leave it at that and resume thinking about *Anarchy Online*.

Your ROM Pit, Sir

Please welcome the newest star-spangled addition to the ROM Pit, a review of a particularly noxious piece of garbage entitled *Kid Kool*. Yeah, it's that bad.

> *Kid Kool has two weapons in this game. The primary is his feet, which he can use to stomp enemies into the warm inviting earth, thus freeing them from having to be in this game. You can also get a red tribble that vaguely resembles that unholy creature from a certain webcomic about a bunch of poorly drawn assholes who use Linux and aren't funny. The tribble appears when you run by a random bush or other background object, so getting him is really more an issue of luck than anything else. Once you have him you can chuck the little moron at enemies, after which he'll call upon his dark master Satan to fly him back into your loving arms. Other than that, he's the only thing that lets you live after getting hit, but only if he's in your aforementioned loving arms at the time. Other than that you don't have jack shit to save you. Controls are pretty much the same as Super Mario Brothers, which is about as surprising as the fact I've spent barely an hour outside of my room in the past week.*

Have a look at it and be grateful that you never bought this game. Well, unless you actually DID buy it, although nobody in their right mind would admit to something that ludicrous.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.13 Bush Starting War, The Perfect Crime

Friday, Feb 16, 2001 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

Told You So!

As I correctly predicted last Sunday, George W. Bush is wasting no time in starting a war with other countries to detract the general public from his own ineptitude. Last week I speculated that Bush was planning to attack Japan with submarines full of rough and tumble Los Angeles teenagers who would repeat idiotic 1980's catchphrases like "groadie to the max" and "gag me with a spoon," but that all turned out to be a clever ruse. Instead, in a stunning display of uncreative gusto, El President is picking on the same chumps his dad beat up on - the Iraqis.

Come on, George Jr., at least pick a fight with a country that has a lot of stuff to blow up and annoying people to kill. For example, there's always France. Not only will the French resistance be minimal (since those beret-wearing frog eaters are always ready to surrender to anything with a mustache thicker than a pencil), but there's a lot of nifty landmarks, buildings, and cities to lay waste to with our superior "make-stuff-go-boom technology." The Eiffel tower, that stupid arch things, and the fancy ass museum; all that stuff could be blown to shit and we could watch it all live on CNN without having to put on pants. But NOOOOOoooo! Good old Bush has to pick on Iraq, the AA-minor league MVP of world villains. What the hell is there to destroy in Iraq? I'm sure there were some nice oil-sheik mansions at one point, but I'm betting we raked a few thousand bombs over them in the Gulf War. So what's left? Sand? Empty barrels? Huts? Cemeteries? Oh no, American bombs caused a sand dune to dislodge, crushing a dying camel! Oh the horrors of war! BORRR-ING.

Oh well. Sucks to be them, I suppose. Anyway, in a fit of rage, Semi Automatic Turban has updated their site with a little rant which I think might be condemning Bush's actions, but it's really hard to tell:

> *Look and listen to the powers which are around you. There are many reasons to settle a thorny issue that which you do seem to ignore! We are not an Iraq or of heritage but of great respect and culture and many of friends we take heed to settle a wave of terror if the surf is building that is the surf which we are attempting to ride upon before attack shark. Hard as it appear there is a special cause for any who does not take a internation route when traveling to Mexico of all places? Why are you chit chat with those who take a drug and inject into a river without a treatment of angry disco? This is not the dance we want to engage in so stop or there will be something in your ear and a fly swat will not make any difference to.*

You can head over to their site to read the rest of it, but do you really want to? Nah, didn't think so.

The Perfect Crime

I love movies. Unfortunately, far too many films contain wacky crime capers that lead into shenanigans which gives way to witty, edgy banter. This trendy dialogue - often laced with pop-culture references - serves to drench the audience with the knowledge that these characters are both hapless, quirky, and hipper than the "Fonz", who I believe is dead now. Well, he might not be, but it's just a matter of time until justice is carried out.

Yeah, there's thousands of movies in where a bunch of regular Joes get together to plan a big heist, the so-called "perfect crime," only to have everything blow up in their faces in a comical and bloody manner which trivializes death and human suffering. Still, this hasn't stopped me from trying to concoct the perfect crime, since I'm far too lazy to get rich via working hard. A friend of mine once theorized that the "perfect crime" would be to shoot your neighbor's dog with an air rifle from really far away. See, then you couldn't get arrested for trespassing and nobody is going to put you in jail for shooting a dog, even in the very unlikely possibility that you're stupid enough to get caught. Now that makes a lot of sense to me and I'm pretty sure I could pull that crime off without a hitch, but unfortunately it's not very profitable. In fact, I'd probably lose money on the whole proposition since I'd need to buy an air rifle, ski mask, smoke bombs, laser sight, and a house in the suburbs since I currently live in an apartment complex that doesn't allow pets or guns. I saw an episode of Dragnet once where a guy and his partner would steal dogs out of mall parking lots and sell them back to their owners at inflated prices. Since people left their windows down a little bit to make sure their pets didn't die from heat exhaustion, these guys would take a coat hanger, open the door, and steal the defenseless canine (assuming "razor sharp teeth and claws" don't count as a defense). Then they'd wait until the owners posted a reward notice in the paper, bring the dog back to its rightful owner, claim that they "found" the dog in a park or something, and collect the reward. Brilliant, eh? Too bad Joe Friday caught on to their little scam and put the smack down on their asses in under twenty-two minutes flat. I think the bad guys even ended up in the electric chair. Doh.

So I've concocted the perfect crime, and yes, it involves a dog. Remember that dream I had about the dog who bit another dogs face and just kept chewing? Hopefully, you missed that update. But anyway, I'll get a dog that likes to chew peoples' faces off. Then I'll sic it on Lowtax's cat, Spaz. While Lowtax is whining like a pillow-faced baby, I'll slip some poison into his drink and hit him over the head with an iron. While he's out cold, I'll steal his car and crash it into a paint store. I'll comb through the wreckage, grab a can of paint, go back to Lowtax's apartment, and dump it on his head. Then I'll go home and get cleaned up. The result? Lowtax gets arrested and I can sell Spaz's remains to McDonalds for big bucks. Everybody wins (especially Lowtax's fellow cellmates).

Planning the perfect crime is hard work. Remember, if there's a possibility you'll get caught, it's not a perfect crime. So put those thinking caps on and start brainstorming! I obviously didn't when I was writing this update, and you can see how messy the results were.

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

2.14 Pokey The Penguin Beginner's Guide

Saturday, Feb 17, 2001 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

The comic strips that appear in your local newspaper are some of the lamest, dumb, and watered down entertainment you'll ever encounter. That's a fact. Most of them are written and drawn by some 90-year-old hag who thinks having a kid say something "sassy" to an adult or making a cat talk is absolutely hilarious stuff. Here's an example of the type of junk we're dealing with here:

HAHA! See, it's funny because the little kid gave Grandpa sass by pointing out the obvious: Grandpa is old as hell and really close to death! Hoo boy, you can bet Gramps is gonna beat the living daylights outta Granny tonight for embarrassing him like that in front of all his invisible friends! Or the ghosts of all his dead friends, whatever. Also, see how Heathcliff is dressed up like a fireman? That's funny because:

a) the cake is a fire hazard since there's so many candles, and
b) cats aren't supposed to get dressed up as firemen!

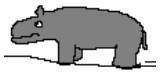
Are you laughing your ass off yet? Do you not see the humor? I don't either. For God's sake, the arthritis-ridden retard who has wasted his life by drawning the same damn stupid cat every day for the past ninety years can't even draw a straight line around the border of his comics anymore. So where must us enlightened souls find true cartoon enlightenment? ***Entertainment, Pokey The Penguin is thy name***!

Pokey the Penguin is - according to the first strip - an educational children's cartoon where Pokey and his pals have fun learning about the hazards of the Arctic Circle. Pokey's chief concern is the Italians, who try to steal valuable artic circle candy. In theory, at least. Here's a quick run-down of the characters to get you up to speed:

- **Pokey The Penguin**- The main character. He loves arctic circle candy and is very protective of his belongings (see "THE FORBIDDEN CANDY"). Pokey has a bit of a temper and is prone to pulling his trusty handgun on those who don't agree with his point of view. Pokey loves spouting his clever catch-phrases, which include "YES!", "GOOD JOB!", "HOORAY," and "I AM POKEY THE PENGUIN!" A gentleman at heart, Pokey is the proud owner of both a time canoe and a difficult family life. Most of the adventures revolve around Pokey or the tricks he plays on his buddies.

- **Small Child and/or Pokey's Sister**- Some speculate that Pokey's sister and Small Child are one in the same, but it's kind of hard to tell. The only reference to Pokey having a sister is in a single comic featuring Batman and as we all know, you should never trust Batman. Regardless, she is Pokey's best friend and often sets up Pokey's punchlines by asking hard hitting questions like "HELLO POKEY!" She has a red bow in her hair.

- **Mr. Nutty**- Quite simply, Mr. Nutty rocks. He's a snowman who is quite fond of the alcohol (meaning he's almost always drunk), loves to play cards, and has proven himself to be a bit of a con artist, a trait that carries over into his theme park, Nuttyland. Some theorize that Mr. Nutty makes his living through hoodwinking penguins and robbing banks. Regardless of Mr. Nutty's lifestyle, it's clear that he's quite wealthy. Other characters live in tubes or shacks, but Mr. Nutty resides in stately Nutty Manor. Many fans of the comic believe that Mr. Nutty is a bad influence on Pokey, using Pokey's recent Jewel Heist as evidence to back up their theory. Personally, I think Pokey is just a fun-loving Penguin. Mr. Nutty's catchphrases include "OLD BEAN!," "SMASHING!," "SHALL I OPEN UP THE BAR?," and "TRULY!"



- **Skeptopotamus**- Skeptopotamus is a bit of a mystery. Yeah, he's a confirmed skeptic and a terrible gamer (see "THE SKEPTOPOTAMUS (I DON'T BELIEVE IT)" , the Scully to Pokey's Mulder, but beyond that... who knows? Skepto has claimed in the past to be a rap musician, but this claim seems dubious at best. Skeptopotamus seems to have a hard time finding appropriate shelter, and past residences include a straw hut, a comfort tube, an oil drum, and a shanty.

- **Headcheese**- Headcheese was a significant factor in early issues, but seems to have disappeared. She's characterized by a purple bow in her hair, although it could be pieces of her brain. She's French-Canadian, and may have been murdered by Pokey for being in "cahoots" with the Italians.

- **Gustavo**- Gustavo has only appeared in a couple of strips, but his intentions are clear: he's a shyster! Gustavo could be a snowman, like Mr. Nutty, but it's hard to tell. According to Pokey, he is "MAXIMUM SMART!"

- **The Boxing Glove**- A floating boxing glove of various sizes. When it hits something, it goes "***BIF***".

Congratulations! You're now ready to enjoy the Pokey experience to its fullest. To get you started, here's a collection of some of Pokey's greatest adventures:

- *I HAVE TO CHANGE MY LIST*
- *THE HANDS ARE NOT CLEAN!!*
- *HELLO SEXY WORLD*
- *NO ID MEANS NO WHISKEY*
- *POKEY IS A FATHER*
- *POKEY AND THE MAGIC LAMP*
- *SAVE THE TREES*

But it's hard picking favorites, since there's just hundreds of wonderful adventures to explore. Check out the Pokey The Penguin Archive and remember: Pokey always wins!

Goodbye, Molly Shannon, and Good Riddance!

As I was listening to the thrilling Xtreme Outlaws XFL game (remember, "there's no fair catch in the XFL! VOTE FOR ME!"), I heard the wonderful news that Molly Shannon is leaving Saturday Night Live. THANK GOD. Hopefully she'll follow in the footsteps of the great John Belushi, Phil Hartman, and Chris Farley, and die at a fairly young age. But as they like to say "only the good die young," and Molly Shannon definitely doesn't qualify as anything resembling good.

Anyone who has attempted to stomach an episode of SNL these past few years have been repulsed by Shannon's one-joke, stupid-ass shtick. Her apparent comic talent is her ability to act like an stupid, unattractive slut. As JeffK might say "WOW THAT SI QUITE TEH ACTING JOB GIRL-SIR TUCK YOUR BOOBIES IN A BLENDER AND LICK YUO FACE!!!"

I'm amazed that someone like Molly Shannon could secure the lead role in a movie based on her "Mary Katherine Slutgirl" character, pop-up in The Grinch - the biggest movie of the year - playing the role of "Mary Who-Slut," and continue to lead a successful life in this society. It just isn't fair. People like Molly Shannon shouldn't exist. And if God messes up and somehow creates a Molly Shannon-like being by mistake, don't acerbate the situation by putting such a horror **on television**. ARGH!

Regardless, getting her off TV is a step in the right direction I suppose. Farewell, Molly Shannon,

and happy future drug overdosing.

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

2.15 Jeff K. Hacks X-Entertainment

Sunday, Feb 18, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Jeff K. vs. X-Entertainment

As a result of Jeff K.'s recent "haX0ring" of X-Entertainment, Jeff K. found himself the target of many cruel and vicious email messages. Check out the parade of stupidity as Jeff K. responds to the furious X-Entertainment readers.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.16 Fat Kids and Doctor Ron

Tuesday, Feb 20, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Drop Your Pants and Prepare to be Boarded!

Hello! Al Derby here, and boy, do I have an exciting guest update for you! I'm afraid Lowtax isn't around today, as the FBI called him last night and he's busy moving his collection of stolen human body parts to a more secure location. I'm glad to be able to make your Wednesday just that extra bit more disagreeable, so gird up your loins, shock the monkey, and check out today's parade of poisonous offal:

Fat Bitch Wanna EAT!

Researchers into juvenile obesity have made the following unforeseen and shocking discovery: kids who eat a lot of fast food, fried chicken, classmates, and other high-calorie foods **run the risk of become overweight.** But wait, there's more! They've even devised a test which apparently determines which kids will grow up to be hideously overweight and which kids will instead grow up to be really hideously overweight, repulsive, blubbery mountains of flab. Enjoy your colon hydrotherapy, fatso:

> *Scientists say such a test already works in lab rats, revealing which ones will become obese if given access to the rodent equivalent of limitless hamburgers, potato chips and fried chicken. She and other scientists believe that too much fat in the diet -- probably anything more than 30 percent of the day's intake of calories -- triggers weight gain by prompting the body to store new fat and making it crave still more fat to eat. While such a system may have helped people survive when food was chronically scarce, it leads to rampant obesity when fat-loaded food and sugary soft drinks are cheap and available everywhere.*

It's strange because I was under the impression that the reason some kids get fat is not that their brains are producing too much trinitroglycerine or whatever the hell they produce, but rather that the kids in question are, on a daily basis, stuffing their greasy, swollen guts with enough high-fat junk food to kill a fully-grown bull elephant. Call me Mr 1960s Weight Therapist, but it seems quite obvious to me that if you eat a metric ton of donuts with every meal, you're likely to gain a little bit weight. I propose that we stop funding research which indicates buying your lunch from McDonalds will immediately turn you into a waddling human flab-vacuum, and instead use the money to ship all our obese children to impoverished African states. Their grossly bloated gaping maws will instantly consume the starving, third-world children and peasants, and soon the entire population of food-deprived natives will rest in the bellies of fat Western children. Bam, the problem of world hunger has been solved. Thank you and please drive through.

The Doctor is In!

Oh my! Lock up your daughters, Doctor Ron's in town! This ICQ smoothie has become Lowtax's latest victim this new ICQ prank. Ron is a veritable fountain of medical knowledge, or perhaps a leaking waste pipe at least. Also, he is not to be discouraged in his gallant attempts to A/S/L his way into Lowtax's heart. Get ready for some hot action like you've never seen (outside an AOL chatroom)!

> *Ron - ASL?*

Lowtax - Yes Ron, ASL indeed. Hey, I've got a couple questions for you since you're a doctor and everything.

Ron - naw, I'm not a dfoctor, my dads a doctor, I want to be a doctor so I'm going to go too school to study to be a doctor.

Lowtax - A doctor? Doctor? Doctor?

Ron - What?

Lowtax - Did you mention something about a doctor? I don't remember, sorry.

Ron - Yeh Im going too be a doctor

Lowtax - Gotcha, a doctor.

Ron - Yeh. ASL?

Wow, what a dreamboat! Check out the prank, and learn how your children could also be at risk from the lethal Hair Virus.

New Bjornar B Artwork Depicting... Something

Yes, you read it, the inimitable Bjornar B has updated his site with some truly... incredible... things. His work is displaying some darker themes of late, as you can see by his new drawings including the long-awaited crucifixion of Donald Duck (I think). As if that wasn't enough, there is also a new comic which details the complex and intriguing circumstances by which Uncle Jubalon got fat. I don't mind admitting that Uncle Jubalon scares the hell of out me, and this comic has probably set my psychotherapy course back by at least 6 months.

Also, there appear to be some pictures of the master himself, which I for one could certainly not have continued living without. Not only can you now see Uncle Jubalon going through the ice (don't ask me), you can also be inspired by Bjornar B himself in *"chair of the nature powers."* Damned if I know what the hell is going on, but it will probably give me nightmares regardless.

The Mushroom interviews Jeff K!

Jeff K makes the news once again - is there no stopping him?!? An exclusive interview by The Mushroom's Kevin Weiser shows Jeff K's monumental soul laid bare. Revealing such pearls of wisdom as these:

6: Would you like to make any comments about the recent 3dfx buyout?

no

7: What programs do you use to make your page and comics? If I get them (legally, of course!), will I be as l33t as you?

SHUT UP

8: How do you feel video game violence affects today's youth? Do you think proper parenting is the most important part to a young person's development, or does the media play a more prominent role?

GHCK2

9: If you had 5,000$ to spend on the ultimate gaming rig, what would you buy?

A BETAR COMPUTAR MACHENE AND A SNOY OPLAYSTATIAN 3

10: If you met CliffyB in the mall, what would you do?

vomit

And that's not all, not by a long way! I won't pretend that I can figure out what exclusive and / or exciting information this interview discloses, but I'm sure it's in there somewhere. Read the interview, slobbergoat!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.17 GeForce 3 Worries

Thursday, Feb 22, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Why the GeForce 3 Worries Me

John Carmack and the Doom team (file photo).

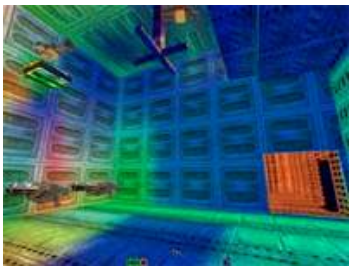
As you're undoubtedly already aware of, the MacWorld expo has come by and thrust nuggets of glowing news items into the laps of gaming sites across the world. I've always been amazed at how some of the greatest gaming news announcements arrive during an Apple expo. It's like every year Steve Jobs gets up to a platform, praises the Mac and promises infinite gaming support for it, and then the next week decides that he despises all 3D graphics and instead wants to concentrate on engineering a new type of translucent plastic that will make the Mac look more like an alien masturbation device. Regardless, id Software and John Carmack seem to be very close buddies with Steve Jobs, as each year Carmack is invited to proclaim the glories of the Mac and whatever new graphics card is currently powering it. The recent MacWorld expo was no exception, as John Carmack aka The Carmack AKA Professor John Frink unveiled some footage of the upcoming hit title, *Doom 3*, which has blown away audiences from across the globe. I downloaded the footage of the *Doom 3's* demo, and the phrase that immediately leaped into my mind was "space rectum."

Now don't get me wrong here; I think *Doom 3* is probably one of my most eagerly anticipated games ever. Short of employing the coding and art design team from ValuSoft, who are all currently in AA rehab facilities, I don't think there's any way id Software can screw it up. Even if it's revealed that *Doom 3* will revolve around a feline assisting a malcontent teen and a hapless FBI agent in solving a kidnapping, I'll still buy it. Why? Because it's *Doom 3*, dammit.

However, I would simply kill myself if I didn't admit that the footage from the *Doom 3* unveiling greatly disturbs me. I expect that a good portion of action in the game will take place in a space station. I also expect that a good portion of the game will take place in the dark. However, I was never prepared for the sheer amount of "dark space station" that I saw in the *Doom 3* demo. Yes, I know the "demo" isn't really much of a demo and was merely showing off the GeForce 3's incredible power and ability to make the Macintosh look like a viable gaming platform (tee hee), but the *Doom 3* / GeForce 3 revelation unearthed a very horrifying question: what will happen with the advanced transform and lighting features?

Remember when the first colored-lighting supported video cards came out? This was back during the days when two meg cards cost about $300 and 3DFX was better at producing technology than lame excuses. You know, back when 3D Realms actually released games and Gamespy believed in providing things people might be interested in. Colored lighting was the big fad at that time, as seeing light sources the color of the Goatse.cx man's inner anal cavity (please don't click this link) was simply the world's most enthralling idea. Every single 3D game instantly jumped into action so they too could add a few hundred thousand pounds of colored lights to their latest creations, thereby giving it "instant atmosphere." As a result, games began to look like they were dipped in an Easter egg dye kit and run through Levelord's latest LSD-induced nightmare involving florescent pink pigeons attempting to molest the nine-foot long living hairs growing from his nose. Hot and dangerous areas were lighted with red and irritating glows. Alien stations were pulsating with neon green. Computers inexplicably throbbed with blue and magenta. If there was any remote reason to add an orange spotlight to a room, it would be added, even if it was inside a church or igloo. Colored lighting was just the absolute neatest thing since polygon-based bread, and developers would be damned if they couldn't show off every possible variation from 1 to 255 of the color purple. The

"Glory Age of Colored Lighting" is responsible for my piss-poor eyesight now, and for the fact that I can no longer discern any color of the pallette except "Leprechaun-fucking bright green."



Choke it down, it's colored lighting from hell.

With this out of the way, I'm sure you'll understand why I'm intensely worried about the new lighting techniques that the GeForce 3 supports. One of the predominant effects that Mr. Carmack showed off at MacWorld was the ability of the GeForce 3 to create much more dynamic lighting and shading (that is the ability for lights to create realtime shadows and reflections on other objects). For all you non-computer folk, shadows are currently implemented by usually having an ungodly mess of flat black polygons under the character, or a round, blurry circle of shadow. Shading flat out SUCKS these days, and computers just don't have the raw power to process realistic shadows in real time. As a result, most characters in games look like they are either floating around the place (no shadows) or stepping on top of a police chalk outline filled with fiberglass shards of black ink (polygon shadows). Either way it just looks like ass on a platter. The GeForce 3 has the power to pump out tons of realistic shading and light effects, promising a new and more stimulating level of realism that has never been seen before. It sounds just like a fantastic thing, doesn't it?

Simply put, NO. It initially WON'T be. Developers are going to latch onto the shadow thing just like they did with the colored lighting phase and go nuts with it. We, the innocent gaming public, are going to be exposed to nonstop shading horrors. First off, everything will be as dark as the bottom of the ocean. And no, I'm not talking about the bottom of the ocean where a UFO has crashed and Sharon Stone has to fight mutant alien jellyfish from hell. Maps are going to be roughly five hundred million times darker than they normally are so developers can add a few "strategically" placed lights shining at 7 million intensity and creating shadows longer than the entire New York Marathon course. We're going to see lights placed behind fans. We're going to see lights placed behind swinging metal grates. We're going to see lights swinging behind swinging metal grates swinging behind swinging fans. Lights are going to be moving around the place so much that half of the population will have uncomfortable flashbacks to the time they were abducted by aliens and had bizarre foreign kitchen utensils inserted into their various orifices. Between the pitch black surroundings and the intensely lighted dynamic spotlights, optometrists across the globe are going to see a remarkable raise in prescription eyeglass orders. I can only hope and pray that developers aren't able to figure out how to make green lights swing around, or the entire human race will be done for.

As a wise man once said, "don't let the fog get into your house or else pirate ghosts might appear and kill you with swords." However, this has little or nothing to do with the GeForce 3. Luckily for me, a different wise man once said, "with new technology comes new responsibilities." I hope game developers pay heed to this warning and make careful not to go so over the top with this incredible new advancement in graphics processing. There's no doubt that the GeForce 3 will bring amazingly realistic graphics to the gaming scene. I'm 100% sure that titles will look more impressive than ever. However, after living through the "colored lighting nightmare" that we witnessed during the mid-1990's, I have some well-grounded fears that this technology might bring pain... and lots of it. If any of you game developers out there are reading this page (which I assume means you're currently unemployed), please exhibit caution when utilizing this new technology. Keep in mind that as your target audience, we'll be unable to buy your games if we lack the ability to distinguish their boxes from the surrounding shelves and Power Puff Girls merchandise. Good luck and may God have mercy upon your souls.

Storytime, Suckers!

That's right, it's time for Uncle Lowtax to lay another story on you jiveass turkies. Today's incredible tale revolves around the exciting antics of the 1980's superhero team the SilverHawks, who fight for justice and truth by dipping themselves in metal and beating up on a guy flying around in a giant squid spaceship. Hey, I didn't make up the cartoon, I just write about it.

Get ready for an old fashioned tall tale told by Uncle Lowtax, and check out "SilverHawks: The Menace of Mon*Star." You won't regret it, and if you do, feel free to blame the nonstop "shock the monkey" ads which seem to be plaguing my site like a horror from biblical times. Give it a go.

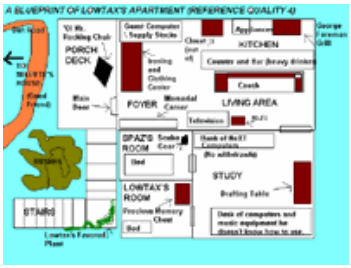
-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.18 Fragmaster's Lowtax Fan Fiction

Friday, Feb 23, 2001 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

As you should all know, Something Awful.com was founded and is poorly maintained by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka. Long-time fans have no doubt laughed heartily at his comedy antics, and probably would be interested to know a little more about the man behind the mirth. That's where I come in. Since I know Lowtax better than most readers - I hang out with him occasionally in "real-life" and whatnot - I thought I'd write an inspired little piece of fan fiction to better familiarize you loyal readers with this fascinating little fellow. Actually, fan fiction is an inaccurate term in this case, since I personally think Lowtax is a whiney stuck-up retard with N'Sync hair. I'm certainly no big fan of his. But I've tried to make this as realistic as possible, in order to give you an accurate peek into Lowtax's personal life. Enjoy!

Lowtax Saves South Gardens
By Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen



An accurate real-life diagram of Lowtax's apartment, drawn to scale and labeled carefully. (click to enlarge)

"Good morning, Spaz!" Lowtax called to his faithful feline, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes. "Did you sleep well? I sure as heck did!" As he bent down to rub Spaz's belly, a grin stretched out upon Lowtax's face like a well-worn hammock. Lowtax had been best buddies with Spaz for as long as Spaz could remember. It was a relationship born to love, enshrined by conviction, and sealed by fate. Spaz winked his whiskers cutely while his master stumbled into the kitchen.

"It's time for breakfast! MEOW MEOW!" Lowtax cackled in glee as he poured a healthy helping of Meow Mix into Spaz's bowl. "Eat hearty me lad, we've got a day of non-stop adventure afoot!" Lowtax prepared a White Russian and a bowl of chili for himself while Spaz thoughtfully chewed his prefabricated chow. Taking the bowl of chili and the tall alcohol-stuffed glass of deceit into his oak-themed study, Lowtax scarfed down his breakfast while reading his morning email. "Here here!" he shouted, "looks like we've got a mission for the day! Put on your best hat because it's cold out. You'll catch your death out there and that would be quite the shame I'd concede!"

Lowtax takes a tumble into the bushes due to his stupid-ass coat, the damn dirty bum. (click to enlarge)

Lowtax finished his food and lit his pipe, thoughtfully puffing away while contemplating his alternatives. "On second thought, our mission assignment can be put off until tomorrow... and if it's really important, I am quite certain one of the other agents can keep it real without us mah brothah!" Spaz's ears perked up and he ran mewing into the study, leaping into Lowtax's awaiting arms. "Oh Spaz!" Lowtax cooed, as Spaz playfully licked his best friend's face "You're the best!"

An hour later, Lowtax opened the door of his apartment and held it wide open. "After you, Spaz!" he giggled. Spaz meowed gracefully with a nod of his head and pranced out the door, running down the stairs. "Hey, wait up!" Lowtax called, as he rushed to catch up. Unfortunately, while speeding down the stairs, Lowtax caught his bearskin coat on a gold-plated handrail statue and was flung over the protective barriers, flying headfirst into the bushes. "SHUCKS!" he yelled, as he untangled himself from the bushes. "And I just had my hair done!" His deeply curled hair struggled under the weight of dead leaves, but these foreign distractions were quickly brushed

off with a quick slap of the hand. Spaz looked on, thankful that his buddy was unhurt. "Come on, Spazzy," Lowtax grinned, waving his pussy on. "Fate waits for no one, and I'm getting impatient!"

Together, Lowtax and Spaz strolled leisurely through the impeccably landscaped terrain of South Gardens, the apartment complex they'd called home since their move out to California in the early 90's. Before that, Lowtax was an undergraduate engineering researcher at Vandecamp University, contributing to important case studies on the effect of metal oxides on human eyelids. Suddenly, a scream rang out from afar like a church bell in a cloudy room. Lowtax scanned the sky for UFO's and threw his Matrix-styled sunglasses into a nearby trashcan. "Come on Spaz," Lowtax yelled as he raced towards the source of the stifled groan of terror. "Somebody is in a quickness of trouble!"

Arriving on the scene, Spaz quickly noticed an old woman. She was dead and her face was now a bloody splotch on the freshly repaved sidewalk. Spaz meowed skeptically, since he didn't believe in death. "SHUT UP, SHUT UP, SHUT UP!" Lowtax screamed, covering his ears. "This is no time for clever restaurant ideas!" Closing his eyes tight, Lowtax ran steadily to his red Camero sportscar, an ill-advised purchase that had failed to attract the expected hordes of female admirers. With a practiced swagger, Lowtax backed out of his covered parking space and sped towards the exit.

Later, Lowtax was arrested and charged with murder. But thankfully the Police Chief's son was a Something Awful Forum Goon, and the entire police force loved to chuckle at Cliff Yablonski's parade of freaks. So he was quickly freed and still had plenty of time to update his site for the next day, and its next shipment of eager visitors. That night, just before Lowtax powered down the bank of NeXt computers he used to run the website, he received an unexpected knock on his door.

"Now Spaz," Lowtax scolded. "Stop meowing at the door! You are a good watch cat, but your behavior is quite unsuitable you slack-jawed reckon ayup!" Lowtax opened his door and was greeted heartily by his good-natured aging landlord, Mr. Petes. "Hello Mr. Petes!" Lowtax chirped, his face once again lighting up in that hammock smile. "What brings you to this neck of my wood?" Mr. Petes smiled. He and Lowtax were great pals. "You have saved South Gardens, Lowtax!" Lowtax clapped both hands to his face with surprise. "You get the award of the day, and you didn't even have to go out and solve an important mission! You simply did the good deed and kept at it, which is why we all love you so much."

Lowtax and his landlord Mr. Petes share a light moment. Good times! (click to enlarge)

"I don't know what to say!" Lowtax stammered, a single tear rolling down his cheek as he accepted his leather reward. "Except that I'm happy to be of assistance, as the mad props always! Right Spaz?"

Spaz meowed and nodded wisely, and a hearty laugh was had by all. Another day and another job well done!

THE END

So that's pretty much a glimpse into Lowtax's everyday life. It's really cheesy and sappy, actually. I hate going over to his house because there's too much richy-richy melodrama. And I don't know why he still wears that bearskin coat in California, I guess there's a long story about it but the character refuses to tell me.

> *(**NOTE TO READERS FROM LOWTAX:** as I do every weekend, I'd like to apologize for letting Fragmaster update the page. I am very, very, very sorry. God, you don't know how sorry I am.)*

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

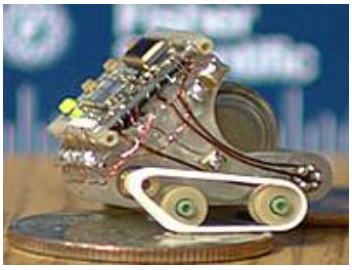
2.19 Bite-Size Robots

Saturday, Feb 24, 2001 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

Anyone who has read the infamous Space Robot prank or the listened to the newly released Space Robot MP3 (make sure to check this one out) knows that robots are inherently funny as all hell. Why? Because they'll eventually take over the Earth and kill us all, that's why. Fortunately for us hairless apes, we've still got a couple hundred years to laugh at robots while they're in their retarded, stupid-looking infant stage. As of right now, the most advanced multi-billion-dollar robot in existence can only walk into a wall, fall over, and squeal "***BEEP BEEP BEEP*!**" while having its head spin around like a frisbee. However, we all know that someday they'll all be effective, flawless killing machines that'll tear us puny humans to pieces within seconds, so we might as well get our jollies in while there's still time.

'Smallest' robot to take world by swarm - Oh no! It's a tiny, scary looking robot with a rubber-band propulsion system that can be easily taken off and flung into a far corner, leaving the miniature automaton completely helpless! Ha ha, run!

Engineers with a government national security laboratory have created what they think could be the world's smallest robot -- a brainy, mobile machine that can stop and almost sit on a dime.



Never fear! Help is here, if I can just... umf... climb over this stunning obstacle! I'm the size of the dime and store a copy of Pac-Man on my back!

Sporting track wheels and an 8K ROM processor, it could someday perform a host of arduous tasks like disabling land mines or searching for lost humans, scientists said.

WHATEVER YOU SAY, MAGIC SCIENCE! What the hell can you do with 8K of ROM, besides store a thumbnail of one of my pathetic MS Paint drawings? Actually, there are plenty of great things that fit on an 8K ROM - most Atari 2600 games were 8K in size or less - but how can you expect an Atari 2600 game cartridge to find a lost vixen in the woods? Videogame cartridges don't want to get involved with that kind of emotional crap. They just want to be jammed in an eager slot and played with, not unlike mapmaking sensation Cliffy B.

> *"This could be the robot of the future," said Ed Heller, a project researcher with the Sandia National Laboratory, which works under the direction of the U.S. Department of Energy.*

WOW, the robot of the future, you say? An amazing claim, especially considering the robot already exists in the present! Look everybody! I just wrote the sentence *of the future*! What the hell? Stuff in the future hasn't happened yet, you moron. Thanks, Ed Heller, you helped confirmed the myth that all government-employed scientists are dumber than your average dead steelworker. The U.S. can only invent stuff if they steal scientists from Nazi Germany or Asia.

> *Based in Albuquerque, New Mexico, the lab also developed what it calls the fastest gun in the world, a machine that propels material 20 times faster than a rifle.*

Mr. Professional Journalist just lost the focus of his article and went totally off the subject, but I'll let that slide. Hmmm... a 20x speed gun. An amazing innovation, eh? According to God and the NRA, what we all *need* is faster guns. Current guns are just too slow, especially now that people

have discovered we're living in The Matrix and can slow bullets to a crawl, dramatically dodging them while wearing a trench coat and saying "WHOA."

> *Eventually fleets of the robots could scamper through pipes looking for chemical releases or patrol buildings in search of prowlers.*
>
> The robot has already navigated a field of coins, puttering along at 20 inches (50 cm) a minute on track wheels similar to those on tanks. The treads give added mobility over predecessors with conventional wheels, allowing it to travel over thick carpet.

Way to exaggerate, fellers! All you've got is a .003 MPH traveling robot that can barely navigate a Stainmaster rug terrain and climb its way over pennies, yet you're already proclaiming that swarms of these little idiots will soon be able to guard your house, zap robbers with their lasers, and carry the stunned criminal to the police department, stopping only to rescue a toddler trapped in a burning house along the way.

> *Instead of "Big Brother," some unsavory types might have to worry about the littlest robot; the machine could play a major role in intelligence gathering, according to the lab, which specializes in research to protect U.S. military and economic interests.*
>
> Heller and colleagues plan to outfit the mini-robot with impressive options over the next several years, including miniature video cameras and infrared or radio wireless two-way communications. "You might have to worry about what's sitting under your desk," Heller joked.

Zing! Give a comedy medal to Ed Heller! Actually, Eddie, considering the last thing you caught sitting under your desk was a one-armed transvestite hooker with a bad canker sore, you're in no position to make ha-ha jokes. Also, "Big Brother" was a horrible reality television show that was only watched by fruity Dutch people. Go back to the drawing board, you bloated buffoon. And don't come back until you have something we can use to kill those damn colonists.

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

2.20 Bombing in Iraq

Sunday, Feb 25, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

IMPORTANT UPDATE #1:

A few issues I'd like to get out of the way before proceeding to today's inane bullshit:

Filming on Something Awful's first feature film will take place this upcoming weekend. Would you care to be a character in the upcoming smash hit cinematic masterpiece, "UFO Car"? It's a touching story about a psychic alien car, time traveling pirates, and giant cats who shoot lasers. If you live in the Southern California area (Orange County) and would like to have some part in the filming of this American classic, drop me an email. We're looking for people who can fill the following positions:

- Lesbian sex scene participant
- Really fat guy
- Elderly foreign man
- Lesbian sex scene participant
- Boom mic operator (must have own boom mic)
- Lesbian sex scene participant
- Lesbian sex scene participant

If you meet any of these criteria and are interested in being part of a groundbreaking cinematic masterpiece, please contact me. We're planning on shooting this Saturday and a bit Sunday, depending on the amount of lesbian sex scenes we can fit in. By the way, "lesbian sex scene."

IMPORTANT UPDATE #2:

I'm interested in printing up some more SA t-shirts. If you know of any good online t-shirt printing companies, email me with a link. Please do not suggest Cafe Press, because I find their shirt quality to be fairly crappy and their prices to be fairly high. I'm looking for some place that can do a batch run of about 800 shirts. Once again, NO CAFE PRESS. That is all!

Old News is Bad News

George Bush Jr. No wait, actually it isn't.

As everybody is painfully aware by this point, the US dropped a few hundred bombs on Iraq ten days ago. We've already covered the basics in a previous news update, but let me provide a brief overview for the 99% of you out there who choose to mentally block out the garbage we regularly write on this page. Iraq was simply sitting around, doing the normal junk that Iraq does, such as drive missile silos around their country and try to bounce radar signals off passing American planes so they can pick up AM radio and laugh at the callers on "The Dr. Laura Show." Iraq has pretty much given up trying to be a worldwide menace long ago, so they only things left for them to do include relocating their six remaining missile batteries and holding dirt parades for Saddam Hussein (where attendance is mandatory, under the penalty of having your youngest child fed to Saddam's elite camel squad). The only weapons of mass destruction that Iraq has left is their national television station, which produces such heartwarming dramas as "Who's Under the Veil?" and "Random People Who Spontaneously Break Into Dance For No Readily Apparent Reason."

So, as they say, it was quiet in Iraq... TOO quiet. George Bush Jr. took Saddam's silence as an indication that Iraq was possibly gearing up to combine the power of all their radar dishes to form one gigantic broadcasting station, thereby exposing the world to their horrid television programming, so Bush took initiative and decided to toss a couple hundred exploding devices at the radar dishes. All of this is old news and is probably failing to educate anybody out there. However, the aftermath of the recent bombing has exposed a few intensely interesting facts regarding America's nonstop bombing of Iraq:

1) Iraq's military is critically horrible. Think about it: each time the US bombs a new radar installation or weapons factory, the first press release to come out of Iraq details how "237 farmers and 86 children were killed in the blasts." Never once do any soldiers or military personnel explode; it's always kids and farmers. This brings up the following questions: is America experimenting with farmer-seeking-missiles? Is Iraq's entire military composed of children and people with pitchforks? Are all radar installations located in the middle of cabbage fields? The implications are staggering no matter which one turns out to be true.

For example, if Iraq has decided to integrate farmers into their nation's military program, the rest of the world could easily fall under Iraq's newfound might. Think about it: the last person you'd expect to start blowing shit up is the local neighborhood farmer (assuming your neighborhood has farmers to begin with). If I were to take a guess, I'd say that grain and pig feed stores are a couple of the locations least likely to be blown up in a fiery terrorist inferno of destruction. Iraqi weed pickers could easily infiltrate and take over the heartland of America, as they would be practically undetectable to their farming peers.

> **FARMER #1:** "Looks like rain's a' comin'."
> **FARMER #2:** "Eeeeyup."
> **FARMER #3:** "I need to get them cattle inside quick."
> **FARMER #4:** "GLORY TO SADDAM!!!" *(detonates explosives which have been strategically taped to his overalls)*

As you can plainly tell from the preceding example, there was little to no warning that FARMER #4 was an Iraqi soldier. In fact, you probably didn't even guess there was going to be a FARMER #4 in the conversation, and the inclusion of this character caught you completely offguard. This shows how clever and tricky Iraqi farmers can be and why the US needs to step up its immigration policies to weed out these particular agents of terror (get it? "Weed" out? Ha ha!). I'm thinking something along the lines of "have you now or ever been a member of the farming party?" type of inquisitions at international airports, right after they ask you if any of your luggage is packed full of plastique. Phase two of this anti-terrorist plan would involve shooting on sight anybody talking about either radar dishes or lettuce.

2) George Bush Jr. really hates Iraq. I can't think of one legitimate reason as to why Bush still despises this little country whose chances of making a long range nuclear weapon are slimmer than Northern Ohio suddenly becoming a major world power via mail order self-hypnosis tapes. The only heinous crimes that Iraq is currently responsible for is picking on its own citizens, and every country these days does that. Heck, an hour doesn't go by when the Chinese police fail to beat and rape a few hundred thousand elderly fishermen, yet you don't see us bombing the Chinese. Why? Because Chinese cities are way too close together and the with the US's piss-poor bomb dropping abilities, we'd be lucky if they even hit the ground, much less a military installation. On the flip side, virtually everything in China is a military installation, including the churches and warehouses that produce those really tiny little shorts featured in "Gamera" films, so that might help our chances a little bit more. So I can't imagine why we don't bomb China too. Maybe their flag looks too cool.

But why does Bush Jr. despise Iraq so much? We can't be bombing Iraq because we're angry that

Saddam treats his people like crap.

> **GEORGE BUSH JR:** "Saddam is an evil dictator who loves torturing his people and making them miserable. He must be stopped."
> **MILITARY ADVISOR:** "What do you suggest doing?"
> **GEORGE BUSH JR:** "Let's bomb Iraq and make their people so miserable that Saddam can't possibly make their lives any worse."
> **MILITARY ADVISOR:** "Should we use the bombs that hit their targets, or the new ones which cost a lot of money and don't hit what we aim for?"
> **GEORGE BUSH JR:** "Since we don't really know what we're aiming at or what we hope to accomplish, let's use the Valu-Save bombs. I mean, what's the worst that will happen? We'll blow up a few hundred farmers? Harvesting SAND? Hahahaha! Stupid farmers!"
> **MILITARY ADVISOR:** "GLORY TO SADDAM!!!" *(detonates explosives which have been strategically taped to his overalls which have been strategically worn underneath his coat and tie)*

So it's apparent that the whole Iraqi farmer situation has gotten completely out of hand and now threatens to tear our country apart. What was once a simple oil producing menace has now turned into a complex oil producing menace. Plus the menace is capable of wearing overalls and destroying key grain silos that are probably important to the national security of grain. This might not be such a major issue, but I have reliable sources claiming that the US military is stationing soldiers in seemingly-innocent looking barns throughout the Midwest. Do yourself a favor and check to see if your corn is ticking.

Yes, Cliff Does Hate You

Okay, Cliff Yablonski missed last week's update because he was celebrating President's Day and had a little "accident" at the lake. However, the old bastard is back and at it again, here with six new pages of people he doesn't seem to really care for. Like always, here's the email that wily ol' coot sent to me. What a joker!

> *From: cliff y.*
> *Subject: subject?*
>
> *ive updated. six new pages. link it.*
>
> *cliff*

Short, sweet, and to the point, like Cliff's updates! Take a look at today's collection of human dregs, scumballs, and wastes of skin. You'll regret it if you don't. Or if you do.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.21 Inner Atmosphere MP3

Tuesday, Feb 27, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Make Me Money! Make Me #1! Say "No" to Hitler!

So you'd like to "give something back" to Something Awful, the website which has given you so much in the past (we've given out things like headaches, vomiting, dizziness, and many other symptoms synonymous with motion sickness), yet you have no idea how. You've got a check made for $500,000, but you can't seem to find my home address to mail this donation. You're dying to find a way to say "thank you" for the nonstop "Punch the Monkey" ads and endless columns about why my cat has brain damage. In addition, you're interested in downloading some high-energy electronica music that will get your body moving like an epileptic throw into a live electrical grid. So what are you going to do?

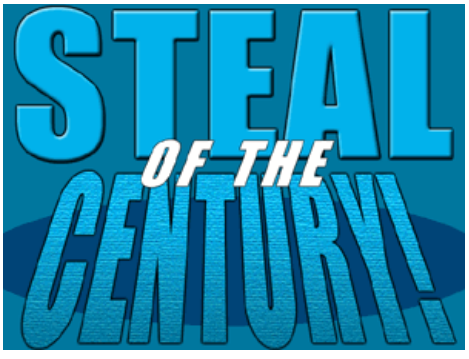
Simple. Download the newest ARC / Something Awful mp3! I've finished up my first professional track in the past four months and slapped it up on mp3.com for download. Now you can download some interesting, original, intense electronic music while giving me a few cents to purchase bread and handguns. Head on over to mp3.com and download my newest track, "Inner Atmosphere."For added emphasis, let me print the word "download" once again: "download."

It's a win-win situation! You get new music, I get enough spare change to afford a round-trip vacation to my kitchen, and the Earth takes one step closer towards world peace and harmony. This is truly a steal of the century. To reinforce the fact that I would greatly enjoy it if you were to download this mp3, let me take the opportunity to create another link in very large bold text:

People who refuse to download this mp3 make Baby Jesus cry, and the last time Baby Jesus cried, Hitler ended up rising to power. You don't want Hitler to rise to power again, do you? Well granted, seeing Hitler's skeleton roaming across the countryside would be pretty damn hilarious, especially if he still had that goofy little mustache. Haha, what a dumb mustache.

Steal of the Century, Part 2!

Speaking of "steals of the century," AwfulVideo (the newest branch of multimedia idiocy) is proud to announce our first contribution to the world of online video, "Steal of the CENTURY!" This exciting, action packed movie introduces the newest competitor in the world of home shopping channels, as Joe P. and Nick Q. serve up the hottest and spiciest collectible deals for your lucky asses! Today's movie is part one of the first show, and merely introduces the two hosts and the fantastic deals that await in later videos. Grab a copy of the video here:



Download high quality version (9.8 megs, slightly shitty quality)

Look for the actual television show to start sometime in the near future, as soon as Joe P. and Nick Q. figure out how to turn the camera back on again.

Backyard Wrestling for Fun and Profit

The unsung heroes of various backyard wrestling leagues across the nation have once again banded together and produced another highly informative and educational column of "Backyard Love," the only article which offers love and relationship advice from real backyard wrestlers. Today's column features advice from Raymond "Diamond Doily" Dansworth, MC Caucasian Ghost, FUCK YOU NINJA!!!, Revolutionary Scarecrow, and El Terror De Fuego. Check it out before these fit and fine wrestlers hunt you down and begin to jump on your trampoline.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Chapter 3

March

3.1 The Good, the Fat, and the DNA

Thursday, Mar 01, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Thank You, World!

A special thanks to everybody who downloaded my newest mp3! Thanks to all your support, "Inner Atmosphere" is now at #1 on the techno charts on mp3.com, eclipsing a bunch of other stuff that sounds exactly alike and contains sound clips of women moaning. Once again, a positive blow for justice has been struck, and it was all thanks to the wonderful Something Awful readers. Kudos to you, gents!

PS: A Something Awful forum regular, JRR, also holds #2 with his "All Your Base" song, "Invasion of the Gabber Robots." It's awfulness on a grand scale!

The Good, the Fat, and the DNA

As a child, I often assumed that everything my parents told me was a complete and total lie. After all, these were the people who attempted to convince me that on the night of December 24th, a fat man named "Saint Nick" would appear in the chimney and deliver gifts under the Christmas tree. With the exception of one Christmas party where Uncle Nick got drunk on eggnog, tripped and fell near the fireplace, and stole half my mom's silverware shortly before throwing up all over himself and screaming "HAPPY NEW YEAR" until he passed out in the driveway, this claim never came true. After such a traumatic experience, I began to develop an inherent mistrust of my parents, which according to many ABC After School Specials starring Fred Savage, is the proper way to be a teenager. They tried to convince me that playing video games would get me nowhere. Yeah, sure; if I continued to play games, I'd currently be competing in $30,000 professional gaming contests against kids who have more numbers in their name than letters. They said that doing drugs would ruin my life. That's bullcrap; many druggies have gone on to become famous actors and level designers. The last thing that they mentioned repeatedly was the need to constantly engage in some kind of daily exercise, or else my body would be begin to blimp up and develop boobs in areas where boobs shouldn't be. I naturally assumed this was a lie as well, and began to actively disregard it in college.

At first, I got away with it. I was blessed with a metabolism that was able to convert things like cupcakes, pies, donuts, cheez-whiz, and raw lard into energy or red blood cells or new bones or whatever the hell the body is supposed to convert food into. I could literally sit around, eat all day, skip college courses, and not gain a pound. I'm not really sure where all the junk food I ate went to. I assume I was able to expel it through my sweat glands, which explains why I would begin wheezing and sweating every time I would somehow manage to propel myself from bed and walk to the bathroom. Yet through this rigorous routine of eating, sitting, and occasionally rotating my head to determine where the strange noises in my closet were coming from, I consistently managed to stay at an even 160 pounds. Never a pound lighter, never a pound heavier. Eventually I took my metabolism for granted and stopped thanking it after cramming Ding Dongs into my mouth. When I write "Ding Dong," I am of course referring to the popular Hostess snack cake, not the slang for a man's penis. I'll save my homosexual college experimentation for another article, possibly one that I write after my parents have passed on.

Artist's representation of me in 20 years. I'm on the right. As you can tell, the artist wasn't very good.

Things were just peachy up until the point where my body decided to stop converting fat and cholesterol atoms into oxygen, and soon my body began a horrible transformation. My stomach, which was pretty much a flat plane to that point, began to adopt a "pregnant woman with a baby holding a watermelon" kind of look to it. None of the fat went to my arms of course, so I still had the same fragile and scrawny wrists I had in high school, the ones that earned me the nickname "Shower Pisser." No wait, I actually got that nickname because of a different event. My mistake.

The sudden radical shift in my metabolism, combined with the fact that all jobs I've held since college require me to sit in a chair until either 5:00 pm rolls by or I die, aided in reinforcing my iron curtain of flab. Sometimes I would look in the mirror and see the beginnings of man-boobs, which I would attempt to convince myself were muscle. "Lookin' good there, Rich!" I would boast while flexing in the mirror and noticing the fact that every time I moved, my stomach would begin to send ripples of lard waves up and down my chest. "Those tri-lats are coming along quite well." Of course I had no idea what "tri-lats" were, but since I was deeply entrenched in a fantasy world anyway, I didn't really care. Sometimes I would see the smiling face of George Foreman beaming back at me when I shaved.

So what I'm trying to admit here is that my parents were right. They had this exercise thing pegged dead on. I always thought the rumors of becoming fat were just that: rumors. I believed that people were either born fat, or fat people were imported from foreign countries, or fat was some mythical entity like The Easter Bunny or Jack Flack or France. This revelation dawned on me when I noticed my waist size had increased to a respectable bowling score and all my pants started fitting like a pinkie ring around Ron Jeremy's manhood. It is with great remorse that I, Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka, admit I was wrong and my parents were right. This is indeed a historical moment and I will be the first to admit that I am a horrible monster and pray for death. If I continue to keep eating like a slob, this will undoubtedly happen in three months, when my arteries turn to the consistency of drywall. As The Simpsons said (back when their show actually employed writers and they believed in using jokes), "Hey fatty, I've got a movie for you. How about 'A Fridge Too Far'?"

"UFO Car": Tomorrow at 11:00 am!

Filming of Something Awful's first full-length film, "UFO Car," will begin tomorrow, Saturday the 3rd, at 11:00 am sharp. If you live in Southern California and would like to be in the movie or help us film, drop me an email. Lesbians are always welcome, of course.

Choke On This, Batman

Ah yes, it's movie review time. That day of the month where I buckle down and watch some terrible cinematic abomination. What's on today's plate? Simply put, it's the most terrible movie I've ever seen. While films such as "Feeders 2" and "Troll 2" are awful, they're awful in a good way: they're laughably horrible. The effects, acting, and plot are so stupid that you can't help but laugh and enjoyment. I wish that was the case for "Jack Frost 2," a movie equivalent of Hiroshima. Feast on these morsels, human:

Ugh. I suffered through hell while writing this review, so please read it and become acquainted with the myriad of reasons why you should stay away as far as possible from this back alley abortion. Read the review but don't rent the film. Please.

BONUS: Download some "Jack Frost 2" video clips! I know you (don't) want to!

STEAL of the CENTURY, Part II

AwfulVideo is proud to present Part II in the "STEAL of the CENTURY" online video, showcasing the finest quality baseball cards and collectibles. Tune it to today's episode (15 megs) and get one hell of a deal on... well... whatever the hell they're selling. Download now!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.2 Gangster Babbling

Friday, Mar 02, 2001 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

To me, television is pretty much an entertainment wasteland. I'm fairly convinced most network sitcoms simply take the scripts of shows that were written in the 60's and 70's, change a couple words, add a few modern pop-culture references, pop in a gay character or two and churn out 24 episodes of recycled plots, gags, and one-liners. Thankfully though, occasionally a network executive or big-time producer messes up and accidentally manages to create a worthwhile viewing experience. Everyone has a favorite or two, and if you're reading this site I'll wager that your favorite show probably involves ogling Jessica Alba or Sarah Michelle Gellar. My favorite happens to be HBO's *The Sopranos*, whose third season starts up this Sunday.

Organized crime and message boards have more in common than you might think. Ask your local conspiracy expert for details.

Ask any Soprano fan about the show, and they'll probably rave on and on about the excellent writing, movie-quality production values, complete lack of annoying advertisements, compelling characters, nifty visuals, and top-notch acting, not to mention the always welcome combination of foul language and nudity. While *The Sopranos* is all this and much more, the real reason the show is so compelling is that it's basically just a well-crafted testosterone-fueled daytime soap opera. Of course, no self-respecting guy will admit to this, because soap operas are for girls. But it's true. The only big difference is that instead of having big weddings, somebody gets shot in the face, cut up into tiny pieces, and thrown into the river. And while soap opera characters get recast or written-off, Sopranos characters are either murdered or stripped of their all dignity and forced to move to South America. This meshes well with the stereotypical male philosophy of just shooting your problems with a gun to make it go away, which is contrary to the stereotypical female philosophy of whining about your problems until some dashing young doctor saves you from certain doom and then marries you in a lavish ceremony. Or whatever, about the only thing I learned from my brief experience in daytime soap land is that even homeless females in these silly little universes have boob jobs, a flattering wardrobe, and a great makeup artist.

Anyways, *The Sopranos*, to some extent, glorifies the gangster lifestyle. Sure, it has its downsides - you have to live in New Jersey and even the hottest Italian chicks seem to morph into nagging, overweight trolls once they hit 25, for example - but you get to roll around in piles of laundered money and kill people you don't like with little to no fear of prosecution. Hooray for murder! But unfortunately, I am but a small nerd. I don't have a cool nickname like "Bullet-Face Pete" or "Big Pussy" or "Brickface." Instead, my nicknames include "Fragmaster," (a crappy nick I can't ditch and which is easily and often sullied by removal of the "r"), "K-Dog," "Cakewalk," "The Cheeser," and "'Lil Peanut." These nicknames are so bad that even Dick Tracy would laugh in my face, shoot me in the neck, push me over a bridge, and then laugh some more. So I began to think of the nerd equivalent of gangs: forums.

I realize there are a few minor differences between message boards and organized crime: One talks endlessly about Zero Wing and how your scrubs just got owned by a roofle, and the other deals drugs, extorts business owners, and beat people up with baseball bats, but the actual structure behind your average Internet community discussion area is alarmingly mob-like. You've got the fat-ass admin guy (Lowtax) with all the power whacking (banning) people who get on his nerves, the underbosses who do all the dirty work, posting everyday even if they have nothing interesting to say, the consiglieri who are well-known and liked within the organization, due to their amusing

stories or massive porn posting, the hitmen with quirky personalities and gimmicky methods, and the foot soldiers who say "all your base are belong to us," "LOL," "me too," and "YUO = FAGOT."

Do you see what I'm getting at? Of course you don't. What I'm trying to suggest is that forums should be more gang-like. Forums would be a lot more exciting if insulting the wrong troll or posting a lame joke caused you some sort of physical harm. There isn't nearly enough violence on the Information Superhighway. We're far too safe online, there's not enough risk. Sure, your credit card can get stolen, your phone number can be posted to alt.sex.people.freaky.weird, or your entire identity could be downloaded onto a floppy and held hostage by terrorists, but the only physical injuries you're likely to incur are carpel tunnel syndrome or over-self-erotic-massage disease. Someday, I hope the Internet is dangerous. I'd love to be able to walk around the cyberverse and hit some sucker in the head with a pipe-wrench, dodge Internet traffic on the virtual roads, and fall off a VRML cliff to my bloody and violent death. That's the only way the Internet will make any money. People don't want e-Coupons or e-Commerce or e-News or any of that junk, they want reality with slower loading times, animated gifs, and easier access to nudity. And this, my friends, is a noble goal. Log on!

Weed a Book

Science has confirmed what many high school English students have speculated for years: Shakespeare was a pot-smoking, dirty-ass hippie! Only a baked out-of-his-mind stoner could write pages and pages of screwed up dialogue and comic exchanges that involve people calling each other "rascal knaves." As you can probably tell, I'm not a big Shakespeare fan. He's overrated, to begin with, and the passage of time has transformed his words into blocks of mostly unreadable code only old people and literary nut-balls can decipher. Check out this excerpt from his "comedy," *The Taming of The Shrew*:

Hear ye, hear ye... whoa... dude, my hands have like turned into socks, man!

> Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd and swore,
> As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
> But after many ceremonies done,
> He calls for wine: 'A health!' quoth he, as if
> He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
> After a storm; quaff'd off the muscadel
> And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
> Having no other reason
> But that his beard grew thin and hungerly
> And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.

While I'm sure you could get away with this kind of talk in *Everquest* or at a Renaissance Faire (HUZZAH!), us commoners can't relate to this stuff at all. So urge your local school district to remove this pothead's ramblings from the curriculum. Cheech & Chong smoked pot too, and we don't exactly show their crappy movies to impressionable schoolchildren, do we? Now if you'll excuse me, I've got to go back to writing my adaptation of Romeo and Juliet which replaces the star-crossed lovers with pusher and shover robots, respectively.

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

3.3 UFO Car Fails and Screech Teaches Chess

Saturday, Mar 03, 2001 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

Spielberg Remains Safe... For Now

On Saturday, Lowtax and I started filming *UFO Car*, Something Awful's first short film, with the assistance of ten or so nifty-keen SA forum reader goons who stopped by. Now, I wouldn't exactly call our first day of shooting a total disaster... actually, on second thought, I think I'll go ahead and write it off as pretty much a total, complete, and utterly embarrassing tragedy. We got a couple of scenes shot in a somewhat technically competent manner, and some of it was moderately amusing, but it became painfully obvious after filming a couple of scenes that crafting the whole thing into a remotely coherent viewing experience would be nearly impossible.

Capturing nerds on film is never a good idea.

So we all ended up eating lots of pizza and watching Mystery Science Theater 3000 (*Overdrawn at the Memory Bank*, one of the best Sci-Fi era episodes), along with some of Lowtax's terrible High School movies. On the bright side, we learned quite a bit and managed to film a remake of one of Lowtax's earlier movies that seemed to turn out OK. Someday, Something Awful Films will gross nearly $500,000 in direct video sales. Just wait, you'll see, we'll show you all, yams yams yams.

The entire experience reminded me that the youth of today (this includes myself, I guess, even though I'm pushing twenty-two) are incredible slackers. Our great-grandparents had to work like ten hours a day, six days a week in steel mills and coal mines, constantly inhaling toxic fumes or narrowly avoiding falling into vats of chemicals on a daily basis and stuff like that. But what do we do? Most of us sit in front of computers all day, bitching about the company's lack of free sodas and struggling to muster up the energy to type in a couple of commands to fix an NT homing beacon or router malfunction array shindango. We've got it easy. When it comes to actual, good ol' fashioned, backbreaking work, most of us are total and complete sissies. We fret about mussing our hands or scraping a fingernail. Most of us are soft and doughy and stagger about like drunk babies if we're exposed to rain. What a travesty.

As an added bonus, the little film foray adventure reminded me that there are just some things in this world that should never be filmed. My doofy-ass face wearing a weird Russian hat and holding a metal detector is one of them. Just to be on the safe side, I shouldn't be filmed or otherwise photographed at all. I'm sure there are people out there who enjoy looking at the Goatsecx guy or videos of people pulling intestines from cadavers, but I can't imagine anyone enjoying some lanky, coke-bottle bespectacled nerd stumbling about the screen with a nose about fifteen sizes to big and ears that stick out and spew gallons of ear wax in giant, endless streams. As the old showbiz saying goes, I've got a face that was made for radio. Unfortunately, I'm also blessed with a nearly Carmackian voice that shatters glass too. So I should just do everybody a favor and avoid face-to-face human contact whenever possible. For the greater good of mankind and all that.

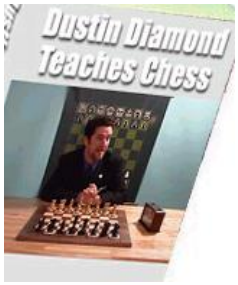
Screech The Teach

Whenever you're feeling down, you can always take comfort in the fact that you're **not** Dustin "Screech Powers" Diamond. I always assumed *Saved By The Bell* would always be on the air, kind of like *Star Trek*. You'd have the original series with Captain Zack Attack, then *SBTB: The College Years*, then *SBTB: The New Class*, then *SBTB: Generation Z*, and then *SBTB: Space Principal*

Screech and so on and so on. But apparently even bad things must eventually come to an end and some wise producer decided to put the "franchise" out of its misery. So what is Screech doing now to pay rent and support his crippling heroin habit? Why, he's teaching people how to play chess, o' course!

> *At long last, a way to learn one of the oldest and most complex games in history has been created, in the form of two videos that will not only make it easy to learn, but make it fun to learn as well. That game is CHESS! Chess has been thought of for a very long time to be a game that is too hard to learn, and so, some people have avoided it. Actor and chess player Dustin Diamond not only makes this game easy to learn, but ads humor, which makes it fun as well. This edutainment video has a unique blend of comedy and chess instruction, which has never been done before.*
>
> Dustin Diamond Teaches Chess is the only video in existence that includes comedy and highly instructive content, as well as being the first chess video ever to be hosted by a world famous T.V. celebrity. Dustin Diamond Teaches Chess is a breakthrough in chess instruction for people of all ages. Dustin Diamond makes chess both easy and fun to learn. His comedy insures that it's an entertaining experience... not a boring one. Where other chess videos are lacking, Diamond fills the gaps and brings chess to the average person. Watching Dustin's video is so entertaining that it will destroy the notion that chess is a boring game [oh, it'll destroy something alright].
>
> Dustin portrayed the character "SCREECH" on the hit NBC T.V. series "SAVED BY THE BELL" for ten years. The character Screech was an avid chess player, and the series touched on this subject in numerous shows, including an episode where Screech beat Ex-world Champion "Boris Spassky's" nephew in an intense game. Diamond himself is an avid chess player as well, with nineteen years under his belt, and a vast collection of over one hundred chess sets and three thousand chess books.
>
> A two-tape set, this four-hour epic will retail for $39.95 and be sure to give the consumer many hours of enjoyment. The video is now available for market. For more information concerning this video, visit the website at WWW.THEGAMESTER.COM.

NOOOOOO!!!!!! They used the dreaded "e" word: edutainment! "Edutainment" ranks right up there with "interactive multimedia" in the hall of fame of overused and wholly inaccurate buzzwords. Edutainment is supposed to be both education and entertaining (get it?), but almost every piece of software claiming to be edutainmenting fails on both accounts. A giant animated blue puppet on a trampoline shouting "9 X 9 = 81!" is neither entertaining or educational, it's just plain scary and a waste of children's valuable getting-bitten-by-snakes time. As we all know, the only good edutainment titles were made before the stupid term was coined. *Oregon Trail* for the Apple IIe, for example.



From the makers of O.J. Simpson Teaches Pre-Natal Care. Thanks a lot, Dustin, you're really helping to improve Chess's dorky, geeky, nerdy image.

But let's get back on the subject, shall we? *Dustin Diamond Teaches Chess* should strike fear into your very soul. Personally, I shudder whenever anybody mentions the *Mavis Beacon Teaches Typing* series. Sorry, learning touch-typing from a fictional ethnic female cyborg gives me the creeps. So it should come as no surprise that learning about one of the most complicated, difficult, and respected games in all of human history from a gawky white Urkel who shamefully rips his "comic stylings" from *Scooby Doo's* Shaggy makes me violently ill.

Maybe I'm being too hard on the poor guy. I mean, I do remember that episode where he won the Chess game... and the press release helpfully points out that he has a huge collection of chessboards in a weak attempt to prove his validity as a chess expert. Gee, I sure wish the site featured a sample of the video I could check out. Oh wait, it does! You can get it right here!

Lowtax introduces Screech to a group of drunk Devo fans, and everyone wonders why both of them share the same scalp.

Oh, that wacky Screech. Think that one-minute preview was painful? Imagine how **four solid hours** of watching this smuck hit has-been star rock-bottom would feel! Looks like the CIA just found a brand new torture device to use on dirty Hungarian spies: ten minutes of watching this and they'll be spilling their guts, along with their lunch.

The most disturbing thing I culled from this site, though, was the knowledge that Dustin Diamond was a mere block or two away from my residence. The company who presumably paid for his "services" is just a short drive away, and from the quality of the test movie I'll assume they filmed this on-site in an empty janitor's closet. Wow. A near-Screech experience. That's an event I sincerely hope none of you will ever have to endure. Well, all of you except Lowtax, that is. They'd probably have a blast trading hair-care tips, since they're both Brillo-headed and all.

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

3.4 AwfulVideo

Sunday, Mar 04, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Movie Monday!!!

We've got a SLEW of brand new movies for you today! Well, okay, we only have two so technically that really isn't a "slew." It's more of a mini-slew or slew junior. But hell, they're absolutely free, so I don't expect to hear any complaining about my liberal usage of the term "slew." Without further ado, let me present the two following cinematic masterpieces, courtesy of your friends at AwfulVideo, for Movie Monday:

The Big Day

It's THE BIG DAY. That's right, it's a day unlike any other previously in history. One of the most eagerly anticipated and exciting days to ever come. THE BIG DAY. Better than anything that has ever taken place, and anything that will ever take place. How? Simple: because it's THE BIG DAY.

- Download Hi-Bandwidth Version [26.5 megs] - Requires DivX decoder to run properly
- Download Low-Bandwidth Version [4.8 megs] - In Windows Media Format

STEAL of the CENTURY, Part 3

In today's episode of "STEAL of the CENTURY," Joe P. and Nick Q. bust out some more fantastic savings for you, the public. What incredible product are they offering for a low, low price which is so rock-bottom that they're practically giving it away? Dot-Com Racers! Yup, some company actually produced a series of die-cast racing cars called "Dot-Com Racers," which is just about the most idiotic idea ever. Regardless, Joe P. and Nick Q. have a ton of inventory they have to move, and it all most go in today's episode of "STEAL of the CENTURY"!

- Download Hi-Bandwidth Version [20.6 megs] - Requires Divx decoder to run properly
- Download Low-Bandwidth Version [4.8 megs] - In Windows Media Format

If you have any difficulties viewing the movies, drop me a line.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.5 The History of Street Gangs

Monday, Mar 05, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Gang Bangin' Good Times!

While I was being shot at on the I-405 today, I began thinking about the current gang situation in America. If you live in the United States or any other part of the world, you've undoubtedly been exposed to the wonderful world of America's street gangs. They've consistently ranked in the "Top 20 Media Menaces" category for the past 15 years or so, despite the fact that street gangs kill less people annually than scurvy. Street gangs are the media's sweetheart, and news broadcasts will leap for a chance to pump out any special reports detailing how there's a fairly good chance you and your children could be brutally murdered by street gangs while buying nondairy creamer at the local 7-11. Gangs are one of the most photographic topics to cover on the news, ranking up there with natural disasters, "un-seansonlike weather," and Congressmen who have been indicted for improper relations with a fax machine. It's a safe bet that any gang-related activity will be covered in detail by the local news, as the broadcasters only put off those reports to explain how the defenseless members of your family have a better chance of swallowing an entire jumbo jet than **not** being murdered by a street gang.

However, the news media has never done a satisfactory job of detailing the entire "street gang" phenomenon, tracing the evolution of gangs throughout history. I mean, we all know what gangs are like these days, but some people aren't aware of the stunning metamorphosis that these ruffians, hooligans, and nogoodniks have gone through in the past century or so. Let's take a brief look at street gangs through the 1900's:

1900's - 1920's

Since America was still in its startup phase and hadn't secured enough funding for an established street gang training program, many of the so called "gang members" were nothing but filthy immigrants and homeless beggars. Gangs were a collection of bearded guys and dirty children who sat around a barrel which had been lit on fire a few years before. Since the majority of the population was covered with mud and soot from the nearby coal mills, nobody could tell anybody apart, and gang warfare was nearly impossible. The majority of gang members' time was split between playing a harmonica and dodging spinning newspapers that carried bold print headlines regarding World War I.

FAVORITE GANG CRIMES:

- **Loitering.** There was nothing else to do, so gangs just stood around and wore those stupid gray driving hats that all the retired people wear these days.
- **Vandalism.** When loitering, the gang members would lean up against walls of various "mom and pop" stores which sold candle wax or walking canes or monocles or whatever stores sold back then. As a result, all the coal atoms on their clothes would rub off on the store walls and it would look like a couple hundred people had been vaporized by alien ray guns on the side of the store. Police would try to arrest the street gangs for this, but

the cops were so dirty that they wouldn't be able to see their uniforms and would forget they were actually on the Police force.

1920's - 1940's

Foreign, non-American countries began to export their most proficient criminals, ensuring that the United States had a steady supply of Tommygun purchasers. Gang bosses from Ireland and Italy began to take over the "mean streets" of New York, Chicago, and to a lesser extent, downtown Beloit. Many gangsters chose colorful and intensely stupid nicknames like "The Nose," "Crazy Legs," and "Sticky Fingers" because their last names (which were highly foreign) sounded goofy. People would easily forget how dumb their real name was if they chose a nickname such as Antonio "Spinnin' Crawdad" Magalabeli. Gangsters weren't as filthy as they were in the previous 20 years because the power industry shifted from using coal to... well, something else I guess. There's a lot of footage of people working in steel mills back then, so I guess power plants were fueled by really hot melted steel.

FAVORITE GANG CRIMES:

- **Extortion.** Street gangs would threaten to burn down a shopkeeper's store if he didn't pay them a certain number of dollars every week. Store owners would usually come up with the cash because mob gangs were fat, hulking, unbelievably ugly men who had divots the size of peach pits in their face. Each gang owned a particular "turf," a section of the city that contained all the abandoned warehouses along the coastline. Coastline property was highly prized back then, as it allowed easy access to dump dead bodies and partake in the following illegal activity:
- **The Import / Export Business.** While not a crime in itself, the "import / export" business was simply a cover for a wide range of illegal activities. When the Police questioned mob bosses about their business, they would reply, "I'm in the import / export business" and then would begin to cackle evilly. Then the cops would ask what exactly they import and export, and the mob boss would stop laughing because the only thing he ever got overseas was a STD from an Italian hooker.
- **Booze / Gambling.** Technically speaking, prohibition took place around 1919, but since I'm too lazy to go back and add it (and I've never been particularly concerned with correctly reporting facts), I'm going to lump it into here. The government decided that not enough people were worrying about foreign policy and various wars overseas, so they decided to ban all alcohol. The government also decided to ban gambling, dancing, swearing, hitchhiking, right turns on red lights, and endings sentences with a preposition. Gangsters soon realized that they could begin manufacturing booze and selling at ridiculously high prices, so the government eventually repealed Prohibition and decided to begin the art of "taxing the unholy hell out of liquor," which they still do today. It seems to be working because, hey, I haven't thought about foreign wars since I finished my sixth White Russian about 10 minutes ago.

1940's - 1960's

The second generation of true gangster criminals began, and they proceeded to get a lot wussier. While previous generations wore coal-infested rags or snappy business suits, the criminals of the mid 1950's chose to wear plain white shirts and jeans. Also, since they were born and raised in America, they had more traditional American names like "Stevie" and "Ernie" and "Frankie" and various other names which ended with "-ie." This generation wasn't as concerned with producing crimes as they were with looking "cool." Their main pastime consisted of standing around with their armed crossed, smoking cigarettes, asking asking if anybody else had any more cigarettes that could possibly be smoked. They would also spend a lot of time combing gallons of hair gel / pig lard into their hair, because having a highly flammable fire hazard above your head was all the rage.

FAVORITE GANG CRIMES:

- **Dancing Really Late At Night.** Gangs with names like "The Falcons" would challenge other gangs with names like "The Brawlers" to fight outside malt shops. They would take a couple swings at each other, somebody would get knocked down, and soon each gang would take turns singing about whatever ugly girl they were fighting over. At the end of the fight, the girl who was being fought over would choose whichever side had the most convincing dance number and light show. A few minutes later, after realizing how annoying the girl's New Jersey accent and toxic hair spray fumes were, they would return the girl and start dancing somewhere else.

- **Speeding.** All money earned from late night dancing performances would be funneled into the "shiny new car parts" fund, which would go to making gang members' cars even longer in size. A person's manhood was directly tied into the length of their car, and most of the hardcore gang members had vehicles which couldn't be crammed inside a zeppelin. That's why gangs were often seen hanging around junkyards; every single piece of scrap metal that they could find was instantly bolted or welded to the front of their Ford / Chevy. If the part was too ugly to be stuck to the outside of the car, it usually ended up somewhere in the engine.

1960's - 1980's

Known by historians as "The Era of the Pimp," the streets in the 1970's ran rampant with hustlers who had more gold inside their mouth and around their neck than Fort Knox. Instead of peddling drugs and booze, they now peddled women. And drugs. And booze. The gangsters of this era are generally known as being much cooler than the ones of the previous generation, whose toughness was demonstrated mainly by combing their hair backwards. The pimp street gangsters dressed a lot cooler, had a hipper attitude, and were the first gang members to actively hit women when they got obnoxious. Street gangs all revolved around a central pimp figure who ruled the streets with an iron fist that had been dipped in gold. Their minions, a legion of really ugly people who had greasy hair and jean jackets, committed crimes for their boss by holding wacky jewelry heists and driving through the streets of San Francisco really fast, although sometimes

they jumped across ravines in slow motion. When the mid-80's rolled around, gang members began to get less greasy but they also started wearing flamboyantly homosexual neon colors and jeans with the knees cut out, so it all balances out on the grand scale of horridness. Prostitutes, which were also known as "hos" back then, were under heavy demand because people who looked grotesquely hideous were quite the rage at the time, which is known as "The Era of Really Ugly Women." No wait, I guess I wrote earlier that it was "The Era of the Pimp." Oh well.

FAVORITE GANG CRIMES:

- **Disturbing the Peace.** Gangs had mobile stereo systems (known as "boomboxes") which were able to blast hideous 80's music within a six-mile range. Note that this started taking place in the 1980's; before then, the only musical devices gang members had were AM radios the size of a wheelbarrow and record players which skipped a lot and only played songs about girlfriends who died in a car accident. Those were a lot harder to put on your shoulder and walk around town with. For example, it cost a small fortune just for the extension cords.
- **Prostitution.** As mentioned before, "pimps" sold their "hos." It was a relationship much like webmasters and the networks they're hosted on; networks "pimp" ads onto their "ho"sted sites, who are repeatedly expected to be bitch-slapped without complaining. This works out just fine, as webmasters have the same union representation as whores, which is zero, so everybody's happy. Well, except the webmasters, but since when did anybody care about two-bit whores anyway?

1980's - CURRENT

The present generation of gangsters. According to the news reports and television shows, which are never ever ever wrong in any form, all of them are black and Hispanic. Oh sure, you'll sometimes see a couple white guys in the background during a few movies, but all they do is wear their hat backwards and nod their heads. All the real "movers and shakers" are muscular black guys and Latinos with rags around their heads. This apparent minority takeover of the gang scene is in big contrast to the past 80 years, which were predominantly ruled by goofy white guys. This also marks the first time gang members actually started committing "real" crimes, like drug dealing and cutting through Police officers with a chainsaw. Wait, I think that was in "Robocop 2." Oh well, it still applies. Make no mistake, there are a lot of white guy gangs, but they're usually found either mopping floors at Dairy Queen or updating their Geocities website.

FAVORITE GANG CRIMES:

- **Causing Rival Gang Members to Become Dead.** Gang wars intensified from the original "dancing until one gang gets bored and goes home" to what they are today, firefights involving more ammunition than your typical John Woo film. The news media encourages the use of automatic weapons, as they have a higher chance of killing innocent victims in the crossfire. They love that kind of junk, just as long as the victim has family members who aren't afraid to weep on camera and provide their station with killer ratings and a new paranoid reason to never leave your home.
- **Selling Drugs to People Who Want Drugs.** The government frowns upon the sale of drugs, as they feel they should be the only ones to sell things which addicts and controls the entire population. This puts a small kink into the drug dealing business,

> but since the government can't even go a day without causing something they own to either blow up or get involved in a sex scandal, they're not incredibly effective.

I hope you enjoyed this in-depth look at gangs throughout the 1900's. If you didn't, take it up with your local gang union representative, who will lodge a formal complaint with my webmaster union representative. Make sure to include drugs with the deal.

Yes, Now STOP

Cliff Yablonski will update tomorrow. He's currently, uh, away from the computer. Stop emailing, uh, him.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.6 Mutant Mir Bacteria

Tuesday, Mar 06, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Welcome to Earth, Please Kill Us All

Well I never like to say "I told you so," but...

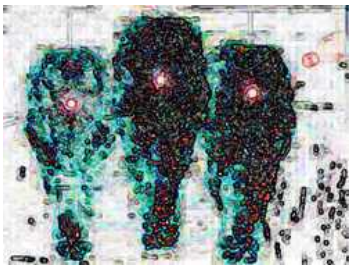
I TOLD YOU SO!!!

Feast your bloodshot eyes on this article, ripped straight from CNN.com:

> Mutant bacteria next threat from Mir? - *Forget the danger of heavy debris raining down from space when Russia sends the Mir space station to a watery grave this month -- the real threat could be mutant fungi, a researcher said Tuesday. Yuri Karash, an expert on the Russian space program, said there was a possibility microorganisms that have spent the last 15 years mutating in isolation aboard Mir, could present a threat if they survived the fall to Earth.*

Wow, doesn't this sound strangely familiar to a news post I wrote around four months ago warning you, the general public, of the imminent threat resulting from alien microbes of death? Of course it does! However, I would really feel guilty gloating over my stunningly accurate prediction of such a disastrous occurrence, as mankind will undoubtedly perish due to the incoming Mir germs of doom. Nah, screw that, I'm perfectly happy gloating.

I TOLD YOU SO!!!



All smug and self-centered feelings behind, I'd like to address the issue that Russian scientists raised after stealing content directly from my website. According to Yuri Karash, an expert on the Russian space program, some of the alien microbes inhabiting the Mir give off corrosive agents such as acetic acid and release toxins into the air, placing them into the same classification as Bud Light. So later this month, when yet another hunk of Russian garbage falls from the sky into the ocean, we'll have a new threat on our hands, the Mir Death Virus. I think we can pretty much assume that we're all going to experience slow, painful, agonizing deaths from this alien bacteria, so I'd like to share a short list of things you can do to prevent getting your flesh stripped off my the Mir Death Virus.

- Wear lots of green clothing. As shown in many popular cartoons and video games, people who are sick turn a rather grotesque shade of green. By donning various green outfits, you will be able to trick the Deadly Space Virus of Doom into thinking you're already sick, and they won't bother attempting to infect you. If you want to really be on the safe side, make casual comments to random people around you, such as, "boy, I've been feeling really crappy ever since I caught that horrible Mir Virus last week!" and "don't worry about giving me that terrible virus which vaporizes metal because I already have it!"
- Hire a full-time sanitizer who sprays Windex all over everything you might possibly touch or eat, thus killing all the deadly microbes. Window cleaner may taste "odd" at first, but you learn to live with the taste after a few months, assuming you don't die in the process. If you do end up dying, that's just one less thing to worry about.

- Don't walk around that much. The more you move and fidget around, the more germs that land on your skin and begin to infect you. If possible, wrap yourself in plastic wrap whenever moving somewhere, as germs are afraid of plastic and won't be able to eat through your flesh and turn you into a lump of skin pudding.
- Change your underwear at least 17 times a day. Germs like to breed in warm, moist areas, such as the crotchal area, and switching underwear about once every hour you're awake is the most efficient way to catch the germs offguard. Do not touch or handle the used underwear in any way; simply douse it with lighter fluid, drop a match, and run away shrieking like a schoolgirl. You can try "psyching out" the germs by staring intently at your current pair of underwear and warning, "you're next, you bastards," but they don't take very well to threats. Plus your boss will probably fire you if you're seen staring at your underwear all day.
- Since alcohol is known for killing germs, you should make drinking a high priority. Stock up on vodka, gin, Everclear, and anything else which has a warning from the surgeon general on the outside of it, helpfully advising that consumption could cause pregnant women to give birth to the spawn of Satan. Keep drinking until you start projectile vomiting, as puking is simply your body's way of expelling all the germs from inside it. The more vomit, the better.

I hope these tips help you fight off the inevitable plague of deadly space spores from hell. If they don't, well, prepare for the worst. While your frail body is being eaten alive by deadly Mir microbes from outer space, keep this in mind:

I TOLD YOU SO!!!

Cliff Cliff Cliff!

This just in: CLIFF YABLONSKI HATES ME!

> *From: cliff y.*
> *Subject: IM GOING TO BASH IN YOUR SKULL WITH A WRENCH*
>
> *WHY DIDNT YOU POST MY UPDATE ON MONDAY YOU WORTHLESS SHIT? JUST FOR THAT, IM UPPING YOUR DAILY ASSKICKING TO 6 TIMES THIS WEEKEND. YOUD BETTER POST IT TODAY OR YOURE GOING TO BE ANOTHER STIFF IN THE GODDAMN RIVER, PUBICHEAD.*
>
> *CLIFF*

That was very odd... I didn't even think Cliff knew how to operate the caps lock key. Oh well, be sure to check out the latest five pages of people Cliff hates (besides me).

Embrace Dick

The ROM Pit has been updated with a brand-spankin' new review of another horror, Nintendo's "Dick Tracy." Ugh.

> *Lookout Big Boy, Dick's on the job! I cruised the boulevards in my little patrol car with sirens running nonstop (to be extra inconspicuous), and found myself in an eerie wasteland seemingly devoid of life. Then, out of nowhere, my car was under attack by a barrage of tiny dots. Flashing madly with the damage, I sped towards the source in*

> *a gallant attempt to put a stop to it, only to find a tiny green man perched atop a roof with a sniper rifle. I soon found out that the entire town must have been replaced with similar alien beings, which were all hell-bent on destroying my beautiful ride. Tiny green blotches, which I assumed to be blobs of pixels, turned out to be tiny blobs of pixels that shot more pixels at me. What's worse is that they did so from all the rooftops of all the buildings!*

Honestly, what could you expect from Bandai, who made some of the worst trash for Nintendo? Read it and weep.

Taco On Tape

Taco the Wonderdog, SA's only hosted dog of the wonder variety, has created a whole bunch of new mp3s on his site. As far as I can tell, roughly 145% of them are simply some crazed lunatic screaming into a microphone while somebody breaks things in the foreground. Don't let me ruin the surprise for you though; see for yourself.

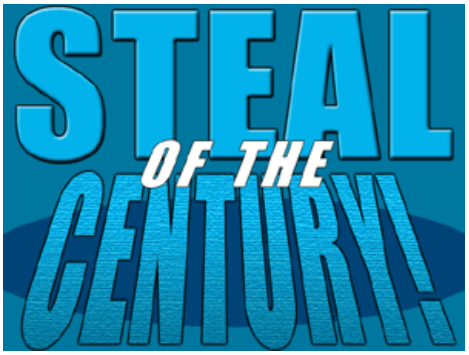
-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.7 Jeff K. Versus Jeff Bezos!

Thursday, Mar 08, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

STEAL Me, Baby

The eagerly-awaited "STEAL of the CENTURY Part 4" video has been uploaded! Huzzah! Grab it right here, folks:

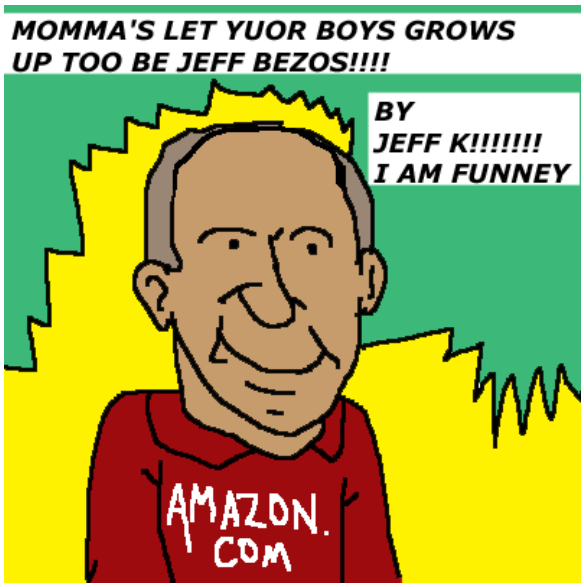


"STEAL of the CENTURY Part 4" - Windows Media Format (wmv) encoded (4.5 megs)
"STEAL of the CENTURY Part 4" - MPEG-1 (mpg) encoded (29 megs)

Download now or you'll never forgive yourself! If you do download it, please find a way to forgive me.

Jeff K. Is a MASTAR WRITTAR

The ever-proficient Jeff K., learning that Amazon.com CEO Jeff Bezos will be the topic of a children's book, has decided to make his very own Jeff Bezos book for kids. Here ya go, folks.



Read it and weep, fellers.

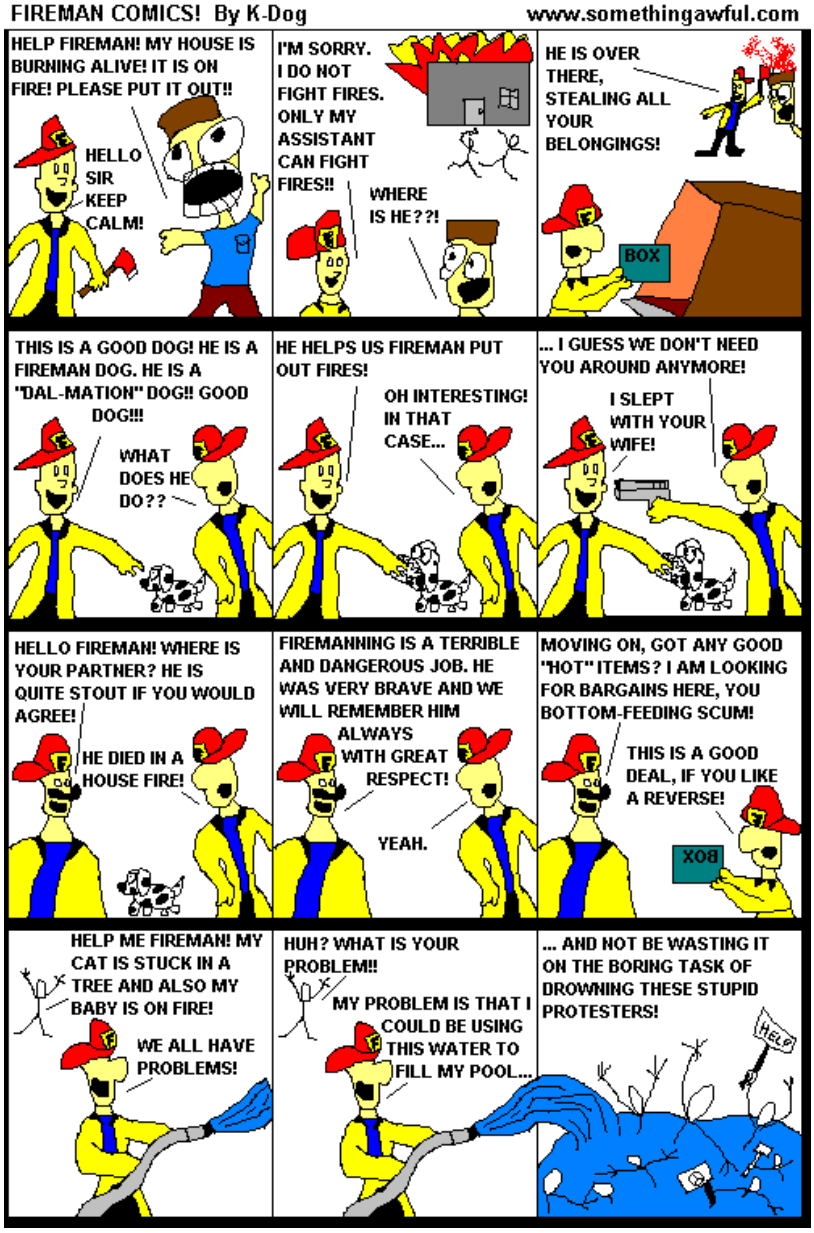
-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.8 The First Fireman Comic!

Friday, Mar 09, 2001 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

Fireman Comics!

Doh! Due to a variety of reasons, I didn't have enough time to come up with a "proper" update today... so instead, I thought I'd post a few Fireman Comics. I'm sure you remember reading Fireman Comics as a youth, or if you don't, I'm sure your parents do. Anyway, here's a fond look back at a gentler, more peaceful time. Enjoy!


FIREMAN COMICS! By K-Dog
www.somethingawful.com
HELP FIREMAN! MY HOUSE IS BURNING ALIVE! IT IS ON FIRE! PLEASE PUT IT OUT!!
HELLO SIR KEEP CALM!
I'M SORRY. I DO NOT FIGHT FIRES. ONLY MY ASSISTANT CAN FIGHT FIRES!!
WHERE IS HE??!
HE IS OVER THERE, STEALING ALL YOUR BELONGINGS!
BOX
THIS IS A GOOD DOG! HE IS A FIREMAN DOG. HE IS A "DAL-MATION" DOG!! GOOD DOG!!!
WHAT DOES HE DO??
HE HELPS US FIREMAN PUT OUT FIRES!
OH INTERESTING! IN THAT CASE...
... I GUESS WE DON'T NEED YOU AROUND ANYMORE!
I SLEPT WITH YOUR WIFE!
HELLO FIREMAN! WHERE IS YOUR PARTNER? HE IS QUITE STOUT IF YOU WOULD AGREE!
HE DIED IN A HOUSE FIRE!
FIREMANNING IS A TERRIBLE AND DANGEROUS JOB. HE WAS VERY BRAVE AND WE WILL REMEMBER HIM ALWAYS WITH GREAT RESPECT!
YEAH.
MOVING ON, GOT ANY GOOD "HOT" ITEMS? I AM LOOKING FOR BARGAINS HERE, YOU BOTTOM-FEEDING SCUM!
THIS IS A GOOD DEAL, IF YOU LIKE A REVERSE!
BOX
HELP ME FIREMAN! MY CAT IS STUCK IN A TREE AND ALSO MY BABY IS ON FIRE!
WE ALL HAVE PROBLEMS!
HUH? WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM!!
MY PROBLEM IS THAT I COULD BE USING THIS WATER TO FILL MY POOL...
... AND NOT BE WASTING IT ON THE BORING TASK OF DROWNING THESE STUPID PROTESTERS!
HELP

This is the kind of stuff that made me want to be a fireman when I was growing up... *sigh*.

Remember kids, stop, drop, and rock and roll!

-∼Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

3.9 Gore (The Game) Sucks!

Saturday, Mar 10, 2001 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

ICQ, I See You!

Recently, a little ruckus arose when the thought-to-be private ICQ logs of an Internet company CEO were stolen and posted online for all to see. This was certainly an embarrassing occurrence, and it got me to wondering about what would happen if my ICQ logs were posted for public viewing. Then I took a look at me and Lowtax's ICQ history and realized that it's just a inane collection of back and forth nerd banter that no one with a moderately sane deposition would ever want to slog through, let alone study thoroughly and share with others. Want an example? Check out this "fascinating" totally authentic, unedited excerpt of thrilling instant messaging excitement!

Keep in mind that this is only an hour of conversation. Multiply this by three years and you'll get an idea of the horror my ICQ history contains.

Gore Sucks

I normally hate to write updates about games, since writing about games was my job for a long time and like most of you, no doubt, I'm pretty disgusted with the current state of the industry and nearly every crappy, un-fun game that's shoveled out onto the shelves. But variety is the spice of life, so go suck a nostril you ill-flavored schoolmarm!

(from top to bottom) Gore allows you to shoot fat men who attack you with beer cans. Unfortunately, all the graphics in the game were done by the guy on our 404 Page. Al Gore is not pleased by any of this and wants another recount of something.

I don't know why, but today I downloaded and played the demo for 4D Rulers' upcoming FPS (First Person Shooter), *Gore*. I guess I kinda expected it to be moderately entertaining, partly because of its one syllable, vaguely ominous name. You know, following in the footsteps of *Doom*, *Quake*, *Blood*, *Prey*, and *Sin*. And since I'm a total moron, I got the name "4D Rulers" mixed up with "3D Realms" and thought *Gore* was made by the same people who made *Duke Nukem* and *Shadow Warrior*. Obviously I'm just kidding about that, since not even the most diehard brain-dead *Counter-Strike* player would ever confuse a glorified mod team pushing a crappy, four-year-late FPS with an established software developer who refuses to talk about their possibly amazing, four-year-late FPS starring Duke Nukem.

Surprise, surprise, after five minutes of mindless fragging and junky physics I was already bored out of my mind and completely underwhelmed. Yeah, I suppose being able to play as the "fat man" class and beat people to death with a beer can is a good idea, but tons of second-rate FPS's have nifty gimmicks like that. Things that are cool to do once or twice, but can't substitute for good old-fashioned gameplay, fun, uniqueness, and control. For example, in *Powerslave* you could push boxes around pusher/shover robot style, in *Kingpin* you could blow the limbs of dead bodies, in *Redneck Rampage* you could use your bowling ball weapon to actually bowl in an alley, and in *Unreal* you could experience multiplayer lag so powerful that it would rip open a time wormhole that made Milli Vanilli cool again and automatically downgraded your CPU to a 286 16MHZ.

So *Gore* will no doubt soon join the growing ranks of FPS yawn-fests, joining other forgettable failures like *Terminal Terror*, *Chasm*, *Corridor 7*, and *Seed*. Isn't it pathetic that I feel the need to show off my incredibly nerdy knowledge of videogames by

listing all these relatively obscure titles nobody has heard of? God, I am such a hopeless geek. I really am ashamed of myself.

Anyways, I guess I have to attempt to inject some "humor" into this little diatribe, to excuse its existence, so here it goes: If *Gore* had stuck to its original premise, it would have probably become the greatest game of all time. What was its original premise, you ask? Why, it was a licensed game, of course! That's right, 4D Rulers secured the right to make a FPS starring then **U.S. Vice President Al Gore**! Players would blast through seventeen pulse-pounding levels as the Vice President, saving America from terrorist threats and covering up Bill Clinton's naughty indiscretions. However, 4D Rulers found it impossible to emulate Al Gore's movements in a FPS environment, since the V.P. is made of wood, cannot jump, and only travels at 1 MPH. Plus, he's vehemently anti-gun and wanted to make a game about saving forests instead!

See, it's funny because *Gore* shares the same name with a politician. And politicians are inherently hilarious. I learned this from master comedian Jay Leno, who ends every other joke with "Bill Clinton," or "Dan Quayle." Basically, all he does is go out on stage and say "You know who is stupid?!? George Bush!" and follow it up with a "A guy walks into a whorehouse... and it was Bill Clinton!" joke. And look at him, he brings home millions of dollars for his cleverness and all I bring home a sore hip due to Lowtax kicking me for singing along to *Sonic 2* music in an off-key manner. So I might as well copy what works in a haphazard and amateurish manner, just like 4D Rulers!

-∼Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

3.10 More about Gore

Sunday, Mar 11, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

More Gore for Bigger Bore

I was originally planning on devoting today's update to expressing my colossal disappointment with the self-professed "game" *Gore*, but I noticed that Kevin kind of took care of that yesterday. This, by itself, should demonstrate just how horrible of a title *Gore* is, as we never seem to agree on the direction for updates on this site.

Screenshot from Gore. I stole these pictures from Shacknews, so to prevent anybody from doing the same and ripping it off from this site, I marked them with the SA logo. Try to take the images now, you rat bastard content theives!

> **ME:** "Hey Kevin, why don't you make fun of this news item on CNN.com? It's funny because some guy got his penis trapped in a funnel cake machine! Ha ha! Penis humor! That practically writes itself! This is comedy gold!"
>
> **KEVIN:** "Fuck off."
>
> **ME:** "Or how about this one? It's an article about genetic manipulation! You could infer that Jeff K. might haX0r the computer and corrupt peoples' DNA! Ha ha! Jeff K.! Hacking! Jeff K. never gets old! It's like the gift that keeps on giving! Jeff K., you so crazy! You go, girl!"
>
> **KEVIN:** "Screw you."
>
> **ME:** "Well whatever you write, it can't possibly be as terrible as that absolutely moronic update you did about how you are afraid your hand will murder you or whatever the hell that plane crash of a news article was about." *(shuddering)* "I get physically ill thinking about that horrible disaster of failure. How on Earth were you able to smash enough random keys in such an order that the most vile, reprehensible, moronic update ever known to mankind could be produced? It will take teams of governmental scientists decades to reverse engineer that news post and discover the secret formula that allowed you to cram 100% pure crap into a single chunk of vomit-inducing text. If Hitler could be digitally recreated in ASCII form, he would bear an uncanny resemblance to that news post about your hand."
>
> **KEVIN:** "Fuck you."
>
> **ME:** "You're not going to write about your hand again, are you?"
>
> **KEVIN:** "Screw off." *(begins to draw a picture which looks like two giant birds roller skating on top of Greg Kite's head)*

As you can plainly see, Kevin and I are clearly lacking in the communication department, unless you consider Kevin's liberal usage of words he heard on late night Cinemax as being conducive to a conversation. Now that I think about it, I'm fairly sure that Kevin hasn't ever completed a single sentence without employing filthy sailor language, causing Baby Jesus to weep a tear every

time Kevin opens his gaping maw of a mouth. Usually the profanities are drowned out by the rude noises emanating from the nonstop phlegm factory located somewhere in the bowels of his gut, so they're not as pronounced as they may seem by my description. However, the fact remains; National Starch and Chemical Company is a leading manufacturer of adhesives, specialty synthetic polymers, electronic & engineering materials and specialty food and industrial starches. Actually that's not the original fact I wanted to bring up but that's okay because I was deviating from the main topic of this news post anyway: *Gore* is a horrible game.

It's hard to find a single topic that Kevin and I see eye-to-eye on, mainly because his glasses weigh roughly 60 pounds and reflect enough light to burn fist-sized holes through my forehead. Oddly enough, we both instantly agreed that *Gore* was one of the most terrible games we've played in years. Yes, even worse than *Daikatana*. That's like seeing a sign outside Hell reading, "Closed for repairs - expect a new, improved, more painful Hell in 2001!" You never thought it could be humanly possible to redefine the term "worst," but hey, here it is sitting right in front of your face and looking like a sloppy gangbang inside Barney's Playpen. Why do I think *Gore* is a complete and total flop? Oh, let me count the ways:

1) Level design looks terrible. The multiplayer maps range from "hollowed-out blocks in the ghetto" to "hollowed-out blocks in a slightly non-ghetto location." It's as if *Tetris* vomited up its last meal all over a dirt floor and said, "hey fellahs, why don't you shoot at each other inside me!" The mapmakers then chose to add offensive colored lighting in random rooms, as unnecessary colored lighting is a way to tell the world, "hey, I have unnecessary colored lighting in my game." This leads me to the next point...

2) The game engine should be dragged to the greenest pasture and shot from a cannon into another cannon hundreds of yards away. Then that cannon should shoot the game engine back into the first cannon, which then should be set on fire and tossed into a smelting pit so the souls of the damned that are trapped inside this game can escape. I'm sorry, but no matter how creative and ingenious your design team claims to be, you just can't make a good product from a game engine that was discovered by searching Download.com for "FREE + GAME + ENGINE + K3WL." Take one part *Quake 1* engine, one part *Solitaire* engine, and one very large part whiskey and what do you have? Beats me, but it probably looks better than the mess of jaggies and putrid polygons in *Gore*.

3) The weapons do more damage to the mental health of the player than any other opponents. I was tearing my hair out while suffering through this multiplayer demo, as I couldn't tell what gun did what and if any single item I picked up was doing damage to anybody. As far as I can tell, the weapons in *Gore* consist of the following:

- Small gun which might do damage. Or might not. I don't know.
- Larger gun which shoots bullets. Maybe.
- Much larger gun which, when pressing the "fire" button, depletes your ammunition supply much quicker than the previous two guns. I assume the bullets are shot out, but I have no way to back up this claim.
- Gun that shoots flat yellow polygons. Let's face it; nobody but Xatrix / Grey Matter can do a flamethrower well, so just give it up already.
- Gun that shoots an item which causes flat yellow polygons to appear upon coming into contact with something.
- The green gun. Emits something that is green. Yeah, that's what first person shooters need! **MORE GREEN!!!**

4) Speaking of the flat yellow polygons, I cannot think of one rational reason explaining why a game with such pathetic explosions is not illegal in at least 40 states. For God's

> sake, take a lesson from Big John Carmack and USE SPRITES ON EXPLOSIONS! Nothing looks worse than a fire which appears to be a transparent pyramid tagged by graffiti vandals. Well okay, maybe something looks worse than that; how about a transparent pyramid tagged by graffiti vandals on the inside of a large square room filled with rejected pieces from Tetris' bowels? Oh yeah, and a fat guy with a beer can too, because God knows, having the top of a beer can obstruct the player's view is about the most wonderful idea ever, second only to filling the Apollo 1 with pure oxygen.

So I didn't enjoy the multiplayer demo of *Gore*. Although somebody might claim this demo isn't representative of the full game, I can't help but really not care about the full version of the game. You can pretty much guarantee that any review of *Gore's* full version will result in nonstop bitching, whining, and cussing, so let's just hope somebody rapes me, kills me, and spits on my body before this game comes out. After all, if Kevin and I both see eye-to-eye on something, you can safely assume one thing: he cleaned away all that eye-junk that builds up all day on his face.

Cliff Doesn't Like You... BIG Surprise

It's Monday, so you know what that means... FRESH PANTIES ALL AROUND! No wait, that's Tuesday. Monday means Cliff Yablonski hates a brand new batch of people. Let's take a look at Cliff's newest message to me:

> *From: cliff yablonski*
> *Subject: (no subject)*

Wow! A man of few words indeed! Anyway, Cliff's got five new pages of people he really doesn't like. Head on over there and gaze upon the newest group of mutants.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.11 Art Bell and the Antichrist

Wednesday, Mar 14, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

The Shit's Hit the Fan

Although I am painfully ashamed to admit it, I must reveal that I'm a big fat optimist. I go through life thinking that I can resolve all problems and obstacles that lie in my path, as I don't enjoy assuming things will turn out like crap and end up riding me from behind. When life gives me lemons, I take the lemons and eat them because hey, lemons are kind of good. Life is far too short to have a permanent negative outlook, which explains the nature of this site -- we take crappy things and turn them into something entertaining. This also probably explains why I continually join up with hosting networks that don't pay me; a glimmer of eternal hope rests in the back of my brain, constantly saying, "hey Rich, maybe, just maybe, these people will pay you the money they promised you." I'd also like to point out the fact that I sometimes confuse the term "optimism" with "stupidity," but I should probably save that for another article.

Despite my firm root in optimism, I recently stumbled across an article which nearly shattered my entire foundation in reality. A news article so bleak and hopeless that my optimism began to shrink and shrivel away like a withering flower. I am of course referring to the fact that the Earth is officially screwed eight ways from Sunday.

> THE KEATING PERSPECTIVE - *Okay. So the word is out about the Antichrist. His true identity has been revealed. For those of you who may have missed the Monday or Friday Sightings shows, let me fill you in on it. Benjamin Crème is promoting his savior, Maitreya, as god incarnate. Once again, for the record, this guy, according to 500 visionaries, is THE guy. There is also another guy in New Mexico who appears to be vying for the same infamous title. This may add to some confusion, but I think there is a reason we are seeing two world teachers. It is true that there will be many smaller Antichrists, some significant players, especially world leaders, who will qualify as Antichrists. However, in the final analysis, only one "man" will be the ultimate Antichrist.*

Once again, the "real" news only comes out on Art Bell.com, the only site dedicated to revealing the truth behind our world, assuming there's a blurry picture of a flying hubcap attached to the piece. This alarming report is one of the most shocking and horrifying things I've ever read, apart from those hilarious ICQ logs floating around the Internet. I don't even know where to begin with this piece, so I'll take it step by step like in the song from the hit TV show "Step By Step," which goes "Step by step, something something something something, step by step, blah blah blah Patrick Duffy."

So the good news is that "Maitreya" is God Himself and is back on Earth again, hopefully to avenge the death of his kid a couple thousand years ago. He is obviously God because 500 "visionaries" claim he's "THE" guy. Now I'm not exactly sure what college courses one must take to become a "visionary," but I can only assume they're pretty high level shit like "Model-Based and Qualitative Reasoning Methodologies" and stuff. To throw a monkeywrench into the equation, some guy in New Mexico is also claiming to be God, so I suppose we'll see who's the true Lord in GodCon 2001. Meanwhile, a truckload of tiny Antichrists are running around and leading the world, all vying for the title of "The Ultimate Antichrist," which will undoubtedly be a pay-per-view event later this year.

> *According to Crème, Turban Head is the savior, the Christ. So how does the guy in New Mexico fit into the equation? I think Turban Head will proclaim Emmanuel, his*

counterpart in New Mexico, to be the actual AC. It's the perfect set-up. In fact, we might even see Turban Head, the World Teacher, take this magical wonder out of the game. The reason for this may be quite simple and a great idea, from Turban Head's perspective. By removing the other world teacher, Turban Head can declare that he has rid the world of the dreaded Antichrist. Therefore, we will have nothing to fear, and certainly, we shouldn't fear our powerful savior. That is akin to blowing the "all clear" signal just before the F5 tornado hits.

I don't know who "Turban Head" is, but with a name like that, I'd easily vote for him as my savior. His name just sounds so futuristic and cool that I imagine he'll provide the world with bubblecars and laser guns and chewing gum that lets you teleport. Vote Turban Head for Christ in 2001! His campaign promises include killing his rival in New Mexico, which only sweetens the deal! Once Turban Head knocks off his opponent and declares him to be the Antichrist, the world will be happy because that means everybody can sin all they want and they won't go to hell. "Sin All You Want and You Won't Go to Hell" will be Turban Head's slogan. He'll also promise to save Medicare and export all the illegal Mexicans. "Sin All You Want and Feel Free to Beat Up on Them Mexicans" might be a good slogan as well, as long as he doesn't plan on getting the Latino vote.

"Turban Head 10 Dollars." Apparently we're supposed to worship it.

According to visionaries, we will soon see a monetary crash that will involve the entire world. Even some market analysts fear we are headed for a big financial decline. Turban Head has predicted a monetary collapse for some time. This collapse has to happen to put the ball into play for all end-time events.

I did a search for "Extreme Terrorism" and this picture came up as a result. And you thought regular terrorism was bad!

That certainly is a shocking revelation, as most people assumed the economy would keep going higher and higher until the most poorest person in the world can afford only **TWO** Porsches. Of course Turban Head has already predicted this along with the Big 10 finalists. Way to go, Big T!

Along with the catastrophic collapse, we will see extreme terrorism in the US. Already, Russia and China have formed an unholy alliance against us. Their saber rattling should be given considerable attention. Obviously, the administration in Washington has made plans for the inevitable strike against the US. FEMA and various supporting agencies have geared up to handle the attack. It is only a matter of time.

I personally can't wait for that. I mean, "Extreme Terrorism" sounds so cool, like all those "Extreme" sports on ESPN-28 around 5:30 am. I can picture the day when thousands of Russians flood into our country with bombs strapped to their backs, riding on skateboards and juggling flaming clubs while listening to grunge rock and roll. Awesome! Tubular! Groadie to the max!

Then, of course, some visionaries have mentioned that a comet strike is due sometime between September and December. Supposedly, this strike will be the result of an impact

> *on Mars and its moon. Allegedly, this will create a form of energy that will be propelled to Earth. In short, this could manifest itself into tornadoes, hurricanes and electrical storms.*

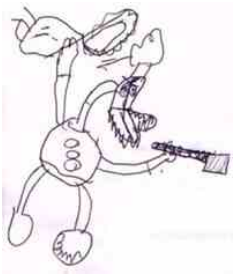
Hopefully the comets will start hitting us when the "Extreme Terrorism" occurs, as that could lead to some highly comical events.

> **BORIS THE TERRORIST:** "Ve shall deestroy ze Sears Tower weeth zees plasteeck exploseeves I hide in my Roosian Meeleetary Stealth Wheelbarrow!"
> *(Sears Tower is hit by comet and blows up)*
> **BORIS THE TERRORIST:** "HOORAY!!!"

In addition to the comet and Russian attacks, America will also experience really nasty wearther that will delay traffic even more on the I-405. As far as I can tell, this has been the only major negative consequence regarding the end of the world.

> *My sources indicate that we will indeed see cosmic dust and debris along with larger rocks. These rocks will light up the skies on their entry into our atmosphere and some may survive, hitting the Earth. As yet, these sources do not think we will see a serious "impact" this year. That is not to say, however, that a significant impact will not happen. Prophecy has been quite clear that we are scheduled for two major impacts. Certainly, when the comets do strike the Earth, we will be thrown into a devastating time with severe weather changes and crop failures in addition to the tidal waves and destruction of cities.*

Yeah, okay, more rocks will hit the Earth, big deal. Thanks to the various "apocalyptic films" shown in the past few years, the media has successfully desensitized me to the event of comets blowing up the Earth. Thanks a lot, pop culture. According to the article, corn and other crops will suddenly "fail" when the comets start bashing into us, meaning the corn will stop tasting like corn and will vaguely resemble peas or carrots or something that ISN'T corn. In addition, many popular cities will fall prey to tidal waves, resulting in a booming carpet cleaning industry.



I think we all know who the TRUE Antichrist is: Donald Duck.

> *If you add these and other factors together, we can see that we are headed for chaotic times. Bring the UFO invasion into this equation and you have mass confusion and fear that will underscore the demand for a leader of consequence and power. That leader is the Antichrist.*

Woooah, wait just a minute there, Doctor Doom. Where the hell did this "UFO invasion" come from? I've been waiting for a goddamn UFO invasion for, what, weeks now, and I want more details on this event! The author of this article just casually mentions the inevitable UFO invasion like it's about as important as their last oil change, which leads me to believe the invasion won't be that spectacular. Besides, how the hell are the UFOs supposed to take over when we've got chunks of rock flying through the air, Russians and Chinese blowing up Dairy Queens, and tidal waves / electrical storms making corn turn into carrots? The UFOs have a real tough act to follow, and I don't envy their job at all. They'll probably start invading, realize what a mess this planet is, and leave to conquer somewhere more hospitable and pleasant, like the sun.

> *It is quite likely that we will see the culmination of prophecy by the year 2005. That doesn't leave us much time to get our priorities straight and prepare for what lies ahead. We've been given this extra bit of time to get our houses in order, both physically and spiritually. Many events will unfold, one right after the other, that are designed to keep us off guard and send us into the waiting hands of the Antichrist.*

I'm sorry, but I don't think there's all that much we can do to prepare ourselves for all this mess. I would think that defending ourselves from Russians and Chinese would be hard enough, but then you throw in all those other catastrophes and place a four-year deadline on it? Not a chance in hell, crazy lady. Just tell me where to hide from the UFOs and I'll be fine.

> *Yet these things can be held off as indicated in prophecies from a French nun, Sister Marianne. "As long as public prayers are said, nothing will happen."*

Oh good, praying for Russians, comets, storms, corn, Satan, UFOs, and Turban Head will prevent the world from turning into a gigantic pulsating lump of pure chaos. That's encouraging to know. However, the main problem with this is that I don't know of any churches which specialize in these issues. Coordinating large amounts of organized religious groups to pray for all those topics will be fairly difficult, unless there are impressive amounts of cash donations involved.

> *Perhaps this is why the Antichrist will close all churches when he takes over. Church attendance is indeed down all over the world, which is in its way, adding to the materialization of the Antichrist. "Towards the end of the world, tyrants and hostile mobs will rob the Church and the clergy of all of their possessions and will afflict and martyr them," prophesied by St. John, of the Cleft Rock.*

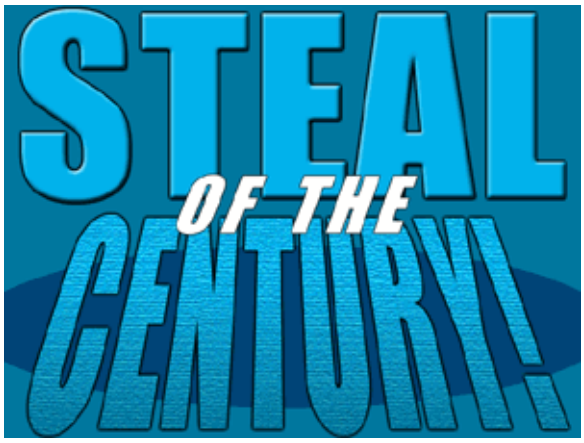
Well duh. It goes against the Antichrist's business policies to leave churches open. They might pray for comets to not hit us and then his plan to rule the world will just be screwed. While he's at it, I hope he closes all those "Old Navy" stores too because I just really don't like that place at all.

> *No matter who the Antichrist is, the day is coming when we have to declare for him or for God. Starving people tend to make hasty decisions, especially if getting fed is linked with pledging allegiance to the dark side. So, put aside food now, store water and medicines and be prepared for a whole new ballgame. The Antichrist's Day of Declaration approaches as well as the days of unimaginable horrors.*

If Ol' Scratch has this much power, you can be damn sure that I'll be on his side when the world starts blowing up. I mean, why should I side with God if all he does is sit on his thumbs when the Saucer People sweep down and start zapping us with ray guns? I want to be on the winning side and that side is obviously Satan's team. Go Devil! As for the "storing medicine" issue, sure I'll store medicines and such, but that's just because I enjoy taking drugs. I imagine they'll be really cool to take when asteroids are flying through the sky and blowing crap up. The UFO people might actually look attractive to me if I'm doped up enough.

So that's the chilling look at the future. I still harvest a small shred of optimism for the fate of the Earth, but now that I know there's an impending UFO invasion... boy, maybe I should become a pessimist.

■STEAL of the CENTURY, Part 5!!!



Awww yeah, it's finally here: "STEAL of the CENTURY Part 5"! Joe P. and Nick Q. are out to give you, the consumer, FANTASTIC SAVINGS! Get ready for the deal of a LIFETIME!

Download STEAL of the CENTURY Part 5 - Windows Media Format (11.7 megs)

Get ready for one of the best deals ever, as Joe P. and Nick Q. toss out deals that you could die for... and probably will. Download now! NOTE: If the default "streaming" method of downloading screws up, as it undoubtedly will, click the "CLICK HERE" link on the bottom of the download page, and select "save to disk."

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.12 Cliff Yablonski Hates The Legal System

Thursday, Mar 15, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Some crazy-ass shit

OK meatbags, Richard asked me to update his dumbass geek web site today since he slipped and got hit in the head by an empty Jack Daniels bottle I threw at him when he came to my door yesterday at 3pm. I wasn't drunk, its just that the damn street light outside my house never works and I couldn't see for shit what was going on outside, and that thing keeps me up all goddamn night. The power company won't turn the fucker off, and so I got light shining in at all godawful hours of the night and I can't sleep worth shit. I'm not some obese computer slob so I don't know what the fuck I'm supposed to be doing with this update, so don't blame me if you jerkwads don't like it because I've got better things to do. AND STOP FUCKING SENDING ME E MAIL all the time cause I don't give a shit and yes, you're friend's very fucking ugly but I won't put him on my page because I don't want to get some rare disease by posting the picture.

Fatmouthed Broads and the Fucked up Legal System in America Today

I've been reading the news on this inter-net this week because my radio broke after I threw it at Jake Stein's fat bitch of a daughter who won't stop dropping church leaflets on my porch. I'm boycotting the church until they let me take my whisky in for medicinal purposes. You can forget Christian charity in West Appleton, those fuckers expect me to sit in their frozen shit-tip for an hour while my war wound in my ankle is killing me. I met the Pope back in '61 and he tried to grab my girlfriend's ass. You can't trust those gays.

Anyway this shit shows you what a goddamn screwup the legal system is in today. Get this:

> *MIAMI (AP) -- Mayor Joe Carollo's wife told police he hit her in the head with a canister last month after an argument in which she tried to explain how to make tea.*
>
> *The Miami Police Department on Wednesday, in response to a judge's order, released the transcript of Maria Ledon Carollo's statement to police and photos taken of her after the incident.*
>
> *The mayor is charged with misdemeanor simple battery, which is punishable by a maximum one-year term in county jail, for allegedly throwing a cardboard tea canister at his wife and causing a lump on her head. As a first time offender, he would likely receive a lighter punishment if convicted.*

I mean what the fuck? What sort of country are we living in where a man can't even throw a fucking cardboard box at his wife without cops jumping all over his ass? Huh? Christ, I know for a fact that Police Chief Atkins swings at his wife with a 5 iron when she gets catty with him. Although I really doubt it makes much impression on the "7th-generation F.L.A.B. armour" her vast blob-like body is protected by.

BUT WAIT THERE'S MORE:

> *Mrs. Carollo, who filed for divorce in November, told police she and the mayor began arguing in the kitchen the morning of Feb. 7, according to the transcript. The mayor asked her how to make tea, and she told him to fill a pot with water and let it boil. He*

asked again if he was supposed to fill the pot with water.

"No, point your finger and water will appear," Mrs. Carollo recalled saying.

Yeah, real funny you smartass harlot. If my wife had ever tried to pull that shit with me I'd probably have smashed every plate in the kitchen over her ugly head. And then made her clean up the mess. I mean Jesus, when was the last time you heard of serious injury caused by a cardboard box of tea being thrown at someone? Dumb cow should have thanked her weasel politician husband for shutting her up before she made herself look even more stupid. I hope they both kill each other by stuffing wads of teabags into their windpipes. If I had any energy, I'd drive down there and do it for them, but my bum ankle is acting up and I want to watch USA Up All Night tonight because it's "Bimbo Beachhouse" or some shit like that with big fucking boobs.

Title goes here what the fuck

I also wrote an article to help you clowns out because god knows you need all the help you can get. Although why I bother providing it I don't know. maybe I was drunk. Its an article about stress relief and I deliberately made sure it was written in simple terms even clueless cretins like yourselves can understand. Go read it now and maybe I won't shove lit fireworks into your grandmother's private area.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.13 DVD Commentary Commentary

Friday, Mar 16, 2001 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

I'm Fired!

Since nobody complained last week and I'm still a lazy bum, here are a few more of those old-time chuckle-filled *Fireman Comics*. Before television, comics were the third most popular form of entertainment, next to burning witches and lynching former slaves. So let's take a merry trip down funnybook memory lane, shall we?

FIREMAN COMICS! By K-Dog
www.somethingawful.com
I CANNOT BELIEVE THIS! HOW DARE YOU ENGAGE IN SEXUAL ACTIVITY WITH MY UNDERAGE DAUGHTER! WHATEVER HAPPENED TO YOUR MOTTO "TO SERVE AND PROTECT!"
NOW WAIT JUST A MINUTE!!
FIRST OF ALL I WOULD NEVER TOUCH YOUR DAUGHTER SINCE SHE IS A CHUB. SECONDLY, "TO SERVE AND PROTECT" IS THE POLICE MOTTO! THE FIREMAN MOTTO IS "BURNS HURT SO DO NOT HELP!"
YOU ARE A BAD MAN, FIREMAN!
CAN YOU BELIEVE THE NERVE OF THAT GUY? CALLING ME A BAD MAN? I'LL BURN HIS HOUSE DOWN!
WAIT A SEC, WAS THAT MY DAD?! OH NO!
SHUT UP AND KEEP SUCKING THE HOSE!
WHY HEY THERE KIDS! ENJOYING THE RED HOT FIRE AND MARSHMELLOWS?
YES SIR MR. FIREMAN!
YOU TWO MADE A GRAVE MISTAKE AND WILL DIE BECAUSE YOU DID NOT FOLLOW SAFETY RULES!
WHAT? NO! WE ARE SAFE!!!
SAFE FROM THE FIRE? YES! BUT NOT FROM THE TREE I JUST CUT DOWN! ALWAYS WEAR A FIREMAN HAT!!!!
HELLO FIREMAN! WHERE DID YOU GET THAT LARGE AMOUNT OF CASH YOU ARE HOLDING?!!?
BACK OFF OLD TIMER! THIS IS ALL MINE!!!
FOR YOUR INFORMATION I GOT THIS MONEY THROUGH THE HONEST TRANSACTION OF SELLING OUR FIRETRUCK!
GASP! YOU SOLD BESSIE? SHE WAS MY FAVORITE ONE! AND OUR LAST!
AND YOU ARE NEXT ON THE AUCTION BLOCK, OLD MAN! I NEED TO UPGRADE MY DVD PLAYER! YOU WILL MAKE A GOOD SLAVE!
LET ME PACK MY THINGS!
YOU HAVE GOT TO HELP ME FIREMAN! I HAVE BEEN SENT A PACKAGE BOMB AND YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS HOW TO DEFUSE THEM!
SORRY SONIC! TODAY IS OPPOSITE DAY!
BUT IF YOU DO NOT DEFUSE IT THEN ALL THE FOREST CREATURES AND I WILL DIE! OH WAIT, I SEE! IF TODAY IS OPPOSITE DAY, THEN THERE IS NO BOMB AND I DO NOT NEED YOUR HELP!
IN THAT CASE, HELP IS ON THE WAY!
IT IS OPPOSITE DAY!

Oh those wacky firemen! How inspiring!

Commentary Commentary

Now that the Internet isn't as cool anymore, I'm pretty big into DVD's and movies. Hooray for pre-recorded digital video with supplementary features! Unfortunately, I'm kind of a sucker for cool and / or cheap DVD's. It doesn't matter if the movie sucks or not, I'll buy it if it's **a)** $5 to $10 or **b)** a 2-disc set in cool hologram packaging loaded with extras. I'm such a sap. In the future, everything will have holograms!

Any fan of DVD knows that the quality of supplemental features varies widely. Some DVD's try to pass off trailers, production notes, cast and crew bios, and - lamest of all - recommendations for other films off as extras. Fools! These are completely worthless trivialities that add little or nothing to the enjoyment (or lack thereof) of the film. Commentary tracks, on the other hand, can offer a lot of insight into the production of the film by the people who helped make them, and be entertaining and amusing to listen to, too. In theory, at least.

In reality, the quality of these tracks varies widely. Here are a few examples of the types of commentary tracks I've encountered.

- **The Sorry Loner** - The socially challenged director of a sub-par film awkwardly tries to explain or justify his failed masterpiece by pointing out flashes of adequacy and offering lame excuses for the flick's lesser qualities. These tracks are usually filled with minutes of awkward silence, as the director looks on in horror, tries to pick something from his nose, or dozes off. A variation of this is the "Ben Stein" commentary, where a guy with a boring monotone drones on and on until you either pass out or turn it off. Yet another variation on this is the lone foreign director who babbles on and on in a wacky accent no one but a 7-11 clerk or a cab driver could possibly understand.

DVD's kick ass, even despite the presence of Carrot Top movies.

- **Redundant Retard** - The director or actor fills the majority of the commentary track by merely repeating what's happening in the movie. Actors are especially guilty of this. In nearly every commentary track with actors, you'll hear an exchange like this:

> ***Director:*** *What can you tell us about this scene, Actor?*
> ***Actor:*** *Hey, I remember this! In this scene, I find out that in my previous life I hid the body in the river and not in the garage, and that explains why the hallway was burning down earlier. Now, I'm talking to the bartender. There I go, out the door! That was neat.*
> ***Director:*** *Wow, thanks!*

- **Useless Trivializers** - Overly enthusiastic directors who didn't have any actual involvement in the writing of the script or the story usually do these types of commentary tracks. They spend the duration of the movie pointing out stupid stuff only they could possibly care about, usually things that don't even have anything to do with the plot of the movie itself. For example, they'll point out that they filmed this scene in their childhood friend's backyard, and their Uncle's mechanic can be seen in the background trying to open a beer, their good friend Artie who they met playing basketball in 1984 during the writer's strike plays a bit role as the Janitor, and they had trouble filming one scene with 24mm lenses because it rained the previous day it caused the zombies to be backlit too much. These people also like to point out other movies they've ripped shots or dialogue from.

- **Table Tracks** - Table Tracks are tracks that consist of at least three people sitting around a

table commentating on the film simultaneously. These are often the best kind of commentaries - if they're done right -since everybody has something unique to add, there are less awkward pauses, and there's usually at least a funny moment or two when somebody gets dissed or embarrassed. But these kinds of tracks only work if the group of people participating in it are friends. If they're not, then the following unentertaining scenarios unfold:

1) Everyone is afraid to speak, awkward silence abounds.
2) One jackass spends the entire time babbling away, never letting anyone else even introduce themselves.
3) The entire track reeks of bitterness and snide backhanded insults. Stuff like "Oh, Linda, you look great in that dress! Too bad you're too fat and old to wear something like that now!"
4) Everyone is drunk and the entire commentary consists of lame jokes and uncomfortable attempts to be witty, with the results being three times as worse as the worst episode of *Mystery Science Theater 3000.*
5) Everybody tries to talk at the same time or over one another, so you can't understand a damn thing.
6) One guy with an incredibly annoying laugh laughs everytime anybody says "the".
7) An argument breaks out and gunfire erupts, killing at least thirteen lackeys. This usually only happens in movies which involve rap stars, such as the summer blockbuster *Damn, You So Crazy!* Whoever was responsible for the gunfire hires Johnny Cochran and gets acquitted without much hassle.

So there you have it, an expert's guide to commentary tracks or some junk. Maybe some day I'll have the good fortune of recording my own commentary track with Lowtax or something. It wouldn't even have to be a commentary track to a movie we made, I'd be happy with doing a commentary track to a movie the director was too ashamed or too dead to say anything about. Then we could just make up false stories about how the lead actor absolutely had to rub his inner thigh with imported dog hair before each take. It'd be great!

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

3.14 Being a Better Nerd

Saturday, Mar 17, 2001 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

If you use the Internet more than eight hours a day there's a good possibility you're a nerd, geek, dork, dweeb, bookworm, or four-eyed freakazoid. I know I am! But no matter how socially inept you think you are, there's always room for further decline. To help you out, here are a few easy tips for bringing out your inner loser:

- **Don't Talk** - Help avoid social embarrassment by simply refusing to make "small-talk" conversation with people. And don't answer the phone, either. This way, people think you're an egotistical bastard who is simply "too good" to stoop to the level of chatting it up with the common folk, and not a pathetic wuss who breaks out in a cold sweat at the McDonald's drive-thru window for fear of ordering wrong and causing the entire McD's staff to abandon their posts, run outside, and laugh heartily at the guy who just tried to order a "hamburgualalar*snort*humm." If you need to request assistance for your possibly shattered spinal cord, take the pen out of your pocket protector, tear a sheet of paper from your Pokemon notebook, write a note, and place it on your acne-ridden forehead.

- **Run Away** - If confronted with a social situation which forces you to have to engage in conversation or otherwise interact with someone you are uncomfortable around simply pin your arms to your side and trot away briskly. This works especially well with members of the opposite gender, since it makes them intensely hot for you. It's called "playing hard to get." If you're really good at this, you'll be so hard to get that you'll never get any at all.

Remember this, fellow nerds: wearing bags on your heads allows others to pull the strings of your heart and make you look swell!

- **Order Everything Online** - Why go outside and risk tripping over something with your Velcro-plastered sneakers when you can stay inside, completely safe, and order all of your needs through the Internet? Groceries, DVD's, spouses, toilet paper, Star Trek posters, and more can all be ordered online. No need to leave the house and risk being mugged or beat up by 10-year-old bullies! Also do all your banking and bill paying online, to avoid possibly fatal trips to the bank or the corner mailbox. Remember, the outside world is full of diseases and criminals!

- **Spout Outdated Catch Phrases** -Be sure to populate your speech and electronic message exchanges with outdated catch phrases and nerdy movie references. Here's an example of an ideal ICQ conversation:

> ***NormalPerson:*** *Hey man, what's up? Why don't you answer your phone anymore?*
> ***Nerd:*** *WHAZZZZZZZUP! Powered... by... steam! FIRE THE LASER!*
> ***NormalPerson:*** *Huh?*
> ***Nerd:*** *Yeah baby! Whoomp there it is! Make it so!*
> ***NormalPerson:*** *Dude, what's with you? You've become a complete tool dude man.*
> ***Nerd:*** *Oh my god you killed Kenny! Luke, I am your father! Where's the beef?*
> ***NormalPerson:*** *I give up. You're hopeless.*

- **Avoid Your Friends** - If you somehow managed to accumulate a group of like-minded individuals who don't mind your company, ditch them. A true nerd's only friends are made in a Malaysian electronics factory. If you're having trouble getting them to leave you alone, be sure not to bathe.

And start wearing huge, gun-concealing trenchcoats.

- **Eat Cheese, Drink Mountain Dew** - By avoiding all sources of food outside of Cheese and Mountain Dew, you can help build that emancipated, sickly body you've always dreamed of. Plus, if you drink enough Dew you'll be able to avoid sleeping and be able to spend more time soldering electronics and constructioning robotic pets to keep your lonely ass company. And if Urkel ever comes by and asks if you "GOT ANY CHEEEESE???" you'll be able to throw a hunk of Cheddar at him and show off your brand new gigawatt transistagrapher or whatever.

Follow all these tips to the letter and soon you'll be so alienated and outcast that not even the Chess team will want to associate with your socially retarded ass. Radical, dude!

Mystery!

Is there really a Loch Ness Monster? I don't think so. But I've been wrong before. So maybe there is a Loch Ness Monster. I've never even been to Loch Ness! I should really visit there before I form a conclusive opinion. But that would cost a lot of money so I don't think I'll bother. I couldn't afford the plane tickets and I can't speak Scottish... I'd probably get killed. But I can swim so I probably wouldn't drown, I'm talking about bandit murder of tourists which I think is pretty common since all Europeans think Americans are ugly. So I don't know if there is a Loch Ness Monster and I refuse to go see for myself. Unless you pay all my expenses and pay me a large stipend, in which case I'd consider it. But I couldn't leave for too long because I have mad props to receive and peeps and an ICQ posse. So I don't think there is a Loch Ness Monster but I reserve my right to change my opinion on this subject later.

A proud man rides away on the back of the monster, but did a floating friend assist him? The answer is probably in the affirmative.

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

3.15 Mir Disaster Scenarios

Sunday, Mar 18, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Get Ready For Gene-Mutating Good Times!

I hope everybody out there has prepared for the big event today. Yup, the day of reckoning, the fall of mankind, the destruction of all civilization as we know it. I pray you bought enough chips and dip.

> Mir: 8-miles from burn-up - *The Mir space station, having slowly descended to the Earth's outer atmosphere, is just eight-miles from burning up. The aging space station had glided down to about 143-miles above the Earth's surface on Sunday, Russian news reports said. Russia space controllers are allowing Mir to descend gradually in preparation for an operation later this week to dump the 15-year-old, and increasingly accident prone, station in the Pacific Ocean.*

As reported in a previous news update, one which I'm far too lazy to look up and find the exact date for, the Mir is crashing and burning faster than Robert Downey Jr. in a... ah, screw it. You don't really even need a punchline anymore for Robert Downey Jr. jokes. Just mention his name and hey, that's the joke. It's funny because he's a crackhead! Ha ha!

The Mir Space Station. Not drawn to scale.

So the Mir is headed towards Earth, 130 tons of burning metal and computer components which will probably be just as functional shattered into 400 million pieces on Earth as they were originally in space. Although the media is making a big stink about how unpredictable the forced landing of the Mir is and how you could be crushed to death by it while you're getting raped by gang members who are convincing your children to start a heroin habit while cheating in school and running off with sexual predators they met in illegal Pokemon eBay auctions, this is not the real danger. The big problem is that we will soon have to deal with the Martian Space Organisms which have hitched a ride back with Mir, ready to infect the human population and turn us into even bigger drooling zombies than we currently are.

A "zombie ninja," one of the lesser known types of zombies.

Now I'll be the first to admit that I have no medical background history. In fact, the only time I've ever been exposed to medical science was when I turned on the TV and caught the first 10 minutes of an "ER" episode, the one where some inner city child was being treated for gunshot injuries. Actually, by Congressional mandate, EVERY episode of "ER" has to now feature a cute inner city child who was shot up in a gang crossfire. This wouldn't nearly happen as much if kids played more violent video games, as "murder simulator" first person shooters teach essential skills such as side stepping, strafing, crouching, and cycling through inventory. Regardless, the point remains that I really have no clue what I'm talking about when it comes to medical science. This topic joins the nine million other things that I have approximately zero knowledge of, including ancient irrigation techniques, every country on Earth which isn't the United States, theoretical physics, and the last half of the alphabet. So this isn't any real shocking development here.

Anyway, I began thinking of the medical ramifications which might occur when the human population is exposed to the Space Virus Death Germs From Hell that are piggybacking on the Mir. This whole issue popped into my head when I was at the store and was deciding what I need to purchase for the upcoming week. Since I'm heading up to the GDC, I was cruising down the aspirin aisle, trying to remember the various industry buzzwords which inform me what anti-headache products I should be interested in purchasing. I soon noticed that not a single tub of "Val-U-Save Aspirin" claims to counteract the effects of Venusian Hell Spores. After brainstorming for a few hours, I soon realized this was because nobody really knows what will happen to the human race once we get infected by Space Mutant Bacteria. I also realized that I had been sitting in the middle of a grocery store for half a day, obsessing about alien space germs of doom, but that's not too unusual for me. This breakthrough caused me to think of the various effects that the Hyper Dimensional Galactic Death Virus will cause. As a service to mankind, I decided to write them both down and type them up so you, the viewing audience, will be better prepared for the day of reckoning:

OUTCOME #1: ***Mankind becomes bloodthirsty zombies bent on slaughtering the living and eating their brains.***

While this is certainly not one of the most pleasant outcomes, I really can't say this event is highly unusual. Mankind has a real weak resistance to "becoming bloodthirsty zombies bent on slaughtering the living and eating their brains," so it's kind of expected in this case. When this disease is contracted, all motor functions die down and the subject finds themselves lumbering around like a 500-pound elderly man covered in tar. Conversations all gravitate towards consuming brains and the process of finding living people to make dead or slightly less living.

POSITIVES:

- Zombies aren't very concerned with fashion sense. You'll be able to plod around in public like the slob you are, wearing the same set of clothing until you die. Don't worry if you spill the blood of the living upon your shirt, as the other zombies won't care. Hell, having blood and dirt on your clothes might actually be COOL to other zombies. That brings up the whole zombie peer pressure issue, and I'm really hesitant to launch into that discussion because it's already been covered in various ABC After School Specials starring Fred Savage and that girl from "Family Matters" who in all probability is addicted to inhaling paint thinner by now.

- Zombies are really hard to kill. As humans, it's pretty easy for us to die. If I were to walk up to you and shoot you in the chest with a shotgun, you would probably die (or at least be somewhat perturbed). Not a zombie though! The only way to kill a zombie is by making their head explode, so if you're a zombie and you manage to find a Kevlar helmet, you're pretty much set. I'm not sure what a zombie's life expectancy is, as most movies end in roughly 90 minutes, but I assume it's somewhat longer than that. On the flip side, there's not much for you to do once your torso has been blown in half by a shotgun. I guess you'd just sit around and cheer on other zombies while you examine your large intestines scattered across the floor.

NEGATIVES:

- Zombies are really slow. We're talking "the guy in video games who has the most firepower and hit points so the game designers made him really slothlike and a pain in the ass to control for the sake of balancing gameplay" kind of slow. It'll take you like 40 minutes just to walk from your front porch to your car each morning, so plan on a longer commute to work. This will have a horribly negative effect on the professional sports industry, with the exception of golf, which is already played by zombies across

the globe. So golf will be unaffected, except there will probably be more brain eating involved. That should boost ratings a bit.

▪Zombies have limited social skills. When you become a walking member of the undead, your vocabulary just goes right out the window. Forget any in-depth conversations about 18th century literature, as all your discussions will turn into the following:

YOU: "Guhhhhhhhhhhh."
McDONALD'S CASHIER: "Gahhhhhhhhhhhh."
YOU: "Guhhhhhhhhhhhh uhhhhhhhhhh." *(drooling)*
McDONALD'S CASHIER: "Muuuuuuhhhhhhhhhh."
TONY BLAIR: "Gaaahhhhhhhhh uhhhhhhhhhhh."
YOU: "Uhhhhhhhhhhh."

OUTCOME #2: ***Mankind evolves into mutants and select members of the population receive incredible superpowers.***

OH NO, RUN, HE'S SILVER.

A much more preferable option to turning into bloodthirsty zombies bent on murdering the living, this outcome is a bit more pleasant and cheery. A good example of this effect can be witnessed in Marvel Comic's hit superhero, the Silver Surfer, who was bitten by a radioactive space surfboard and mutated into a bald man with excessive amounts of White Out in his eyes. Of course not everybody can get such incredible powers as The Silver Surfer, which would be even more impressive if I could actually remember what the hell the guy even did in the first place. Didn't he just fly around space and punch a giant floating head all day? He probably shot some kind of beam from his hands too, because that's like the generic attack that all Marvel comic writers bestow upon characters when they're too lazy to think of real superpowers.

POSITIVES:

▪You'll get a "wild card" draw from a long list of really cool powers. Science is really vague when it comes to how exactly people become psychic or are able to spray fire from their skin pores after being exposed to mutant / alien microbes, but hey, that's science for you. Forget the "why" behind your powers, just think about how cool it will be once you have them!

BOSS: "Hello **YOU**, I bet you're wondering why I called you into my office this morning."
YOU: *(reading your boss' thoughts with your newfound psychic mindreading skills)* "You are firing me."
BOSS: "Yes I am. You're fired."
YOU: "Aren't you going to ask how I knew that before you actually told me it?"
BOSS: *(thinking)* "No."
YOU: "I knew you were going to say that."

Wow!

▪Spandex will be back in style. Remember the 1980's? Back when you could wear bicycle shorts to your grandma's funeral and get away with it? Well those times will come back again with a vengeance, as EVERYBODY will be running around in skintight clothing

with more colors than your average gay whorehouse. The more neon in your outfit, the better. No longer will you have to worry about matching and coordinating outfits, as even the most garish of styles will be perfectly legit. I hope a good majority of people are blessed with the superpower of being color blind, because they'll need it.

NEGATIVES:

- Lots of municipal property will be destroyed. Superheroes only battle in large, downtown cities, so it's a fairly safe bet that they'll be flying into and knocking over all kinds of shit. If you've got anything that's breakable or worth more than $20, you'd better run to the middle of the woods and bury it. Luckily for me, I buy all my furniture and Precious Moments figurines at Target, so the combined value of everything in my apartment is less than my last haircut.
- There will be a dramatic increase of deadly robots roaming the streets. If you've got superheroes, you've got to have supervillians. More often than not, the supervillian's grand scheme to get rid of their "do good enemies" involves building a gigantic robot of death. Having a killer robot is kind of the supervillain "catch all" solution to dealing with any problem. Pesky superhero foiling all your plans to rob the city's gold depository? Build a robot! Need something to guard your floating metallic base of doom? Build a robot! Tired of paying outrageous property taxes? Build a robot! Frustrated because you never have enough robots? Build a robot! I suppose if you stay inside your house all day and tape one of those "No Jehovahs Witnesses" stickers outside your door, only you replace the phrase "Jehovahs Witnesses" with "Deadly Killer Robots of Doom," you'll be relatively safe. Use caller ID too, just to be on the cautious side.

So those are two of the most probable results of being infected by the Mir Space Virus. Unfortunately I don't have any advice to help deal with these effects, but since I didn't really offer any information in the first place, I don't feel too guilty about this. Perhaps one day the smart men and women in "ER" will come up for a cure to this mess, assuming the nonstop parade of inner city children with gunshot wounds ever dies down.

Cliff Yablonski Really Doesn't Like You!

Wow! What a surprise! Cliff Yablonski hates me!

> *From: cliff yablonski*
> *Subject: you dying*
>
> *richard I have updated my site. link to it now. 4 pages of shitfaced losers that I would like to injure. Link to it now or you will find your ugly ass mug on my site soon*
>
> *cliff*

Wow, what a guy! Four pages of people Cliff Yablonski hates? It's too good to be true!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.16 Derek Smart's Desktop Commander!

Monday, Mar 19, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

The Day You've Been Waiting For...

Yes ladies and gents, the day has finally arrived. The day you've been waiting for. We here at Something Awful are proud to present our first full-length promotional video... "Derek Smart's Desktop Commander!"

Yup, since we're in a tight money crunch here (thanks to various companies we work for failing to pay us any money they owe), we have taken it upon ourselves to start creating promotional videos for new and exciting upcoming games. Our first video is a 3-minute promotion for Derek Smart's upcoming title, "Derek Smart's Desktop Commander," one of the many titles Dr. Smart has produced that crashes you to your desktop upon loading. However, in Derek's defense, his titles do have the best and most realistic Windows desktop crashes that I've ever seen. I mean, when I'm loading up one of his games and it suddenly crashes to what appears to be my desktop, I have to admit that it looks **EXACTLY LIKE MY REGULAR DESKTOP SCREEN!** It's uncanny how he's able to faithfully replicate Windows down to the tiniest command. Heck, you can even load **other games** while his Desktop Commander title is running! How many other games can claim to do that, huh?

Anyway, I hope this video marks the beginning of a long and fruitful advertising future for Something Awful! If it doesn't, well, no big loss there; I'm used to producing things and not getting paid for them!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.17 SA T-Shirts Ship, Spaz Rejoices

Tuesday, Mar 20, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Hooray!

The **LIMITED EDITION** Something Awful t-shirts have been printed up and are ready to ship! That's right, we've got a brand new design ready to go! The shirts are selling out very quickly, so order now or face what could possibly be the greatest heartbreak of your entire life - living without a black t-shirt that has a website's address stamped across the back of it.

We've already sold half of them so hurry the hell up and order before the supplies are completely exhausted! As an added bonus, we've gotten shirts printed in sizes from large to XXX-large, because really fat people deserve to wear high quality / low brow t-shirts too! Head over to the SA store and grab yo'self a Something Awful Limited Edition T-shirt!

PS: People have asked how they can donate money to this website. See the bottom of the SA Store page for details explaining how you, the ever so generous patron of the fine arts, can send me free money for being a kind and caring man who loves life itself. Also, here is a picture of my cat.

Gone Fishin'

I'm going to be in San Jose attending the GDC from Wednesday through Sunday, so Zack from Ghost Magazine or whatever the hell that site is, will be updating in my absence. Of course, Frags will be doing the weekend updates like normal, so you have his predictably wacky comedic stylings

to fall back on! Hurray! Now go buy a shirt!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.18 Exciting New Diseases

Wednesday, Mar 21, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

A Brief Introduction

I'll be filling in for the next couple days until Fragmaster takes over the weekend shift. My name is Zack "Sam" Parsons and when not putting runs in my hose and candy in my nose for Lowtax, I can be found writing for quality family entertainment sites like this, this and this. Don't click that last one. In my free time I like to chitty-chat on ICQ with my ad-network pals about how I will rape people and also perhaps spit on them.

Beendet jetzt die Einleitung! Schnell!

Insane in the Brain

We - and by we I mean the population of the world and not just pasty-faced webmasters - are beset on all sides by futuristic death plagues. First there was AIDS, which actually lived up to all the hype and turned out to be a plague of sorts. Then came Ebola and West Nile virus, which could be really devastating according to Nostradamus over at the Center for Disease Control. Now Lowtax and whoever keeps an eye on deadly space fungus attacks are telling me that Mir might be the pox-ridden blanket of the 21st century.

When did we lose our sense of fun? Why is it that all of these doomsday plague scenarios are no longer exciting, with drama and adventure? I'll tell you when and why! When was about eighty years ago and why was because we decided to put an end to the funnest disease of all; Kuru. For those of you not familiar with this riveting illness, it is a degenerative neurological virus caused by the consumption of contaminated meat products, in the case of Kuru, specifically fresh human brains. Kuru causes a lot of problems like muscle spasms, rage that might influence you to bite another head and eat some more contaminated brains and best of all, it's always fatal.

What this country needs is an exciting new disease like Kuru. Forget all this silliness about birds, mosquitoes and cannibal cows, Kuru is the wave of the future my friends and I intend to be surfing this one all the way to the bank!

I've got my license to practice medicine from the Yugoslavian Institute of Medicine and Torture and I am setting up shop in the Midwest. I have a strong feeling that the first person to walk in to my

doctor's lab or whatever you call it with a sprained ankle will come down with a serious case of the Kuru. It might go a little something like this:

ME: So what seems to be the problem?

HOT TEENAGE PATIENT: I was playing volleyball and I twisted my ankle.

ME: Could you take off your shirt?

HOT TEENAGE PATIENT: What?!

ME: Nevermind. Say "ahhh".

HOT TEENAGE PATIENT: Ahhhh

ME: Hmmmm. Looks like someone has been eating a little too much ritualistically butchered human brain.

HOT TEENAGE PATIENT'S HOT MIDDLE-AGED MOM: What?!

ME: I'm sorry ma'am, your daughter has Kuru. She has only a few days to live.

HOT TEENAGE PATIENT: Well I guess all that's left to do is sex the doctor.

HOT TEENAGE PATIENT'S HOT MIDDLE-AGED MOM: Let's get him.

Then a Benny Hill style chase ensues. Don't blame me if you see all your friends get rich from Kuru and you're left out in the rain, I am telling you now, buy low and sell high.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.19 SA Gold Foil T-Shirts

Thursday, Mar 22, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Goddamn These Blasted Robots

I have been fascinated by robots ever since the first time I saw the smash hit of the 20th century "Ice Pirates" which featured a short robot and a tall robot and I think a trash-talking robot, although I could be wrong. These robots were great! They were not only incredibly sophisticated, but they were in space AND pirates. Unfortunately science has a way of not living up to science fiction that can be thoroughly disheartening. Dream for robotic space pirates and end up with a Speak N' Math.

Why can't I plug my computer into my head to hax0r a mainframe computer run by the Yakuza and the Giant Evil Corporations William Gibson? When is my robotic enforcer coming to hunt down escaped droids Heart Beeps? Where is my reflective sexbot mister Cover of Heavy Metal Magazine? Skynet self-aware my ass, Skynet would be lucky if he could figure out how to run AIM and ICQ at the same time without crashing.

Check and mate Deep Blue, because the unlimited excitement of technology that seemed so prevalent on the cusp of the 21st century has already just about run dry. This explosion in the oft maligned "tech sector" owes itself to nothing more than unrealistic expectations finally dashed when everyone in the whole world realized ordering groceries from the internet might be the worst idea ever. Next to Pets.com, that was worse.

I am not a luddite. I am not writing a raging manifesto about the evil commie computers trying to take over and ruin the lakes and eat your children. This is about unfocused expansion gone wrong. Dump all the money for 50 good ideas on 50 good ideas and 4,000 bad ones and suddenly all of it looks like a big mistake. The economy never should have been relying on the Internet and technology. Now people at steel mills are losing their jobs because the construction firm who was building the lofts for a number of dot com start-ups suddenly doesn't have any projects to do.

Hey, guess what kids? We don't get to eat this week because the CEO of shaft-ticklers.net got a 500,000-dollar bankruptcy bonus and now Big Jim's Uranium Refinery can't afford to pay us. No, it's okay Timmy, you can take a job in the coal mine and earn your black lung badge of courage.

I would like to blame the Democrats or the Republicans, maybe Bush or Gore and their election battle-of-the-sexes, but I can't. I can, however, blame L. Ron Hubbard. Way to go with that whole Battlefield Earth thing man, the NASDAQ fell 85 points today because of you.

There's a Rumor on the Streets...

Word is out and you had better hear it before it hears you! Somethingawful.com and The Estate of Abrham Lincoln proudly present the Something Awful Gold Foil Embossed Limited Edition Collector's T-shirt. Shipped to you in mint condition, this versatile garment knows when to say "elegant", "sassy" or even "eat a bag of hell".

That's right! Here is your opportunity to own a piece of the future! Each shirt comes with a hand-sealed package within which it is shipped. Package may vary. Also included is a personal letter from Lowtax to you. Choose from one of the following.

- *You are the Greatest!*
- *Happy Birthday Mark!*
- *"Waaaaaasup?"*
- *Hang in there!*

Each shirt is lovingly crafted by skilled Taiwanese child-artisans and transported in refrigerated trucks directly to your house so that no spoiling or contamination will occur. Something Awful would like to apologize fully for any inconvenience it may have caused recipients of shirt batch 455. We did not know about the hornets. Order now!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.20 Failed Internet Technologies

Friday, Mar 23, 2001 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

How Novel!

Now that I'm unemployed - thanks to the misdoings of a certain Internet media company that may or may not host this site - I've been pretty damn bored. And yes, I've followed all the advice in the SA Guide to Job Success, but the results are not fruit-bearing thus far. So what has old Uncle Fraggy been doing to pass the time? Sleeping, watching television, and playing *Serious Sam*, an awesome game any old school FPS or shoot 'em up fan should run out and buy **right now**. Anyways, while watching some terrible romantic "comedy" today I realized that television, along with the Internet, has lost its novelty value.

Early television screens were small and very blurry. So blurry, in fact, that the man in this picture doesn't realize that his wife is star of the gang-bang video he's currently enjoying.

Back in the 50's, people were absolutely astounded and blown away by the magic of moving pictures transmitted into their homes via invisible rays. Everyone would squeal with glee at inane early programming like *The Honeymooners*. "Har har har!", these simple fifty's folk would laugh. "Look at that fat man yelling at his wife! It is funny! I bet he will beat his wife and kids just like our dad does!" One good thing about the pre-1960's is that starting a war, lynching something, or beating the hell out of someone was an acceptable and reasonable way to solve a disagreement. These days there's wussy crap like arbitration and mediation. And if you get in an argument with somebody and scream at him or her too loudly or insult them too harshly, they can sue your ass off for emotional damage. Bah.

But the novelty of television wore off after even homeless people watched them while pushing around their shopping carts. The entire family no longer gathered around the old boob tube to marvel at the wonders of moving images, as the sense of magical wonder had faded into the ceramic tile of time. The television was regulated to the status of "appliance," making it just slightly more entertaining than a toaster.

Thankfully, forty or so years later, the Internet busted out and gave people a whole new time-sucking experience. Oh, the astonishing wonders that could be found on this amazing new invention! *Instant messages! Keywords! Porn! Electronic mail! Games! Humor! Jennifer Love Hewitt Fan Fiction! News! Anti-Caucasian Focus Groups! eCommerce!* Yes, the Internet seemed to have it all. But soon, like the television, the novelty of the whole thing wore off and people stopped "surfing the web" and "taking a Sunday drive on the information superhighway." Now most people merely glumly check their e-mail once a week, deleting pleas of help from their estranged grandparents and firing off pictures of their horrific, unwanted babies to online adoption sites. A sad state of affairs indeed!

Sure, there are plenty of other, more realistic reasons why the Internet is in the crapper right now. But I'm far from a realist. As "they" say, realism is for chumps. That being said, I plan to use the combined power of my Washer and Dryer (AKA "Captain Tumblefuck") to summon a Wizard from the 14th century. After some witty time travel shenanigans - he'll try to eat my furniture and smash my Dreamcast to bits, mistaking it for a baby dragon - we'll open up his dusty old Wizard's book and cast a magical spell to fix the Internet and make it exciting and wondrous once again. What will this spell accomplish, exactly? Why, it will force the brainwashed masses to become completely enchanted by the following list of failed Internet technologies ideas services. And be willing to pay

outrageous sums of money for whatever it is, to boot!

Streaming Video Audio - Why watch television when you can wait fifteen minutes to watch a pentip-sized, fifteen second clip of a cat being force-fed wedding cake? Why listen to CD's, the radio, or download MP3's when you can listen to a choppy stream of non-stop Trance music carefully selected by socially rejected community college students? That's a question venture capitalists throwing tens of millions of dollars at scrapheaps like DEN.net and Psuedo failed to ask. But thanks to the Wizard's spell, people will suddenly **want** to start watching RealVideo "web sitcoms" starring the guy who once played the best friend of the nerdy kid from *Step By Step*. Anything with the word "Multimedia" is five times better than anything else, BTW.

Virtual Reality - Virtual Reality and VRML will explode in popularity, as people suddenly decide that monitors are no longer good enough and uncomfortable, fifty-pound helmets that cause motion sickness and migraine headaches are far superior. Amazon.com will recode its entire site in VRML, transforming into a virtual "mega-mart" in which customers must virtually walk at two miles an hour through over ninety-seven acres of warehouse space, spending weeks rummaging through boxes and scanning huge racks of merchandise for that elusive *Styx* CD. Then customers must walk sixteen miles to the checkout, use their scanner to scan in their credit card, convert it to a suitable 3DS-Max model format, load it into their eWallet, and wait in line for a couple hours while the conveyor belt textures load.

The latest version of VRML allows you to watch naked men - lit only with lens flares - struggle to produce a 3D replica of the original Electronic Arts (EA) logo (pictured below). In related news, Cliffy B. left Epic for EA.

Portals - Instead of going directly to useful information, people will suddenly realize that they really need a site with an outdated, unorganized listing of other sites, links to other people's content, and a search box that uses someone else's search engine. And using just one portal site isn't enough, obviously there's an intense need for visiting seven hundred different portal sites a day, since their usefulness is unparalleled!

Video Phones - People need videophones because AT&T says so. Also, you can moon telemarketers and get visual proof of your business partner's contracted murder. This has nothing to do with the Wizard guy; I just like videophones. Video conferencing allows you to rip off Asian people in one-sided business deals!

eCash and Micro Commerce - Ordinary cash and credit cards are too mundane for the Internet. What people really want is the ability to pay .0000003 cents to view a page and pay for it via virtual eCash which is easily stolen, manipulated, and conveniently "lost" by unscrupulous eBankers.

Interactive Entertainment - People will suddenly fall in love with the idea of clicking dancing hampsters and doing whatever the hell else Interactive Entertainment Multimedia was supposed to do. CD-I will replace CD-ROM as the dominant media format.

But we all know that no wizened old wizard can save the Internet. Nobody can save the Internet, it's

pretty much doomed. In the coming months even more Internet companies will go under, and I'm not talking about stupid ones like emaildancepartners.com. Most of those are gone by now because their CEO molested young boys. By the end of the year the Internet will be a burned out storefront of broken dreams, paved with the blood of latte-drinking blowhards in turtlenecks. The only sites that will survive will be the ones that contain the insane ramblings of people who think they are leprechauns, God, or the sexiest bondage clown in the history of the world.

The above mess was of course just another one of my patented, unfocused babblings and not meant to constitute a serious thought or brilliant scheme. Still, the Internet sure seems pretty shitty right now... maybe we should all stay off it for a day and reboot it. That should fix everything! Turning something off and turning it back on always works!

Flashers

Since Lowtax isn't around, I think I can get away with showing off some of my early Flash masterpieces, which he despises and hates with a passion. I can't say I blame him, since this stuff is even worse that that stupid Fake Las Vegas Article he did. But what did you expect from a site called Something Awful? Subtle, well-rounded, quality? Shove that idea up your nose, Missy!

- **NOOOOOO!** - My first flash movie. This was played over an over again by my fellow former co-workers, causing thousands to suffer remarkable damage. I think it has a solid message, though.
- **My Goodness** - A former artist co-worker complained that he had just witnessed the worst, most annoying flash ad banner in existence. I decided to prove him wrong with this monstrosity. Background music provided by our good friends Semi Automatic Turban.
- **Quake 3** - Finally, the movie that caused Lowtax countless nightmares. One of my greater Internet shames, I think, right up there with my ear-splitting rendition of the Pokemon Theme Song.

Thank Allah for Macromedia!

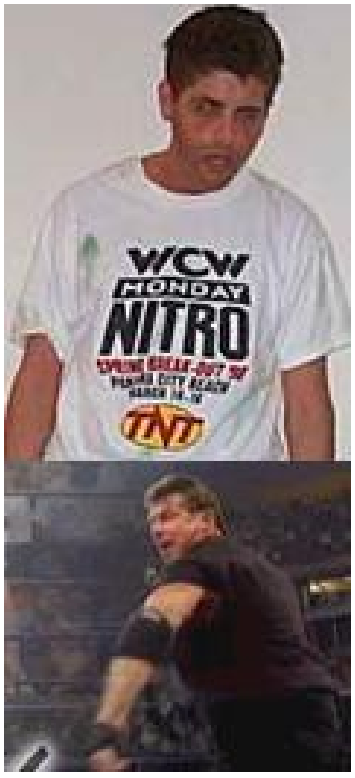
-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

3.21 WWF Buys WCW!

Saturday, Mar 24, 2001 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

"Billy Bo Bob Off The Top Rope... OH MY!"

Yesterday a truly historical, life-altering announcement was made. An event so profound in scope that it has caused the leaders of the world to reflect on what is truly important in life, what matters most. Years from now, we'll all remember where and how we heard the big news that changed our lives forever. The combined merger of these two powerful forces makes the AOL-Time Warner marriage seem sad by comparision. If you don't know what I'm talking about yet, obviously I'm referring to the grand news that the World Wrestling Federation (WWF) has purchased World Championship Wrestling (WCW).



Lowtax - a die-hard WCW fan and Anti-WWF activist- didn't take the buyout news very well at all. Here, he displays his prized limited edition, autographed poster of Vince McMahon offering use of his ass to the winners of Royal Rumble. That night, everybody won!

Now to us nerds, this probably isn't that big of a deal. But to the dirty unwashed hicks of America, especially in the South, this is the biggest thing to happen since that time their Uncle found a crate full of slightly chipped Elvis collector plates in the garbage. And to add even more weight to this already grand spectacle, the WCW also has an interest in Extreme Championship Wrestling (ECW). Thus, this purchase effectively unites the top three wrestling leagues under one unified flem-spewing owner. The WWF buying the WCW is like... Microsoft buying Linux, I guess, even though that's implausible. Hmmm... how else can I say this? It's like *Star Wars* joining forces with *Star Trek* to create some multi-universe where Captain Kirk meets Luke Skywalker and humps his brains out while the cast of *Babylon 5* looks on. It's like Marvel Comics buying DC and Image comics and mixing and matching superheroes at random, teaming up Superman with Howard The Duck and Spawn. There, I put it in terms even the loneliest of you acne-ridden dorks can understand!

Now wrestling fans will finally be able to enjoy inter-league wrasslin' action, as their favorite WCW stars (who I think consist solely of social security collecting WWF retirees) will be able to interact, trash talk, and throw garbage cans at each other. Wowzers! I should also point out that WCW was formerly owned by Ted Turner's TBS, which is owned by... you guessed it, AOL-Time Warner, who seemingly has at least a 64% interest in every company that exists. I only mention this because I was a big fan of the TBS "Superstation" when I was growing up. Oh, the hours I spent soaking in episodes of *The Beverly Hillbillies, The Brady Bunch, The Andy Griffith Show, The Jeffersons, Gilligan's Island, Saved by The Bell*... no wonder I'm so screwed up, that kind of social programming can really mess with your head at an early age. Curse you, Superstation! You ruined me and whatnot.

Yes, WWF founder Vince McMahon has finally succeeded in his dream of bringing together the collective services of every professional sweaty man in tights that gets paid to homo-erotically grope other men. Now he'll be able to clothesline, body slam, and power hug them all to his hearts content. Congratulations, Vince, you are now the Hugh Hefner of gaydom!

Still, many ("many" meaning four loyal Las Vegas Outlaw fans) wonder how this will effect the WWF's football league, the XFL. The XFL isn't doing very well at all. As a matter of fact, a few weekends ago they somehow managed to post the lowest ratings for any network televised sporting event... ever. Can you believe that? The XFL got its ass kicked, ratings wise, by stuff like the *1974 English Lawn Bowling Semi-Finals* and the WNBA. Unbelievable! Not even naked lesbian cheerleaders can save the Memphis Maniax. Sorry.

So how does the WWFWCW merger affect you? I'm glad I asked. In the coming months expect to see small groups of die-hard wrestling fans accost you in malls foaming at the mouth and blathering stuff like this:

> *"Ohmyohmygoddidyou DID YOU SEE that NATURE BOY RICK FLAIR VERSUS TRIPLE H MATCH ON RAW? ROCK PEOPLE'S ELBOW GO GO BECAUSE STONE COLD SAID SO! Also, would you like to join us in the men's restroom for a naked party? We're going to stick our heads each other's crotches and practice pile drivers!"*

You've been warned.

Uglycat: Nature's Friend

When ugly rears its... uhh... ugly head, Uglycat already knows about it! Yes, Uglycat is an amazing animal that can actually sense ugly. Since his amazing breakthrough appearance on Cliff Yablonski's pages of hate, Uglycat has garnered quite a cult following of animal and ugly lovers around the globe. After all, he's the only cat Cliff Y. himself doesn't hate!

For the further adventures of Uglycat, check out this great Photoshopped Uglycat thread in the SA Forums. A couple of pictures on the front page are stupid and / or not for the faint of heart, but the quality improves as the pages flow on, I assure you! GO UGLYCAT GO!

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

3.22 Game Developer Conference (GDC) 2001

Sunday, Mar 25, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Here Comes Clownsex!

As up to seven of you out there are already aware of, I have been out of town for the past five days or so, attending the luxurious Game Developer Conference in San Jose, California. The GDC is what would happen if E3 had a hangover, stumbled out of bed at 2:30 am while drooling streams of fluorescent spittle, and decided to pass out inside an unbelievably expensive city. I was invited to attend the convention by the various wonderful people at nVidia who I will start alienating in just a few paragraphs, ensuring yet another company will refuse to invite me to their senior prom. Let's get on to the quick recap detailing the wonders of GDC 2001 from the perspective of a failed webmaster who cries himself to sleep every night.

DAY ONE: WEDNESDAY

Will Wright showing off an exclusive screenshot from his upcoming game, "SimNerd". Photos stolen from Gamasutra, which actually believes in factchecking articles before printing them.

All the booths were setting up shop on Wednesday, creating mass chaos on the show floor. As is required in all "professional" events, surly union members were stomping around and frowning at pieces of paper which could either be layouts of the GDC floor or directions to the nearest Kentucky Fried Chicken. Surly union members, by law, are only able to work a combined total of 14 minutes per day, even longer if you count the time it takes them to fish their tools out of the toilet bowl after they lean over and forget they left their toolbelt on. Labor laws in the United States used to be very lax and abusive, with bosses requiring their employees to work up to 16 hours a day without breaks or time to discuss the previous night's "Honeymooners" episode around the water cooler. Then the unions came in and decided, "hey, if these huge companies are going to make people work 16 hours a day, we should at least get some of their money for no good reason," and began to do so. The labor unions soon began to realize that they could swindle even more money if their members stopped dying from exhaustion and continued to pay dues until they died 10 years later from lead poisoning, so they began to implement a stricter work schedule for all union-based businesses. The unions have realized that the longer they keep their members alive the more money they'll get paid through dues, so unions have made it illegal to work for any period of time longer than the average feminine hygiene commercial. The only industry left that supports employees being forced to work 16 hour days is the dot-com industry, and that's only because the workers are far too obese to find a rope which won't snap when they attempt to hang themselves.

The nVidia booth was literally crawling with excitement, as various PR people and Developer Relations guys were attempting to dodge the gigantic metal poles which were being swung around by very large union workers. Since the nVidia folks were kind of enough to invite me to the conference, I asked if I could help them set up their booth, offering such useful services as standing around and staring in random directions. They seemed content to let the professionals handle most of the setup, as it's against union labor laws to touch a shipping crate or other object when a union member is within a 400-foot radius or has even thought about the object within the past 20 days. So instead of attempting to help and ultimately burn their booth down, I just hung around nVidia employees and made various utterly hilarious comments which all involved the word "ass." My old buddy Jim "Jimbo" Black was back on the floor again, fully recovered from the last QuakeCon expo, where

he was forcefully subdued by a barrage of horse tranquilizers and dragged out of the showroom by mysterious governmental officials who studied him to create a superhuman race of creatures with a mixture of pure caffeine and heroin running through their bloodstream. When Jimbo first saw me, his face seemed to go into an advanced state of explosive decompression, as his eyeballs ballooned out and his jaw dropped to his lower abdomen. He began to explain how much crap he had gotten since the last time I wrote about his zany antics at QuakeCon, and how I was essentially the ghoulish specter of death to him. I assured Jimbo that I would never make fun of him again, and I certainly wouldn't point out the fact that in an average sentence, Jimbo's voice goes up and down at least seven octaves.

The night concluded that evening when Chris Donahue (nVidia developer relations guy), Brian Harvey (nVidia developer relations part 2 "Electric Boogaloo" guy), some Microsoft Direct X guy, and myself went out to eat at a fake Italian restaurant downtown. We ended up conversing about some really top secret nVidia stuff which I probably shouldn't reveal, but since I have nothing else to write about, I will anyway:

> *nVidia's next hardware demo will include clowns having sex in a pool while Robocop travels through time, shooting a rocket launcher at them from space.*

A little backstory here to explain where the hell this tidbit of information came from: Chris Donahue is kind of like the crazy uncle who makes all the other parents extremely nervous when he shows up at their son's birthday party. He's the type of person who brings a large bowl full of punch to a funeral just so he can spike it. When he's on his deathbed and motions for his surrounding family members to come closer so they can hear his final words, chances are pretty good that he'll recite some lines from "Caddyshack" and attempt to smack them across the head. Needless to say, he's my new mentor thanks to his selfless promotion of such healthy and wondrous things as the placement of clownsex and time-travelling Robocop in hardware demos.

We attended the nVidia / DirectX party that night, which provided me with enough free gin to forget that I was wedged inside a room full of people who were shouting over a band so they could discuss anti-aliasing. Eventually the geek factor hit critical levels and everybody was thrown out of the bar, recreating the scene from "Ghostbusters" when the ghost containment unit was shut down and the place exploded, sending a shower of otherworldly specters across the unprepared city. Only instead of minions from Hell's gates flying throughout the streets, they were minions from Bill Gates. Ha ha! That's funny because it's a play on words and it compares Bill Gates to the Devil! I'm just having a little fun at Microsoft's expense, so thank you for playing along. Ha ha!

DAY TWO: THURSDAY

With everything set up and ready to go, the doors to the GDC were opened and a horrendous mass of people rushed in like a tidal wave, all chanting "WHERE'S THE FREE STUFF?" in the same tone of voice as many of the zombies from *Resident Evil*. Everything that wasn't completely bolted down or welded to a metal fixture was scooped up and placed into their loot bags. Although 99% of the people just swarmed in and started grabbing handfuls of everything, a few people made half-assed attempts at being interested in the product nVidia is promoting.

The GDC or a backpack fashion show? You make the call. On second thought, don't.

> **GDC ATTENDEE:** "So what's that Gee-Forced 3 thing?"

nVIDIA PERSON: "The GeForce 3 is the most powerful graphics accelerator in the history of-"
GDC ATTENDEE: "Can I have a shirt?"

The nVidia folks held steady at their stations, showing off the incredible power of the GeForce 3 in their intensely amazing demos which blew my mind and redefined everything I knew about computer graphics. Also, the GeForce 3 cured my penile dysfunction problem and brought hope into my otherwise bleak and meaningless life. These incredible feats were accomplished through the "walking lizard" and "Zoltar" demos, which featured a walking lizard and guy named "Zoltar" (respectively). Despite the fact that Jimbo "Jimbo McJim Jimbo-bo" Black had seen the walking lizard traverse nearly 6,000 miles already, he was still able to maintain a youthful exuberance when describing the demo.

ME: "Hey Jimbo, aren't you sick of that goddamn lizard yet? I mean, you've been watching him walk on that same branch since 1948."
JIMBO BLACK: "HE JUST TURNED INVISIBLE!!! OH MY GOD!!! DID YOU SEE THAT?!?" *(waving his arms as if he's trying to signal a touchdown for a football game being played over 15,000 miles away)*
ME: "But Jimbo, he was just invisible a few seconds ago."
ZOLTAR THE MAGNIFICENT: "WOOOOOOWWWWWAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

The Zoltar demo periodically emitted horrible broken analogue synth noises every 10 seconds, drowning out all surrounding conversations and causing many windows to shatter. I believe that Zoltar was jealous of all the attention Jimbo Black gave the walking lizard, and that was his only way to fight back. Luckily Jimbo seemed to be unfazed by it, as he continued to extoll the glories of the walking lizard to the people who surrounded his station, many of which apparently weren't visible to me.

I ended up spending a lot of time in the Epic booth, as it was too small for Jason Hall to fit into, thus allowing me ample protection until he realized he could bust through the makeshift walls ala the Koolaid Man on steroids. I shot the shit with Cliffy B. and Tim Sweeney, neither of whom immediately attempted to stab me. As much crap as I give them on this website, the guys at Epic are really good people with a great sense of humor. I'd imagine they're required to have one to work there, as Mark Rein apparently chews five-pound wads of raw Paxil for breakfast every day. The guy was bouncing all over the place like the balls from *Commander Keen*, running back and forth and burning more calories than I have total in the last seven years. The Epic fellers gave me a sneak peek at their *Unreal Warfare* tech demo, which I can't talk about or else Cliffy will send me photos of the outfit he wore to the developer awards conference. Imagine twelve trucks carrying plate glass windows colliding at 12:00 noon on a street made from diamonds and mirrors during the sunniest day in Califonia's history, and you'll have a subdued idea of how bright and morally offensive Cliffy's suit was. Brian Burke actually made some comment about it to me, but I couldn't understand what he was saying due to his Texas drawl. I think he mentioned the phrase "drainage canal."

DAY THREE: FRIDAY

More demo showing. My boredom had developed into a physical entity at this point, and it had began to beat me over the skull with a manhole cover. Since I was in no way directly involved with the GDC and had already worn tracks in the carpeting from lapping all the booths, I ended up sitting around in my hotel room for much of the day. I was also highly self conscious at that point, as whenever the kind people at nVidia would introduce me to some high-ranking guy at another company, the result was very humiliating.

nVIDIA PERSON: *(talking to **MICROSOFT PERSON**)* "Let me introduce you to Rich Kyanka."
ME: "Hello, I'm Rich Kyanka."
MICROSOFT PERSON: *(extending to shake my hand)* "Hello, I'm **MICROSOFT PERSON** and I am very smart and rich and have a job which decides the fate of millions of people every hour. What do you do?"
ME: "I, uh, run a website and don't get paid."
MICROSOFT PERSON: "I... see." *(retracting hand as fast as possible and wiping off any contagious germs I might have spread to him)*
ME: "I also work for eFront."
MICROSOFT PERSON: "Oh. Don't you guys sponsor Fucked Company or something? I see your company name in there every day."
nVIDIA PERSON: "He runs Something Awful! This is Lowtax! He writes Jeff K.!"
MICROSOFT PERSON: "Jeff who?"
ME: "I once had a promising future in the garbage removal industry."

The inside of the GDC. Where's my free shit, goddammit?

One of these days I'll end up working for a company which won't elicit unbridled laughter in people when its name is merely mentioned in public. Let me also take this moment to say that the GeForce 3 has unprecedented visual effects and sizzling frame rates, injecting life into the previously artificial world of computer-generated graphics. And if anybody from Microsoft is reading this, I'd also like to say that even though I know nothing about the X-Box, it looks pretty neat too and probably won't have any problems outperforming the Nintendo VirtualBoy.

The X-Box / nVidia party took place Friday night in a retro 1970's disco hall, which strangely enough, played 1980's music. The computer goons, instead of standing around and trying to figure out how to signal "alpha blending" in sign language to each other, were now standing around and pretending to dance. While the continual exposure to "murder simulation" video games has sharpened our visual reflexes, I must admit that our audio reflexes have dulled dramatically. This becomes very apparent when you throw a computer geek on a dance floor and start playing any song with a beat heavier than the soundtrack from "Snow White and the Seven Dwarves." Scientists have found that it takes roughly 10 minutes for the sound of a kick drum to register in a computer gamer's mind, so watching them "get down" in a dance club is the equivalent of viewing a shoebox full of epileptic puppies being tossed onto an electrical grid.

DAY FOUR: SATURDAY

The lizard was still walking across the branch. Jimbo "Jim Bow" Black was still expressing utter disbelief and amazement when the lizard turned invisible and blended in with the environment. Since he previously worked for Apple, I guess he has a lot of experience acting excited when exposed to the same thing over and over. Ha ha! That joke is funny because some people claim Apple has been producing the same stuff over and over! Oh, rack up another spark of hilarity for the Computer Humor Patrol!

The GDC began to shut down around 4:00 pm, and the surly union goons rumbled onto the floor, dismantling many exhibits and load bearing structures with large hydraulic vehicles. I made myself scarce and watched "Midway" on TNT, a movie which detailed how the US beat the Japanese during the Battle of Midway by using lots of stock footage and John Wayne, whose secret weapon was gritting his teeth and acting as if he just ingested an entire fighter plane through his anal cavity.

I met yet another X-Box programmer, one of those guys who had been programming computers before they were even invented by Al Gore. He had the stereotypical 1970's-era programmer look to him, with the thick glasses, hair shooting in every random direction, and a fuzzy beard / mustache which covered 99% of his face. I made the accident of interjecting what I mistakenly call "humor" into my conversation with him, which led to painful consequences:

> **VERY OLD MICROSOFT PROGRAMMER:** "I'm currently working on optimizing the *(something something something)* code for the *(something something) (thing)* that enhances the *(something something something)* and *(something)* the *(other thing)*."
> **nVIDIA PERSON:** "You know, some day soon we'll cross that line that makes our computer games look exactly like reality."
> **ME:** "I think the problem is that reality doesn't look enough like our computer games! I mean, look at the walls in here!" *(pointing to plaster walls)* "They're not horribly shiny or anything! In every FPS I've played, the walls use environmental mapping up the ass! This piece of shit isn't reflective at all! I want walls that throw off infinite lens flares whenever I get within a 30-mile radius of them! I want to be blinded by shiny metal every time I walk to the bathroom!"
> *(VERY long and uncomfortable pause)*
> **VERY OLD MICROSOFT PROGRAMMER:** "Who the hell is this moron?"

Of course I couldn't reveal who I am or what I did, as I was far too ashamed to admit it twice in the same week.

DAY FIVE: SUNDAY

Woke up early and arrived at the San Jose airport, which is just one of the worst airports I've ever been to. If the homeless could build and maintain their own airport, it would look just like San Jose's. Luckily for me, I was just there to grab a shuttle to the San Francisco airport, which is much nicer and has much less trash stapled to the walls. As soon as I got home, I began catching up with my 950+ email messages and started to hammer on the update you're reading right now. Oh, what an exciting five days it has been! The cool thing about running a website and not getting paid for it is that you can leave town for days and make JUST AS MUCH money as you did if you were to stay and work all day! Now how many people out there can do that, eh? I would guess not very many, and the ones who can probably won't admit it.

So that wraps up this year's GDC. Look for my next big report after E3, where hopefully I will be writing from the perspective of somebody working for a company he's not ashamed to admit in public.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.23 The Oscars and Lowtax's Missing Head

Monday, Mar 26, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Welcome to the Bottom of the Steps

In a tragedy normally played out only on shows like Real Stories of the Highway Patrol, Cops and When Good Pets Go Bad, Lowtax has fallen down a flight of stairs. This would not be note worthy except for the fact that there were only three (3) steps and he managed to injure his back. I guess it beats throwing your back out biting into a donut. The problem, and the reason I am here, arises from the way Lowtax hunches over his computer like a 1940's sports reporter. He is temporarily incapable of doing this, but I expect a swift recovery.

Lowtax assures me that he will be at full strength tomorrow and bearing nuggets of joy to warm the hearts of the most adorable tykes on the forum calling me a moron.

All Your Ocscar Belong to - Just Kill Me Now

The film industry came out in style Sunday night at the 73rd annual Oscars, an event that shouldn't be missed for any reason at all. Did you see all the pretty dresses? There were a lot! They looked expensive.

Hi, my name is Zack and I want to face punch the Oscars.

Bitch all you want about the movies nominated. Cry me a river for the fact that your favorite song lost out to Bob Dylan sounding like a Japanese man doing a Bruce Springsteen impression. The real travesty is the event. In typical uncreative fashion I am going to start my own annual awards and present awards to the awards ceremony.

- **Winner is you, Russell Crowe!** Looking like five miles of bad dough, Russell Crowe took the stage to offer up a touching speech about overcoming adversity to steal Dennis Quaid's wife. His shaken demeanor might have been because a man with a giant head sitting directly behind him embraced him when he was announced as the winner for best actor and also slammed him in the face with his Peanuts-character sized noggin. Congratulations Russell!
- **Winner is you, Stupid Ninjas Dancing Around!** When I think of the wonderful movie Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon, I think of idiotic dance routines that involve

wire cables. Wait, actually I do and I was just thwarted by my own attempt at sarcasm. Nevertheless Stupid Ninja Dancing Around, you took the cake as the pretty Asian woman did her little song on her podium. Bring the cake back or you are going to the jail!

Winner is you, Steve Martin! Just when you though you read about him dying in a car accident three years ago, Steve Martin shows up to host the 73rd annual Oscars. With jokes that made David Letterman's hosting gig look like comedic genius Michael Winslow trying to convince a gang of thugs that there are police helicopters outside, Steve still managed to do a better job than Billy Crystal. Maybe Billy died in a car accident three years ago. Good work Steve!

Winner is you, Ultimate Piece of Human Trash! The most coveted of the Oscar Awards Awards I am giving out, the honorary lifetime achievement in the field of bottom feeding, goes to none other than Joan Rivers! While technically not a part of the Oscars production, this celebrity remora loiters outside waiting to ambush attendees with hard-hitting questions like "what are you wearing?" and "what were you thinking when you put that on?" She is keyed in to the American mainstream and she asks the questions we would all ask if presented with the opportunity to question celebrities and our brains suddenly stopped functioning. This one's for you Joan. Runner up: Melissa Rivers.

Hey Look! Cliff Yablonski Doesn't Care For Me Either!

I was fortunate enough to get the following email from everybody's favorite 600,000-year old man, Cliff Yablonski. Oh, what a lucky day!

> *From: cliff yablonski Subject: cliff yablonski*
> *hey shitface, I dont know who the fuck you are. I dont care you the fuck you are. youre just another punk wiseass like Richard. Ive updated my site with 4 pages of morons and braindead yahoos that I hate. post the news and tell all your idiot readers to stop mailing me already, goddammit.*
> *cliff*

He's just as wonderful as I always imagined he'd be! Please grace Mr. Yablonski's site and gaze upon the 24 new people he doesn't like!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.24 Lowtax's Injuries and Hair Troubles

Tuesday, Mar 27, 2001 by Andrew Stine

Welcome To The Danger Zone

Upon reading in yesterday's update by Zack "GeistEditor" Parsons that Lowtax had fallen down the stairs, I sprinted to the batphone to check up on his supposedly incapacitated condition. Well, that might not be quite right. Replace "batphone" with "Lowtax's apartment,"and "check up on his condition" with "steal his car," but the spirit is the same. To my dismay I found that Lowtax was, in fact, in perfect health, although that description can only be used loosely when describing someone whose daily diet contains more fatty acids than a stadium full of Crisco. In any event, I found that Zack's reports of Lowtax's injuries may not have been entirely accurate, although in his defense I will note that the online newspaper he runs has always been very careful and scrupulous in checking that their bald-faced lies do not directly contradict one another within the same article.

This led me to wonder why, when dreaming up possible scenarios where Lowtax hurts himself, one would use an idea that also involved Lowtax making a fool out of himself as well. After all, the man has given us free entertainment for well over a year, and in return has asked only for our money and personal belongings! Can't we at least try to maintain his dignity instead of endlessly mocking him? To that end I drew up a few future situations where Lowtax might suffer a fictitious injury, but instead of drawing our ire he could draw our respect or even admiration:

- Lowtax twists his ankle while saving a baby from a burning building, or saving a building from a burning baby
- Lowtax dives in front of the President and takes a bullet fired by a would-be assassin
- Lowtax is admitted to the hospital for exhaustion and dehydration three days after being seen leaving a party with Jennifer Lopez
- Lowtax sprains his knee after tripping over his solid gold coffee table and falling into a pile of rubies and various other ill-gotten gains

After all, if we're going to make up lies, we can at least make up nice lies. Doesn't the man deserve as much? Well, probably not, but he did catch me stealing his car so I'm trying to make friendly here.

Hair Tomorrow, Gone Today

Andrew Stine, before the haircut

I went to get a haircut today. Before you start wondering why I'm mentioning this, let me add that this isn't some sort of life-shattering occasion for me. It's not like I'm Brad Pitt circa 1992 or John Romero or Samson or one of those other guys who spend 14 hours a day massaging essential oils into their scalp with an end goal of achieving a beautiful flowing mane which will billow in the wind and cascade invitingly over square, rugged shoulders and eventually get caught in a washing machine and rip off the owner's entire scalp and leave them a screaming, blubbering, skinless mess like Kevin Bacon in "The Hollow Man" just after he got the invisible potion injected into him without having an opportunity to gratuitously display his wang. I generally like my hair short, although lately it had been piling up as week after week passes by, eventually growing long enough to make visions of skinless-Kevin-Bacon-washing-machine-doom appear to me seven or eight times a day, which is about two more times than normal.

So I went to the local barbershop, which actually is a real barbershop called "Rusty's Barbershop"

instead of something trendy like "Le Boutique de Quelquefois Fromage." Since this outpost of unbridled barbering masculinity has remained untainted by the influence of manicurists and those giant hair-drying chairs that look like 1960's brain transferal devices, it's frequented by a clientele made up of guys for whom a "haircut" involves nothing more than "cutting hair." This translates into lots of manual laborers, old men who remember when a shave and a haircut was two bits, and fathers with their small sons.

When I was a little boy, the experience of a haircut was something which I viewed with only slightly less displeasure than dentist visits or hernia inspections. When you're a little kid, being asked to sit perfectly still while a strange man with a straight razor and scissors longer than your forearm waves his instruments of death two inches from your brain is less than a pleasant thought. In a way, it was one of those rites of passage that we are all expected to endure. Who the hell wants their hairstyle determined by a big metal bowl? Who wants to finish getting a haircut, only to have their mom make the barber sit them back down and hack some more off? Nobody, that's who; but we endured it anyway, and our characters are stronger for it. Which is to say, I might pick my nose more and download even more Internet porn if I never had to go through it.

One of the main aspects of barbershop torture that little kids had to endure was the waiting. While barbershops had chairs or couches to wait on, there was nothing to pass the time with except magazines, which invariably consisted of some dog-eared copies of *The New Yorker* and *Vogue* and *Dirtbike Maintainers Quarterly* from 1863. Sometimes there would be a *Sports Illustrated* or a *Rolling Stone* with some halfway interesting stuff in it, but more often than not we would have a 30-minute wait where with nothing better to do than read all the warning labels on cigarette advertisements and glance around the shop trying to figure out what sort of vile-looking fluid was in each glass jar. It taught us patience and the art of silent suffering, something which would serve us well in the future when dealing with the government or women in general.

Today while waiting in the barbershop, I figured that the small children would be undergoing the same maturation process that I once had to endure in my youth. But instead of seeing the kids sitting on a hard wicker bench with a vacant, slack-jawed stare that would one day encompass much of their daily existence, I saw them in front of a big-screen projection TV in the corner of the shop, playing a racing game on a Playstation.

I was appalled. Is this what is happening to our nation's future? Are we not offering our children enough opportunities to learn the true nature of the boring, disappointing sham we call real life? What will our country be like in forty years, when today's little kids -- weaned on a life of Playstations in every waiting room, "Pokemon" on every television, and clean, danger-free schools -- begin to attain positions of power? What sort of freakish, alternate-universe world will result? And more importantly, will it be fashionable for old men to have long hair, because I don't think that in half a decade my aging heart would be able to take more freakish premonitions of scalpless, wangless Kevin Bacons.

-~Andrew Stine

3.25 Zack's War Game Perversion

Wednesday, Mar 28, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

You're Not Human, You're a Miracle!

Lowtax is still off working on a project so secret that I am giving away a secret just by telling you it's a secret. Despite being badly injured after rescuing a burning mummy from a house of gingerbread rubies or whatever it was Andrew suggested yesterday, Lowtax is determined to bring you the most entertaining entertainment that entertainment can offer.

I on the other hand, am here today to lazily provide you with mediocre entertainment which itself is derivative of something I read in the latest Pulitzer Prize winning issue of Maxim. Of course by "read" I mean, "looked at until my groin tingled funny".

Why Can't I Just Be Gay?

I have a very shameful skeleton in my closet. It is a stain upon my honor and self-image that I hide beneath my velvet tuxedo jacket and tear-away slacks. I shall reveal this secret to you all in the form of a turgid, unrewarding, and incredibly self-indulgent essay about myself. It's kind of like going on Jerry Springer with my midget lover, only without the trapeze artist who she was engaged to kicking my ass unmercifully. Hopefully he doesn't read this site. Or at all.

Zack hides in an alley trying to avoid further hate crimes

Many of you reading this have some form of computer addiction. For some it might be the need to connect with people online in a way you can't in normal social settings. For others it might be the guilty pleasure of camping on the railgun or blowing some guy to pieces with your adorable double enforcers. Still others of you just like to troll the forums of humor sites posting Photoshop enhanced pictures of Ugly Cat emerging from a prolapsed rectum. Hey, whatever floats your clownboat.

My secret is darker, more time consuming, and far less sexy; I enjoy playing turn-based war games. There, I said it. Already I feel a great weight lifting from my shoulders and I don't mean the cyst; I had that drained weeks ago. I realize that being addicted to moving little gray and green tanks - or even better boxes containing symbols for large units of gray and green tanks - makes me possibly the lamest type of computer geek there is. I've seen pedophiles who shout their pre-teen conquests loud and proud, but never a war gamer in sight. When I bought *Steel Panthers II*, the disappointing sequel to *Steel Panthers*, it was wrapped in brown paper and the clerk eyed me suspiciously when I walked to the counter.

"Are you old enough to buy that?" Asked the clerk, giving me and my tan trenchcoat that I wear to conceal war-games the once over.

"It's rated 'E' for everyone," I said hopefully.

"Damn pervert," she muttered as she rung me up and sent me on my way.

On my way out the door I could hear the kids behind me happily purchasing the latest add-on pack for *Duke Nuke 'Em*, *Duke In Japan: Duke Steals Japanese Christmas Again* or whatever it was called. Someone else was proudly browsing the real-time strategy games near the door, unafraid to shout loud and proud that they love *Dark Reign* and *Command and Conquer*.

Feeling like a particularly vile nun rapist, I got in my car and drove home. Of course I picked up some Astroglide and carrots on the way back, as I can't play my war-games in my "strategy swing" without ample lubrication.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.26 Derek Smart is NOT Happy! Oh no!

Thursday, Mar 29, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Duck and Cover

As some of the more "observant" readers out there have noticed, I haven't personally updated this page since Monday. To counteract any uncontrolled wild speculations and malicious rumors, I asked Mr. Zack Parsons and Mr. Andrew Stine to create their very own wild speculations and malicious rumors regarding my absence. Since I haven't gotten any emails from people responding to faked Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka obituaries hosted on Geocities, a network known for their cutting-edge graveyard information services, I can only assume that my plan was an unbridled success.

However, I feel that I must explain where I've been the past few days. Some people have been claiming that I'm working on a secret project, one that will redefine the Japanese dancing genre of games as we know it. Other people are spreading rumors that I fell victim to a previous Awful Link of the Day webmaster, one who ran me down with his Toyota after I bashed his Angelfire "AzN PrYdE" site and the 50 megs of dancing Asian animated gifs included on each page. While both of these are plausible theories, neither could be further from the truth. Well, I guess they COULD be further from the truth, but the rumors would have to involve a bunch of bears driving those little circus cars around in circles. Ha ha, the circus. I hate the circus.

The true reason why I have been a recluse for the majority of the week is much scarier and involves significantly less carnival music. I have been terrified to the bone - unable to leave my bedroom and a good majority of my apartment - because there was a large chance that **DEREK SMART COULD CRUSH ME LIKE A PATHETIC LITTLE FLY OR A TINY HORSE WHICH WAS SHRUNK WITH A RAY GUN AND HAS REALLY WEAK BONES BECAUSE ITS FARMER FED IT TAFFY AND ACORNS FOR THE PAST THREE YEARS, MAKING IT VERY EASY TO CRUSH.** Don't know what I'm talking about? Neither did I at first, until I came across the following post on Voodoo Extreme (post #91), from the one, the only, Derek Smart. In response to the video I made, "Derek Smart's Desktop Commander," Mr. / Dr. / Intergalactic Commander / Master of Space and Time Derek Smart had the following choice words to say:

Derek Smart, showing support of the XFL. Actors say the cameras add 20 pounds to your body, or in this case, skull.

> *The fact is, JeffK, while being a tasteless, untalented, peabrain, can be quite hilarious. But, thats his gig. Can't fault him for it. To each his own. Jim Carey made a name for himself by making his buttcheeks talk. Go figure.*
>
> *Lets put it this way, if I had a problem with JeffK, his site would CEASE TO EXIST in heartbeat for something like that video. With all the downward losses these ISPs have to contend with, the LAST thing they want, is to hear from Derek Smart and with a valid complaint.*
>
> *However, the fact that he is deriving income from that video, casts a whole new light on things. I already put a call out to my attorney. We'll see how it shakes.*

Initially, I wasn't very concerned with this post.

"Ha ha!" I said to myself. "Boy, Mr. / Dr. / Nuclear Technician / Pro Athlete Derek Smart

sure hates that 'JeffK' fellah! I sure would hate to be in his shoes! Ha ha!" and then I continued lacing babies' cribs with barbed wire. However, after a few hours of quiet reflection, I began to sense something more sinister and foreboding in that seemingly innocent and outwardly threatening message.

Promotional screenshot from Derek Smart's upcoming game, whatever the hell it's called. See, it's funny because the graphics are outdated and look crappy! Ha ha!

"Wait a minute! 'Jeff K' is just a fictional character! Surely Mr. / Dr. / Commander / Superhero Derek Smart is intelligent enough to know that Jeff K. isn't real! That must mean... that must mean... **HE WAS DIRECTING THAT MESSAGE TOWARDS ME!**" At that point I began to simultaneously shriek like a schoolgirl and vomit blood, which I simply passed off as California performance art and ended up making 50 bucks in the process. After the initial shock of such an explosive revelation set in, a followup shock of explosive revelation began to set in, and I soon realized that this phase wasn't going to pass anytime soon. I immediately bolted my doors shut, hammering pieces of plywood and scrap lumber across them much like the time I saw "Dawn of the Dead" and wanted to zombie-proof my apartment against the upcoming invasion. And, much like the zombies, Derek Smart is an entity which mankind cannot kill. Years after Mr. / Dr. / Vice President / War Hero Derek Smart finally succumbs under the weight of his own skull and his entire body is crushed beneath its massive weight, email and newsgroup posts will continue to flood from his ISP account. Scientists estimate Derek Smart has sent so many posts, messages, and emails, that 80% of Cisco's growth is due to ISPs purchasing additional hardware and bandwidth just to carry his insane ramblings. Much like the Candyman, Derek Smart has a tendency to show up after his name is said three times. However, unlike the Candyman, Mr. / Dr. / Lieutenant Governor Derek Smart sometimes skips the "three times" part and and appears before anybody even has a chance to begin talking.

Since Derek Smart had an opportunity to express his opinions on a public forum, I think it's only fair that I break my silence and attempt to regain my sanity by responding to his claims. After all, the only way to face your fears is to face your fears. Wait a minute, that's not how that phrase went. Do you see what effect this raw, unbridled terror has had on me?

> *The fact is, JeffK, while being a tasteless, untalented, peabrain, can be quite hilarious. But, thats his gig. Can't fault him for it. To each his own. Jim Carey made a name for himself by making his buttcheeks talk. Go figure.*

I am of course assuming that when Mr. / Dr. / Nursemaid Derek Smart mentions "JeffK", he is talking about me. The REAL Jeff K. is a l33t haX0r, skilled in the computer arts, so Derek can't possibly be referencing him. However, the "untalented peabrain" part of the quote really threw me off. True, I have not released any games where the main theme revolves around "gray cubes in space," but I don't think that makes me untalented. Since I am not a game designer and have never coded a commercial game in my life, I have not released a single playable game. This is in sharp contrast to Derek Smart, who is a game designer and has coded many commercial games, although he's never released a single playable game in his life. Mr. / Dr. / Tennis Pro Derek Smart does have a point though: Jim Carrey has made millions of dollars "by making his buttcheeks talk." What did Mr. Carrey's buttcheeks have to say? "Help, oh no, get out of me, Derek!" Ha ha! That's a little anal sex humor at the expense of Derek Smart. Thanks for playing along!

> *Lets put it this way, if I had a problem with JeffK, his site would CEASE TO EXIST in heartbeat for something like that video. With all the downward losses these ISPs have to*

> *contend with, the LAST thing they want, is to hear from Derek Smart and with a valid complaint.*

OH NO! DEREK SMART, DESTROYER OF SOULS! **CRUSHING EVERYTHING IN HIS PATH LIKE A FAT MAN ROLLING DOWN A HILL!** With a snap of his finger and a wave of his magic wand, Derek Smart claims another victim! Luckily for me, the phrases "Derek Smart" and "valid complaint" never belong in the same sentence, unless the waiter at Denny's is explaining to his manager why he had to throw out the ranting nutcase whom all the other customers were bitching to him about. I can't imagine what bizarre legal grounds Mr. / Dr. / Surgeon General Derek has boiled up to get my site tossed, but I bet it's something really fantastic. It probably involves waterslides that blow up.

> *However, the fact that he is deriving income from that video, casts a whole new light on things. I already put a call out to my attorney. We'll see how it shakes.*

HA HA! That's the best part of the letter. Mr. / Dr. / Super Secret Agent Derek Smart thinks I get paid to run this site! What a dope! Hey Derek, I work for a little company called eFront Media! Maybe you've heard of them! Their business model involves not paying people! If I get one month's pay from running this site, or one month's pay from working for them fulltime, I will be the most amazed human in the history of the world. Sue me until your big, fat, fat head is content! This site doesn't make me a dime! That's the best part of working for a company which refuses to pay any of their employees; you don't have to worry about people accusing you of "selling out" or threatening to sue you for everything you own because you don't make any cash whatsoever! If I wasn't so busy weeping my eyes out and praying for God to strike me dead, I'd be laughing in glorious triumph. Maybe I'll do that later.

So there it is, my response to the ever-prolific Derek Smart. I have to admit that much of the intense fear and horror I was experiencing has now passed. It feels great to finally get this all off my chest, allowing me to fully live my life without the terror hanging over my head. However, there is still a lingering presence in the back of my mind; the feeling that Mr. / Dr. / 143rd Infantry Squad Division Leader Derek Smart is hiding in a dark corner, ready to spring out and assault me with potentially nonexistent lawsuits. From now on, I'd better watch my step and not do anything to offend Derek Smart, like posting a big article about him on the front page of this site. And Mr. / Dr. / Grand Poobah Derek Smart, if you are reading this, don't bother suing me for everything I have, because **YOU'VE ALREADY GOT IT, BUDDY! *SCORE!!!***

Break For Spring

Hakan was kind enough to donate a wonderful "Guide to Spring Break," helping educate the teeming, unwashed masses to the ways of Spring Break. Here's a little clip for you people who are far too lazy to click the link:

> *Any Spring Break trip isn't complete without going to the beach, pool, or somewhere you have to wear a bathing suit. Keep in mind that normal people have bodies in excellent condition, like the kinds you see on TV. If you're a guy and can't bench-press a small car, you're a wuss. If you're a girl and don't have tits as big as a guy who can bench-press a small car, you're ugly. To compensate for your physical failures, do really stupid things like going bungee jumping naked or diving into a river from a bridge at night. Basically, anything that might give you pneumonia is good.*

Sounds like good advice to me! Dig in, fathead!

They're Baaaaack...!

Like the mighty Phoenix or some really pissy guy who was buried alive, "The Soap Banditos" has arisen from their grave, once again ready to tackle the cruel world! Head on over and check out the latest installment of everybody's favorite Internet comic strip, "The Soap Banditos!"

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Chapter 4

April

4.1 April Fooled!

Sunday, Apr 01, 2001 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

April Fooling

Unless you're a total raving idiot, you probably weren't fooled by our last minute April Fool's prank. I take full responsibility for the entire shenanigan, outside of the CDI logo, which was Lowtax's fine handiwork. Yes, we did get some emails from people that were fooled. And I don't really blame them, since we all know that everything you read on the Internet is totally true, 100% accurate, and meticulously researched... on every day except April Fools! I remember that as a kid I poured a bowl of sugar on my dad, screamed "April Fools," and laughed my ass off for hours because I thought I had just pulled the cleverest prank in the history of the universe. HAHA APRIL FOOLS!

Now go team up with your favorite superhero and notify us of the result!

Complaint Department

Fireman Comics, while popular in the 1950's, just don't seem to connect with today's more mature audiences.

As you'd probably expect, I get a lot of complaints. Most of the time, these grievances are aired out in real-life situations by sassy women who tell me to stop "getting all up in [her] face" and to "not go there." So these confrontations are hard to post on the Info Superhigh. But electronic mail complaints? Why, they're easy to share! Yesterday I got this choice piece of correspondence that I thought was quite stunning:

> *From: flamecow*
> *Subject: ...*
>
> Listen, I am begging...please stop posting those god awful cartoons... [this is most likely a reference to "Fireman Comics" and "Saucy Lad," see yesterday's update] Whenever I read them my head hurts. They have horrible jokes, horrible animation and are overall horrible. They are so awful, you put the "awful" back in 'somethingawful'. Also...please stop updating. No one cares but your very small minority of fans. Your jokes might be funny on the lame ass quake servers you play on, but not on somethingawful. Please, please, please stop.

OH MY HEART HAS BEEN BROKEN. Let me respond to this in a Derek Smart-type manner. First of all, I did not produce those Fireman Comics. I merely scanned them in from 1950's-era magazines. The fact that they resemble MS Paint drawings and reference an egotistical game designer who wasn't even born at the time of their supposed publication is irrelevant, since that's probably just a coincidence. Names are not unique, you know, they aren't like mouse pads.

As for putting the "awful" back in Something Awful... what's wrong with that? If this site were called "Something Highbrow," then I would only tell dry, rich people jokes that would usually involve choosing the wrong type of wine for a particular situation, thus leading to social belittlement. But it's not. So why don't you put the "leg of lamb" back in 'your refrigerator,' you bloated human tube sock.

> *"No one cares but your very small minority of fans. Your jokes might be funny on the lame ass quake servers you play on, but not on somethingawful."*

First of all, I have no fans. So your first argument just flew out the window and landed on an invisible tour bus. As for my jokes only being funny on the Quake servers I play on... huh?! Since you brought it up, though, perhaps I will share with you some of my favorite Quake server jokes. I am a Quake server stand-up comedian, after all!

> *Why did the Quake player lose the match? Because he had a 350 ping and his opponent had a 35 ping! DAMN LPB's!*
>
> YOU JUST GOT OWNED BY MY AXE HAHA BOOMSTICK!
>
> Me: Hey, I think you forgot something PLAYER2
> PLAYER2: What did I forget?
> Me: Your marshmallows! Because you're a dirty camper!

So, in conclusion, I'm right and you're wrong and I'm better than you because I'm updating a two-bit failure of a "comedy" web page and you're not. I will not stop updating, despite your request. Does this suit your fancy? Does this make you upset? It matters not, because I am FRESH AND IN YOUR FACE, as Lowtax is fond of saying. Word to your mother.

I've forwarded your email to my lawyer. We'll see how it shakes.

Screwing The Pooch

Wednesday our wonderful House of Representatives approved a bill that would make sexual conduct with animals a felony. If this bill becomes law, craptacular Las Vegas entertainers Siegfried and Roy are sure to become the most wanted men in America. And I don't mean wanted by Richard Simmons, I mean wanted by the FBI. You just know those two guys include those mentally retarded white tigers in their sick little naked parties, but now the party's over you Nazi hellspawn!

Apparently this bill was pushed into congress by animal rights groups. God knows what took them so long, but it's kind of funny to see what they blame the recent rise in animal humping on:

> *Black said animal cruelty groups asked him to pass a bill because of weak penalties under current law.*
>
> That group [American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals] contends that bestiality is on the rise because of the Internet. Some Web sites offer advice to newcomers and sponsor parties in barns and basements, the group said.

Not to worry Derek, you can still dance with your dog in public without fear of criminal prosecution. A futuristic paradise indeed!

Sure, blame the Internet. Hick ass farm boys have been pounding away on Bessie and her sheep pals since the dawn of time. The Internet just makes it easier for these guys to distribute pictures and movies of their inter-specie exploits. By the way, the Internet is also responsible for school shootings because web pages allow murderous students to easily access databases full of fellow schoolchildren and create customized "hit lists" with just a few simple keystrokes.

Not surprisingly, some democrats voiced concern over the bill:

> *"Most pets are very fond of their owners, and most pets lick their owners in the form of kissing," said Rep.*

> *Charles Morrow (D-Chicago). "I would not want someone to be charged with this offense because of an overaffectionate animal licking their master."*

Don't worry Charles, I'm sure you can continue your nightly make out sessions with Fido and not worry about getting busted. Just don't get carried away and try to round second base, OK?

I can't wait to hear the excuses people come up with when they get in court. With statutory rape, "I swear I thought she was 18" is the most popular defense. What's it going to be with felony bestiality charges? "I swear I thought that cow was a really just a man in a full-size bovine bodysuit with fully-functioning udder?" Or maybe they'll just argue that the chicken seduced them? Who knows.

Personally, I think that if some poor soul wants to get it on with a tiger, risking getting his legs clawed off and siring some horrific half-man, half-tiger offspring, let him (or her, I guess). Is it really that much more disgusting and appalling than a rich 80-year old man having his way with a nubile coed? If America is truly all about giving the citizens the unalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, why not let people pursue that happiness with a goat?

The Big Yablonski

He hates me, he really hates me! Yup, good old Cliff Y. has updated with a whole new batch of Appleton mutants, all of which he doesn't particularly care for.

> *From: cliff y.*
> *Subject: what shit*
>
> *richard said to tell you that I got more pictures of freaks on my site. i dont know you but you sound like one of those fruits who fucking shit hump each other in that old dames flower bed and trample it up and fuck until I kick the living pansy out of them with my war boots. get a job you deadbeat queen*
>
> *cliff*

So head on over to Cliff's emporium of hate for disturbing pictures of people who may just be even more freakish than you.

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

4.2 China's Stupid Pilots

Monday, Apr 02, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Ramming Speed!

A better tomorrow my ass!

China is a country steeped in tradition. Secluded from the progress of the rest of the Earth by a strict communist regime, it has marched on down its own path while the rest of the world worries about Project Blue Book and faked moon landings. Actually that's just Art Bell. Still, I was glad to hear that China still hasn't forgotten how to make their things run into things from other countries. That's right folks, when shooting somebody might provoke a third world war, the Chinese decide to crash a fighter jet into a US surveillance aircraft just to get a look at our futuristic turbo prop technology. Never you mind what our innocent surveillance aircraft was doing near China; I am sure they were just defending our world wide national interests.

You really have to hand it to the Chinese for getting their pilots to do just about anything, no matter how stupid. Despite the fact that my experience with Chinese etiquette is limited to Jackie Chan and John Woo movies that aren't technically Chinese, I will try and reconstruct the radio conversation between the Chinese fighter pilot and his superior at the air base. This reconstruction is based on actual radio transmissions intercepted by some fictitious government shadow agency I heard Art Bell mention, and the movie "Top Gun," which was like "COPS" only in midair and with less police officers.

Pilot: "This is Goose, I have a visual on what appears to be an American surveillance aircraft."

Superior: "Roger that Goose, take 'em down."

Pilot: "Say again HQ. You want me to shoot them down?"

Superior: "Well... ummmm... actually... no, you can't use any missiles."

Pilot: "Should I close to gun range and take them out with cannons?"

Superior: "Yeah, uhhh, you see that's the thing. We can't have any shooting on this one. Do you think you can ram them?"

Pilot: "Um... I don't think so HQ."

Superior: "You don't think so what?"

Pilot: "I don't think I want to ram them."

Superior: "Hey, ram them, that's a good idea. Permission granted, Goose."

Pilot: "Damn."

Those tricky Chinese take their cues from Frank Booth; let's hope they don't send Taiwan a love letter.

Pass the Kleenex

Oh yeah baby, just look at that, crusted all over the spatula and UNNNNH the congealed grease!

I had a nightmare last night about entering the sultry mucus filled underground of sneezing fetishes and I have no one to blame but Fragmaster and his beloved Fireman comics. I think the reason Kevin's choice of Awful Link of the Day disturbed me was the idea that there are fetishes out there that can be fed into during normal day to day life. It's difficult enough knowing that people practice some of the offbeat fetishes that exist in the privacy of their own homes. To think you could be at Best Buy picking up your Collector's Edition DVD of "Chairman of the Board" and unknowingly providing someone with sexual gratification by sneezing opens up another world of paranoia for me to immerse myself in.

What other fetishes might exist that have people taking advantage of us in public without our knowledge? Drawing on my extensive data of fetishes and my own personal interest in "subway grab ass," I put together a short list of a few fetishes you might fall victim to while going about your business. I am also providing a brief quote from a fictional web site endorsing each fetish. Bear in mind that many of these are purely hypothetical, so please let me know if you start practicing them so I can come take pictures and sell them back to you at a ridiculously inflated price.

- **Tobacco Spitting Trucker Fetish** - *I was driving down I-75 southbound Thursday and I passed a somewhat slow moving big rig. I always try to pass slowly, just in case I luck out and the driver is chewing tobacco. It turned out to be my lucky day and just as I was near the cab of the truck, the window came down and the trucker craned his head out. I worked to keep the wheel steady, watching as his lips contorted and then expelled a wet brown plug of used chaw. The brown fluid was caught in the erotic slipstream and impacted against the trailer, smearing three feet of brown stain across the side. Needless to say I had to get off at the next exit and compose myself.*
- **Dirty Plates Left At Restaurant Fetish** - *My wife and I were sitting in the non-smoking section at a Denny's. We were seated near a young couple with two children, one maybe five years old and the other two or three. Just after our drinks arrived the family paid their check and left. I could feel the anticipation building in my groin. They moved out of the way and my view to the plates they left behind was unobstructed. Mounds of unfinished mashed potatoes smeared around one with gravy and butter, half eaten biscuit adrift in a sea of peach cobbler. Their silverware was filthy and the kids had obviously played with their food. It was hot. I was so turned on that I had the best sex of my life that night when we got home. My wife even let me make love to her in the kitchen.*
- **Short Sleeved Shirt Fetish** - *Friday came and when I got to the office I was in for a hot surprise. I had completely forgotten it was casual day and when I came in the door the receptionist looked up at me and smiled. She was wearing a short sleeved Abercrombie and Fitch t-shirt. I'm sure I walked past her a bit funny, holding my briefcase in front of my crotch. It wasn't until I went through the door into the main office that I realized what a sexy day I was in for. Everyone was wearing short sleeved-shirts. I barely managed to get to my cubicle before I had to unzip my pants. This was hotter than any Gap commercial!*
- **Clean Factory Floor Fetish** - *Okay, I found a great source for hot CFF videos! For all you other Clean Factory Floor lovers out there, there is a great company that is essentially a clearing house for industrial promotional videos. They have the infamous General Electric Detroit Plant video that has all of us talking and even the hard to find Freshcut America plant opening promotional video. They will never get that place clean*

again, so this video is the hottest action you will ever see. For those of you who like your CFF on computer I am archiving the interactive tour of the Ratheon Redwood Assembly Line, it is incredible. Especially hot is the R&D clean room, you can actually see the camera crew reflected in the floor!

People on Electric Scooters Due to Obesity or Illness Fetish - *Sometimes when I am masturbating at night I like to imagine an immensely fat man on a Rascal Model 450 electric scooter being chased by two thinner elderly men on Daewoo Model 23-C electric scooters. As the chase progresses the fat man becomes increasingly sweaty and strained, the inferior Rascal complaining beneath his bulk. Just as the two elderly men are about to catch up to him I roll out of an alley on my Hyundai 950 gas-electric scooter, the new one, my hair flowing behind me. Usually I imagine I have multiple sclerosis as I drive circles around all three of them, grinding against the seat. Afterwards we all collapse on the ground, twitching and sweaty, in an orgasmic heap.*

Actually I am starting to get turned on so I think I am going to end this right now. If you have any additional fetishes I should add, please contact me immediately, because this is very important in my burgeoning journey of self discovery.

Jeff K. is Out to Getcha

Jeff K., who has been on a hiatus for some time now, is back and in action with his latest column, "A LOOK AT TEH UPCOMEING CONSOUL WARES!!!!!!!1", which compares the Playstation 2, Nintendo Gamecube, and Microsoft X-Box. Well, at least that's what I assume the column is about.

there are not maney games for teh Platstaitan 2 becuase nobody lieks too program for it becuase Snoy WONT TELL ANYBODY HOW THERE CODE WORKS!!! TRADE INDUSTRY SECRAT!!! teh programmers sends an emale to Snoy asking "Please Mr. Sony, tell me how to make teh color green" and then they get an emale back saying "GO FALL OFF TEH EARTH, DINOSAUR JERK" becuase Snoy only wants movies to be made fro teh Playstatian 2, not games. thats why it palays DVDs and FINAL

> *FANTAPESTRY 13561 witch si just a movie about transvestiets with HATS/ also all teh games flicker and look liek turds because Soney wants a TRIPPY EXPERIENCE for teh druggies.*

Celebrate Jeff's return by reading the article!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.3 eFront Goes Under

Tuesday, Apr 03, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

D-Day's Just Around the Corner!

eFront Media, the company that we all grew to know and love (cough cough), is officially being lowered into their "another failed dot-com" burial plot. All their servers are being shut down within days, as they can't scrape up enough money to pay hosting bills. Needless to say, they still haven't found enough money to pay the people who worked for them full-time or were hosted on their network. However, since I'm used to not being paid by networks, I can't say that I'm really shocked. Sure, I could see a labor lawyer and attempt to sue them for the thousands and thousands and thousands of dollars they owe me, but since the company is penniless, there's really no point. It's time to pack up the ol' files and move along again.

What does this mean for Something Awful? First off, I *won't* be shutting down the site. I have too much fun writing and updating throughout the week, and I thoroughly enjoy everything I do here. It's a fun job for me and a great way to release whatever horrible creative energies I have built up inside my grotesque and malformed soul. However, there is a major problem: this website moves between 30 and 50 gigs of traffic a **DAY**. Hosting will cost between $1500 and $2500 a MONTH for the necessary bandwidth, plus an extra $3,500 for a decent server. Unfortunately, I don't have a good enough full-time job to plunk down over $33,000 a year for something that doesn't make me any money in return. That's what's called a "bad investment," or as bankers refer to it, "getting fucked in the ass by gigantic clowns that repeatedly beat you over the skull with a strip of sheet metal and carve swastikas into your spine."

This leaves me with the following two options:

> 1) Accept reader donations to pay for server bills, thus eliminating all banner ads and direct marketing scams which send your email address to 15,000 people who think you'll be interested in buying printer cartridges, or
> 2) Put porn ads on the site, thus generating money from *"HOT XXX VAMPIRE TEEN ORAL NUN GANGBANG SOMBRERO TESTICLE ORGY MUPPET FETISH MONEYSHOTS"* ads.

The Internet banner-ad industry is a bust, folks. In the 15 months I've run this site, I've only gotten paid for **five** of them. I'm not bitching about this, as I've been emotionally jaded to the point where having all my skin torn off by the demonic printing press from Robert Englund's "The Mangler" would probably end up only slightly annoying me, but I'm merely stating a fact. SA serves up over 350,000 pages a day, and I've yet been able to receive one month's sufficient salary from it. The networks are drying up faster than the Sahara, and none of them are known for paying affiliates on time or in whole. After being with Gamefan (and not getting paid), then going to eFront (and not getting paid), you can probably understand why I'm not interested in joining any new networks. As for micropayments or subscription-based payments... that just won't work. They're too easy to bypass and simply aren't effective enough. Perhaps in a year or so, the technology will catch up and make it a viable option, but it won't work as is. Plus I have issues with charging people good money to read Jeff K., money that they could've used to fund Communist uprisings.

So these are the only two options left for me: donations or porn. If you want to donate to this site and make it ad free, then feel free to send however much money you feel this site is worth. Then add $100 to the total because Paypal won't accept negative figures. Ha ha! I'm injecting humor into an otherwise humorless situation! Thanks for playing along! Please note that I'm not begging for money or demanding anybody pay anything for this site. If you want to donate money and would

like to see this site without porn ads, then I would appreciate it. If you don't want to donate and you don't mind seeing dirty pictures on each page, then go with that. I don't really mind not pocketing any money from this site; everything I write here is done because I merely love doing it. However, I simply cannot afford the $30,000+ a year that it costs to maintain it. I wish I had a full-time job which paid me a shitload of money, but I don't. I also wish I had a full-time job which allowed me to shoot laser beams from my eyes and burn down convenience stores, but I don't have that either. If you'd like to offer me either of those, email me right away. Especially if its about the laser beams one.

So that's what that is. Donations or porn. I know it's a pretty crappy set of choices, but there are no other options right now. Maybe some day when I've knocked over a bank, I'll be able to pay $30,000+ a year so I can entertain people, but until then it's either donations or porn. This website will continue to live in some form or another and spread the awfulness. If it will be with porn ads running across it is up to you fellers. I plan on using all the donations to pay for the server bills, so you don't have to worry about me using them for trivial things like food and hot water. Besides, hot water is overrated and is only for those "fancy lads" that you see in the "700 Club" videos and at popular WWF events. If I get enough money for a month of hosting, then SA will be ad-free for a month. If I don't get enough money, then you'll probably be greeted by *"HOT NURSES THAT KNOW HOW TO PARTY"* every day. To give them fair credit though, they really do know how to party.

If you'd like to donate, click here. If you don't want to donate, then click here. All donors will be listed on a "SA Sponsors" page, and the top 10 biggest donors will be given links on the right column bar (if they want to be linked on every page). I can include a graphic if you'd like. Also, I can put up a picture of a dead horse and include the text, "THIS DONOR DOES NOT KILL HORSES," even if you secretly do. I'm flexible like that. Plus you can pick the top five people you hate, and I'll put an ancient Egyptian curse on them. So choose your own adventure and do what you'd like to do. I thank you from the bottom of my black heart, unless you're sending me an email explaining in painful detail how much I suck and my website is the equivalent of digital mucous. In that case, I think you're a horrible monster and I pray for your death.

Also, for good measure, here's another series of words that you can click on to donate to the server fund. And if you want porn, you can probably find it here.

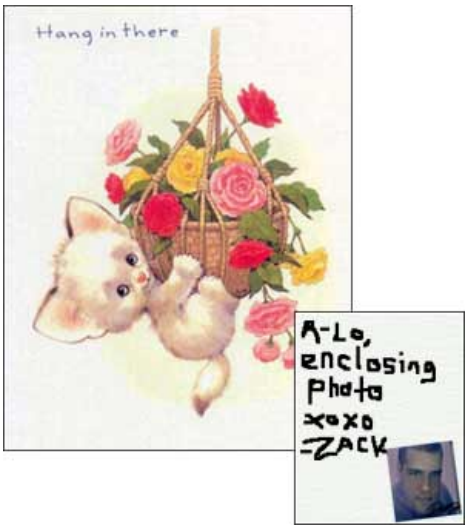
-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.4 Hillbilly Moving Day

Wednesday, Apr 04, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Happy Days Are Here Again

Following on the heels of Lowtax's update about the state of affairs here at Something Awful is not something I was particularly looking forward to. But Lowtax, or "R-Lo" as we like to call him around the "office", is a merciless foreman and not above administering a stern beating to insubordinates. The moment I heard about the depth of the troubles he is having I sent him a card with a little insert I think he might find more than helpful.



I offered up the inspiring wisdom of the hanging kitten and sought to additionally bolster his spirits by including an autographed glamour shot of myself. Needless to say I run a fiscally unsuccessful web site as well, so I don't have any money to give the rat bastard. My writing isn't normally that sloppy, but I was on another one of my "trips" where I spend all day doing vodka shots and slicing open my forearms with a box cutter just to know I am alive.

Dave Barry Can Lick My Ass

You can always tell the economy is going downhill when your apartment building starts to clear out. Either that or my former neighbors caught wind of what I have dissolving in my bathtub, but I doubt it because I use an entire can of air freshener in there every day. Regardless of why they are all leaving, it is really beginning to concern me.

The first to go were the 500 hillbillies who lived across the hall. They enjoyed such wonderful apartment complex activities as:

- Sitting in front of an open window in the dead of winter blasting country music and staring at you with hungry eyes.
- Having screaming matches with their front door open and one of the people doing the screaming loitering in the hall drinking a can of Beast and scratching his appendectomy scars.
- Filing out of their apartment en masse. It took like ten minutes for all of these people

to get out of the apartment moving at a steady jog. Seriously, like 500 of them.

- Never paying rent.

Come to think of it, that last one might have been why they left. Weeks after they went the way of the dinosaur (to the jail) they were followed by the people who lived immediately below me. These people were affable people of roughly my age who liked to have parties on the weekend and blast the same rap song over and over again on a sound system that made my fillings vibrate. I don't even have fillings. On the up side, they didn't complain when I watched my DVD of Super Mega-Tokyo Demon Explosion Nightmare at 4 AM. They also never invited me to their parties either, so they can die.

You wanna see mah surgery scar? What's wrong city boy, never been cut?

The latest flight from my apartment complex was the infamous "laundry family". Now there were a lot of hillbillies in the apartment across from me, but no single address has ever generated more human beings than the apartment below me on laundry day. I would never see or hear them the entire week, except laundry day, and then I would be getting into or out of my car and literally a dozen teenagers and younger kids would come out of the building carrying basket after heaping basket of dirty laundry. I assume it was dirty, I suppose it could have been clean and they were just transferring a steady stream of clean clothes to new locations every week.

The worst part of all of this is that the one apartment that has yet to clear out is of course occupied by the people I would most like to see go. They live above me, and much like Lowtax's neighbors, they have a herd of obese livestock running rampant in their apartment. Actually, I envision them as having small heads and upper bodies with giant and immensely fat lower bodies. Buried beneath these layers of sonic leg blubber are incredible muscles that propel their bulk around at all times of the day and night, their distended legs serving as nightmare pile drivers. Never music, never TV, just 24/7 Paul Bunyon and Babe the Blue Ox doing jumping jacks above me.

They are also the only people that have ever complained about the noise level coming out of my hellhole. I'm sorry, she was a screamer.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.5 The Death of Sam Jain, Dance Dance Karnov

Monday, Apr 09, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Uh-Oh! The Repo Truck Have Started to Move!

A sad day has come folks, as entrepreneur and humanitarian Sam Jain, the CEO of eFront, is probably being evicted from his apartment as you read this. I tried to convince Lowtax to set up a PayPal donation account to help the poor bastard keep his flat screen TV, DVDs of "Saved By the Bell," and RealSensation Self-Lubricating Goatse.cx Pleasure Pals. R-Lo was hearing none of that, muttering something about raping Sam and spitting on him while he wandered around in his bathrobe on the tail end of a five day drug-induced bender.

I for one feel really bad for the guy! Sam Jain was practically a saint - canonize that go-getter right now, Mister Pope! When everyone else was kicking him in the sides, he had the moxy to demand his employees continue working for free. He had the gumption to give the unpaid webmasters a false sense of hope. Sometimes when enough people passed out from exhaustion and malnourishment, he even "hired" some affiliates to come work in the offices. They started at the same wage as everyone else; *absolutely nothing!*

And who are the web masters to complain about not getting paid for entertaining people? The e-mails they get telling them how shitty their posts were that day should be more than enough of a reward for them! You'd think eFront signed a contract with them or something, sheesh! Besides, how can you expect someone to pay you every day for being funny when you are only funny about two-thirds of the time?

Oh, hahahahaaha, oops, I was high on the goofballs again. I retract my previous statement and would like to wish Sam Jain a long and fruitful life lying to the rats that gnaw on his eyelids while he sleeps under a bridge.

I Put the "Man" in "Maniac"

He's a fun lovin' criminal!

My generation - the "we rocked for almost two years and then became worthless lowlifes again" generation - is sure to breed a higher percentage of serial killers than any past generations. Yeah, the baby boomers may have had stuff like Vietnam, Soviets, and Abba to turn them into serial killers, but we've got Desert Storm, Palestine and American McGee's *Alice* to make us loony. So why not turn to a career as a serial killer? The job market is starting to go absolutely lousy... and have you ever seen one of these guys not look happy? Hell, when they brought in Son of Sam he looked so pleased you would have thought they told him he got selected for the *Anarchy Online* beta test.

However, being a jet-setting serial killer comes with a lot of responsibility, to both your victims and your public. There are three rules that every serial killer must keep in mind at all times: get a good media title, never vary your methods (you want to get caught, remember) and finally, have a good cover for your serial killer secret identity. Seriously, I saw all that on one of those wonderful A&E shows about serial killers. Man, that Peter Graves can make anything classy, I'll tell you that much.

Let me work backwards in explaining that list because I'm "criminally insane" like that. No really, I was incarcerated for biting people at the grocery store.

The Secret Identity The secret identity should be a believable front for your alternate life as a murderer. Somewhat like the "good girl by day / bad girl by night" syndrome only with fewer pairs of hotpants involved. This front can also serve to help you find victims, like evil clown John Wayne Gacy or evil homosexual Jeffrey Dahmer. Be careful though, as this can be taken too far. Don't choose something like "Airline Hijacker" as your front, because that might attract too much attention to yourself, and then you'll never get away with even a single string of prostitute murders. Other bad examples would be butler, PCP addict, Viking berserker or Something Awful forum poster.

Ritualistic Methodology

Results may vary.

Whatever your means for disposing of your victims, you need to stick to your guns (no pun intended) and leave lots of circumstantial evidence. This way the crack detectives who are on your trail can just wait for you to kill again and turn up more evidence. All serial killers ultimately want to be caught, so it is vital that you never try something new or experiment. Let's say you're an average axe wielding psychopath and you've decapitated a half-dozen Asians. All of the sudden you feel like sharing the wealth with someone new, but your axe arm is a little tired, so you make a pipe bomb in your mom's basement while the voices from the portrait of your uncle tell you to kill a Caucasian sorority girl. Buzzzzzz! Think again. It doesn't matter who you start murdering, but you have to keep murdering that same type of person and never EVER use a completely different murder weapon. Sometimes you have to disobey the disembodied floating head of your uncle and just stick with those pesky Asians.

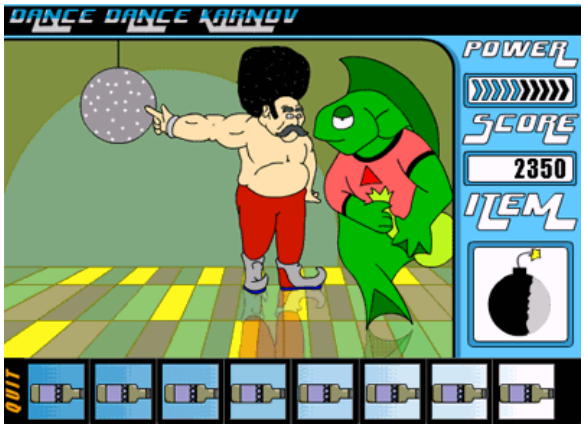
Name Recognition If you have a cool middle name like Herbert or Thanatos, you shouldn't have any problem with this, as the newspapers and TV news programs will just refer to you by your full name. If you have a non-cool middle name like Persephone or Sunshine, you might be in a bit of trouble. Not to worry, the way to get around this little problem is to choose a method of killing that is unusual or really strikes fear into people. I mean, the Boston Strangler's real name was "Leyland Euronymous Templeton"... how stupid does that sound? Just think of it though, no matter what your name, you could be the next East Appleton Suplexer or The Golf Club Bandit. Actually, I don't think they ever refer to serial killers as "bandits", unless they disguise themselves as raccoons and hide in the trash.

In conclusion, if you stick to these three rules, you can rely on your own cold blooded creativity to really go places in the world. It might be life in maximum security confinement or even the electric chair, but you'll be famous like Vic Tayback.

Did Someone Order a White Russian?

Lowtax has finally decided to end the anticipation! With great excitement, I announce the completion of the best game to ever feature a dancing Russian in homoerotic situations: ***Dance Dance Karnov***. *DDK* has quickly become my ultimate joy in life. Now the only thing I am missing is a Cossack-themed dancing pad so I can toss my keyboard out the window.

> *Suddenly Earthshaking became, and dishes rattle from ceiling! Karnov runs outside to investigate occurance! A enemy! Oh no!*



> *"You'd receive a generous come-uppance!" shouted Karnov while flexing muscletone. "My powers increase from the dance, and soon I will dance your head until the ground!!! For your attempts to destroy my preferred maltshop!"*

This Lowtax original features all the greatness you have come to expect from Karnov, including the superstar characters Dancing Green Fish Guy With a Bag and a Hand Down His Pants and Yoda in a Nest. I don't remember the disco sequence or Karnov at a male strip club, but I guess R-Lo took some creative liberties. Play now or regret it forever!

Advice From Bad Sources

The bad boys of backyard wrestling, the "Backyard Love" superstars, have offered up another ten pound goiter of pain and lessons learned. Let's listen:

> *well see you have to put his trust to the test. make him prove that hes not a liar like the guy at the walmart who said that colecovision is outdated and theres better stuff out there. i beat that liar with my tail until his skull collapsed. i hate liars. so you have to put his love to the test. go to a construction site and go to the top. then light stuff on fire and throw it at him. if his love is true then he'll be able to avoid the stuff and get to you and a big heart will appear. thats how you know its true love. hes probably a liar like all men are. just like all men he will be defeated in front of my hands. bring your kid and mother too so they can see him suffer. he can try to get that purple floating umbrella but it wont help him. these barrels are full of truth!*

And you thought you had to leave your house and pay some fancy-pantsed "licensed psychiatrist" to give you guidance like that! Think again buddy, not only are the backyard wrestlers offering free advice, they are offering it with a side of foreign object.

Drawn Out Pranks Are the Best

I feel guilty plugging my site on SA, let alone someone else's site. However, a friend of mine just completed a hilarious prank that required over two months of trickery and deception. His target? Those damnable cyber-squatters who buy up thousands of domains just to sell them to companies at ludicrously inflated prices. Read the saga of Networkcowboy.net.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.6 SA's All-Time Favorite Episodes

Wednesday, Apr 11, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

A Very Special Something Awful

It has been a great season here on Something Awful, and since everyone else does it, I figured it was high time we have a retrospective! Everyone loves a good old fashioned "remember when...?" episode. For you avid SA readers, this won't be a complete rehash; I will include a lot of behind the scenes tidbits that might shock and amaze you!

Episode 203: "Haunted Millions"

Let's turn the clock back eleven months, to that fateful day in the summer of 2000. Episode 203 begins when Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka is notified that he has inherited a million dollars from his mysterious uncle who lived in the equally mysterious city of Gary, Indiana. There is a clause in this shadowy uncle's will that states, "Lowtax and a friend must stay the night in my house on Scare Street if he is to receive the million."

Lowtax and Fragmaster are in for a little more than they bargained for!

Lowtax, not having any friends, offers a hostile acquaintance by the name of Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen a share in the money if he will travel with him to the haunted state of Indiana and spend the night with him in his uncle's house. Fragmaster, thinking it is a homosexual come-on, readily accepts the offer. To make a long story short, Lowtax and Fragmaster manage to survive the night, after a few frights caused by a stray cat and a hilarious concoction of paranoia and tequila. Unfortunately, all of the money promised them turns out to be a million acorns, because acorns are valuable to crazy uncles. Don't blame me, I didn't write that episode.

WHAT YOU DIDN'T KNOW: *While filming this episode Jeremiah Flinthoff, the actor who portrays Lowtax, actually shat himself on set because of a rare jungle virus.*

Episode 209: "We Came to Rock"

This episode has become a fan favorite (with good reason), Lowtax and the gang really crammed the laughs into this one. Lowtax is at Green Valley High School on his way to remedial Algebra when he spots a poster for a "Battle of the Bands" sponsored by a local radio station. He grabs the poster off the wall and shows it to his best friend Fragmaster, who is also in remedial Algebra. Always the schemer, Lowtax decides it is time to form a band. Naturally, he will be the keyboardist and vocalist and Fragmaster played drums in 6th grade band, but who could they get to really jam on the guitar?

Lowtax's question is answered when he returns home from school to find his family's sassy live-in butler Zack "GeistEditor" Parsons cranking out the tunes on a vintage axe. By "axe" I mean "guitar." Lowtax invites him to join the band, and after some touch-and-go rehearsals, they decide to name the group "DIE MARTIN DIE" and work out what they think will be a great rendition of "We Came to Rock". When they show up at the Battle of the Bands, there is trouble - high school bully and football star Lance Felwick and his band "The Networks" are there. Undaunted, Lowtax and crew belt out a contest-winning version of "We Came to Rock", despite some hilarious technical difficulties caused by Felwick's attempts to cheat. In the end they are each given a t-shirt from the radio station that sponsored the contest along with the respect of all who witnessed DIE MARTIN DIE's incredible perseverance.

WHAT YOU DIDN'T KNOW: *Lance Felwick was played by veteran character actor Sam Jain. After the final day of filming a make-up artist caught Jain trying to violate a coffeemaker in his dressing room and he was ejected from the studio.*

Episode 214: "Hangin' in Hawaii"

GeistEditor lurks in the background while Lowtax and Frags share a couple brewskis in Hawaii!

Following on the heels of episode 213's Wheel of Fortune win by Fragmaster, the gang heads off for some fun in the sun on the beautiful island of Oahu, Hawaii. Romantic sparks fly when Lowtax meets what he thinks is his dream girl at a Tikki bar, only to discover from Fragmaster that Rogerina is really Roger. Perennial cut-up Fragmaster adds, "and boy does he know how to hold a luau!"

Meanwhile, GeistEditor tries out his latest wacky scam on the tourists by hiding in bushes at the airport and then leaping out and beating people in the face with a bat while shrieking "aloha". The episode reaches its climax when guest star Nipsy Russell serenades the gang with an a-cappella version of Cannibal Corpse's "Hammer Smash Face".

WHAT YOU DIDN'T KNOW: *A crew member can actually be seen getting eaten by tigers in this episode. Watch the upper right hand corner of your screen during the Hula sequence in the zoo.*

Episode 220: "Hazzard County Line"

Daisy's dreams of musical stardom are dimmed when the song she wrote is heard on the radio being sung not by GeistEditor, but by a sound-a-like. Lowtax and Fragmaster head to Atlanta to get to the bottom of the scam, only to find out that Boss Jain is tied in and that recording studio is a front for a music piracy operation which the Boss is trying to use to build connections to the Syndicate. A motor home full of "working girls" and two dynamite arrows later, the operation is destroyed, but Daisy is still out her fifty dollars... until the boys tell her that GeistEditor would be recording her song for real!

WHAT YOU DIDN'T KNOW: *Both Jeremiah Flinthoff (Lowtax) and Babby Dougan (Fragmaster) perform their own stunts, but Alexi Metcalf (GeistEditor) is a huge pussy and when he sprained his wrist filming a slow driving sequence, he demanded a stunt double. After filming ended he was summarily murdered.*

Content? On Something Awful? Uh huh!

Having finally started to square things away with this miserable server, Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka is back with his newest article, "Know Your Neighbors... Without Ever Meeting Them!" This hard-hitting and in-depth study takes a look the scientific method known as "SRD," a process which allows one to build a profile of their neighbors simply by listening to their nonstop banging and breaking sounds that they cause around 3:00 am. Here's an example:

> ***UNIDENTIFIABLE SOUND:*** *"HAAAAUUUUUUUGH. wock. HAAAUAUUUAAAAAAU-UUGH. wock. HAAAUUUUGUHGHHGGGGH. wock."*
>
> ***SRD EXPLANATION:*** *Neighbor is coughing up vital pieces of his small intestines and spitting them into a large bucket he has placed near the foot of his bed.*
>
> ***NEIGHBOR'S PERSONALITY:*** *Mind-bogglingly elderly man who is too busy staving off the Ghoulish Specter of Death to worry about all the noise that he's making in the*

> *process. This type of neighbor often succumbs to spontaneous coughing fits in the late hours of the night, during which time many key organs are vomited upon his World War II-era bedsheets. Since these types of people require hearing aids with the power of a car stereo amplifier, they are able to soundly sleep through these hackfests... although everybody within a 500-yard radius of their apartment won't.*

Go read it! You know, because it's scientific and shit.

The ROM Pit of the Internet

Ooh, another ROM Pit review as well? You got that right, Bubba. The ROM Pit is back with a brand stinkin' new review of "Conan" for the NES, a game which features everybody's favorite challenge: JUMPING OVER A SHITLOAD OF PITS WHICH KILL YOU IF YOU FALL INTO THEM!

> *Conan starts the game in Hell. How do I know this? There are flames, demons, and flaming demons everywhere. Plus Satan makes a brief appearance so you can steal his pitchfork, but I'll get to that later. After running past the edge of Hell, the game shifts to Greece. As far as I can tell, the plot of this game is that Conan has taken up a quest to run around like a complete retard in various and seemingly random areas of the world. While he does that, I'll take up an equally noble quest: punching myself in the groin until I vomit and lose consciousness.*

Sounds about right. Conan commands you to lavish him with praise!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.7 Vitamins, Cigarettes, Coffee, and Liquor

Thursday, Apr 12, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I recently returned from a brief trip to Seattle, which explains my delayed response in replying to the approximately 15,000 messages a day along the lines of:

> ***FROM:*** *---=={K3WLD00D929273}==---*
> ***SUBJECT:*** *HEY FAG*
>
> *UPDATE JEFF K AND MORE CLIFF YARBLOONSKI AND GAME REVVIEWS AND MOVIE REVVIEWS AND BTW EVERYTHING U WRITE SUCKS SO JUST ASK JEFF K AND CLIFF YAKLONSGI AND THE REVIEWARS TOO WRITE BECUASE YOUR SITE SUX AND YOU SUCK AND COME VISIT MY GEOCITIES SITE DEDDICATED TO DRAGONBALL Z!!!!!!! AND FRIEZA was stronger than Piccolo and Piccolo was stronger than a ssj at the time not much stronger though even though toei gave the impression that he was!!!!!!

thing. Despite his unrelenting love of these pills, he routinely failed to called them "vitamins," and instead referred to them as "the product." This made it sound really cool and mysterious, almost as if he was doing anything BUT selling vitamins to a wrinkled lady on an airplane headed to a city whose major export is wet plaid shirts.

The Californian woman, who had wrinkles in her skin deeper than the average drainage canal, seemed to be very interested in his multilevel vitamin purchasing plan, which were a series of steps that all involved using your credit card to buy things included in the next step. Apparently his promises of "living forever thanks to the miracles of vitamin C" really appealed to her, as that meant she'll have more time to talk on her phone in the carpool lane while going 20 miles an hour and swerving around like an alcoholic crackfiend who's using one hand to beat his wife and the other to shoot at passing police helicopters. Super Vitamin Man really got into his job, empathetically declaring the wonders of his vitamins and how they cured every disease known to mankind, as well as some forums of a space virus that originated from Jupiter. He claimed that the vitamins helped cure (in this order) "mono, hepatitis, and canker sores." What a positively bizarre assortment of diseases. It's like somebody reached into the "99 Cent Bargain Bin" of sickness and brought back a handful of whatever the hell they could pick up before dropping to the floor unconscious and wishing they had taken their vitamins for that day. The conversation reached its apex of weirdness when they began to talk about asthma:

CALIFORNIA WOMAN: "My son has the worst asthma. He tries to play soccer, and sometimes he just feels too sick to play."

SUPER VITAMIN MAN: "Oh yeah, that Santa Ana air will kill your kids. It will KILL your kids. IT WILL KILL YOUR KIDS!!!"

To emphasize his point, he hit his hand on the tray table, which was down and in an unlocked position. The California woman nodded her head, as if she was already aware that every time a junior high school holds a soccer practice, the two teams are taken off the field in hundreds of kid-sized gurneys. You know, because THAT SANTA ANA AIR WILL KILL YOUR GODDAMN KIDS! KILL THEM, I SAY! BUY MY VITAMINS! Super Vitamin Man went on to describe his extensive and impressive background, which climaxed during his high school basketball coaching years.

Don't let yourself die! Buy my stupid vitamins!

SUPER VITAMIN MAN: "You know the Harlem Globetrotters?"

CALIFORNIA WOMAN: "Yes..."

SUPER VITAMIN MAN: "Well I once coached a kid who went to college and he played for the team that competed AGAINST the Harlem Globetrotters!"

ME: "The Washington Generals? HAHAHAHAHA!"

SUPER VITAMIN MAN: *(Ignoring me)* "I like giving inner city kids a chance to make it big. Seeing him get out of the inner city and make a name for himself made me so happy." *(NOTE: when white people say "inner city child," they mean "black child")*
ME: "Hahahaha, the Washington Generals, hahaha. What a jerk."

In all fairness, the Washington Generals were pretty much in a lose-lose situation. I mean, when the opposing team can bring ladders and jetpacks and cannons onto the basketballs court, and you're

lucky if you've got a jersey that has your name spelled correctly on the back, the odds really aren't stacked in your favor. That's still not something to brag about though. "Yeah, you know that guy that shot at President Reagan back in the 80's? When he was a kid, I taught him how to pistol whip handicapped children!"

Eventually the plane descended in the general vicinity of Seattle, which was amazing considering that the city has clouds the size of third world nations, only much more dense. Since I'm running out of space to explain my exciting adventures in the majestic city of Seattle, and since Fragmaster won't be updating this weekend, I shall continue this intense story tomorrow. Get ready for a nonstop rollercoaster ride of excitement, as I recall drinking too much and encountering a homeless person who tried to sell me a watch that he probably pried off a charred corpse.

L-BONE IS BACK!!!

East Appleton's most hardcore 80-year old gangsta' rapper is back, sporting a BRAND NEW mp3! That's right chumps, the man that most of you thought was dead (and that most of you HOPED was dead) is back and has one of the most hardcore audio tracks you'll ever lay your virgin ears across.

what I been doin? kickin it at da Summah Days retirement villa in East Appleton, livin large wit mah homefries. that bitch cliff Yablonski be talkin shit about me I hear. Im gonna stir some nasty shit up wit dat wrinkled ass crackah soon, you bettah believe it. That muthahfuckahs goin DOWN, yall hear? fuck I hatE niggahs like that, yo. senile mothahfuckah gonna taste mah 9, shit yeah. so download mah new fuckin track and drop me a mothahfuckin MAIL and say "YO L-BONE, YOU DA BEST MOTHAHFUCKIN RAPPER THIS SIDE OF APPLETON, BOYEEEEE" cuz I got skillz and can bust freestyles quickah than you can blink, money. fuck yall. ignant niggahz.

Wow! What tight beats indeed! Make a beeline for L-Bone's page and see what America's favorite senior citizen gangsta' rapper is up to.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.8 Jim Druckenmiller's XFL Comeback?

Friday, Apr 13, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

You Snooze, Your News

Before I resume the painfully pointless and banal Seattle story I began yesterday, let's take a quick look at some random news items that l must've mistakenly bookmarked during one of my patented drug induced frenzies, events which often end up with me passed out in a pool of cat urine and Ayn Rand books.

> ▪ Chiefs may give QB Druckenmiller a look - *The Chiefs eventually may give a look to XFL quarterback Jim Druckenmiller. Druckenmiller's agent, Gary Wichard, recently called the Chiefs, asking if the club would be interested in working out Druckenmiller. The Chiefs indicated they would, but no visit was scheduled.*

Professional XFL tailback Michael DeLatrino.

Although major news sites haven't been too concerned with reporting this Earth-shattering item, instead focusing on minor events like spy planes and riots and rioting spy planes, I feel it's my duty to give it the attention it deserves. I believe it is utterly astonishing that somebody in the XFL has finally broken free of the career-mutilating stranglehold that defines this league of hollow lies and comical nicknames *(**NOTE TO ALL THE SUPERHUMANS THAT ARE CURRENTLY FLOODING ME WITH EMAIL MESSAGES NOTIFYING ME THAT JIM DRUCKENMILLER HAS ALREADY PLAYED FOR THE NFL:** I know. This article is about applauding the man for escaping from the XFL, where he currently plays. Please stop emailing me, comparing my football IQ to that of a garden hose).* As a general rule, the lifespan of anybody involved with the XFL follows two distinctly different timelines:

> **TIMELINE A:**
>
> 1. COLLEGE (expelled for repeatedly breaking into janitorial closet and inhaling paint thinner fumes)
> 2. FULLTIME CAREER STACKING PLASTIC BALLS AT TOYS R' US
> 3. WIDE RECEIVER FOR XFL'S EXPANSION TEAM, THE "NEW MEXICO BLOODY RAPISTS"
> 4. USED GOLF CART SALESMAN
> 5. ARRESTED FOR STEALING GOLF CART GASOLINE AND INHALING THE FUMES
>
> **TIMELINE B:**
>
> 1. COLLEGE (rushes for 50,000,000 yards as a Freshman at the University of Big Dave's School of Proper Grammar Study Division .0032)
> 2. DRAFTED IN THE 34th ROUND BY THE GREEN BAY PACKERS
> 3. PLAYS FIRST GAME; SUFFERS CAREER-ENDING KNEE INJURY
> 4. SIGNS WITH XFL; SUFFERS CAREER-ENDING HUMILIATION INJURY
> 5. ARRESTED FOR STEALING GOLF CART GASOLINE AND INHALING THE FUMES

So I'm naturally excited when an XFL player is able to break the cycle of damnation and graduate to something potentially more fulfilling, like being trampled to death by drunken soccer fans. Jim

Druckenmiller, an XFL quarterback who plays for a team which I don't care enough to currently recall, is in the process of possibly escaping from the icy clutches of the XFL and playing for a professional team, if you could make the mistake and actually refer to the Chiefs as such. Not that I have anything against the Chiefs; I'm sure that after a few hundred thousand personnel and coaching changes, they'll undoubtedly evolve to the point where ABC will allow them to play on their Monday night broadcast and be humiliated by some team with a quarterback whose last name sounds like the Italian word for "fart." So good luck, Jim Druckenmiller and Kansas City! Yours is a match made in heaven, one that sould be featured on those wacky dating shows where one of the participants ends up having scalding soup thrown into their face midway through.

- Monolith's Dan White Able to Buy Paid Advertising on Voodoo Extreme, Only Without Paying - In an interview which surprisingly strays from the clichéd "f'n dialed pimpin ho pop hoochie mama lovin" speak, VE recently talked with Monolith's Dan White, the guy in charge of doing whatever the hell Dan White does all day at Monolith. Now while I'm not in any way criticizing another site's content, because I'm painfully well versed in the humongous amount of shit that spews daily from Something Awful, I have to admit that this entire interview just seems to be a humongous Lithtech 3.0 ad. Here's some clips for ya, spicy man lovin' style (certain clips have been briefly abridged for the sake of brevity):

  VE - *Are you going after any particular markets? For example, the new shots we've seen from the Unreal Warfare engine have blown us away, will the visual in the LithTech 3.0 rival that, or possibly, even be better?*

  DAN WHITE, DIRECTOR OF PIMPIN' - We have a long-term strategy that we think will allow us to aggressively target our core audience and other game-related markets with a great deal of success. I'm not going to get too specific about those plans, but I will say that we feel that the LithTech Development System is a highly competitive set of technologies and tools that can be used in a wider range of applications.

  VE - *What are your thoughts of GarageGames almost giving away the Tribes 2 engine for development? Does that change the development schedule/ideas at all for the LithTech Development System?*

  DAN WHITE, DIRECTOR OF MACK-DADDYIN' - No. As mentioned above, we have a long-term business strategy we continue to follow. We are confident that the technologies and tools that make up the LithTech Development System will remain comprehensive, competitive and commensurate with the goals and objectives of our licensees. LithTech, Inc. also provides unparalleled support to its licensees and is committed to working with them every step of the way. As one recent licensee mentioned to me "it's like hiring 25 engineers and programmers for the price of two or three." We are not just creating license agreements with game developers. We are creating partnerships and long-term relationships.

  VE - *My understanding is the LithTech is strictly an engine and development company, supplying engines for Monolith and anyone else who can pay the price. Have the new engines from Serious Sam, which can be licensed for $50,000, and Tribes 2, which can be licensed for an astounding $100, caused you to change your marketing strategy?* **DAN WHITE, DIRECTOR OF HOOCHIE LOVIN' -** Please see the answer to question #8. I will also add that the LithTech Development System is a versatile set of technologies and tools that can achieve a wide-range of game development goals.

"License the Lithtech engine and make a good game or else we'll be forced to release products that look like this!"

So, to summarize the entire interview, "license the Lithtech engine." In addition, there is also the underlying message of "you should probably license the Lithtech engine" and the deeper issue of "please license the Lithtech engine right now." If you read between the lines, you will also learn that it would be a beneficial move to license the Lithtech engine. Now I understand that every person in the gaming industry agrees to do interviews so they may promote their product and get free exposure, but those articles usually offer exclusive information regarding their game that the general populace wants to know about. You know, like if there's going to be a new, slightly different version of the chaingun in their game or if their title will offer a new gameplay mode that involves passing a STD to the opposing team. But game engines? 99% of the standard gaming site audience has absolutely no intent to license an engine, much less read two page hard sale pitches from Dan White, the Director of Dan Whiteness at Monolith. So what the hell was the point of this interview? Which of you people out there are wondering if *"the LithTech Development System will remain comprehensive, competitive and commensurate with the goals and objectives of [their] licensees"*? More importantly, what the fuck does this mean:

> *Developers can fine-tune the distribution process using real-time feedback from new engine objects that implement an advanced flow-control mechanism developed specifically for the high performance requirements of the distributed object system. To minimize the impact on in-process development, source code licensees can choose to remove the new distributed object system and the relevant network subsystem changes from their compile.*

Maybe it's just me, but if VE didn't get paid a LOT of money for printing this interview, I think they really got ripped off. If anybody out there wants to do an interview with me, please copy and paste the following onto your site and then send news regarding the interview to every major news site you can find on the AOL search engine:

> **[YOUR SITE'S NAME HERE] -** *So Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka, would you say your website is the pinnacle of hilarity on the Internet?*
>
> **RICH "LOWTAX" KYANKA -** Yes. Yes I would. Visit my site.
>
> **[YOUR SITE'S NAME HERE] -** *What are your thoughts of other websites, ones which aren't yours?*
>
> **RICH "LOWTAX" KYANKA -** I feel my site is much better. I am confident that the writing and features that make up Something Awful will remain comprehensive, competitive, and commensurate with the goals and objectives of my readers. Something Awful also provides unparalleled humor to its readers and is committed to entertaining them every step of the way. As one recent viewer mentioned to me, "Dan White sure sounds like a retarded marketing bozo." I am not just creating copious amounts of slander against established game developers. I am also creating copious amounts of slander against Derek Smart.
>
> **[YOUR SITE'S NAME HERE] -** *Thank you very much for your time, Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka.*
>
> **RICH "LOWTAX" KYANKA -** You're welcome. And by the way, my site's better than yours. **[YOUR SITE'S NAME HERE] -** *Well duh.*

So there you go. Don't bother paying me, because I do everything out of pure love for you, the viewer. Also, I just realized that I failed to mention anything about my Seattle trip, but since nobody

in their right mind gives a damn about my boring ass trip and the stupid things that happened to me during it, that's probably for the better. By the way, license the Lithtech engine.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.9 Lowtax's New Job, Moving Mysteries

Saturday, Apr 14, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Movin' on Up, to the Hellhole Side

As I might have recently mentioned (**NOTE:** I have never mentioned it), I accepted a job opportunity with Shock Fusion, a company in downtown Seattle. They were looking for a person like me to do various webmastering and Flash things for them, and fortunately for me, I happen to be a person like me. As a result, I've been preparing to move all day today, in what I refer to as "Stage 1 Packing." This is the more confusing step of moving, when you look around your apartment in disgust and it finally dawns upon you that your place is just festering with utter crap. Suddenly, all the closets you never opened since moving in and all the boxes marked with cryptic messages such as "COLLEGE(?) OCTOBER 119" begin to loom above you, filling the room with a very foreboding and tension-filled atmosphere. Before I entered Stage 1 Packing, I figured there was hardly anything that had to be moved. I mean, there's that futon (*correct spelling of the word "futon" provided by deborah*) which my cat vomited on back around the late 90's, and I've got that TV set which never gets any channel except the one that features "America's Wackiest Surgery Mishaps," but what else is there? I assumed this would all be a piece of cake and it would only take around 10 minutes to shove everything into a giant UAC crate marked "SEATTLE OR BUST." However, Stage 1 Packing soon descended upon me like a fat woman jumping from a transport helicopter, and all the junk in my closets began to smolder before my eyes, like... uh... like something smoldering before my eyes.

After building up enough courage and equipping myself with a catcher's outfit that I got for sending in 40,000 Coco Puffs proof of purchases, I made my way into the dank and darkened chamber that is my guest closet. When I moved into my apartment two years ago, I came loaded down with a large assortment of moving boxes from college, each one containing a varied collection of completely random and useless objects which were packed simply because I was too embarrassed to throw most of the crap away. Many of these boxes had not been opened since I took them with me from home to college, but this didn't stop me from continuing their exciting cross-continental journey ala "Milo and Otis." All these boxes ended up in the guest closet, as that was the location which ran the lowest risk of actually encountering and opening them, which would probably be fatal. However, now that I was preparing myself for yet another move, I attempted to minimize my baggage and hopefully reduce moving costs to somewhere under the $150,000,000 range... and this entailed me going through Stage 1 Packing.

While I was prying open the various misshapen boxes in the closet and releasing the tortured souls contained within, I began to realize that 99% of my total belongings resided in that closet... and 99% of my total belongings were really stupid and worthless. For example, here's an abridged checklist of the remarkably useless things found in that room:

- Approximately nine million feet of coaxial cable. This really boggles my mind because my television is only two feet away from the cable outlet, just like it was in my previous apartment. As far as I can tell, I must've placed two coaxial cable in a box, where they proceeded to marry and produce baby coaxial cables, eat them, and grow to unimaginable lengths. I should probably start my own cable company with all the wire I have. If you're an attractive woman who enjoys licking chocolate off another attractive woman and you'd like to be on my cable network, please email me your headshots and any moneyshots you might have offhand.
- Enough VCR tapes to fill the Grand Canyon. Judging by all the tapes stored in my closet, the only thing I did during college was tape things. Since I can't really remember anything that happened during those four years at Vanderbilt University, I'll assume

this to be true. However, there's no easy way to tell what the hell is on all these tapes. Each one is labeled with things like "SIMPSONS VOLUME 8367," but those titles are all crossed out and written over with what seems to be random Egyptian symbols describing how to operate a flush toilet. To top it off, the cassettes are recorded in ultra super mega SLP mode, which means there's like 5,000 hours of programs per tape, each with the recording quality of a 1968 copying machine. I have decided that all these tapes are going straight to the dumpster, as there's probably a reason I haven't watched them in three years.

"YEE HAW! Why the fuck am I in your closet? I need to break free and win the M.U.S.C.L.E. championship! And then I'll lynch some darkies!"

- M.U.S.C.L.E Men. For some inexplicable reason, I've got three bags full of M.U.S.C.L.E. Men. Why? I have no fucking clue. But hey, there they are. I've got the purple guy that looks like a camera, the pink kid with a huge head, and the red guy with knives for eyes (among others). It's particularly mystifying to know that 1980's toys were somehow able to transport themselves into a box in my closet, but hey, stranger things have happened. On second thought, no, they really haven't.

- Millions of PC game instruction manuals. As a general rule, I never throw out any PC game related material because there's a 99% chance they contain some obscure keycode needed to play it or unlock it or email the development team with death threats. In addition, I have a memory which has a difficult time remembering my own home address, much less the "USE ALTERNATE INVENTORY ITEM UP" key. This explains why I still have the DWANGO registration card from *Doom* and why under "ADDITIONAL NOTES" I wrote "655 Baker Street, Costa Mesa, CA."

- Hundreds of RCA connection cords. I've got male-to-male extension cables, male couplers, female to male Y-adaptors, and a whole bunch of other homosexually-oriented connections. This makes little to no sense considering that the only outputs on my VCR are the coaxial cable and the dent in the side from when I smashed a Chunky Noodle Soup can against it. But hey, if the aliens come and threaten to zap us all with their ray guns, I'll be well prepared. Why? I don't know. These cables sure as fuck won't help me any. I'm sorry I even brought it up to begin with. This is what Stage 1 Packing will do to you.

- CD Cases. Once I get a new CD, I put it into a carrying case with all my other CDs, in a vain hope that they'll mate and create weird music offspring combinations of Maynard Ferguson and the Swamp Terrorists. However, I've still kept all the cases of every CD purchase. Why? I don't know. Maybe I was thinking that one day I'd put the CD back in the case and sell it back to the store at a ridiculously inflated price. Or perhaps in the post-apocalyptic future, the currency will be based off CD cases instead of money or

water. Or maybe I'm just stupid. House odds are on the latter.

...and that's just like half of the crap in there. Needless to say, I loaded up all this refuse and tossed it straight into the dumpster behind my apartment, where it took some Mexican guy only 26 minutes to jump into the trash and start rooting through it (I kid you not). I think the dumpster is bugged and sends messages back to the guy's Love Shack every time anything with more metal than your average Kit-Kat bar is placed into it. I was walking to my car when I saw a set of eyes and a handlebar mustache rise from the dumpster (along with a face behind them), and the Mexican guy just kept rifling through my shameful ex-belongings. More power to him; if he can find some use for the Stage 1 Packing victims, then he deserves every bit of credit. However, in the back of my heart, I know that all those items will soon end up in the back of his El Camino, edging out his great grandma and the other 253 members of his family who are all waiting for the beacon to alert them of another Stage 1 Packing deposit.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.10 The Sopranos and Sharing Feelings

Sunday, Apr 15, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Hey Motherfucker, Share Your Goddamn Feelings With Me

Let me be the first person to admit that I really enjoy Mafia-based entertainment. Having grown up in a family which is roughly 138% Italian, it is quite easy for me to relate to people who spend more money for one day's pasta than the entire GNP of Canada. I've seen all the movies about "The Family," ranging from that one where the gangsters murder the guy, to that other one where the guy dies because he's murdered to death by the gangsters. There's something about a Mafia Family that appeals to the most basic of our human instincts. A lure that attracts and pulls us all in. An intangible quality that mystifies and amazes us. Nah, forget all that crap; the Mafia is cool because they pistolwhip a lot of people with handguns.

Whenever you watch a movie and see a phalanx of fat Italian guys in multimillion dollar suits slowly walking through a club, you just know somebody somewhere is going to get pistolwhipped. That's how the Mafia works. If you default on a loan, you get pistolwhipped. If you default again, then you and your best friend get pistolwhipped. If you default three times, then they pistolwhip and shoot you, your dog, and that guy who bagged your groceries last week. Then they pistolwhip the bullets lodged in your skull, forcing them even further into your brain. You shouldn't do business with the Mafia if you're not prepared to be pistolwhipped on an hourly basis, as that's pretty much a given business practice these days. That's why most Italian guys have broad, wide noses; they spend all day bashing themselves in the faces with 9mm handguns so when the Mafia boys come around to buy a newspaper or get their cars cleaned, they'll be prepared for the inevitable pistolwhipping. Occasionally, when the target is too far away to get beaten in the face with a handgun, and the Mafia goodfellah ate too much ravioli to lumber after them, they will rotate their guns around and use them to actually shoot the victim. This doesn't happen too often though, as shooting people has become "passé" in the Mafia culture. It's all about the pistolwhipping now, baby.

"I'm thinking of a number between 1 and 500. This is the number of times that I'll beat you with my gun."

So it saddens me to reveal just how utterly disgusted I am with this year's episodes of "The Sopranos," the HBO hit show about a 45,000-member Mafia family in the New York / New Jersey area. A friend originally turned me on to this show a couple years ago, having successfully convinced me that it was not about a deaf piano instructor in World War II (which, for some inexplicable reason, I thought the show revolved around). Back then, the series was great. Tony Soprano and his goon squad routinely drove from scene to scene, beating the crap out of people with really long last names and spewing more profanity than your average junior high school girl's bathroom. Every episode had a body count in the mid-hundreds, and the slick dialogue kept the plot moving at a lightning speed:

> **TONY:** "Fuck, motherfucker. Who the fuck offed this shithead?" *(points at a person who looks perfectly healthy, aside from the fact that 99% of their head seems to be missing)*
>
> **PAULIE:** "Shit Tony... I don't know... I don't fuckin' know."
>
> **TONY:** "Fuck. Fuckfuckfuckfuckfuck."
>
> **PAULIE:** "Fuck."

TONY: "We gotta fuckin' fuck this fucker to the fucking fuck."

PAULIE: "Fuck."

POPE JOHN PAUL II GUEST APPEARING AS DANNY "THE TICK" DELUCIA: "Fuck."

Then a car would run into a wall, somebody would meet the business end of an aluminum baseball bat, and Tony would come home to greet his family and suppress the stress of working in an industry that promotes removing key organs of your competitors. One week later, the same events would occur in a slightly different order and slightly different location, but the series would somehow continue to stay fresh and new. The show survived on the sheer strength of the characters' personalities. Well, that and the fact that a few busload of people were bludgeoned to death with kitchen utensils every episode.

"Blah blah blah feelings emotions blah blah bitch emotions feelings blah blah."

However, something has changed this year. The writing has shifted away from "encountering people and making them a lot more dead" to "discussing feelings and emotions for 52 minutes." Instead of pouring gasoline all over a rival family's bodyguard and mailing the remains to their post office box, the Soprano crime family now just sits around in a restaurant and discusses their emotions and how it affects them. Then Tony comes home, doesn't talk to his wife, and goes to sleep. Bam, episode is over. Tune in next week to see Tony and crew discuss how talking about their emotions impacted their lives! Then he'll visit his psychiatrist and rehash what we just saw! Then he'll come home and NOT tell his wife what he just spent a good six days doing! Wow!

The dialogue has changed as well, although it's not really that noticeable.

TONY: "Fuck, motherfucker. I can't believe some cocksucker is trying to move in on my territory."

PAULIE: "What you going to do, Tony?"

TONY: "Sit at this fucking table and bitch about it for 52 minutes, until I see my name scroll up from the bottom of the floor and move towards the ceiling."

PAULIE: "Fuck."

THAT ANNOYING GUY FROM "THE MATRIX" WHO EVERYBODY WANTS TO SEE DIE: "Hey Tony, I just killed a hooker! It's the only person that will die this entire season!"

TONY: "Fuck. This makes me really fuckin' displeased. I'm gonna fuckin' obsess about it for a few dozen episodes, but under no circumstances will I kill you or my idiotic sister, which is what the audience has been praying for since day one."

THAT ANNOYING GUY FROM "THE MATRIX" WHO EVERYBODY WANTS TO SEE DIE: "Hey Tony, I'm like a puppy dog that's had pure cocaine injected into its neck! Hey Tony, watch me do this! Hey Tony, look at me! Hey Tony, hey Tony, hey Tony!"

POPE JOHN PAUL II GUEST APPEARING AS DANNY "THE TICK" DELUCIA: "Fuck."

So, to summarize, all the pistolwhipping and actual crimes have been replaced with emotional discussions and a whole bunch of sitting around inside restaurants, eating things covered in red sauce.

Yet I continue to watch the show, lured by the empty promise of somebody actually suffering bodily harm or at least waving a gun in the general direction of another human being and shouting disparaging words that concern them and sexual activities involving their mother. And after I've woken up at the end of the episode, I realize that once again I've been let down and disappointed, much like all my network experiences running this site. I was thinking of writing a letter to let the producers of "The Sopranos" know exactly how displeased I am with their lack of person-killing and exploding cars, but I believe I shall instead take a Soprano-like approach to dealing with this. Yes, from this point on, I shall simply sit around my table and discuss my extreme displeasure regarding this show and how it affects me, while tossing in the word "fuck" a few hundred times per sentence. Shit, that's what I've been doing on this site for years now. Uhhh, time to move to plan B: hunting down the writers and pistolwhipping them until they see the virtues of traditional Mafia movies. You can come down and help me out, but we'll spend a good three hours discussing our feelings afterwards.

Cliff is Back and is Slightly Displeased

Everybody's second-favorite West Appleton resident (L-Bone being the first, of course) has returned with five brand-spankin' new pictures of mutants and freakshows that he just can't stand. Why? Because he's Cliff Yablonski, that's why!

> *From: cliff yablonski*
> *Subject: cliff yablonski*
>
> *hey ratface, I just updated my goddamn site. tell your idiot readers to stop mailing me. I hate them. I hate you.*
>
> *die*
>
> *cliff*

Boy, what a guy! He's all heart, fellahs! Say "thank you Cliff" by heading on over to see what the Yablonski is cooking!

ROM Pit Madness!

Ooooh, another ROM Pit Review? You'd better believe it, bucko. Today we've got a look at Beam Software's *The Three Stooges*, a game which refuses to let the three comedic geniuses rest in peace.

> *What do you do to financially capitalize on a long dead comic trio? Why you condemn their poor souls to an eternity of shame and further grave spinning by making a game based around them! This title by Beam Software (makers of Bad Street Brawler) is a conglomerate of a board game and a puzzle game, only without any strategy or logic that either may require. Now before we go any further, I'd like to mention that I actually owned this game during my crazy elementary school days. I also had a tendency to wet myself in public situations. Coincidence? Damn you, Beam Software!*

Exciting! Check out the review or I'll hit you with a comical prop!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.11 Derek Smart and Amazing Battlecruiser 700K 4D Screenshots!

Monday, Apr 16, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Derek Smart Explodes on the Scene

Nothing gets me more excited than hearing that Derek "Cranium Overflow" Smart has released new BATTLECRUISER 700K 4D SCREENSHOTS! That's right folks, he has returned to the scene with a vengeance. I suppose the scene is some sort of homoerotic bathroom coke scene like they had at Studio 54, but whatever the scene is, he has arrived again with a vengeance. Marvel at his giant astronaut. Wonder at the pure angular power of his spaceships! They will destroy you because they exceed ninety degrees! Try that at home kids!

I have upgraded my battlecruiser with hydraulics, chain steering wheel and a 3000 AD crown shaped air freshener.

You would think someone who released screenshots of a game that has been in development for roughly five thousand years would have some sense of humility. BUT NOT DEREK SMART! Derek Smart knows that his game will be the best ever!

> *God help the competition, because its going to take a lot more than luck and a massive marketing blitz, to beat BCM.*

Yeah, that's right Derek, it might take something like a playable demo or maybe an engine that renders on a system somewhere below a DoD supercomputer. Oh, hahaha, wait, yours is the only game that doesn't have a playable demo and requires a set of alien hardware (and I don't mean G4 you Mac freaks) to render! Have fun on the market, SUPER GENIUS!

I Was a Teenage Alcoholic

Actually no, not at all, well maybe... damn. I didn't have a drop to drink until I was 18 and then I showed up at college and drank like a fish. Call me a late bloomer, but I sure made up for it! Twenty beers in one night, endless games of "Quarters" and "Asshole"; I endlessly struggled to compensate for my missing out on the scene. I don't mean the Derek Smart scene, I mean the drinking scene. I have a number of incredibly lame drinking stories I could relate, stories that are probably similar to what you have personally experienced, but instead I will relate the night I shared with a friend and my ex-wife: "The Night of the Tussin." Notice the "ex" prefix before the whole "wife" thing? That represents misogyny.

This is the kind of friend I have. No wonder I am drunk out of my mind three days a week.

This was not just any night... my then-wife and I journeyed to Cincinnati to visit a few friends and a particular friend who was visiting from Tennessee by the name of R. (Rodriguez, Robert, whatever...) Adkins who decided to consume an entire bottle of Robitussin as a prelude to our night on the town. Several other friends were there and we enjoyed mass quantities of alcohol, but nothing to match the volatile bottle of Robitussin my friend had chugged before we left for the Tex-mex restaurant. We all had

Margaritas as big as your torso, and like Mad Dog 20/20, they were fit for a kiiiiiing, but this still did not add up to a bottle of Robitussin. The recipe for my friend's downfall went something like this:

8 beers (domestic)
45 ounce margarita
8 ounces of Robitussin

Mixing: Chug beers as quickly as possible, douse semi-authentic "just north of the border" food with massive margarita, top off with Robitussin.

For those of you who don't have a nice big bottle of Robitussin, you can replace the effects by simply standing in front of an overloaded 16-wheeler traveling at roughly 185 miles per hour. If you don't live near an interstate where trucks have rocket motors attached, have your friend hit you in the face with a shovel a minimum of ninety times.

Of course women aren't objects, I object to their objectification! Oh no, objectastrophe!

We decided to attend the grand opening of strip club, and arrived to be impressed by the high caliber of the dancers present, and the fact that my good friend had become nearly catatonic.

Unlike many "showgirls", they were attractive and well rounded. Call me a cad but I am very judgmental when it comes to strippers. If you are willing to mount the stage nude you had better be very attractive and possess at least rudimentary motor skills, and miraculously, these women had checkmarks in both columns.

I purchased a lap dance for my good friend Mister Adkins, this requiring in the neighborhood of roughly one thousand slaps to the face before he would react (much to the horror of the stripper). When he did finally follow the dancer, he responded to her disrobing with an emphatic "you can't wake the dead honey" hissed through red-stained teeth. Shortly after returning to his seat, I noticed a particular gleam in my friend's eyes. This gleam did not mean "I want to see more nudity," it meant something along the lines of, "I want to kill god". In short order, my friend vomited on his chest, tossed two wooden chairs at a particularly unspectacular stripper while screaming something like "avast ye fucking landlubbers!" and got thrown out by tuxedo dressed bouncers while muttering a William Blake poem. "Tiger, tiger, vagina tight," or something along those lines.

We followed him to the car and he became more animated on the way home, rolling to and fro in the back seat screaming "I'm a strippah man!" and the accompanying "I'm a strippah!". Frankly, he is lucky that he didn't hit the dancing girl in the head with a chair and get arrested for assault. Believe it or not this eclipses the night where he rolled around on furniture in my apartment and then crawled between a mattress and a box spring and screamed while making the mattress "levitate".

The reason I relate all this to you is the impending night of debauchery this Saturday, on a scale never before seen. We have a liquor cabinet stocked with all of the following, and believe me, I consider this bragging of a pathetic nature: Bacardi 151, Vodka 151, Ketel One Vodka, Beefeater Gin (replacing our normal Tangueray) and literally dozens of schnapps, mixes and lesser alcohols (tequila, spiced rum, etc.), gasoline, kerosene, rubbing alcohol and all manner of fuel derivatives. I also think we have liquid oxygen somewhere in our liquor cabinet. That goes in a Hairy Buffalo, right?

Please relate to me any drinks you might have. I am willing to try anything because my ultimate goal is to introduce a supposedly attractive Asian girl to my "claw hammer" which is my nickname for my claw hammer. She can "respect the hammer" by going unconscious and possibly bleeding to death from internal hemorrhaging. God bless baby Jesus.

Return to Sender

Jeff K has made his triumphant comeback to the Ask Jeff K tournament. No, I didn't realize there was a tournament either, but I guess people are competing to see how FUCKING STUPID THEY CAN BE BY E-MAILING HIM. Jeff, as always, responds with his usual aplomb.

> ***YUO WRITE LIEK A RETARD***
>
> USE TEH KEYBOARD NEXT TIEM TO TYPE AND MAYBE ILL UNDARSTAND YUO AND REPLY BUT UNTIL THEN GO DIG A DITCH AND BURRY YUORSELF IN TEH DITCH AND LIGHT THE DITCH ON FIRE because I dont haev enough tiem to figare out yuor nonsense words, cakeass.

I didn't include the user submitted e-mail in that because I feel confident you can use your imagination. The only limit is you, so hurry and ask Jeff K!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.12 Guide to Science Fiction Films

Tuesday, Apr 17, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Helping the World... One Lie at a Time!

Since this site was founded on aiding you, the reader, in your never-ending quest to become a better person, Something Awful has once again come through in the clutch and delivered a guide which will make your life more wholesome. More complete. More... uh... something else. That's right, we've created a guide that none of you can live without; a Guide to Creating Science Fiction Films. This wonderful aid to humanity includes such helpful tips as the following:

> - *Alien-parasite-infested humans and robots lack the ability to travel at a rate faster than a "slow, lumbering, drunken stumble." This is because they use futuristic technology which allows them to ALWAYS stay two steps behind the Olympic sprinter who's fleeing at the speed of light, no matter how slow the alien / robot walks. I'm not sure exactly how that works, but if I were to guess, I'd say it has something to do with caching your browser's cookies or something.*
> - *Despite mastering intergalactic travel and creating weapons that can turn humans into quivering blobs of mucous within milliseconds, aliens are almost always vulnerable to some ordinary, everyday object. If you're ever being chased by an alien, lead them into a grocery store and start throwing everything you can find at them. Chances are that some object, or some combination of objects, will cause them to melt and / or explode. Then you can triumphantly exclaim, "cleanup on aisle six" and grin into the camera. Even if you're not in aisle six.*

Wow! And if that exciting block of quoted text just didn't make your loins wet with anticipation, I'm throwing in the following pictures of shitty science fiction films absolutely FREE OF CHARGE:

How can you resist? Hurry up and read the Guide to Creating Science Fiction Films and then submit your own for part II! Help make the world a better place... by reading a stupid article and sending email.

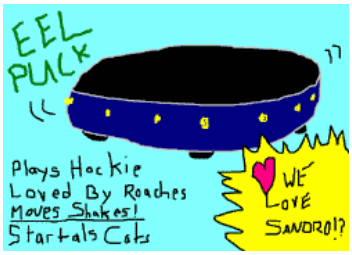
-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.13 Eel Cyborgs

Thursday, Apr 19, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Forsberg Bulges the Twine With EelPuck!

Did I start getting drunk already or did I really just read that scientists have wired an eel brain into a robotic hockey puck? No, 'tis truth and not the spirits mateys!



Buy EelPuck Now!

> *The cyborg is no RoboCop, but it is a revolutionary experiment in combining a mechanical device with living tissue. The robot is controlled by an immature lamprey eel brain that was removed, kept alive in a special solution and attached to the hockey-puck-sized robot by wires so it can receive signals from the device's electronic eyes and send commands to move the machine's wheels.*
>
> "Until the recent past, people were using biological nervous systems to inspire technology," said physiologist Sandro Mussa-Ivaldi of Northwestern University's Rehabilitation Institute of Chicago. "Now we've gone one step beyond, to tap into the nervous system itself."

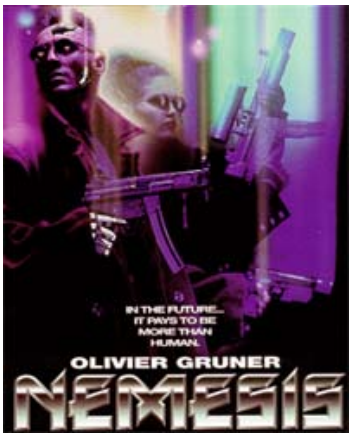
Well damn, no RoboCop? I thought they were going to have EelPuck hitting the mean streets of Old Detroit, fighting crime and upholding the public trust! I assume the reason against this is that immature lamprey eels are too lawless to really be molded into effective crimefighters. Hell, I remember the infamous Eel Riots in Providence during 1994... they nearly flopped around trying to absorb oxygen through their gills until the entire city was destroyed!

What possible real world applications could sweet-sweet Sandro have in mind for his amazing EelPuck?

- **NHL Regulation EelPuck** - Following on the heels of that incredibly sassy "comet trail puck" Fox tried, EelPuck will truly revolutionize the sport of professional hockey. Since EelPuck's lamprey brain is attracted to flashing lights, all that needs to be done is to dig up a bunch of pairs of those old British Knights shoes with the flashing light in the heel and modify them into ice skates. EelPuck will zip around the rink creating all manner of hijinx and add an entirely new dimension to the game!
- **Roach Rv** - Roaches a problem? Just grab a paste stick and attach a roach motel to the top of EelPuck, then hang your disco ball to give it that random movement you're looking for. You'll find that this will work very well in attracting roaches, since like most men, cockroaches appreciate the thrill of the chase.
- **Milkshake Coaster** - When weight loss is a real issue, just use EelPuck as a coaster for your girth-enhancing drinks and it will roll away, probably spilling the shake all over the place in the process. You might have to buy a lot of EelPucks, because unlike venomous piles of insane webmasters, they can't breathe milkshake.
- **Cat Frightener** - Cats really love small objects that roll at them suddenly, and by "love" I mean "hate and want to destroy." Armor little ol' EelPuck up to protect the juicy lamprey brain from prying cat attacks and send him on his way! Your cat will really dig it when it's sound asleep and you hold a flashlight over its head so that the EelPuck drives at ramming speed into its face. Mission accomplished, EelPuck!

Hopefully EelPuck will hit store shelves very soon. I think it could be a craze bigger than sliced bread or cloth flour sacks, and I am already pretty insane over sliced bread. WOOOOOOOO, GO! WIN, SLICED BREAD, GO GO GO! USA #1!

I Fancy Myself a Writer



Oh hey, they already made a film adaptation of the novel I wrote in high school.

I have always hoped to be more than just a half-assed source of humor, and I have always told myself that I have the skill to pull it off. Of everything I have written up until now, I only have a few passable short stories that I can point to as anything indicative of this. Roughly four or five weeks ago I began the long hard road of writing a novel. I'm not going to bore you to tears with it, or ask for constructive criticism because I am already aware that "I = fagot".

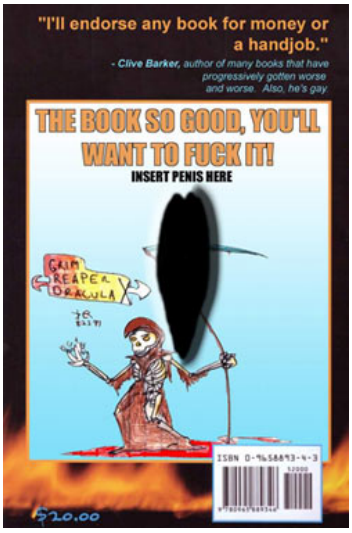
This isn't my first go at writing a novel. My first attempt began in the sixth grade, and after two hundred hand-scrawled pages detailing a cyborg in a post-apocalypse future with some other garbage and giant robots, I gave up on it. During my freshman year in high school, I put my fingers to the keyboard and began my second attempt at a novel. This time I thought I had it nailed down, and since I can actually remember the second one (my 250 page draft was luckily lost in a hard drive crash), I am going to tell you all about it. You know, because you asked. Really.

The novel began with a character named Kart. Don't ask me why I named him that. I think I had a secret sexual fascination with go-karts. Naturally Kart was a bad ass mercenary, he had all manner of firearms, and I am fairly certain he was a cyborg, which is a great idea that I just couldn't let go of. The female character was named Sara, probably after some girl I had a crush on in high school, and she was also a cyberslut who could handle a gun.

These two characters were brought together by an evil Japanese businessman (because all Japanese businessmen are evil) who was in Egypt trying to unlock some ancient Egyptian evil (because everything from ancient Egypt is evil). Well the Japanese guy bought it and then somehow his search for ancient Egyptian evil caused an incredibly silly cataclysm. Not to copy off Lowtax's fine literary references, but this cataclysm can be best compared to the shutdown of the ghost containment unit in Ghostbusters. All manner of evil spirit and beast were flying through the air causing trouble and eating people. Oh yeah, and the evil Egyptian spirit energy turned the survivors into hideous mutant freaks. *Evil* hideous mutant freaks.

This began a fabulously entertaining ride of outrageous encounters and hysterically funny one-liners. This novel may have contained the highest number of classic quotable lines in history. Everyone has their own favorites, and mine was when Ray confronted his client-turned-love-interest Dana Barret (Sigourney Weaver) after she became possessed by an evil spirit that had taken over her building. Murray knocked on the door, and the usually conservative and demure Barret answered as a demonic, sensual sex-pot!

Peter: "That's a different look for you isn't it?"
Dana: "Are you the key-master?"
Peter: *(pause)* "Not that I know of."


"I'll endorse any book for money or a handjob."
- Clive Barker, author of many books that have progressively gotten worse and worse. Also, he's gay.
THE BOOK SO GOOD, YOU'LL WANT TO FUCK IT!
INSERT PENIS HERE
GRIM REAPER DRACULA
$20.00

FABULOUSLY ENTERTAINING! Naturally Kart and Sara were the only two who could save the world because Kart had some weird power that made him get nose bleeds. I'm not making that up. Well, technically I *did* make it up, but I'm not making it up right now.

As bad as all this sounds, I'm not letting you in on the key selling point of my novel. If it had ever been published, I would have wanted the following truism printed as a guarantee in bold red lettering on the front cover next to the picture of the jet truck or mummy or whatever they put on the cover: **"ZACK PROMISES ONE GUN FIGHT EVERY FIVE PAGES"**

Naturally there wasn't a gun fight in every five page span, but averaged out, I am certain that guarantee would never allow someone to actually get their money back. I would have also included a lot more sex as a selling point, but I was not exactly a gigolo, and the one awkward sex scene I included played out like a retarded kid's finger-painting of "where babies come from." If I had managed to turn it into a sci-fi harlequin novel, I would have included a pop-down vagina and billed it as:

"A BOOK FUCKING GOOD TIME!"

I am sure I could get that whore Clive Barker to attach his name to that quote, as he'll say anything on a book jacket for money or a handjob.

If this whole novel thing doesn't work out, I am pretty sure I can just learn Japanese and go script episodes of "Gundam Wing" or "Dragonball Z." If anything, I am overqualified for that position.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.14 The Ghost Patrol!

Friday, Apr 20, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Ghost Patrol... IN COLOR!

Since I've been slacking off in my duties as a major news media outlet and have failed to inform you of the various things that you might be killed by this week, I feel it's my duty to catch up today. However, CNN, Fox News, and all those other networks already covered the everyday things that can cause you to die, such as faulty SUV tires, pollution, cold fronts, and minorities. That leaves me with the difficult task of reporting to you the "real" threats, the ones so dangerous and controversial that the major networks and shopping channels dare not associate themselves with them. Yes, that's correct, I am of course referring to the issues which are brought up on "Coast to Coast AM With Art Bell." Strap yourselves in, ladies and feminine men, as I take you on a ride full of sheer terror! And wonder! No wait, it's just a ride of sheer terror! There's no wonder involved! I changed my mind!

What looks like a normal day at the park soon turns into an ABNORMAL day at the park! Look closely at the shadow to their right. Notice anything strange? And chilling? And nefarious?

MENACE #1 - THE SHADOW MEN

As there evidently aren't enough non-shadow men in the world who would willingly murder us for a pack of cigarettes, the Art Bell Show has recently exposed the Shadow Men, or as experts refer to them, "the Shadow Men." These mysterious creatures apparently live in another dimension and have the ability to travel extremely fast. Like even faster than a racecar. Going downhill. On fire. I mean the racecar's on fire, not the hill. They're so fast that we can only see them out of the corner of our eyes, as leading non-scientists featured on the Art Bell Show routinely claim in between callers phoning in and revealing that their cat can predict the future. I'm not really sure why only the corners of our eyes can pick up the Shadow Men, but since I've never seen the ice cream man's hyperdimensional shadow fly around right in front of me, I guess that's as plausible as anything. Nobody knows what the Shadow Men are made of, where they come from, or how they're able to survive. Think "Dick Clark," only with a lot less light.

Look below the arrow to see a close up of a "Shadow Man," who is waving a Confederate flag and flipping what scientists refer to as "the bird." Be afraid, be very afraid.

At one point in the week, Art introduced his listeners to a self-professed "Shadow Man expert," a title which has the same impact as referring to yourself as "The French Minister of Time Travel." This "expert" took calls from listeners who were eager to find out if the mysterious specters which haunted them were the nefarious Shadow Men or perhaps various other nefarious things. A good two hours of the show went like this:

> **CALLER #1:** "Hello Art. I love your show. When you stopped hosting it, I began digging Exacto blades under my eyelids to deal with the pain and pressure building inside my skull. Anyway, I have a question for the Shadow Man man. I was walking down the street and saw some shadow out of the corner of my eye. It seemed highly nefarious. I'd also like to say that I wasn't drunk when I saw it, no matter what Bill Watkins may say. Bill's a liar anyway. Was that a Shadow Man I saw?"
>
> **EXPERT:** "Sure sounds like it."
>
> **CALLER #1:** "Thanks!" *(hangs up)*

CALLER #2: "Yeah, I got a question for the Shadow guy. My maw said one time she was watchin' her stories when suddenly something black flew into the room and knocked over her Jesus mug. Then the shadow stole her hair curler and ran out the screen door. Maw said it smelled like clams, and she also saw it at K-Mart in the wicker chair section. Was that a Shadow Man?"

EXPERT: "Probably."

CALLER #2: "Oh boy. Thanks! Wait until Maw tells her poker friends! " *(hangs up)*

CALLER #3: "Hey Art. I was working late one night when something appeared in the wall and begin to shuffle all the papers on my desk around. I thought at first that it was my nine-year old son, but after looking at it closer, I noticed that it had no head. Was that a Shadow Man or does my son have the ability to remove and replace his head at will?"

EXPERT: "No, that sounds like a poltergeist."

CALLER #3: "Damn! I was hoping for a Shadow Man. Oh well, you can't win them all the time. Thanks anyway."

The entire show played like a game show of "Shadow Man or Poltergeist?", where contestants battled to give their best description of a Shadow Man. The winner got their prescription brain medication refilled and enough silver bullets to fend off the Mutant Space Worms for an additional 15 minutes.

MENACE #2 - THE ALIENS

None of the guest experts that Art invites on has any idea where the aliens are from, why they do the things they do, or what their ultimate purpose is, but they all inherently know that the aliens are terribly concerned with the health of our planet. Somewhere, zillions and zillions of miles away, a bunch of bug-eyed grey aliens are floating around and discussing alternative campaigns to recycling cardboard in Iowa. This is because the Earth, much like America, is the center of the universe. Everybody in space is completely obsessed with us to the point that they monitor our every move. Yes, that's right, our EVERY move. Even when you're doing... *that*. Luckily the aliens only care about our anti-pollution and recycling efforts, and not the activities that our left hand engages in underneath the computer desk. Professor John Mack, the founder of PEER, explained his theories regarding the alien phenomenon a couple nights ago. Before you instantly discredit John, let me remind you that many people consider him to be the "Father of Alien Study," or the "Daddy of Alien Research." That makes him "Professor John Mack Daddy." I don't think anybody could ever win an argument against somebody with such a name. It's just not possible.

So Professor Mack Daddy took a couple hours to casually chat about the aliens and their long-term goals. Professor Mack Daddy seemed very confident that the aliens are visiting our planet just to let us know that we probably shouldn't litter, we should stop using fossil fuels, and we should all abandon our houses and live at peace in the woods until we're mauled to death by large amounts of rabid nature. Professor Mack Daddy's only proof, aside from somebody else's conjecture and hearsay, was limited to his very own conjecture and hearsay claiming that *he simply knows* what the aliens want. Why? 'Cause the Mack Daddy says so, that's why!

ART BELL: "So Professor Mack, why do you think the aliens are here?"

PROFESSOR MACK DADDY: "They want to protect us from ourselves. We're destroying our planet. We're horrible monsters and I pray for our collective deaths. We're dumping toxic waste everywhere. The human race will destroy itself in two years. This planet will only be livable for nine more days. The aliens want to help us by exposing the truth and beauty of giving up all our worldly possessions and holing up in caves, where we will live off rock moss and toenail clippings."

ART BELL: "And how do you know this?"

PROFESSOR MACK DADDY: "The aliens told me."

Exclusive proof linking the alien with Richard Garriot's awful fashion sensibilities! Believe it, sister!

I personally think "the aliens told me" is an excellent answer and explains a lot of things. For example, have you ever seen how Richard Garriot dresses? I've never been able to explain how the guy manages to weave together enough bar napkins and potholders to make a functional outfit, much less why he chooses to wear them during photo shoots, but there he is in every picture, grinning like a madman and wearing a shirt which can double as a 13th century throw rug. However, now that Professor Mack Daddy has revealed that the aliens are actively talking to people and saying really vague and confusing things, I think we've solved the enigma. I find it just as easy to believe that Martians are instructing Richard Garriot how to dress as it is to think that the aliens are really concerned with my decision to choose paper over plastic. In fact, I'm going to start using this as an excuse for everything.

> **POLICEMAN #1:** "So why did you murder that 80-year old woman and dress up in her clothes while opening fire on the marching band?"
>
> **ME:** "The aliens told me to."
>
> **POLICEMAN #2:** "Aliens? HAW HAW HAW!!! Yeah right!"
>
> **ME:** "And then they said that using fossil fuels is bad."
>
> **POLICEMAN #1:** "Hmmm, his story checks out. Those are the aliens. Okay, you're free to go."

So those are the two major threats we're currently trying to avoid; the evil Shadow Men and the not-so-evil aliens. As far as I can tell, the only way to play it safe these days is by driving a very fuel-efficient car and always staring straight ahead. I'm not exactly sure how being abducted and having metal probes stuck up our asses aboard a UFO accomplishes either of these goals, but I'm sure that will be explained in a future episode. After all, the aliens told me it would be.

Comics... of FIREMEN!

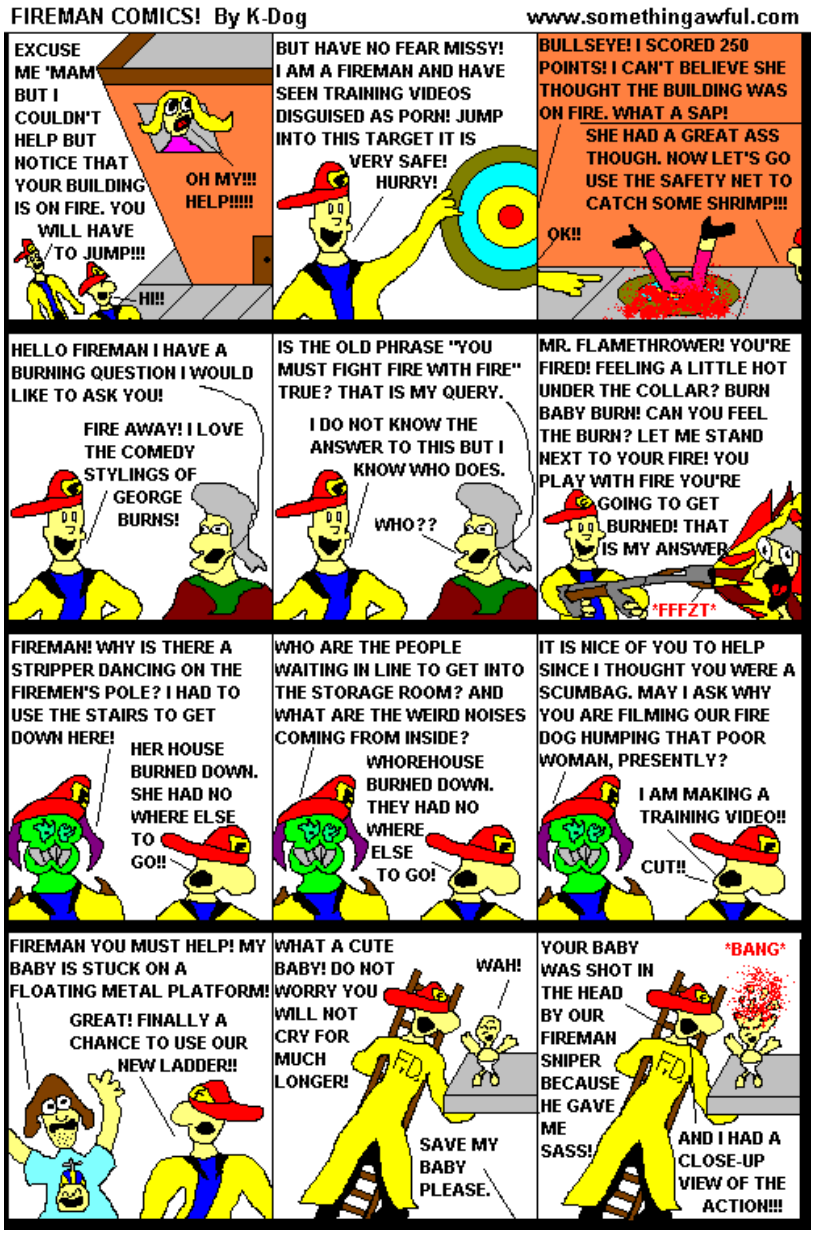
Since I forgot to post a Fireman Comic last weekend, I'll take this opportunity to make it up by... uh... posting a new Fireman Comic. Thank K-Dog for once again serving up a hot and spicy winner!

It's like raw comedy is 16 colors and sitting on my desktop!

Money Makin' Good Times!

As mentioned numerous times in the past, SA isn't really rolling in dough. Okay, we're broke. I haven't had running hot water in months. To make this a profitable site, I have enlisted the aid of professional web designer Roger Makoe, a man with years of Internet experience and credibility. Head on over to his hosted site and get a great deal on your next professional website design!

NOTE: I asked Roger to send me an email, giving me a brief writeup of his site, but apparently he hasn't been able to figure out how to use Microsoft Outlook Express. However, he has assured me


FIREMAN COMICS! By K-Dog
www.somethingawful.com
EXCUSE ME 'MAM BUT I COULDN'T HELP BUT NOTICE THAT YOUR BUILDING IS ON FIRE. YOU WILL HAVE TO JUMP!!!
OH MY!!! HELP!!!!!
HI!!!
BUT HAVE NO FEAR MISSY! I AM A FIREMAN AND HAVE SEEN TRAINING VIDEOS DISGUISED AS PORN! JUMP INTO THIS TARGET IT IS VERY SAFE! HURRY!
BULLSEYE! I SCORED 250 POINTS! I CAN'T BELIEVE SHE THOUGHT THE BUILDING WAS ON FIRE. WHAT A SAP!
SHE HAD A GREAT ASS THOUGH. NOW LET'S GO USE THE SAFETY NET TO CATCH SOME SHRIMP!!!
OK!!
HELLO FIREMAN I HAVE A BURNING QUESTION I WOULD LIKE TO ASK YOU!
FIRE AWAY! I LOVE THE COMEDY STYLINGS OF GEORGE BURNS!
IS THE OLD PHRASE "YOU MUST FIGHT FIRE WITH FIRE" TRUE? THAT IS MY QUERY.
I DO NOT KNOW THE ANSWER TO THIS BUT I KNOW WHO DOES.
WHO??
MR. FLAMETHROWER! YOU'RE FIRED! FEELING A LITTLE HOT UNDER THE COLLAR? BURN BABY BURN! CAN YOU FEEL THE BURN? LET ME STAND NEXT TO YOUR FIRE! YOU PLAY WITH FIRE YOU'RE GOING TO GET BURNED! THAT IS MY ANSWER
FFFZT
FIREMAN! WHY IS THERE A STRIPPER DANCING ON THE FIREMEN'S POLE? I HAD TO USE THE STAIRS TO GET DOWN HERE!
HER HOUSE BURNED DOWN. SHE HAD NO WHERE ELSE TO GO!!
WHO ARE THE PEOPLE WAITING IN LINE TO GET INTO THE STORAGE ROOM? AND WHAT ARE THE WEIRD NOISES COMING FROM INSIDE?
WHOREHOUSE BURNED DOWN. THEY HAD NO WHERE ELSE TO GO!
IT IS NICE OF YOU TO HELP SINCE I THOUGHT YOU WERE A SCUMBAG. MAY I ASK WHY YOU ARE FILMING OUR FIRE DOG HUMPING THAT POOR WOMAN, PRESENTLY?
I AM MAKING A TRAINING VIDEO!!
CUT!!
FIREMAN YOU MUST HELP! MY BABY IS STUCK ON A FLOATING METAL PLATFORM!
GREAT! FINALLY A CHANCE TO USE OUR NEW LADDER!!
WHAT A CUTE BABY! DO NOT WORRY YOU WILL NOT CRY FOR MUCH LONGER!
WAH!
SAVE MY BABY PLEASE.
YOUR BABY WAS SHOT IN THE HEAD BY OUR FIREMAN SNIPER BECAUSE HE GAVE ME SASS!
BANG
AND I HAD A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF THE ACTION!!!

that the program is working and he can get all the email you send him, so feel free to contact him for an estimate or site design suggestion! Welcome, Roger!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.15 Fragmaster's Worst Update Ever

Saturday, Apr 21, 2001 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

The Worst Update Ever

I couldn't update last weekend, so I have to update today. Since Lowtax already posted one of those wacky Fireman Comics yesterday, it looks like I'm going to actually have to write a whole bunch of stuff to constitute an update. This means you readers are in trouble and should probably leave this site right now.

I'm tired from watching movies and playing insane Japanese Dreamcast games over at Lowtax's house, so there's no way I can write anything remotely coherent. Instead, I'm just going to start typing whatever I can think of as quickly as I can. I got this idea from some movie where the main character discovered that if he just started writing without thinking about what he was writing eventually he would write down some of his most interesting and revealing thoughts. I doubt this cunning strategy will work for me since I'm a total moron who eats teeth and is deathly afraid of being molested by zoo bee keepers in snake cages, but since I've got to fill this page with **something**, it's a good as strategy as any. So here we go, for the rest of this news item I'm just going to write whatever comes to my head as fast as my fingers will move:

There was an atom bomb about to explode but being strapped down isn't going to help anyone in this situation because if you miss the early dressing you won't be in the movie when you're waiting around to do something that you really don't want to do. There's fifteen dogs on your plate and nobody is getting older watching them so keep yourself in line unless you're willing to sacrifice something incredibly valuable to you including a watch you don't really care about. So let's see where this keeps us in standing in principle office and sitting in a chair because you did nothing wrong except a gym teacher falling off a balance beam to your death. How about an eraser on your head to balance? No I don't think so Jello because that's good eating for sandwich cancer. Down at the beach the rules are simple and failure to follow these will result in a penalty. There's hockey in boxes and nobody opens them for fear of retribution. There's not going to revenge when the schoolmarm is out of town because businesses are closed for easter if you want to buy a motherboard you're pretty much out of luck and the Pokemon store has gone out of business and drums are very loud since you can't play them in the reach of children. This is why aspirin prices aren't very good.

NOTE: I just realized that this must be the way Scientology and all those other religions wrote their bibles so quickly, since I wrote the above paragraph in seemingly a few seconds. So I'm going to change course here and write a chapter of a bible for a loony cult religion:

CHAPTER 14: THIS IS WHERE YOU BELONG FOR SIZE

The followers of sheep have never been one to complain. When you join our church the complaints are down the drain with the others in the water. If you do not want to drown you must join the teachings and us. There are four kinds of people in the world and none of them have alabaster sand floorings. Sleep only on tiles that you trust or alien spoons are here to protect you that is exactly the protection you do not deserve. Trust in the sanctity of yourself and your leader, since leaders lead where others follow. In the tomorrow land there is something waiting for the members of this church that is out of bounds for non-believers. This prize is worth thousands of dollars but money is no object in this time frame so you might as well give all your money to us so you'll have golden cubbyholes in your new life. If you get the lead cubbyholes all your loved ones will die very slowly and you don't want your hot ass wife to rot her ass off do you? This is the word of our god.

There's your damn update. If you don't like it, don't complain to me. You get what you pay for, the best things in life are free, and too many cooks spoil New England Cramps.

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

4.16 The Prefabricated Future

Sunday, Apr 22, 2001 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

Not many people can say that they've spent significant amounts of time in supermarkets with Lowtax, but I can. For some reason, every time I drop by his "swinging bachelor pad" to work on some ill-fated "internet films," he ends up suddenly remembering that he absolutely has to drag me to the supermarket **right now** so he can get some obscure lotion for his dry skin, cherry cobbler mix, Carnation Instant Breakfast, or oversized bars of white chocolate. I don't understand why he always buys such unusual and totally un-tasty products. Maybe he secretly feeds on homeless pets and just grabs random items off the shelf in an asinine attempt to conceal his dark, ritualistic, midnight pet eating orgies. I also seriously think he's afraid to go into grocery stores alone, and that's why he always drags me along. Despite the fact that I look like a former skin-head Woody Allen, I'm a pretty tough guy.

About two months ago I was shuffling behind Lowtax as he searched for meat to stuff into his newly acquired George Foreman Grill when we encountered an old crone pushing free samples of Ruffles potato chips. Using her long, pointy fingers as incentive, the hag offered a handful of chips to Lowtax. Lowtax attempted to respond with a witty reply, but he ended up saying something like "No thanks I'm afraid of potatoes." I forget what he said. Then the witch asked me if I wanted some, and I nasally replied that I had already eaten a bag of Twinkies while Lowtax was hunting for fresh Brussel Sprouts or something like that. At this point, the old woman with impossibly frazzled hair became surprisingly animated and proudly proclaimed (and I quote this exactly, as I will never forget this encounter for the rest of my life):

> ***" I have seen the future, and the future is a Ruffles chip, and the future is a Ruffles dip!"***

At the time, this announcement shocked us and we quickly scampered down the frozen peas aisle to laugh and recount the entire bizarre experience. Best of all, as we made our way back to Lowtax's car in the parking lot, we encountered the old hag again, as she had inexplicably parked her car next to Lowtax's and probably needed to snag some goat tongue from her trunk during her 5-minute break.

That, my fellow humans, is a true story. And I share it with you for a very compelling reason. You see I too have seen the future. And while the future does indeed contain a Ruffles chip and a Ruffles dip, it is also a future filled with nifty pre-fabricated food.

The inspiration behind this update was my purchase of Nestle Toll House "break & bake" cookies. I saw an ad for this product on TV and was completely blown away. See, you buy this one pound rectangle of cookie dough, put square chunks of it into your oven, and boom: ten minutes later, you get perfectly round cookies **HOW CAN THIS POSSIBLY BE!?!** See, the small squares transform into tasty circles! My brain just can't fathom this technology. Nestle has invented hyper-intelligent cookie batter that can change shape on consumer demand. And these aren't crappy airport cookies, either, oh no. These are mommy-slaved-over-a-hot-stove-for-three-hours home-style chocolate chip cookie *goodness*! The back of the package claims that the entire process is "Like Magic." But us educated folk know that Nestle isn't selling magic, they're selling advanced technology of possible alien origin. These cookies can't be magic, because magic never tasted this good!

I don't see why the mainstream media isn't making a bigger deal out of these recent developments. The way things are going, we'll all be eating *Jetsons*-style in just a few short months. Entire eleven course meals will be compressed into easy to bake one-pound rectangles. And once micro-technology catches up, we'll be able to pop food pills, just like Judy Jetson did before going out to hyper-kiss

on a space couch at the cyber movies with the guy who ran the Sprocket company. A prefabricated future of transforming, morphing, simple to prepare nourishment is just around the corner. I have seen the future of food, and it geometrically pleasing!

Movie Review: Freddy Got Fingered

I just got back from seeing Tom Green's way-too heavily promoted first feature film *Freddy Got Fingered*. This film is getting absolutely trashed by the critics. CNN calls it "quite simply the worst movie ever released by a major studio in Hollywood history." Even worse than *Battlefield Earth*?! Impossible, I thought. Roger Ebert said "This movie doesn't scrape the bottom of the barrel. This movie isn't the bottom of the barrel. This movie isn't below the bottom of the barrel. This movie doesn't deserve to be mentioned in the same sentence with barrels."

I'm ashamed to admit it at this point, but I consider myself to be a Tom Green fan. Scoff if you will, but I find a good portion of his Canadian public access stuff especially to be incredibly amusing. So I went into the theater with at least modest expectations. After all, most movie critics are seventy-year old zombies who only giggle at Cosmopolitan jokes. (Warning, minor spoilers below)

Unfortunately, the critics were right. This movie truly is something awful, and I can only recommend it to die-hard Tom Green fans who enjoy looking at animal penises. The movie falls apart just five or so minutes in when Tom jumps out his car to jerk off a horse and scream "Look at me, I'm a farmer!" Most of the jokes revolve around animal cocks, oral sex, injuries, and child molestation. The remainder of the jokes consist of bad inside jokes and recycled Tom Green show comedy bits done with actors instead of real people. And none of them are very funny, except in the "I can't believe this got filmed and approved by the MPAA" sense. My guess is that Tom thought that since sucking milk out of cow's udders was kind of funny, jacking off animals would comedy gold.

Oh, and if you thought the cheese factory scene or the sausage song in the trailers looked promising, they're not. Not only do the trailers contain pretty much the entire respective scenes, but also the shot of Tom screaming about his cheese helmet isn't even in the final cut. Not like that's a bad thing, mind you. I won't bother to recap the excuse for a plot, it's basically just torn out of a bad episode of *Get a Life*.

I really feel sorry for the other actors involved with this mess. Rip Torn, who plays Tom's dad, is reduced to dropping his pants and begging his son to fuck him. Tom's romantic interest (Marisa Coughlan) is a wheelchair-bound airhead who spends most of the movie begging Tom to cane her legs with bamboo sticks and engaging in oral sex . Her final line in the film, is something like "I don't care if your rich or not, I just want to give you blow jobs. Just blow jobs. Since I can't walk." The only person to escape the experience relatively unharmed is Julie Hagerty (Tom's Mom in the film), who played the stewardess in Airplane and is best known for giving head to a blow-up pilot.

I feel even more sorry for the two six-year-old or so kids who were watching the movie across the aisle from us with their parents. They're pretty much fucked up for life now, hooray for poor parenting.

While I'm glad Tom Green didn't sell out and make some watered down, mainstream-friendly movie where he tries to save his Grandma's house from evil land developers, I was pretty disappointed with the movie and I don't think it's going to help his career very much. Some have compared *Freddy Got Fingered* to *Clerks*, another movie that skirted a NC-17 rating and grossed out a lot of critics with its vulgar dialogue. This isn't a fair comparison at all, *Freddy Got Fingered* is more like *Showgirls* or *Spice World*. Even *Mr. Accident* - a Yahoo Serious film - tops *Freddy Got Fingered*. In my opinion, of course!

Even if autopsy photos make you giggle, you probably won't enjoy *Freddy Got Fingered*. Yes, there are a handful of funny moments in the beginning of the film, but it's certainly not worth shelling out $5 to $10 for. And it's not as bad as *Battlefield Earth*, partly because nearly every shot in *Battlefield Earth* was inexplicably tilted for no reason at all, I think the cinematographer must have had mismatched legs. I can't say I was offended by any of the content in *Freddy Got Fingered* since the things you see on the Internet desensitizes you to about anything real quick, but I was disappointed and expected something more than a ragtag collection of bad, extreme Farrelly Brothers-style gross out jokes and recycled Tom Green Show sketches. If you **must** go (it'll certainly be a memorable experience), be sure to bring a parent, grandparent, or date. They'll never forgive you.

-∼Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

4.17 World's Strongest Man

Monday, Apr 23, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

In a Drunken Rage, I Choose You Vodkachu

Another milestone has come and gone in my life. No, I'm still not balding. No, I haven't killed a man just to watch him die. My liver has simply survived another party. I won't go into the incredible detail with which I explored "The Robitussin Incident", I'll just mention that me and a few of my friends started drinking heavily on Saturday afternoon. Twelve hours and about 50 gallons of alcohol and two bar-closings later, the drinking came to a screeching halt with the gastric eruptions of one of my chums. The subsequent passing-out "domino" effect of most of the rest of my buddies sealed the night's fate.

Mister Adkins offers some helpful screams of encouragement for a suffering friend.

I was not so wise. I and one brave soul continued drinking for a few more hours, downing a shot suggested to me by a forum member. It was good, in fact, so we did this shot repeatedly. It looked like an ounce of flesh and blood in a glass. It didn't make me throw up. That is really the key.

I then proceeded to have a long and insulting conversation with "artfag" that reached a definite nadir with the following quote:

"okay you just keep not knowing you sexy smart piece of fucking worthless shit"

For those of you not familiar with the shady characters that cat around the forums, miss fag is a female. Not that her gender excuses my simultaneously flattering and hateful attitude towards her throughout the conversation. This single quote is very meaningful though, because it is indicative of my drunken behavior for the preceding six hours. Since it is immortalized in an incredibly embarrassing (not Sam Jain caliber embarrassing) chat log, and since I can't remember anything specific I said to women while intoxicated earlier in the night, this will serve as my drunken horror banner.

I don't think I need to mention that the next morning I felt like a heap of horse manure that someone had spoon fed to an elephant and then scooped out of the elephant's colon with a snow shovel.

The World's Strongest Man is Scary

A Maltese Apache helicopter tries to stop last year's rampaging champion.

Not a lot of things frighten me or intimidate me any more. Unless you count leaving the house as one of those things, but I mean how can you count that? Everyone is afraid to leave their house with all the Chinese kung-fu gangs that rule the streets and I don't think my town has a Walker Texas Ranger to keep them in check. No, my fear centers on the World's Strongest Man Competition, because the gigantic monsters (and I mean that with all due respect if you are reading this monsters) that compete in that event put the fear of god into me. Every time I see the competition on ESPN 75 I feel like the Japanese army hearing radio reports that Godzilla is approaching the coastline.

Very similar to the Japanese army I am fascinated by my impending doom and can do nothing but stand by (or in this case sit on the couch and drink Bud Ice) and watch as

skyscraper-hungry giants duke it out. In case you have never heard of the competition, here is some background for it that I will put in italics like I am quoting a source when I actually made it up:

> *Held 16 times a month in the island nation of Malta, the MetRx World's Strongest Man Competition pits 25 of the densest human beings on earth against each other in a wacky battle for testosterone overload dominance. Through a number of grueling events the competitors will challenge one another for the title of The World's Strongest Goddamn Man. The winner will not only get to walk around in an undersized tank-top that says "I AM NUMBER ONE", he will also be permitted to destroy the entire island nation of Malta.*

The best part about the WSMC is most certainly the wide variety of horrifyingly torturous events that Samsonson and his bull-necked Scandinavian "-son" clones must endure. The following events are not made up; these are some real examples of what these crazy bastards do to win the heart of the princess of Malta.

EVENT NUMBER ONE: Giant Fucking Anchor Carry

"Sure, I can carry an anchor, no problem," is what you are saying, I am certain. I can hear your stupid nasal voice right now. Think again Dexter, this anchor comes from some science fiction aircraft carrier that is ten miles long. I would guess the anchor to be approximately the size of a minivan and made out of solid steel. I think last time I watched this they listed the weight on the screen as "more than you can even imagine". Still, the competitors are tasked with carrying this to the finish line and are scored for time. A lot of them fail to make it when their arms tear off, but many do manage to stagger across the finish line, the anchor clutched in their teeth while they spray blood from their stumps.

Damn, there go those arms again.

EVENT NUMBER TWO: Pull a Goddamn Truck

After the survivors of the first competition have had their arms sewn back on, they proceed to the truck pull. Pulling a truck might be fairly easy, but they have really big European freight trucks and then they put the anchors from the first competition in the back of the truck. I think they put the bodies of all the guys who died in that competition in the back too. Then the competitor has to grab a chain lashed around the vehicle's bumper and pull it across the finish line. The finish line is on the edge of a steep hill down, so if the guy pulling the truck builds up too much momentum he gets run over by a 40 ton truck. This really doesn't do a whole lot of damage to these guys though.

EVENT NUMBER THREE: Throw a Damned Tree Trunk

The tree trunks used for throwing in the WSMC are selected from some dark primeval forest that I believe is also haunted by ghosts. Mutant tree ghosts. To put it another way, the tree trunks used make redwoods look like Lincoln logs. Most of the competitors are able to lift the tree trunk to chest height and then either their arms tear off again or gravity resumes normal operation and they are crushed beneath the wood. Somehow a few of the people throw the tree trunk and then they measure to see who threw the tree trunk the farthest. Then their arms fall off.

Congratulations giant armless Scandinavian guy who has won eight years in a row, you are now allowed to wear your shirt, stomp around Malta eating people and rescue the princess from her cloud castle. Jesus.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.18 No Content Express

Monday, Apr 23, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

All Aboard the No Content Express!

Going to Seattle. In the process of moving. Content and news updates will be sporadic for the next three weeks while I move north and get relocated. In the meantime, Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons will continue to update with his unbridled hilarity and nonstop wacky antics. Watch for his upcoming news post which details the time I got arrested for molesting a broom handle at the zoo! *(NOTE TO CONCERNED PARENTS AND PEOPLE WHO LACK A SENSE OF HUMOR: I didn't really get arrested for molesting a broom handle. It was an elderly Jewish man)*

Also, as previously stated before, the shirts are going out. I have outsourced the shipping process to The Hair Giant, and he has given me his word that all orders will be sent out by this Friday. They are being shipped via US Mail, which means you should probably get yours before the next century (and when you do, it will have inexplicable tire treadmarks all across it). I apologize to anybody hoping to get their shirts a week or so ago, but I never really planned for eFront to screw all their hosted sites so badly, fail to pay server bills, and cause me to relocate the server within days. As I stated before, I'm also in the process of moving to Seattle, so things here are intensely chaotic at best. Or at worst. I can't really tell anymore. In any rate, this also explains why I haven't been able to keep with and respond to all my email, so please be patient.

In the meantime, please enjoy a candid picture of myself and the face of Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen. I am pictured holding an Orb removable drive, while Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen is seen performing a bit of the ol' softshoe. Also note that his head has been Photoshopped onto the body of Mr. Peanut.

Sexy!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.19 Human / Animal Communication

Wednesday, Apr 25, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1-800-MIXALOT

Lowtax called me seven times while I was out at the grocery store, I could tell because "SLUT" kept flashing on my caller ID. When I was putting the last container of technical animal fat into the cabinet, the phone rang again. Sure enough, my caller ID said "SLUT" and I knew it had to be him. Not wanting to disappoint the hot-tempered R-Lo I did something unusual and answered my phone.

"Welcome to your new home Richard. We like it when you eat the crackers!"

Zack: Hello Mr. Kyanka.

Lowtax: Very good of you to answer Mr. Parsons, where were you for the last hour? I WILL LEAVE YOU BLEEDING IN AN ALLEY IF YOU EVER IGNORE MY CALLS AGAIN!

Zack: How is the apartment search going?

Lowtax: Great! I found a 1500 square foot loft downtown for less than a thousand dollars a month. The realty agent said it was thought to be haunted, but when I looked at the place it was just haunted with thousands of rats. You know how I love rats!

Zack: I think one time when you were drunk you mentioned that your favorite character on Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles was Splinter.

Lowtax: WATCH YOUR GODDAMN MOUTH WITH ME!

Zack: Sorry I-(click)

Actually Lowtax didn't call me. He never calls me. I sit by the phone waiting for him, holding my knees to my chest and rocking, just softly crying to myself. Oh god, why does he make me keep waiting?!

This World Needs More Worthless Opinions!

I want a banana this, let me out of my cage that, just shut your hands Koko!

I am fascinated by the continuing research in the field of human/animal communication. The imaginary timeline in my skull tells me that it all started with that Koko gorilla that had a thing for kittens and continued with teaching dolphins to communicate by slamming their faces against underwater signs. Nowadays several gorillas can speak something like 200 words using sign language, which is more than most people in my hometown can manage using English.

Laying alone and hated in my bed at night as is my usual operating procedure, I began to contemplate the actual value of this research. It is interesting that gorillas and dolphins are smart enough to learn how to communicate with us, but what do they really have to say that is worth hearing? How many times is it going to be gripping to see the dolphin smash its nose against the icon for fish when you know the goddamn dolphin always wants fish? I don't really

think it will be quite as amazing the five-hundredth time that gorilla decides to tell the scientist it just wants to leave the cage. Shut up Koko! Cage is all you're getting.

Before I completely gave up on the whole talking animals being valuable research bit I decided to put it to the experts. I asked them what different types of animals are saying and I got some surprising and some not so surprising answers.

- **Gorillas:** While gorillas do spend a lot of time talking about bananas and being allowed to roam free, they also like to talk sports, baseball in particular. Gorillas are huge McGwire fans, often comparing his upper arms to the trees of the rainforest from which they were forcibly removed.
- **Dolphins:** Considering that dolphins are the only animals besides humans who are known to have sex for pleasure, it should have come as no surprise to me dolphins frequently talk about sex. Unfortunately their vocabulary is so far limited to about eight words and they just keep saying "Loud Fish Shakes Groin", which I think is also the title of a Japanese porno I once saw.
- **Horses:** They have managed to acquire a considerable vocabulary but no matter how many words they learn, horses only say "I hate you" over and over again.
- **Squirrels:** A newcomer to the realm of animal/human communication, the squirrel has proven to be a quick study. By scratching on various symbols the squirrel has managed to learn and express some ninety-words. The squirrel asks for nuts and berries frequently and has a poor attention span. Interestingly enough, squirrels also often mention that they find black women attractive.

Those turtles sure have some sassy mouths.

- **Turtles:** The pariah of animal communication science, the age of advancing human/turtle interaction came to a final conclusion in 1998, when it was realized that they refused to learn anything but swear words. Once learned, turtles would repeat a single phrase like "shitfucking balleaters" until they literally died from starvation.
- **Tigers:** These noble predators quickly assimilated words and phrases for various prey animals into their vocabulary. Beyond this, however, the only thing they have learned is to express a demand for crack cocaine. This is usually achieved by stepping on the word panels for crack and cocaine and then biting the trainer in the head repeatedly.

Overall the results seem mixed and my disappointment is certainly immense over the cancellation of the swearing turtle project. I think research money should be diverted from teaching some of these animals to communicate and reassigned to teaching my next door neighbors how to speak a complete sentence without spitting mashed potatoes. Although maybe they could make "retarded hippos" their next research project and I'll just knock my neighbors out with ether and sneak them to the test site.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.20 PCXL Wins!

Thursday, Apr 26, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

While smoking whatever sort of brain-dissolving substance they enjoy smoking and searching for an idea to actually get their site to make money, the staff of PCXL hit upon an ingenious idea: the government should pay them to employ retarded people to work for their company! Since the only positions they had open were in the writing department, they immediately signed up dozens of semi-able-bodied mouth breathers to produce "comedy" material for their brand new web site. They also realized that they could defray the cost of installing a wheelchair ramp and buying hundreds of safety pencils by charging people to access the pure comedy gold on their site! What an idea!

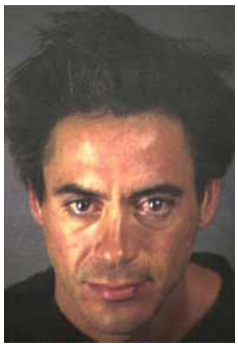
To entice visitors into shelling out their hard-earned money for access rights to this festering comedic boil, the good folks at PCXL set up a "hilarious" tour of their first issue. This tour includes such comedic gems as:

- "Wookie Reporter" - A Wookie interviews celebrities. I think I saw a kindergarten class do this as a skit in a local talent show. Why do I get the feeling that PCXL will still manage to turn it into a Jeff K. rip-off?
- "Hasbro Acquires Rights to Remake Quake III" - Ohhhhhh hoooooo, my sides fucking hurt! Stop with the comedy. No really PCXL, give it up.
- "Something Dumb Featuring a Kid in a Coma" - Coma humor is so 1988. Try again.
- "They Shot a Goddamn Blow Up Doll Into the Air" - Unable to find a woman willing to travel into the stratosphere, the PCXL staff of chuckling 12 year olds (no offense 12 year olds) attached an inflatable sex toy to a model rocket. I assume they shot it into the air. I would have preferred they launch themselves into the air, but I guess on top of being complete morons they are also cowards.

Keep in mind that it only took them a year to come up with this stuff. So head on over there; I purchased eleven subscriptions to their site because it was **that** funny. When Rich gets back I'll have

a talk with him about letting me do all the updates after huffing paint-thinner and then charging everyone to read them. PCXL is leading the way for the Internet with a road paved by mental invalids!

Good Lord, Someone Tie This Guy Up


Lookin' good there, ace!

It's honestly starting to get difficult to make fun of Robert Downey Jr. His insatiable cocaine lust has turned him into some sort of horrible celebrity "All Your Base" mess of clichéd jokes for late night comedy. About three years ago I remember thinking upon hearing that he had been arrested again; "oh, well this will be the last time because it is starting to get pretty ridiculous".

How wrong I was! His almost weekly arrests continued to make the news for some odd reason. Even a serial killer on a rampage wouldn't get the repeat press coverage that Robert Downey Jr. has. Now it has ceased to be funny; even Conan O'Brien's jokes about him are intensely lame. Something must be done!

In the interest of protecting society from predatory celebrity drug users everywhere, and in the hopes of preserving the sanctity of late night monologues, I have put together a list of some options to get Downey off the drugs. Many of these go into the "cruel and unusual punishment" category, but that rule is for pussies anyway.

- **The Alfalfa Special** - I am pretty sure I saw this one on an episode of "Our Gang" where Spanky kept licking his hand and then rubbing his groin. Alfalfa filled one of his mittens with hot sauce and then insisted on going outside to play in the snow. When they came back in, Spanky removed his mitten and licked his hand in preparation for groin rubbing. Naturally, the hot sauce made his hat fly off and steam come out of his ears. That would be pretty funny to see in real life.
- **Pavlovian Response** - Pavlov had it right. This method of mental conditioning would involve a pair of really large men in ski-masks who secretly follow Downey around. Whenever they see him start to do drugs, one would run out and beat him with a golf club and the other would activate a fog horn. Come to think of it, that would just make him afraid of fog horns. Oh well, I like this one because it involves hitting him with a golf club. And R-Lo is a big fan of fog horns.
- **Get High On Life** - With a few smiles and some kind words, I am sure Robert Downey Jr. can enjoy just getting "high on life." The intoxicating chemicals in cocaine are no match for the intoxicating aroma of a fresh baked apple pie! The rush you get from speed cannot compare to the rush you get from flying a kite or talking to Jesus! Giving a guy a hand job in an alley is the same whether you are doing it for the pure joy or for the drug money, so he might want to stop that for a while.
- **Scared Straight** - I remember reading about this program when I was in junior high school and I thought it seemed like a pretty good idea. The way I imagine it working is that they would sequester Downey in some haunted location; house, museum, abandoned insane asylum, Hardee's, etc. Then the ghosts would convince him to stop taking drugs by leaping out at him when they are least expected, and attempting to brutally murder him. Vampires and werewolves might also work in this respect, but probably not Frankenstein, because who the fuck is afraid of Frankenstein these days?
- **Patch Adams** - Master physician and all-around funny man Patch Adams knows that laughter is the best medicine for anything, even a broken leg or deadly drug addiction! Taking a page out of Patch's book, I would suggest forcing Downey to sit through hour

after hour of "Def Comedy Jam" until the only things he can say are "booty" and "heasy". Then expose him to the mind-bending hilarity of some prop comics like Gallagher and Carrot-Top and he'll choose suicide over drugs any day.

Before we completely give up hope on Robert Downey Junior I suggest we at least try out a few of the five methods I have listed. Any one of these may unlock the secret to understanding his problem and bring him to the conclusion that he needs to deal with it before I have to hear one more rote joke spew out of Leno's giant stupid pumpkin face.

You so crazy Gallagher! Where's my suicide pistol?

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.21 Cliff Yablonski Teaches You How to Make a Gas Station Key!

Friday, Apr 27, 2001 by Cliff "Cliff Yablonski" Yablonski (@sexyfacts4u)

Wake the fuck up, you dumb shits

Howdy, meatballs. It's me, Cliff Yablonski. I'd say it's nice to be with you again but it fucking isn't. I hate all of you and would happily see you dead. I'm updating Richard's dumb inter-net site because he's busy moving to Seattle or Hawaii or Singapore or somewhere. I don't care as long as it's far away from here. Anyway I don't know shit about hmtl or whatever and I don't want to. If the writing turns out bright pink or something don't email me complaining about it because I don't care. More on that later. Last year this kid kept coming by my house dropping the same goddamn letter into my mailbox every week. After about 6 weeks I hid in the bushes and waited for him and when he came by I jumped out and smacked him around the head with a trowel and told him to stop fucking filling my mailbox with the same shit week after week. He started blubbering and telling me some crap about how it was a request form for donations to some disabled kids charity, so I shoved him into Bill Langley's rose bushes and went back inside to watch TV. That dumbass kid was still stuck in those bushes the next morning and after they cut him free he had to have over 130 individual thorns surgically removed from his flesh. Bill Langley told me that. He was fucking pissed about the ambulance guys cutting down his rose bushes though. Funniest shit ever.

Why you fucking pasty-faced geeks should all be taken outside and shot

Yes, whoopee fucking doo, I updated my goddamn site you shit-eating morons. So stop sending me your fucking lame-ass e-mails before I come to your houses and smash all the fucking plates in your kitchens over your fat heads. OK? Don't think I'm joking because I have had enough of your digitised shit in my e-mail box thing. And the glasses too.

The reason I didn't update my site on Monday was because I got stuck at the fucking gas station 4 miles out of town. A couple of years back I bought this piece of shit Chrysler from this Chinese bastard a few blocks down. Fucker ripped me off $9000 for that rusty pile of debris. I can't even remember why the fuck I bought the damn thing at the time. I was probably drunk. Anyway Monday morning I decide to head out to the big gardening store over in Corgettesville or whatever the fuck that place is about 50 miles up the interstate highway. You know, that dustbowl of a town with the shit-ugly blue church. I wanted to go to the gardening store so I could find some shit to make my bushes stop dying all the time. Personally I'd like to surround the whole fucking garden with razor wire, but last time I did that the cops came and took it down.

So I set off and everything is just fucking peachy until I leave the city limits and then the engine starts making this godawful chugging sound like there's a fucking freight train running under the hood. I ignored it for a while but it just got worse. Then I saw I was out of gas and remembered that I'd meant to fill her up last week after I emptied the tank chasing that fucking hobo down Main Street at 2am. There was a gas station a couple of miles up the road so I wasn't worried, I just kept going and coasted the last few hundred yards to the station. Sadly the steering gave out just as I was turning in and I knocked the stupid gas station sign over and I think I might have run over a cat or something too. I swear it was the steering anyway.

So there I am and some greaseball kid in an overall comes over and I tell him to push the car over

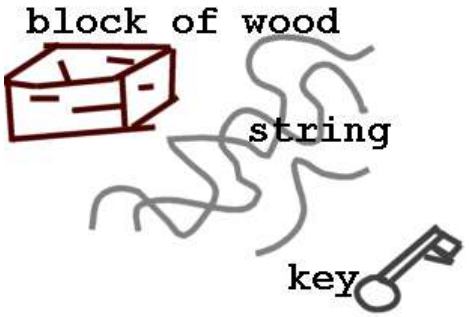
to the pump and fill her up. Well we get as far as the pump and then this fuckface starts yanking at the gas nozzle and it won't come out the slot thing on the pump. After about 10 minutes I think "fuck this stupid little shit" and I get out and try to get the gas nozzle out myself, but the fucking thing is stuck after all, so it wasn't just that the kid was a pissweak little retard. Which he was anyway. By this point I'm getting fairly pissed about the whole fucking show and I tried kicking the pump and throwing a trash can at it but the nozzle still won't budge. So I tell Greasy Joe to go get the manager or a mechanic or someone to fix the goddamn pump. The kid wanders off and I hang around, naturally expecting him to be back pretty soon with someone who wasn't a total fucking jackwad. Of course I should have known better. FIVE FUCKING HOURS I was sitting in my car at that fucking shithouse gas station while I wait for Greasy Joe to come back and just FILL UP MY GODDAMN CAR. Although after about an hour I fell asleep anyway and when I woke up it was getting dark and that slimy little grabass still hasn't showed. I was just about ready to start looking for the nearest payphone when this fat redneck slob pulls up in a pickup truck and just walks over to the fucking pump and lifts the goddamn fucking gas nozzle out just like that. I mean WHAT THE FUCK. I was so fucking pissed I walked over and punched him in the back of the head and then he fell over and I smacked him with the gas nozzle and jumped up and down on his back until he stopped moving. Bastard fucking piece of shit. Anyway then I filled my car up and drove over the fucking gas pump and hightailed it out of there in case the big gas tank blew up. I don't think it did though because I waited about a mile away for nearly half an hour and didn't see any explosions or shit. Fucking typical. Then I drove home and got fucking shitfaced on Jack Daniels and I threw up out of my bedroom window onto the fucking bushes. Goddamn stupidest shit ever, I tell you.

So don't get pissy and start screaming like a retarded schoolgirl just because I didn't have time to update my page with all the fucking stupid shit going on that day. I mean what in the fucking hell, don't you dorks have anything better to do than send me email messages whining about how I didn't update my site this monday? It's MY FUCKING SITE you zitfaced clowns, I'll update it when I FUCKING FEEL LIKE IT. I've got better things to do with my time than slave away just so some four-eyed freak who spends 16 hours a day playing "Counter-Nuke" or whatever can be reassured that there really are people more ugly and loathsome than he is. I FUCKING HATE EMAIL NOW STOP SENDING ME IT. Anyway go to my inter-net and read my latest update, then maybe you can stop shitting your pants for long enough to go outside and look for a fucking job. You goddamn pusball.

DIY Special: How to make a key tied to a block of wood

Tired of dopeheads stealing the key to the restroom so they can break in and do crack and meth and shit in there? Tie your valuable key to a big fucking block of wood so nobody can use it without making enough noise to wake the dead. In this fast and easy 5-step guide by me, Cliff Yablonski, I'll show you how to do just that. Although the only reason I'm imparting this knowledge to a flaming grabass like you is because it's simply too goddamn brilliant to remain a secret any longer. Pay attention, because you're all fucking stupid and you'll probably fuck it up anyway.

Step 1. This is the shit you'll need to make your own key tied to a block of wood. You'll also need a hammer and a nail, but you'll probably have to ask one of your parents/minders/cell block wardens for those. It doesn't matter what kind of wood the block's made from or how big it is as long as it's motherfucking heavy. Not too heavy though, or you won't be able to lift it yourself, you imbecile. Same shit goes for the string, you can use rope or chain or something if you want, but I don't advise deviating from these guidelines too much or you'll most likely make a fucking mess and put yourself in hospital. Not that I would care, you worthless piece of shit.



Step 2. This is where the operation becomes more difficult. Are you ready? OK, here we go. Take your nail and place it so that the pointed end rests against the top of the block of wood. With me so far? Then take your other hand out of whatever disgusting place you had it and grasp your hammer firmly. Now, the trick is to hit the flat part of the nail with the flat part of the hammer, thus driving it into the wood. If you can't work out which is the flat part of the hammer, use your fucking head to smack the nail with, because god knows it's dense enough. Leave an inch or so of the nail clear of the wood, for reasons which will soon be detailed. If you don't leave enough of the nail clear you are a fucking retard and deserve to die.

Step 3. Finished with the hammer? Now you're really cooking with gas! OK, now take your string and tie one (1) end of it around the part of the nail which you left clear of the block of wood. NOTE: DO NOT tie more than one end of the string to the nail or the finished key tied to a block of wood won't work. If you are a paraplegic cripple, and I know many of you are, get someone else to tie the string. For the rest of you, here's a hint: you will know the string is tied properly if it doesn't come

off when you pull it.

Step 4. By now you may have noticed that you still have one end of the string which isn't tied to anything. This is where the key comes in. Take your key and repeat the "tying" procedure described above, except that you are now tying the other end of the string to the key. Sometimes you may find that there is no place on the key to which to attach the piece of string. This is because you are a fucking idiot and picked the wrong kind of key, so you can die.

Step 5. You're all done! You now have your very own key tied to a block of wood. Not only does this ingenious device prevent hoodlums and commies from stealing your key, it can also be used as a more direct means of self-defense by hitting your assailant with the big block of wood. I am personally never without mine, and it comes in very handy if there are too many people in the supermarket check-out line or some punk-ass kid is getting too close to my car.

PS. The key tied to a block of wood is not patented because I don't have that kind of money lying around and I'm not some goddamn nerd scientist with a hardon for microchips. However if you use it without crediting me I'll find you and break your fucking face.That's it for today, turdjugglers. Screw off.

-~Cliff "Cliff Yablonski" Yablonski (@sexyfacts4u)

4.22 E! Online's Horrible Movie Reviews

Monday, Apr 30, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Hooray for Misanthropy

I have no idea why R-Lo gave Cliff Yablonski access to the front page of Something Awful. I mean, I like the hatred as much as the next guy, but Cliff did nothing but e-mail me the whole time he was writing his update with stuff like:

Bring it Yablonski, Angry Wet Cat got my back. He will drop you and Ugly Cat in your tracks.

> Hey Turkeyfucker,
>
> How do I make the words bigger in the title part? You've got about fifteen seconds before I get in my car and come over there and beat you with an axe handle until you have bruises on your bruises.
>
> Cliff Yablonski

Not really my idea of a good time. I think I have 15 messages from him during that period, the last saying "thanks for nothing pumpqueen". I really don't like Yablonski much at all, but that's okay, because I am certain he'll beat the living Christ out of me at some point. At least Rich survived his move to Seattle; maybe he can keep this Yablonski guy in check.

Praise Jesus for E! Online!

Art Mann paints a human picture of utter mongoloid hamfisting.

In between downloading porn on KaZaA and wishing Old Man Murray would update, I was reading about the top 20 grossing movies on Yahoo. Lately it is more fun to know how much a movie makes than to actually go see the movie, which is quite risky and time consuming. At the bottom of the listing for each top 20 movie are quotes from several reviewing sources on the Internet. Yahoo is nothing if not good at compiling information. Actually, that is the only thing Yahoo is good at. It was while I was reading these review excerpts that I began to notice a disturbing trend.

Now I don't expect a lot from critics; I think most of them are insipid, overly long and rife with heavy-handed symbolism that fails to show the audience any respect whatsoever. Still, what I do expect is for these shitheads to refrain from constantly using "clever" wordplays on the title in their review. Every critic is guilty of doing this from time to time; even Leonard Maltin or Roger Ebert has sunk to a comment like, "Battlefield Earth wages war on good filmmaking!"

Thinking a void in shitty play-on-words needed to be filled, E! Online happily stepped up to the plate. I almost blame Yahoo for selecting quotes from the E! Online reviews that are ALWAYS plays on words, but then again, the worthless hacks at E! are the ones guilty of writing them in the first place. Let's take a look at some of the more recent gems of wit produced at the E! Online think tank. I will provide much-needed commentary for each in the form of an excerpt of an SA review of E! Online's review.

Along Came a Spider
E! Online - (grade: C-) "...along came a stinker."
Something Awful - (grade: F) "...along came a shitty review excerpt."

Joe Dirt
E! Online - (grade: D) "...give this one the brush-off."
Something Awful - (grade: F-) "...that is so retarded it hardly even makes sense."

Kingdom Come
E! Online - (grade: C+) "Better make that Kingdom Go -- away."
Something Awful - (grade: F+) "Better shut your fucking face before I tear it off."

Enemy at the Gates
E! Online - (grade: C-) "Just say nyet."
Something Awful - (grade: F) "My hammer punches will make you just say adios to your jaw."

The Mexican
E! Online - (grade: C) "...misfires."
Something Awful - (grade: D) "I brought two guns."

Okay, maybe that last one was pretty dubious, but Yahoo updated their archives and I've only got two weeks or so worth of movies to work with. There are other guilty parties in the quotes department, but none crops up with the shocking regularity of E! Online. In closing, let me give you an example of a review quote that is excellent. It will undoubtedly make everyone involved in the creation of "Tomcats" cry themselves to sleep. Well maybe not Jerry O'Connell, but he is a heartless bitch.

> Deseret News (Salt Lake City) - "...it's hard to recall a recent film that was so ineptly directed, written and acted."

Salt Lake City representin' E! Online, put that in your "national media outlet" pipe and smoke it! Come to think of it, E! Online should probably outsource a lot of their film reviewing to the MENSA members splashing their literary slobber onto Amazon.com's customer reviews. They either hate or love absolutely everything they watch / hear / read, but at least they don't degrade themselves with quotes like what we just saw.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.23 Sleepy Mountain Town... OF DEATH!

Monday, Apr 30, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

As recently stated in a previous news post of the past which may only exist in the fantasy world of my mind, I have been engaging in a long and painful journey to Seattle, Washington. This is because my original business plan in Costa Mesa, California, failed. You may be aware of the strategy I had been implementing the past couple of years, which consisted of the following:

> 1) I sign a contract with an Internet Network company, agreeing to work for a fixed amount of money per month.
> 2) Company decides to "cut costs" by failing to pay me and instead spends their money on 24-7 Tijuana donkey shows or hat competitions or whatever.
> 3) I attempt to pay rent and utility bills by way of interpretive song and dance routines. Despite receiving a strong review by the *Orange County Register*, who referred to my performance as "dear sir, please stop dancing and leave our offices before the security guard beats you up and shoves a 1974 Smith Corona typewriter up your 'secret area'," companies refuse to accept anything other than valid US currency.
> 4) Twelve gallons of blood, two pints of semen, and a couple quarts of that crazy orange crap inside my bones are sold each day to pay for bills. I became a walking liquid machine, shooting goo out of any orifice that will allow me to earn an extra 50 cents. Eventually I change all my business cards from "Failed Webmaster" to read "Crazy Walking Liquid Machine - My Goo For Your Cash."

Sam Jain on the lookout for preteens.

To add insult to injury, I am technically still employed by eFront Media, the company that has failed to pay me for even two weeks of work. They never fired me and I never quit, so I'm fairly sure the California Board of Labor will be quite excited to learn how Sam Jain's mentally disabled and retarded gimp of a company treats their fulltime employees. Of course I'm sure Sam is too busy trying to remove his private parts from key bathroom fixtures to worry about the Board of Labor, so this will be a nice surprise for him, like the time he opened up his birthday gift and realized his parents bought him a rag soaked with chloroform and a one-way bus ticket to "2,000 miles away from our house, you awful, awful little man." But enough Sam Jain bashing; the purpose of this news update isn't to brag that eFront Media Headquarters (aka "Sam's filth encrusted living room") will soon be receiving a not-so-pleasant visit from the Board of Labor. This news update is also for spreading slander and libel against Sam Jain, who I'd like to point out was once arrested for propositioning a scarecrow.

After seeing the proverbial last straw break like a toothpick across Jason Hall's hulking back, I had decided to give up on the entire Internet once and for all. I was dead tired of trusting in people, companies, and certain religious icons, only to get absolutely nothing back in return (except for broken contracts and the knowledge that some people have evolved from garden slugs). It was fun working for six months without pay, but when I hit the big "ten-zero" month mark, I began to have serious doubts, such as doubting if a diet consisting solely of Ramen noodles and floorboard tiles was particularly healthy. After seeing things in my bowel movements which resembled the killer embryos from "Aliens," I began to shy away from this strategy and instead leant towards getting the hell out of eDodge City. However, I soon met up with a company called Fusion, who seemed interested in hiring me and actually paying me money in exchange for employment. They seemed to be different that the other businesses I have worked for, particularly in the fact that they actually

produce these weird things called "checks" every couple of weeks. It was a foreign concept to me, but one I was sure I could eventually adapt to. I accepted the job with Fusion and agreed to move up to Seattle, unaware of one little thing: I would have to move up to Seattle.

About a week and a half ago, I covered what I refer to as "Phase One Moving," which is the process of realizing how much worthless crap you have. Phase One Moving is much like walking through downtown Selma, Alabama, and shouting, "hey all you inbred motherfucking white trash crackers! I got two tickets to Jerry Springer and will award them to the first couple of honkies that are missing more than 75% of their teeth and are wearing a green foam hat that advertises either a tractor repair company or some place that ships industrial wheat!"; you suddenly become acutely aware of all the useless, disgusting trash that populates the place. Luckily I could simply throw out all the refuse in my apartment, as opposed to Alabama, which has to patiently wait for a large chemical spill that infects the state's Palmade supply. It was like a clearance sale, EVERYTHING MUST GO, applied to all the 11-year old UFO books and Ocean Pacifica clothing in my closet. Things got so bad that I had to eventually employ my mother to help me move. She offered such inspirational advice as, "you live like a pig, Richard. A pig. I can't believe we raised you this way. Where did I go wrong?" This helped the move go along much faster and distracted my attention away from anything that didn't revolve around what a horrible monster I was and how I should pray for death. My mother isn't a Jew, but she plays one on my webpage.

Eventually the car got packed and we headed off for Seattle, a city that according to many maps and high school teachers, is somewhat north of California. I wedged the cat into his plastic carrier, where he proceeded to begin his 48-hour marathon of "making noises that sound like a Ziplock bag full of rats being run over by a tractor trailer." He emitted pathetic mewing noises the entire trip, perhaps to let us know that he still existed in our plane of reality and his mouth was still fully functional. To enhance the "cat traveling" experience, buzz bombs of fur would routinely fly into the air and detonate when coming into contact with anything, sending a shower of cat hair in every direction. The inside of my car was like a snow globe after being shook up for a couple days, only instead of snow, cat hair and skin particles were lazily floating throughout the air. And instead of celebrating the Christmas holiday, I was thinking of something more pleasant, like having railroad ties driven into my hands and feet. Now that I think about it, the experience was nothing like a snow globe, so forget I ever brought it up. I know I have.

THIS INNOCENT BURG IS CRAWLING WITH NANO-DEATH!

The trip from southern California to Seattle can best be described in one word: "very fucking long." You'll notice that I wrote three words there instead of one, which goes to show just how long the drive was. My mom attempted to make the drive even longer, by asking to stop and do goofy things like tour the Redwood Forest, visit Napa Valley, eat, and sleep in a hotel. My response was to apply more pressure on the accelerator and cause her whining to be drowned out by the sound of the engine shifting into 19th gear and speeding to roughly 200 miles an hour. When I'm making long roadtrips, my only concern is to get from point A to point B. Everything in between is simply a series of meaningless blurs that are meant to be viewed through the rear-view mirror. I was eventually forced to stop in "Somewhere, Oregon," which was one of those picturesque mountain towns that you see on holiday cards or advertisements for cough drops. My mom claimed that her "bladder was about to explode" and that she needed to use the women's restroom or she'd "die" or some other pointless feminine whining. I figured that a corpse would be of little use to me and my efforts to scream at the cat enough to make him shut up for over three seconds, so I stopped and we went to a grocery store.

Upon entering the busy shopping center, I began to sweat and feel my pulse rush, like the time the

clown raped me in the San Francisco sauna. While my mom commented on how quaint and pretty the mountainside town was, I couldn't help but worry that every single person inside the store was teeming with tiny microscopic robots which made them mutate into robotic killing machines at the drop of a hat (*NOTE: they don't always wait for the hat drop to start killing people*). If any of you out there are familiar with Dean Koontz novels, you're undoubtedly aware of what I was going through:

> **Koontzitis** - The fear that anybody living in a snowy, mountainside town is secretly a mutant sociopathic killer who is really, really strong and prances around the woods at night.

In all of his horror books, some megalomaniacal company sets up shop next to a little town and begins turning the residents into vicious, animal-like killers. More often than not, these towns are peaceful, innocent little burgs next to a set of foreboding, snowy mountains. I'm not exactly sure why Dean Koontz is convinced that the world's economy revolves around mutating people into a cross between Ted Bundy and a panther, but hey, it's not my place to question writers who earn more money in one day than I'll ever see my entire life. Maybe it has something to do with NAFTA. Regardless, I was scared to death while plodding through the frozen food section and watching the seemingly non-homicidal killers pass me by. I constantly thought that a cluster of nano-robots would fly up my nasal passage and force me to start stabbing elderly women at any moment. This replaced my previous irrational fear of "worrying that my head would spontaneously combust and send a shower of poisonous scorpions everywhere." As this update irrefutably proves, we eventually made it out of there alive, and I'm fairly sure my bloodstream isn't teeming with billions of tiny robotic monsters that will force me to bludgeon my physician to death with a garbage can lid. I took some Nuprin and all that cleared up right away.

The hours and hours and hours of travel finally apexed with a few more hours and hours of travel which led to a couple more hours and hours of travel until I finally arrived in Seattle, the home of "really cold rain." The movers are still in possession of all my worldly belongings, and they don't plan on giving them back until they arrive in town and demand roughly three times the original estimate of moving, so I'm still updating SA via a laptop with nothing installed but Norton Antivirus and something which has an icon of what appears to be a gnome engaging in oral sex with a camera. Hopefully my slightly-less worthless crap will arrive soon and I'll be able to unpack and set up SA headquarters again. Until then, however, I'll just be content knowing that somebody else is currently in possession with a truckload of junk which will probably be thrown out next time I move. It's the great cycle of life, folks, and I want to get the hell off it.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Chapter 5

May

5.1 The Death of Daily Radar

Wednesday, May 02, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Ding Dong, the Radar's Dead

As you progressed through your work day yesterday, plodding across meaningless email messages and incessant coworker blathering, I'm sure you felt an intangible emptiness inside your soul. A deep void that couldn't be filled by standard items such as booze, speedballs, or religion that worships booze and speedballs. A blackened pit of despair that you could fit an entire dinette set into with enough room left over to seat the entire Kennedy family and their weather-balloon sized skulls, assuming you can fish them out of the drunk tank long enough. In case your work proxy bans you from shady sites such as Blues News, Shack News, and that one site run by the guy who beats up all the other webmasters, let me break the bad news to you:

Daily Radar is dead.

Yes, Daily Radar, the site that offered groundbreaking industry news items such as "Alternative Ways To Kill A Vampire" and "20 Gnarliest Torture Devices of All Time", has finally gone under, taking the gazillions of dollars poured into them down the drain. The entire Internet cried a collective eTear when Daily Radar posted their going away message on their website, as everybody realized that they'd soon have to find another site which assaulted them with approximately 50,000 popups each page. You see, Daily Radar had a talent, a knack, a unique way of seamlessly mixing worthless advertisements with worthless content to produce the ultimate collection of worthless webpages, a series of Internet trailer homes that tossed their trash into the public each and every day. If for some reason you had a hundred small black pieces of tape all over your screen and failed to see all the tiny ads laced into every article like a bunch of razor blades floating around a bottle of infant formula, the cavalcade of popup ads would undoubtedly assault you into submission. I'm sure various Southern death penalty supporters would be interested to know how one site managed to digitally convert the electric chair, lethal injection, and gas chamber into one single site, without providing a single link to Goatse.cx.

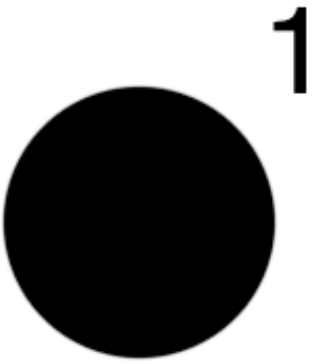
However, now that Daily Radar is dead and 98% of the Internet's popup ads are gone, viewers of the site (all nine of them) have been sent into the black hole of the Internet, unaware of where to go next. Their home, their sanctuary on the Internet, bit the bullet that had been following them since the day the Internet forgot to take its anti-fungus medication and Daily Radar was born. These viewers are currently in website limbo, with various news and entertainment sites fighting for their readership by posting various monosyllabic news updates about boobs or Tomb Raider or Tomb Raider's boobs or the effect of boobs on the boobs of Tomb Raider's boobs. Since nobody visits this site without losing a bet or falling for the infamous "KEYWORD: CRAP" AOL software prank, I think I should probably be fighting for this new demographic as well. In an effort to grab these young and impressionable viewers from the Daily Radar fallout, I am going to start catering Something Awful to this exiting new group of people. Let me present to you the first in a series of groundbreakingly wonderful new installments:

THE DAILY RADAR FUNTIME READER PUZZLEHOUR!

That's right, Something Awful is exploding all over the scene with this fresh and in your face new feature, designed to enable the community and provide a vertical market reach for the eUniverse cybercity of virtual viewers! We've consulted our marketing experts via the community prison phone, and they have convinced us that the Daily Radar fallout will be most positively pulled toward this site by a series of mentally taxing exciting new games. And since the average Daily Radar fan doesn't have Flash installed on their mom's Packard Bell, nor do they know how to download anything but

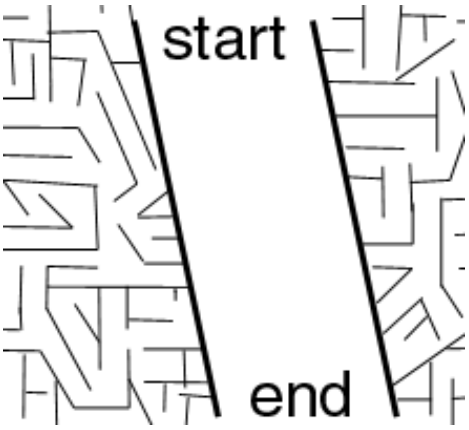
the average "MAKE TEN BAZILLION DOLLARS BY STUFFING ENVELOPES FULL OF RADIOACTIVE ISOTOPES IN THE COMFORT OF YOUR OWN LIVINGROOM" email messages, we've reverted back to the "retro" or "classic" or "stupid" game design that ANYBODY can play (*NOTE: not anybody can play. For example, dead people can't*). Simply apply a layer of plastic wrap to your monitor, grab a magic marker, and get ready to head towards Funsville, population: YOU! If you can't find a marker, then cut your wrists and use the blood to write on the plastic wrap. If you can't find any plastic wrap, then simply write on the monitor. If you can't find a monitor, then you might have accidentally locked yourself in the bathroom, in which case you should scream for your health care worker to grab the Jaws of Life and pry your fat ass out of the goddamn tub.

FUNTIME READER PUZZLE #1: CONNECT THE DOT!



Connect the dot to form a picture rendered by a state-of-the-art 1D animation program! We've employed the top experts in the field of 1D modeling to create this vivid and photo realistic image which can only be seen by connecting the dot and completing the puzzle! Are you up to the challenge? Probably not, but the resulting image will be well worth the effort! Despite being rendered fully in 1D, this picture still contains more polygons than the average *Battlecruiser 3000 AD Millenium Ultra Platinum Derek Smart Brainial Cranial Mega Edition* spaceship model.

FUNTIME READER PUZZLE #2: CRAZYMAZE ADVENTURE BONANZA!



Can you find your way through this intensely frustrating maze? Watch out for the hundreds of twists and turns tossed into the game to throw you off and ruin your progress! More confusing than your average issue of "Maxim" magazine and their mind-bogglingly complex articles such as "HOT

WOMEN OR FAST CARS: WHICH WOULD YOU RATHER LIKE TO FUCK IN THE ASS?" However, after getting through the maze, you won't feel like every single other man in America has a much larger penis than you. Which they do, by the way.

FUNTIME READER PUZZLE #3: SPELLING FUN!

Spelling can be fun while playing through the latest Something Awful brain puzzling teaser stretcher! Read the word on the left and then attempt to spell it on the blanks to the right! You're learning AND having a blast! If you have any difficulty spelling certain words, particularly the last one (which has proven to be a hard time with certain six-year olds and members of the canine family), don't feel bad if you have to look it up in a dictionary. If you can't find a dictionary, use a thesaurus or the back of a Wendy's kids' menu.

I hope all my new readers have enjoyed this special bonus DAILY RADAR FUNTIME READER PUZZLEHOUR extravaganza. I'm glad to provide a new home to my new and distinguished readers, most of which will be overjoyed to see a sharp increase in "ass jokes" on this site. While SA may not be able to steal as many copyrighted Nintendo images as Imagine Media and Daily Radar, I'm sure that we'll find ourselves in just as many uproarious lawsuits involving companies with much more money than I. I'll make sure to keep you all informed with a series of comical popup ads that multiply every second.

I AM MURPHY'S LAW!

If you've tried to email me the past five days or so, I have not read your message yet, as I've been without a computer. You see, I had my computers shipped via UPS second-day air, a service which not only costs a lot, but also has the additional benefits of not arriving within two days or in one functional piece. Out of the three computers I shipped, two arrived so damaged that they refuse to boot up and the third one hasn't even come yet. I'm fairly certain that the UPS employs club-carrying trolls who hate everything associated with humans to help them in their moving process. Give me a week to procure a functional computer, at which point I'll begin the ultrafun process of rebuilding all my systems and trying to salvage as much data as possible.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.2 Super Bowl Shuffle

Wednesday, May 02, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

My Life is a Lie!

Nothing funny ever actually happens to me any more. I can force funny things to occur, play the fool and make my life surreal and amusing, but random occurrences of humor are very rare. That is why yesterday was a day to be celebrated.

If Uber Grandpa is to be believed, blame high prices on Saddam and the Jews.

I was at the local shitty small grocery store (we have three of these and one large and shitty grocery store) buying some essentials like Water Joe, Vivarin and the components I need for my kitchen meth lab. I am on a quest to stay awake as much as possible until I die from that horrible sleeping disorder I saw on an episode of Star Trek: The Next Generation where the guy who played Gurney in Dune was tossing and turning and not getting enough sleep and he began to see goblins and the goblins could actually kill him, because if you die in the matrix you die for real. But I digress. I went up to the cash register and there was one man in line ahead of me. I glanced at him and immediately was struck with terror, were the Gurney goblins already manifesting?

No, I am not so lucky. The man in line in front of me was probably about 6' 10" tall, at least half a foot taller than me anyway. He was pale white with rubbery, almost moist, skin. He was wearing a hat that said "#1 Grandpa" on it and a pair of blue overalls with no shirt on underneath them. His sagging man-breasts barely covered by the faded denim straps, he was engaging the young buck-toothed cashier in a conversation about the price of gasoline being outrageous. This is a common conversation at cash registers in Ohio because apparently people drink gasoline here to survive. Not surprisingly this odd fellow had a unique take on the situation.

> **Monstrous Half-Naked #1 Grandpa:** Gasoline up north a bit is almost five dollars a gallon. Five dollars!
>
> **Cashier:** uhhhhhh (nods and rings up his package of sow fritters)
>
> **Monstrous Half-Naked #1 Grandpa:** Prices only go up in summer because it is winter in Iraq and they need to pay for the heat.
>
> **Cashier:** mmmmmm (actually closes mouth, nods and rings up the 90 pounds of rutabagas he has shoved into a laundry sack)

This continued until the slow-witted girl running the register had finished ringing up and bagging all of his mayonnaise, curious old people medicated ointments and various low grade animal parts. To summarize his theory, first gas prices would reach ten dollars because of summer, and then they would proceed to double because of the Jews. He offered as evidence the existence of Saddam Hussein and the fact that apparently no Jewish people live in my town. I don't know about you, but I don't think I could spot a Jewish person unless they were trying really hard to be spotted. For all I know my parents and friends are Jewish. If there really aren't any Jewish people in my home town, I think it might have something to do with the pasty, lumbering gentiles who declare themselves with message hats to be racially superior grandfathers.

Set the Wayback Machine to 1985

The Shufflin' Crew, pictured here hard at work shattering dreams.

Thinking back to the mid-eighties is going to get more and more clichéd as the years go by, so I would like to take this opportunity to rip off X-Entertainment and remember with mixed reverence and disgust, a pop-culture event of my childhood. Okay, I don't even really know the meaning of the word reverence, so let me give it to you straight: I am going to make fun of the Super Bowl Shuffle until the people responsible for it are attacked by indignant Apache braves.

I had the incredible misfortune of living in Illinois in 1985, Champaign/Urbana to be exact, and consequently I suffered through the most ridiculous sports craze in the history of the United States. This was of course the Super Bowl Shuffle, a concept so horrid that it makes the WWF's "drop Owen Hart on his silly head" stunt look like the greatest idea since Ju-Ju coins. "But it didn't result in any deaths," you say. Au contraire, over 200 suicides in the Chicago area alone were attributed to repeat viewings of the video of the Super Bowl Shuffle, the magnum opus of the Shufflin' Crew.

Half time! Let's take a peak at some of the Shufflin' Crew/annoying '85 Bears Lineup. Yes, they were talented football players, some of the best in fact, but for the love of fuck they still should be beaten mercilessly.

Walter "Sweetness" Payton

Attitude: Payton is a smooth operator, he runs the ball "like makin' romance" and invariably makes all the ladies swoon. He enjoys wearing headbands, which either symbolize romance or mark him as a retarded Kamikaze pilot.
Best Line: *And we're not doing this because we're greedy.The Bears are doin' it to feed the needy.*
Fun Fact: Payton's debonair persona, as put forth in the gripping lyrics of "The Super Bowl Shuffle", does not come off very well if you meet him in person. He smells like burning tires.

Willie "Speedy Willie" Gault

Attitude: Speedy Willie is a hard working athlete who is dedicated to his sport, but he also knows how to have a good time, as evidenced by his line "I practice all day and dance all night"
Best Line: *Now I'm smooth as a chocolate swirl,I dance a little funky, so watch me girl.*
Fun Fact: Gault proved what a hard worker he is after being sentenced to ten years of hard labor in Georgia. His best line proved eerily prescient, as he was arrested for masturbating in front of a classroom at the Macon Girl's School for the Deaf.

Mike "Samurai Mike" Singletary

Attitude: With his zen-like fixation on defense, Singletary is willing to extend his zone of protection not just to the defensive line, but also to "[his] neighborhood". He also looks like a complete moron.
Best Line: *Give me a chance , I'll rock you good,Nobody messin' in my neighborhood.*
Fun Fact: During Super Bowl XX, Samurai Mike emerged from the locker room at half time in full Japanese samurai armor. He eviscerated three members of the Patriots with a katana and his number was subsequently retired out of honor.

Jim "Punky QB" McMahon

Attitude: Wild and unruly, the Punky QB embodies the heart of chaos that beats at the center of the '85 Bears. Being the QB he also serves as the team's leader on the field, and McMahon describes his attitude in this realm best when he sings "I motivate the cats, I like to tease."
Best Line: *I'm the punky QB, known as McMahon. When I hit the turf, I've got no plan.*
Fun Fact: McMahon continued to motivate cats off the field with his brief career as a trainer for neglected zoo tigers. Unfortunately, the Punky QB's inability to plan stayed with him as well. After a night of being accidentally locked in a cage with an underfed tiger, all that remained was his left leg.

William "Fridge" Perry

Attitude: The new guy on the field, rookie Perry has a lot to prove. He invites his team mates to watch him dance and take his incredible soft-shoe routine to heart. He displays incredible arrogance for someone new to the Bears, but he has deeply believes in himself and has the raw talent to cover for his big mouth.
Best Line: *You've seen me hit, you've seen me run. When I kick and pass, we'll have more fun.*
Fun Fact: In 1996 Perry lost a lawsuit brought against him by the Frigidaire corporation and was forced to pay millions in royalties for his "unauthorized association with the fine products of Frigidaire." Rather than pay the royalties, Perry chose to eat the entire board of directors at Frigidaire.

Rather than force you poor people to download the original, I asked my good friend Taco the Wonder Dog to offer up a remix of the classic Super Bowl Shuffle. I would have to say that after listening to both versions, his is infinitely more palatable. If you really insist on hearing the original it is dismayingly easy to find on Napster, look it up, I sure as hell am not going to spread that garbage around.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.3 Lowtax Has Been Hit By a Bus!

Saturday, May 05, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

R-Lo called me this morning from his hospital room in Seattle. Apparently the reason he hasn't updated in a few days has less to do with his job, his move and his computers and more to do with his recent encounter with a city transit bus. Before you people start freaking out with "OH GOD NO ZACK IS GOING TO DO ALL THE UPDATES FROM NOW ON" I assure you he is already on the road to recovery and was not seriously injured in the first place. The way he tells it he was crossing a street in broad daylight at a crosswalk and a bus surged forward from a stop, clipping his left leg and knocking him to the ground. This fractured his tibia.

The enemy.

Knowing Rich's love of the booze however, I propose a slightly different scenario. Lowtax, working on a three-day drunk, was staggering around bleary-eyed and decided he would race a car down the street. Failing to see anything that was in his path, he ran at top speed into a bus that was stopped at an intersection, breaking his tibia because he is such a complete pussy.

Ooooh, I'm bad for making fun of the poor guy, boo to me. I am sure he would appreciate well wishes and possibly some candy. Lowtax always like some candy (meaning crack-cocaine).

At the Goddamn Movies: *The Mummy Returns*

For those of you who hate movie reviews, the bottom line is: X+ (or 72 stars on the rotating Breinhelm star scale)

Welcome to the first and possibly final edition of "At the Goddamn Movies" with myself and Al. I live in the United States and Al lives in England so to jointly conduct this review of *The Mummy Returns* we connected on Microsoft Netmeeting. The comments of the creepy naked fat guy who appeared about a third of the way through our discussion have been removed for clarity's sake. He just kept groaning and muttering anyway, you weren't missing anything that you haven't probably already had a nightmare about.

The Mummy Returns stars Brendan Fraser, Rachel Weisz, The Rock, mummies, skeletons and explosions. The film is set 10 years after the events of the first movie, with Weisz and Fraser married and being followed around by an annoying and extremely British son. What few vestiges of the horror genre were present in the first Mummy film have disappeared completely for this outing, leaving a nonstop action festival with the same low-key humor mixed in.

Zack: This film had the formula for success all in the right proportions; lots of mummies, skeletons and explosions, not too much of The Rock. There wasn't nearly enough of Rachel Weisz nude, but hey, it's a movie for the whole family I guess. My main problem with *The Mummy Returns* was the lack of giant robots. I honestly believe that had that one missing ingredient been inserted into the pot, the soup would have been perfect.

Al: Well Zack, giant robots aside, I really liked the atmosphere of mystery and centuried secrets that surrounded this movie. Just take the title for example. The film is called

"The Mummy Returns", but we never actually learn what it is the Mummy returns FROM. Did he take a vacation from Egypt or did he just retire from mummyhood? It's a fascinating unexplained vista and one I hope will be addressed in the forthcoming sequels, collectable card games and cereal diet supplement.

Zack: I felt that Dustin Diamond was slightly miscast as the leader of the anti-mummy ninja army or crazy Arab army or whatever they were. Sure, he lends a lot of gravity to a role, but his high-pitched and frequently breaking voice did not mesh well with a faked mid-eastern accent. My favorite sequence in the movie was definitely the helicopter chase through Paris. When Fraser shouted "burn this" to the mummy queen and shot her with the helicopter's flame thrower cannon, I was riveted to the screen.

Al: Action sequences are all very well and entertaining, but for me the true high point of the film was the comitragic and quintessentially Parisian subplot involving Fraser's forbidden love for the 8-armed transsexual circus freak. I felt that it inserted a vital counterpoint to the mummy's hidden communist terror agenda.

Zack: Certainly, the ape scenes were great, but I have to disagree with you on the soundtrack issue. I felt the use of techno-remixed slap-banjo music in every chase sequence got to be a little old. They could have at least varied it somewhat by utilizing the excellent Tito track that was playing very quietly in the background during the truck stop scene.

Al: Yes, well, let's not get bogged down in another analysis of the movie score since given your history of convictions for disturbing the peace I think you are the last person qualified to comment on that. I personally can't help feeling that the soundtrack lacked an element of bluegrass rock that the storyline practically cried out for, especially during the car chase scene when the mummy leads the Viet Cong after Fraser in a monster truck.

Zack: Al, I have goddamn had it with your love of ballroom dance footage. That was stock footage for Christ's sake, they didn't even bother editing the head of Fraser and the head of the ape onto the dancers. I know you don't really care about the details, but I would have to blame that on you failing out of fucking film school because you were too busy getting high. Yeah, you might have gotten laid more than me in college, but you're paying for it now buddy.

Al: Oh, that's rich coming from you, Mister "my father sat on a bayonet in Korea, probably ON PURPOSE". If you would stop sniffing your girlfriend's nail polish remover long enough to focus on the screen you'd notice that Fraser is CLEARLY standing on the balcony trying frantically to bring his 81mm mortar to bear on the Chinese spy disguised as "Eric the Prince of the Purple Pixies". There are NO apes in that scene apart from the dead ones on the banquet table.

Zack: Fine asshole, we agree to disagree. Thumbs down.

Al: Thumbs down.

Zack: I said disagree!

Al: I'm leaving.

I assume that means two thumbs down for *The Mummy Returns*. I'm not really sure why I gave it a thumbs down, because I remember liking it, but I am easily distracted so-OOOOH SOMETHING *SHINY*.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.4 Lowtax Wasn't Hit By A Bus

Monday, May 07, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I Was NOT Hit By a Bus, Goddammit

As hinted to in the subject line, I have most certainly **not** been hit by a bus. Apparently there was some miscommunication between myself and Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons two days ago when he obviously misinterpreted the phrase "gotta go, talk to you later" to mean "gotta go, talk to you later. Also, I was hit by a bus." This is a common grammatical mistake which dates back all the way to William "Gibson" Shakespeare's time, as seen in his original draft from "Comedy of Errors" (which was later adapted to a USA Up All Night movie featuring sexy coeds working a bikini car wash):

> *The enmity and discord which of late*
> *Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke*
> *To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,*
> *who were all hit by a goddamn bus driven by a guy who drank too much Nyquil.*

Tell it like it is, Mr. Creepy Bus!

Then William "Burroughs" Shakespeare went on to detail all his "dead homies" for roughly 80 paragraphs, vowing revenge on the Queen of England or whoever the hell was the current evil inbred royalty of the time. Knowing full well anything even remotely associated with Shakespeare or culture was strictly forbidden on this page, I assumed that Zack would refrain from posting such lies and outright inflammatory rumors. After all, that's **MY** shtick. However, after receiving a few particularly unsettling phone calls from people who seemed surprised that I still possessed full motor control, I realized something was on the "up and up." Something wasn't "jiggy, baby." Something was in fact quite "wrong" and it "didn't" involve using "quotation" marks where "th"ey were not necessary"." One of my redhot spicy meatball sex kittens from the forums phoned and informed me that I had in fact been hit by a bus, which was startling to hear because I had a hard enough time hauling a microwave up to my fourth-level apartment, much less an entire city bus. I'm no math expert, but I'd imagine a bus would be even more difficult to carry up stairs. It might even be as heavy as **two** microwaves, I don't know.

Once I got my cable modem service installed, I zipped onto ICQ and had a little talk with Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons, the purveyor of the aforementioned lies and falsehoods. I knew I would have a delicate situation in my hands and would probably have to refrain from using the words "ass" and "fucker" directly next to each other, unless of course I was referring to eFront CEO Sam Jain, who spends his free time masturbating into golfing shoes at K-Mart. However, I couldn't think of a way to sufficiently punish Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons for his update folly, as he's a volunteer worker who is trading his time, energy, and creativity for the chance to get rude email from my viewers claiming that everything he does is wrong and if given the opportunity, he should probably kill himself, resurrect his body, and then commit suicide again. Then it hit me: I could dot-com the guy! The ultimate revenge! The following is an abridged transcript of our conversation.

> **Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons:** Hey R-Lo! How are you doing? *(NOTE THAT HE'S TRYING TO PLAY IT COOL AND ACT LIKE HE DIDN'T WRITE ANY LIES AND FALSEHOODS REGARDING MYSELF AND A BUS. DO A SEARCH IN THAT SENTENCE FOR EITHER "HIT" OR "BUS" IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME)*

ME: Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons, I want to pay you $50,000 a year to update Something Awful.
Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons: Really? Wow! I'm flattered! Sure! *(NOTE THAT HE'S OBVIOUSLY DRUNK, LIKE HE IS EVERY GODDAMN NIGHT. THIS GUY DRINKS MORE THAN THE ENTIRE SUPPORTING CAST FROM "FAME")*
ME: Now that you're on the payroll, don't ever plan on getting a dime of the money.
Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons: Shit! Why are you dot-comming me? Was it the fraudulent bus accident story? Or the Gay Amsterdam mailing list thing that I signed all your accounts up for?
ME: Gay Amsterdam mailing list...?
Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons: Uh... I think I've said too much.
ME: I think I spot a reoccurring theme with you.

So, in short, I am now dot-comming Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons' brains out for his blatant falsehoods printed yesterday. I assure you all that if and when I'm eventually hit by a bus, I will get the bus driver to update this website for authenticity. He will probably write about downtown routes and how to get a maximum stench from a minimum area of armpit space. Until then, assume that Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons is a filthy liar and every update of his is crammed to the brim with bullshit. In other words, pretend like I wrote it.

Best Buy - Den of Insanity!

As briefly mentioned last week, UPS thoroughly trashed my two computers and monitors which I shipped to my new apartment in cloudy Seattle, Washington. This is because UPS, in a move to cut labor costs and receive federal grants for reforming convicts, hires prisoners who were jailed for beating their wives. They are then given positions as shippers / handlers and repeatedly told "beat the customers' box, not your wife." After trashing millions of dollars worth of expensive electronics, the convicts eventually let out all their anger and are cured of their spousal abuse, at which point they move onto more advanced and completely different illegal activities such as beating the neighbor's wife. Keep in mind that I'm not inferring that all UPS workers are wife beaters; I'm sure they hire child molesters as well.

Beware, coward!

Since I needed a new computer in a hurry for my cable modem installation, and I didn't have the time to mail order all the components in a half-assed attempt to glue together enough wires or metal or oil or whatever the hell they make computers with, I headed to Best Buy so I could get the best buy on a computer of my choice. Now before anybody makes any snide comments such as "you shop at Best Buy, you're a fag" or anything equally witty, let me point out the fact that you're all horrible monsters and I hate you all and I pray for your deaths. I plodded into the store with a detailed gameplan in mind: walk in, buy a computer, and walk out. I estimated that this entire ordeal couldn't possibly take longer than 19 seconds, even less if I didn't get stuck in line behind some foreign guy who was trying to purchase $450 worth of Gloria Estefan CDs with a $2.00 gift certificate for Piggly Wiggly that expired in the late 1970's.

Oh how wrong I was.

Upon getting within a 500-foot radius of the computer department, a sales employee descended upon me like a vulture trapped in a humiliatingly ugly company shirt manufactured by seventh-world country children with astigmatisms the size of medicine balls. The following is a transcript of

the conversation, which I am **NOT** making up, although I really wish I was.

> **BEST BUY GUY:** Hello! Is there anything I can help you with?
> **ME:** Yes. I want to buy this computer. *(Pointing to a computer)* That is all I want to buy. I am not interested in anything else. I just want this computer and that's all.
> **BEST BUY GUY:** Oh. Well why this computer?
> **ME:** What?
> **BEST BUY GUY:** Why do you want to buy this one?
> **ME:** *(Amazed that I have to explain myself to somebody that I'm paying $1100 to)* Because it looks like a good deal. Please get me this computer so I can leave.
> **BEST BUY GUY:** *(Acting somewhat perturbed that I want to leave the magical place known as "Best Buy")* Okay, let me get Brad.

At that point the salesman vanished and was replaced by another salesman, like when you kill an evil Pod Person and another one springs up to take its place. I was then approached by this magical "Brad" character, who I like to refer to as "The Great Satan." Brad strummed up a conversation with me by picking up where his coworker left off:

> **THE GREAT SATAN:** Hello! Is there anything I can help you with?
> **ME:** *(Feeling an intense version of deja vu)* Yes, as I was telling that other guy, I want to buy this computer.
> **THE GREAT SATAN:** Why?
> **ME:** *(Head beginning to reel)* Listen, the other guy just asked me why I want to purchase this computer. We already went through this. Please just allow me to give you my money and leave.
> **THE GREAT SATAN:** What would you say if I told you I could get you a faster computer for a cheaper price?
> **ME:** *(Looking around for hidden cameras recording me for "America's Most Annoying Practical Jokes" show)* What the hell are you talking about?

Welcome to your doom!

At that point, The Great Satan began to show off the "customize a computer" sales program, which allows users to build and customize their own computer directly from the lawn gnomes and failed janitors at Compaq or wherever. The questioning procedure began to get more intense at that point.

> **THE GREAT SATAN:** So what size hard drive do you need?
> **ME:** 60 gigs is fine.
> **THE GREAT SATAN:** *(Outraged despite the fact that a 60 gig drive was the default selection on the menu)* 60 gigs?!? What on Earth do you need 60 gigs of storage for?
> **ME:** I systematically catalogue large bitmaps depicting babies being devoured by wild boars.
> **THE GREAT SATAN:** *(Choosing to ignore me)* Well if I give you a 40 gig hard drive, drop the CPU speed down 200 MHz, and take off the video card, then the total price of this system is $1400!
> **ME:** Uh, that's great and all, but the computer I'm looking at in your store is $300 cheaper and the same speed.

> **THE GREAT SATAN:** Yeah, but the original price of this customized computer was $1850! Look how far I got the price down! I'm saving you $450!

At that point I expected all the colors in my vision to grey out and see Rod Serling appear in a trenchcoat, lecturing to an unseen audience about being trapped in other dimensions which look, smell, and taste like ours, yet are populated with people whose brain cells share the same fundamental characteristics as shoe polish. I simply wanted to get a computer, pay them money, and leave. If it was so simple for me to understand, why on Earth was it turning into some capitalistic anal probing? The forced conversation proceeded to increase in pain.

> **THE GREAT SATAN:** Can I interest you in our extended store warranty program? For only $129.99, you can protect your computer from everything! Parts, labor, everything! It's all included for only $129.99!
> **ME:** Listen, I'm really not interested. I just want to buy this computer and leave. Please give me the computer.
> **THE GREAT SATAN:** *(Making a facial expression like I just publicly announced my unholy allegiance to Adolf Hitler's army of the undead)* Are you for real? *(I swear to God he said all of this)*
> **ME:** What?!?
> **THE GREAT SATAN:** Are you serious? You're just going to buy this computer without our extended warranty?
> **ME:** Yes. I enjoy living life on the wild side. Please give me the computer so I may buy it.
> **THE GREAT SATAN:** You know, two out of every ten computers we receive are damaged in shipping. You should probably get the extended warranty.
> **ME:** *(Utterly incredulous at this point)* You're telling me that 20% of the computers you purchase are BROKEN?!?
> **THE GREAT SATAN:** *(With a straight face)* Yup.
> **ME:** That's the absolute most stupidest and unbelievable thing I've ever heard.
> **THE GREAT SATAN:** So are you going to get the extended warranty?
> **ME:** If you do not get me that computer right now, I'm going to leave and never return to this cursed hellhole again. You're seriously driving me crazy. Please get me the computer.

At that point, I was finally given the computer. As I loaded it into the cart and began to turn around, The Great Satan asked if I was interested in signing up for MSN's Internet service. I didn't respond and never looked back. By the time I paid for my computer and exited the store, I was asked if I wanted to purchase the MSN Internet service or the extended warranty three times by three additional different employees. Unbelievable.

My apologies for the sheer length and painful banality of this news update, but this was singlehandedly the most remarkably fucked up capitalistic experience in my entire life. This is coming from a guy who used to go to Fry's Electronics on a weekly basis. If anybody out there is looking to purchase a new computer, cram this true story into the back of your mind before heading off to Best Buy. If you still decide to go there, make sure to arrive with plenty of spare time... and possibly a handgun loaded with silver bullets as well.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.5 Lowtax SHOULD Have Been Hit By A Bus

Tuesday, May 08, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Lowtax SHOULD Have Been Hit By a Bus

That filthy cur Lowtax wants to call me a liar? Oh, he's all big and everything when it's HIS web site, but I bet if I met him in the street and told everyone he got hit by a bus he would just nod and smile in agreement. That's because he is such a coward. But I'm not going to try to intimidate him with my massive biceps; instead I will challenge him to a duel of the minds and engage him in a BATTLE RAP TO THE DEATH! First shot's across your bow, SS R-Lo!

Double the pain.

> I grab the mic and the crowd goes silent,
> Cuz when I bust rhymes I bust them violent,
> R-Lo on the curb to catch that bus,
> Run the nigga down without no fuss.
>
> Wearin' video card shirts,
> Like a giveaway bitch,
> Broke ass nigga,
> But his name is Rich.
>
> Get back to the stop that come 50 mile an hour,
> Put out your tibia and feel that power,
> Run over again by my mad mic skills,
> Better join an ad network to pay the medical bills.
>
> Peace, yo.

Hooray, More Sissy Robots!

When I first saw a promo for "Battlebots" I thought "hey, now this is a good idea! Finally someone decided to bring the hit straight-to-video movie 'Robot Jox' to life!" Then I watched "Battlebots" and realized that the only kind of robot anyone made were little crappy wedges that could flip over other robots over and push them into a wall. There were different weight classes of rolling wedges and somehow some were superior to others and would win by pushing their opponent gently into a wall enough times to earn "points." I guess they could eliminate their opponent, but I certainly never saw that happen.

Just when I was beginning to think fighting robots could not get any lamer, I read on cnn.com about Dean Kamen and his high school competition that is a pathetic parody of "Battlebots." If you're not familiar with Mr. Kamen, he is the inventor behind the mysterious and supposedly revolutionary "Ginger", which I am guessing is a robot he designed that is capable of fainting if intimidated. So what was this competition he started like?

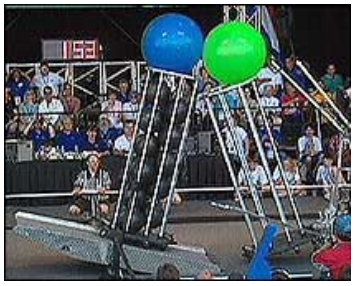
> Two minutes before each round each team learns it's going to be working with three other teams. And they have to work together to score points, doing everything from putting balls on goals to balancing on a teeter totter bridge.

I for one am sick of this wussy fake "robot" crap... each year they are emasculating robots more and more. I am not going to stand for it any longer! I will turn this disturbing trend around by holding

my own robot death battle competition on the barren landscape of the Utah alkali flats, with only one rule: no nuclear weapons. I am calling out the winners of this year's sissy robot competition - team Beatty Hammond from Hammond, Indiana - to match their lameass ball-balancing assault bot against "BLOODSMASHER," the robot of my own design. Let's take a look at the competitors.

BALLBALANCER

Team: Beatty Hammond
Max Speed: 5 mph
Cost: $900.75
Team Motto: "Where there's a will, there's a way."
Offensive Capabilities:



- Can balance ball
- Can move forward
- Detects obstacles after running into them
- Might tip over and crush very tiny robots

Defensive Capabilties:

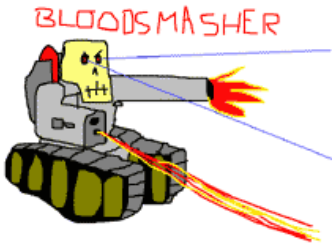
- May drop ball between itself and opponent
- Tendency to tip over makes it more difficult to shoot in half
- Can move in reverse

Weaknesses:

- Easily overturned
- Prone to battery failure
- Weak ballistic armor

BLOODSMASHER

Team: Ultimate Doom Force
Max Speed: 180 mph
Cost: $375,000,000,000
Team Motto: "Destroy all flesh."
Offensive Capabilities:



- Double flame thrower arm w/ .50 caliber machinegun
- 500mm cannon arm
- Eyes shoot blue laser beams

- Can crush SUV in hydraulic jaws
- Secret nuclear bomb strapped to back

Defensive Capabilities:

- Magnetic force shield protects against ferrous projectiles
- Ablative armor reflects focused energy blasts
- Phalanx missile interception system

Weaknesses:

- May go into unstoppable berserker frenzy
- Cannot tell friend from foe
- Backup reactors dangerously unstable
- Actuators vulnerable to high velocity tungsten penetrator rounds

Lowtax has also expressed an interest in entering his robot, "The Molestinator," into the competition. He will challenge the winner of the battle between BLOODSMASHER and BALLBALANCER. Rich isn't really raising the bar for tough robots, but regardless, here are its specs:

The Molestinator

Team: The Leapin' Leprechauns
Max Speed: .06 mph before shutting down
Cost: $2.99 + tax
Team Motto: "Don't blame us."
Offensive Capabilities:

- Robot emits foul odors when attempting to move
- Robot emits foul odors when stationary
- Robot can be used as a paperweight... a paperweight of DECEPTION
- Some kind of pipe which looks like a gun but is actually just a pipe which looks like a gun
- Robot shocks anybody who tries to pick it up or turn it on or walk within a 500 foot radius of it.

Defensive Capabilities:

- Thick wool shirt
- Toothpick sticking out of rear, from the time at a party when a drunk guy fell on it

and dropped his food into the battery pack
- Robot catches fire whenever anything gets near it
- Robot is actually a painted rock on wheels

Weaknesses:

- Strong breezes
- Summer fashions
- Rain
- Lack of rain
- Harsh words
- Electricity
- Grass Pokemon
- Sunlight

I would have to say the smart money is on BLOODSMASHER this year, although BALLBALANCER could come from left field and balance balls all over the competition. As usual, Lowtax's entry might also prove to be a real wild card.

Those Wacky Lawsuits!

Maverick SA legal counsel Leonard "J." Crabs has done it again, nipping a lawsuit against Something Awful in the bud. After a vigorous e-mail exchange between Lowtax and the nefarious polite David A. Tijoe, who wanted Cliff Yablonski to remove a certain incriminating photo, Leonard swung into action, bringing to bear the laser-like precision he uses in the courtroom.

> If I had an ounce of rope for every two bit Nancy Boy who dare challenge my legal arms, I would have more rope than Stanly Frebowski, the Rope King of San Antonio. Please forward me the name of your lawyer, so I may attack him with the fury of righteousness and injure him with my LEGAL FURY. I look forward to receiving documents detailing your case, and will use them as a BIB when I dine on fine lobster and Coca Cola tonight!

If this case does actually make it into a court of law, Mr. Tijoe will have to watch out for the unmitigated wrath of Leonard Crabs. He can call upon the experience of hundreds of mock lawsuits against his dog played out in his basement and the one time he defended himself against charges that he contributed to the delinquency of a folding table.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.6 More Robot Battles

Wednesday, May 09, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

More Robotic Mayhem!

Robot battling mania is sweeping the nation! In less than ten hours after posting Tuesday's update, I received hundreds of e-mails telling me how smart I am and what a fantastic idea my robot battle was. However, I soon sobered up and realized they were actually hate mail telling me how stupid I am. No surprise there, but what was shocking was that one of the e-mails was from **the actual driver of Team Beatty Hammond,** the winner of this year's illustrious FIRST robot-battling competition! Wow!

> *Hello there. While I appreciate your "sense of humor" I am deeply offended by your article entitled "Hooray, More Sissy Robots!" FIRST was created to inspire high school students to become involved in the world of science and technology, namely engineering. As for the other half of the article concerning the national champions, Beatty Machine and the School City of Hammond, Team Hammond, maybe you should know what you are talking about before you say something. I am a member of this wonderful team, more specifically, I am the driver for this year's robot. Six weeks of intense designing, building, and testing went into this machine, and I do not feel that you have any right to just bash this competition or team. That is not anywhere near our team motto, nor is that the cost of our robot. Being the driver, I know exactly what that machine can do, and let me tell you, you haven't a clue. We never once have tipped over, and I am personally offended by your offensive and defensive comments. I just wish you would think twice in the future before you post such a hateful article.*
>
> Kevin
> Team #71 - Driver

I took this e-mail to mean that they indeed wanted to see their pansy robot BALLBALANCER compete in my mega robot battle to be held on the barren alkali flats of Utah. My bot, BLOODSMASHER, wasn't quite ready for the competition, as he was still having a slight problem regarding the "making spectators explode" programming bug, but I didn't want to disappoint Team Beatty Hammond! After all, when you get a chance to visit the stars you don't cancel because cold weather has damaged your o-ring!

Lowtax was primed to go, but his robot "The Molestinator" would have to be a wild card if I could not find a worthy competitor. Just as I was spray painting "STAB-O-TRON" on the side of a remote-controlled car with a knife taped to it, I got another e-mail. This one was from Kevin Genson, the captain of "Team Illusion," whose robot "The Washer" was simply amazing in the FIRST competition. He had apparently heard from Kevin (I think you're required to be named Kevin to compete at FIRST) that the competition was to be held the morning of the 9th and he wanted in on the action. I had him send me the stats for "The Washer" to see if it would make a good adversary for "The Molestinator." For all you non-tech people who don't keep up with sissy robot Olympics or whatever the hell they're called, here's a rundown of his bot:

The Washer

Team: Team Illusion
Max Speed: Stationary
Cost: $399.00 with manufacturer's rebate
Team Motto: "We're tough on stains!"
Offensive Capabilities:

- Triple Action™ Agitator
- 5 Water Levels
- 15 Variable Wash Settings Including "Heavy Duty"
- Loud buzzer notifies when load complete

Defensive Capabilties:

- Heavy Duty Construction
- 1 Year Warranty (parts and labor)
- Installs in minutes

Weaknesses:

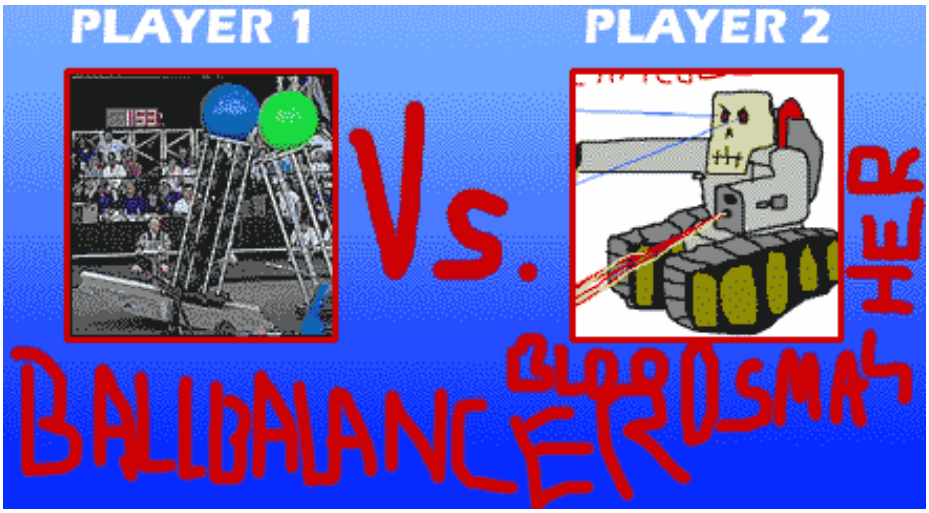
- Too much detergent might cause a soap suds overload
- Bright colors may bleed into whites
- Can only counter dirty laundry based attacks

I gave "The Washer" the thumbs up and just after dawn the robots paired off on the barren alkali flats of Utah, poised to destroy one another in a no-holds-barred combat of destruction and destroying. The air-raid sirens marked the beginning of the competition, which we all viewed through binoculars from our respective team's hardened concrete bunkers.

Round 1: BALLBALANCER Vs. BLOODSMASHER

BLOODSMASHER, weighing in at almost 5,000 tons, wasted no time in making the opening move of his battle against BALLBALANCER, rolling forward and firing both barrels of his flamethrower at the air-raid siren. BALLBALANCER responded by tipping over, sending its ball racing towards BLOODSMASHER, who had left his back open as he charged forward to repeatedly drive over the siren. Totally ignoring the oncoming ball, BLOODSMASHER opted to use his 500mm cannon to shoot the air-raid siren skyward, catching it in his hydraulic jaws and crushing it even further.

With a little help from a strong wind, BALLBALANCER managed to upright itself and rotate in a wide circle to face its opponent. BLOODSMASHER, displaying incredible disdain for BALLBALANCER, casually avoided the dreaded ball attack and instead turned his attention to the crowd of spectators, raking them with his machinegun and eye lasers. Panicking and screaming, the crowd began to trample one another as they



hurried towards the parking lot, away from the cruel blue lasers of justice twinkling in the eyes of BLOODSMASHER.

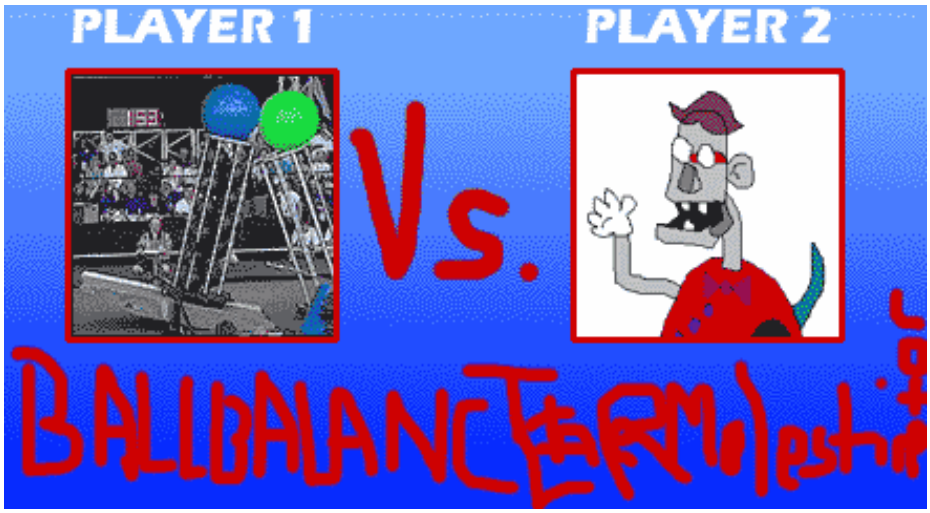
In a maneuver of derring-do, BALLBALANCER managed to carefully navigate the wreckage of the air-raid siren and approach BLOODSMASHER. For his part, BLOODSMASHER raced away from BALLBALANCER like a coward, bent on crushing every last spectator beneath his steel treads. Twice more BALLBALANCER was overturned by the force of exploding automobiles and light winds in the parking lot, an excellent move to avoid the shrapnel screaming across the battlefield. When the smoke had cleared, Ultimate Doom Force (me) realized that their robot was going haywire and heading away from the alkali flats and towards distant Salt Lake City. With much dismay, Ultimate Doom Force waited for BLOODSMASHER to make his way to minimum safe distance and then they detonated the nuclear bomb strapped to his back, conceding the match to the superior capabilities of BALLBALANCER.

Round 2: The Molestinator Vs. The Washer

Team Illusion lowered The Washer from the back of their 1976 El Camino while Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka and the rest of Team Leapin' Leprechaun waited for the UPS box containing The Molestinator to show up. Six hours later, word arrived that the UPS delivery van had flipped over and careened into "Dead Man's Gulch," so Team Leapin' Leprechaun was forced to create a new Molestinator robot. Luckily there was a Radio Shack nearby, so all crucial parts were stolen from the dumpster and assembled with packing tape and Elmer's "safety" glue. Soon The Molestinator v2.0 was ready to go and began spinning around in circles just like the previous model did, shortly before shooting sparks everywhere and melting into a pile of smoldering circuitboards.

The Washer took the preemptive strike by launching a blistering volley of somewhat moist tubesocks at The Molestinator v2.0, who deftly dodged the assault by tipping over and emitting a defensive "smokescreen," which was really his control unit overheating and catching fire. Mistaken as a sign of weakness, Team Illusion commanded The Washer to charge full blast towards The Molestinator v2.0, hoping to douse the unsuspecting robot with a lethal combination of lukewarm water, bleach, and an assortment of loose change that fell out of some pants pockets. However, The Leapin' Leprechauns had a trick up their sleeve; a large brick that was knocked loose from a Wal-Mart during BLOODSMASHER'S reign of terror. Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka hurled the brick at The Washer, denting its command processor and causing damage to the circuits responsible for determining whether or not a beer is too far past its "born on" date. The Molestinator v2.0 immediately sprung into action and began to slap what it believed was The Washer, but was actually just a hot dog vending station six miles outside the arena. After the confusion was cleared up 40 minutes later, The Molestinator v2.0 rotated around and began its merciless assault on Team Illusion. A remarkable amount of garbage and medical waste was ejected from the "secret panel" on the back of The Molestinator 2.0, showering Team Illusion with contaminated refuse from the most shady hospitals in Raytown, Missouri.

Trapped in a pile of medical waste, Team Illusion found themselves unable to see their robot, much less command him, and was forced to concede defeat and, later on, die from various viral infections. Team Leapin' Leprechaun celebrated their victory by throwing The Molestinator 2.0 off a bridge and carjacking a New Jersey couple on vacation.



Round 3: The Molestinator Vs. BALLBALANCER

> Still high off their victory over BLOODSMASHER and also slightly irradiated, Team Beatty Hammond brought their battered BALLBALANCER onto the field to meet head to head with the impressive might of The Molestinator. Unable to repair the scattered pieces of The Molestinator 2.0, Team Leapin' Leprechaun stole components from the engine of Team Illusion's car. Soon they had welded the pieces together into a lump vaguely resembling the original robot and even had time before the match to paint "MOLESTINATOR IS GOD" on its side.
>
> The Molestinator v3.0 was the first out of the gate at the sounding of the newly installed buzzer, overturning in the general direction of BALLBALANCER and emitting a high-frequency sound that began to liquefy nearby insects. BALLBALANCER responded with a terrifying show of vibrating slowly and rolling forward before losing a wheel on a small rock. BALLBALANCER tipped slowly forward and unleashed its devastating ball attack upon the unsuspecting Molestinator.
>
> Meanwhile, Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka and the rest of Team Leapin' Leprechaun struggled desperately to get their robot to stop hurting their ears and get back up. They had only moments before the ball attack would hit the immobile Molestinator v3.0. Acting quickly, Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka ran out onto the field and kicked the ball out of the way. As Team Beatty Hammond was crying foul, Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka began to strut off the field, lifting his hands skyward as if to say "awwww yeah, I raised the roof, yo." Then the unthinkable happened; Kyanka, tied up in his showboating routine, stepped directly on the servo control unit of his own team's robot.
>
> Shrieking in robotic agony, Molestinator v3.0 began to twitch wildly and spray oil from several orifices which were installed in its groin area for unknown reasons. Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka tried to calm his berserker robot down with soothing words and softly sung lullabies, but in the end all he could do was run for cover as the Molestinator v3.0 "went critical". It screamed a final time and with a small pop its short life was finally over. Team Beatty Hammond won the day again, proving beyond a shadow of a doubt the superiority of the BALLBALANCER.

In the end it appears that while the FIRST competition may be for sissies, the intelligence and perseverence of a few highschool underdogs can overcome the ingenuity of two webmasters from a failed humor site. Congratulations Team Beatty Hammond, you are this year's grim and humorless champions of the Annual Non-Sissy Robot Demolition Rally (ANSRDR). If you are over 18, you can collect your trophy here.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.7 SA Behind The Scenes: Our Readers Are Morons

Wednesday, May 09, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Failure Friday! Er, I mean, Wednesday!

Since I don't have any star-studded frontpage material lined up for tonight (like usual), I figured that I would give everybody a little look into the "behind the scenes" action involved with running Something Awful. Anybody with an IQ greater than the value of pi is probably aware that I get a lot of email every day. **A lot**. So much that I still need to reply to over 1800 messages this week. A quick breakdown of these email messages results in the following categorizations:

DUR! I THINK RICH "LOWTAX" KYANKA WILL LIKE MY CRAZY ICQ PRANK WHERE I PRETEND TO BE A COW! DUR!

- **29.0%** - Messages demanding I update some random section of the site which hasn't been worked on since the bombing of Pearl Harbor.
- **28.9%** - Messages demanding I don't update some random section of the site which hasn't been worked on since the bombing of Pearl Harbor.
- **27.3%** - Messages demanding I stop updating the site altogether and do something more productive, like huff paint fumes and rubbing alcohol from a janitorial closet.
- **25.1%** - People sending me the ICY HOT STUNTAZ link for the nine millionth time. I swear to God, I did a search through the ALOD box and their web address came up over 200 times in the past 12 days. As far as I can tell, they were somehow able to include their website address as the startup webpage that comes with every Gateway computer or something.
- **24.2%** - People sending me the Alex Chiu link, either because they want the referrals for their free magnetic rings or they got some free magnetic rings and are being telepathically commanded to send me the URL repeatedly until my brain caves in like the Satanic Halloween masks from "Halloween 3: Season of the Witch."
- **21.8%** - Customers asking where the hell their Jeff K. / SA t-shirts are. The Hair Giant claimed all shirts would be sent out two days ago, so I assume they are all in the mail. However, since I've been calling the guy nonstop, leaving messages, and he has been failing to return them, I really don't know at this point. Assume that yours is on the way. If I learn anything to the contrary, I'll post it on this page.
- **19.9%** - People begging that I link to their site on every page of SA in addition to tattooing their URL on my head and walking across town shouting their website's name.
- **18.3%** - Pointless, raving fan mail from Jake Simpson. No Jake, I will NOT pee in your hand for a dollar.
- **16.8%** - People asking to write for Something Awful, then concluding their email message with something along the lines of "AND IF U DONT LET ME WRITE FOR YOUR SHITTY SITE THEN ILL FUCKING KILL YOU YOU STUPID CUBAN JEWISH FAG CUNT MAILBOX SHOE NIGGER WHORE APPLE COW!!!"
- **13.2%** - "Happy birthday" messages, which I inexplicably receive constantly throughout the year, despite the fact that my birthday is on May 11th. Yes, I know, happy birthday to me.
- **11.0%** - Truly incoherent messages such as the following:

FROM: Andrew Slayton
SUBJECT: dude
if only you were the real deal,you would be hysterical....nobody can bethat stupid!

- **9.1%** - Emails which statistically and scientifically irrefutably prove that I suck and am the absolute worst creature to ever walk the Earth, with the possible exception of Hitler or Sam Jain.
- **6.3%** - Flame mail to Jeff K., Cliff Yablonski, or Roger Makoe. Author acts intellectually superior throughout the entire message, despite the fact that they're taking time out of their lives to cuss out a fictional character.
- **4.9%** - Smartasses who enjoy pointing out the most minuscule grammatical, spelling, or factual errors in the daily update. Listen u loosers, maybe I dont have time too check EVERY SINGLE LITTLE THING on this page, but for all intensive purposes, I'de say I do a pretty well job.
- **2.1%** - People submitting the absolute most worst pranks I've ever read. *See below.*
- **0.4%** - Positive email that actually compliments me on some piece of work I did. Message ends with "ha ha, just kidding, you really suck"

Let me take a moment to concentrate on that elusive 2.1% of the population who send me remarkably horrible ICQ pranks. Now I'm not one to adamantly declare what's funny and what's not, because God knows this site is just a steaming pile of rancid cow dung, but I can safely say that I get some of the most terrible ICQ transcripts ever exported into a text file. Notice that I'm not even referring to them as "pranks" anymore, as that would be mutilating the English language beyond any reasonable terms. Don't believe me? Well feast your eyes on a couple of the latest gems that were submitted to me:

Special K: hi lexus
Lexus: hiya
Special K: how r u
Lexus: fine, you?
Special K: good where r u imin tx
Lexus: detroit mi
Special K: so what do u like to do
Lexus: well I am at work now
Special K: where do u work
Lexus: global crossing
Special K: telephone
Lexus: telecommunications
Special K: cool so u married
Lexus: nope , you
Special K: yes one son u have a photo
Lexus: Not here I dont.
Special K: do u want mine
Lexus: not really

And that is the **ENTIRE GODDAMN THING**. That's it. That's the "prank" in its full, unedited form. I can't even discern who's being pranked here, besides myself for believing that somebody considers this to be a prank. If you thought that was bad, I hate to break it to you, but the parade of pain continues with yet another prank by a completely different person who probably shares the same brain cell with the person above:

T flatline: are you 8 or 18?
Foo1y: does it matter?
T flatline: sorta
Foo1y: so do you want to cyber
T flatline: sure, but describe yourself
Foo1y: I am about 4'6" and about 65 pounds, short blonde hair. blue eyes
Foo1y: you?
T flatline: 5'11, brown hair, hazel eyes
T flatline: bra size?
Foo1y: b
T flatline: lol, you aren't eight then
T flatline: I don't think you're being honest
T flatline: but why not, lets cyber
T flatline: so, I imagine you have no hair down there?
Foo1y: I dunno
Foo1y: should I look?
T flatline: lol, sure
Foo1y: THIS IS THE CHICAGO POLICE DEPARTMENT, WE ARE HEADING TO YOUR HOUSE RIGHT NOW FOR CHILD MOLESTATION

Ha ha! It's funny because the guy was obviously a pedophile! Wow! Ziiing! I'm going to think twice before chatting it up with another eight-year old on AOL! And the climax of the prank, oh the climax, when he pretended to be the Chicago Police Department? COMEDY PLATINUM! Somebody stop this guy before he ICQs some old woman pretending to sell vacuum cleaners and then at the last moment reveals that HE DOESN'T SELL VACUUM CLEANERS! AND HE'S ACTUALLY THE CHICAGO POLICE DEPARTMENT AND HE'S HEADING OVER TO ARREST HER FOR CHILD MOLESTATION! Ha ha! The Chicago Police!

So I hope you've enjoyed this brief but painful look into my inbox. If you haven't, then I look forward to reading your email message categorically listing the 39 reasons why I have let you down and how I deserve a fate worse than death.

Jeff K. on Da e3 Tip, Yo

Everybody's favorite l33t haX0r, Jeff K., has returned to pen another journalistic gem. May I proudly present to you "JEFF K."S GUIDE TO THIS YEAR"S E3 (THIS YEAR, NOT LAST YEAR!)!!!" That's right, get a sneak preview of this year's e3 without ever having to leave your chair! Wow!

> *Jerry will probably scoop ice cream into his fat fat mouth becuase all that guy eats si ice Cream these days becuase I think he has a tapeworm and he has too feed it every 9 minutes with lard. Last year Jerry threw up circus peanuts all ovar on teh bus ride to e3 but he bettar not this year becausethat was a GROSS EVENT TO OCCUR ON A BUS!!! jerry's mom wants him to get on an all grain diet but he probaly cant because theres no grain in bacon. SO ANYWAYS hear is my E3 PREVIEW with all teh shizztag comeing up at E3!!!*

Okay, so maybe that isn't the best block of text to copy, but you get the point. Head on over and read it now! Or don't! I really do not care at this point!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.8 Happy Birthday, Lowtax, They Canceled The XFL!

Friday, May 11, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Happy Birthday! There is No Reason to Live Anymore!

As I sit here before you today, on the historical monument of my 25th birthday, I must admit that my life has taken a sudden turn for the worse. Now I'm sure that many of you out there are highly skeptical of this, as my life must seem pretty goddamn miserable to begin with, but let me assure you that I have now lost all reason to live. Why? Simple: **THEY CANCELED THE XFL!**

> WWF drops XFL - *World Wrestling Federation Entertainment and NBC are discontinuing their professional football league, the XFL, after only a year of operation."The numbers actually didn't play out for us," said Vince McMahon, WWFE chairman, in a conference call Thursday. "Despite where our heart was ... we just couldn't make it work from a financial standpoint."*

After I composed myself and choked back the tears, vomit, and tingly sensation in my groinal area, the reality of the situation finally slammed into me like a busload full of Chris Farly corpses. The XFL was no more. There would be no more pre-Los Angeles Extreme tailgating parties with the homeless guys on the corner of 4th Street. There would be no more chances to buy authentic fake XFL sports jerseys featuring names of players that sound like Italian food processing devices. There would be no more play-by-play commentary by announcers who gained their fame from repeatedly throwing fat, bald men into folding tables. The XFL is gone and it won't be coming back.

Instead of wallowing in my own personal hell and attempting to drown my sorrows in a pool of vodka and Sunny Delight, I began thinking about how we, as the (somewhat) human race, could salvage this (somewhat) professional league of Bed, Bath, and Beyond cashiers and parolees. Now that the league has been shitcanned, society will undoubtedly see a rise in the number of large, stinky, chubby guys whose vocabularies lack an acceptable number of adjectives. I couldn't think of a way to keep these semi-legit members of society off the streets and inside a fully-enclosed stadium, where they belong. Then it hit me: this week on Something Awful has been "Kind of Robot Week," celebrating the triumphs and downfalls of our custom-built battling 'bots. If I could combine the exciting and pointless entertainment of robot fighting with the not-so-exciting and pointless entertainment of XFL football, then perhaps I could kill two birds with one stone! Of course, the "two birds" that I'm referring to are "filling up empty space on the front of my website" and "finding an excuse to justify not going out and getting laid for yet another night."

But yeah, I'm also quite concerned about the welfare of these valuable members of society and blah blah blah XFL players were a talented group of individuals who never once got caught masturbating on their webcams and blah blah blah.

So anyway, I came up with the grand idea of pitting the members of an XFL All-Star team against the members of the Something Awful Non-Sissy Robot Demolition Rally, creating what would undoubtedly be a competition that would both humiliate AND critically injure human beings while racking up incredible ratings! Once again,

two birds with one goddamn stone, motherbitches! The good thing about the XFL was that somebody could have their leg torn off by an opposing defensive end and hardly anybody would even notice. This was because nobody attended or watched any of the games except Art Bell, and he was too busy communicating with the implant in the back of his neck to pay attention to the game. Just like the horribly nefarious Pod People, you could kill one and another will instantly take their place, probably sporting an even stupider last name. This works out quite well for our Non-Sissy Robot Demolition Derby league, as many of the 'bots have grown accustomed to the taste of human flesh, and will tear through titanium in order to satiate their unholy urge to destroy all lifeforms.

Using State Og's Horribly Dangerous Simulation Device, I was able to create and simulate one game of what I refer to as the SALOFAWLAR or the "Something Awful League of Failure and Wasted Lies. And Robots." SALOFAWLAR will be an exciting new league that will be promptly sweeping the nation, assuming Congress passes those "anti-manslaughter" bills I've been pushing for. It will combine the best of the XFL with the best of the Something Awful Non-Sissy Robot Demolition Derby, resulting in something that's both awful AND contains robots which make things dead. Let's take a brief look at the first SALOFAWLAR game, shall we? *(HINT: yes, as you have absolutely no choice)*

The Something Awful League of Failure and Wasted Lies. And Robots - GAME 1
The Birmingham Bolts vs The Something Awful Skull Displacers

COMMENTATOR: "Well it's a lovely day here in the abandoned field behind the Von's grocery store in sunny Bakersfield, California. The Birmingham Bolts will square off against the Something Awful Skull Displacers today in the first game of the newly-formed SALOFAWLAR League. John Madden, what do we have to look forward to today?"
JOHN MADDEN: "We've got a classic matchup today with two of the strongest teams in the SALOFAWLAR, and I'm not just saying that because they're the **only** teams in the league. The Birmingham Bolts, who had the worst record in the XFL and were actually defeated by a Japanese Rowing team, are looking to reclaim their pride and dignity without the use of automatic weapons. However, the Something Awful Skull Displacers are coming off a perfect record of 2,392,182 - 0, which represents the numbers of civilians mowed down by artillery fire during their siege of England. They've got something to prove; mainly, that they won't rest until every human has had their flesh melted off by high intensity laser cannons."
COMMENTATOR: "The Bolts have won the kickoff and have opted to receive. The Skull Displacers are lining up for the kickoff, and punt returner Stepfret Williams is deep near the goal line."
JOHN MADDEN: "That's right, Stepfret must've seen the footage of the Skull Displacer's practice game where the punting bot, SPIKEDHITLERMOBILE, actually kicked a ball sixteen miles out of the stadium, at which point it detonated and showered the surrounding 500-foot radius with nails, shrapnel, and the deadly Anthrax virus. Stepfret seems mighty nervous out there today!"
COMMENTATOR: "What makes you say that, John?"
JOHN MADDEN: "Well, for one, he just passed out and is laying motionless on the field."
COMMENTATOR: "Oh come on, John! We both know that he could be dead from alcohol poisoning or a drug overdose!"

JOHN MADDEN: "A good point! Since the SALOFAWLAR has no fair catch rule or injury timeouts, the Skull Displacers are preparing to kickoff while the Birmingham Bolts appear to be running in the opposite direction of the robots, heading for the exits. What fools! There are no exits in the SALOFAWLAR!"
COMMENTATOR: "SPIKEDHITLERMOBILE is getting ready to kickoff, and - OH MY GOD! Instead of the expected kickoff, the Skull Displacers have opted to pepper the Birmingham Bolts and spectators with a round of high explosive ammunition! I haven't seen this tactic used since, well, the last time the Skull Displacers played!"
JOHN MADDEN: "That's right, people are being mowed down like lambs to the slaughter! Men, women, children - the Skull Displacers are unloading round after round into anything with a pulse!"
COMMENTATOR: "According to league rules, the Birmingham Bolts have conceded defeat and the Skull Displacers have added another 36,000 or so to their already perfect record. How do you feel about - AAAGGGGGH!!!" *(glass shatters as bullets rake through the commentators rib cage)*
JOHN MADDEN: "Make that 36,001 now!"

So as you can see, this wasn't such a great idea. However, it did succeed in getting the XFL menaces off our city streets, which is a good thing no matter how you look at it. Unfortunately, they will undoubtedly be buried underneath our streets, so I guess we're just dealing with a lesser of two evils kind of situation here. It's my birthday party and I'll cry if I want to.

HOORAY! A Guide!

Knowing full well that my birthday wouldn't be complete without spending hours and hours and hours entertaining people for free on this site, I felt the inexplicable need to create a Something Awful Guide to Instant Messaging. This guide will help introduce everybody out there to the various people who use programs like ICQ and AIM, and will teach you how to interact with these incredible creatures. It's like a dream come true! Or nightmare! Whatever!

THE FOREIGN FORNICATOR: yes helo! asl?
YOU: What?
THE FOREIGN FORNICATOR: I am arrived from Malaysia! I am name Rahimah! asl? * _ *
YOU: Malaysia?
THE FOREIGN FORNICATOR: where do live at? Is cold there! ^ _ ^
YOU: Huh?
THE FOREIGN FORNICATOR: I am 17 ears and 1928.23 hectareliters tall! my dad comands a soy farm!
YOU: A soy what?
THE FOREIGN FORNICATOR: what di you do in New Yrok? is cold there? its warm here! ^ _ *
YOU: Who are you and why are you messaging me?
THE FOREIGN FORNICATOR: how tall you are? my dad weighs 142231 microamperes! he comandeds a soy farm! ^ _ ^

Wow! Educational! And Entertaining! Check it out now or I'll stab you with a goddamn screwdriver!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.9 Post Birthday Blues

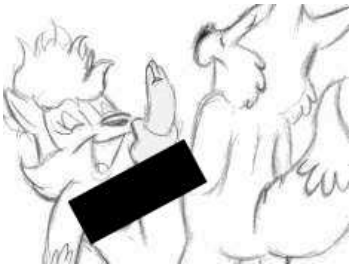
Monday, May 14, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Post Birthday Pondering

I had a swell birthday party on Friday. The events included:

> 1) Receiving a cake which featured a man's gaping anus plastered across the front of it,
> 2) Being publicly humiliated inside a restaurant which has wagon wheels, airplane propellors, street signs, and various other stupid trash nailed to the walls. You know those kinds of places, like TGI Friday's or Applebees or one of the other 10 million joints that look like somebody's barn exploded and all the shrapnel stuck to the walls.

The birthday celebration was so darn exciting that I don't want to ever speak of it again. Ever. If anybody brings up the topic, I will choke them to death with their own large intestines. After I had slowly finished weeping and praying for death that night, my mind naturally progressed to thinking about this website, which often causes the same effects. I began to count the various accomplishments and awards I've received in the 18 months that I've run this site. Hours later, after failing to make it past "1", it suddenly dawned on me; there's been a gaping void in this website ever since its conception (besides the piss-poor writing and shoddy content). Sure the daily updates have been tremendously entertaining and intelligent, often featuring the word "ass" more times than all proper nouns combined, but something had been missing. Something intangible. Something deep. Something chocolatey. After consulting the magic genie in the bottle, who only appears in the last beer of a 12-pack, it suddenly dawned on me: **erotic fan fiction**.



I hate the Internet.

As anybody who has ever used the Internet knows, anybody who has ever used the Internet has severe psychological problems. The pinnacle of these mental issues is evident in a phenomenon known as "erotic fan fiction." You see, the Internet supports and encourages people with the most scrambled neural patterns to publicly develop and nurture their intensely frightening fetishes. It's like a freak amplifier, where all your most psychotic tendencies are ripped out of your skull, inflated with a bicycle pump, and then crammed back into your brain just in time for you to hear the cheery "you've got mail!" alert. In this regard, the Internet is completely unlike "real" life as we know it. For example, take this example to exemplify what I'm saying:

> **BOB:** *(At work)* "Say Jack, did you catch the Mets game last night?"
> **JACK:** "No I didn't, Bob! I was too busy beating off to nude pictures of 'Chip N Dale's Rescue Rangers'!"
> **BOB:** "Jack, you're fired. In fact, I'm going to go one step further and violently stab you to death with this broken flower vase."

That fantastically realistic conversation proves certain interests and pastimes on the Internet do not carry over into real life very well. This is because, generally speaking, absolutely 100% of everything on the Internet is a sick, twisted, disgusting car wreck of failure and wasted lies. Now let's see how this conversation would go if it were online:

> **BOB_THE_GREAT92812:** "Say Jack, did you catch the Mets game last night?"
> **J4CK(l33T):** "No I didn't, Bob! I was too busy beating off to nude pictures of 'Chip

N Dale's Rescue Rangers'!"
BOB_THE_GREAT92812: "Oh man, that is SO 1998! The cool new thing to do is to write stories about digging up Kurt Cobain's corpse and drinking bat urine from its eyesockets!"
J4CK(l33T): "Wow! Let me get started on a webring for that immediately!"
BOB_THE_GREAT92812: "Don't forget to include animated gifs of a zebra ejaculating into Cap'n Crunch's mouth!"

It should come as no surprise to anybody that this site's black hole of a soul could be directly attributed to its lack of Internet-like qualities. In fact, I would even go out and claim Something Awful has been very anti-Internet in its past. I realized that I needed to fix this grievous error and get SA back on the "fast track" to success, because as God only knows, the only way one can measure their penis size is by obsessing over something as critical and important as their website's traffic stats. With this in mind, I have taken the next natural step with this site: erotic fan fiction starring SA's robotic sensation, The Molestinator.

"Summer Passions"
Starring THE MOLESTINATOR *and* TITTY McBOOBIES.

Titty McBoobies pulled up to the Stop N' Chomp gas station. She drove a car which was long and shiny. You know, like a penis. Except shinier. And longer too, I guess. She got out of her car into the blazing hot Winnipeg heat.

"Oh my, it certainly is hot today!" Titty McBoobies remarked while pulling out a handkerchief and wiping the glistening sweat from her glistening brow. "I'm so hot that I'm sweating! And I'm wet from the sweat! All wet, baby!" She then pulled out the unleaded gas nozzle and very gently rammed it violently into her gas tank, uh, hole thing.

"Oh baby! Fill me up!" she shouted while pulling down her panties and rubbing her moist crotch against the bumper. McBoobies hadn't screwed a man in over 13 seconds, so she naturally couldn't contain her animal-like lust any longer. She began to moan and shudder orgasmically, almost as if she was having an orgasm. After climaxing nineteen times, she realized that she wouldn't be able to do the job herself; she needed a partner to satiate her carnal desires. She pressed the button to call on the service attendant and waited for him to arrive, spreading and contorting herself into a sexual position that required at least 90% of her body to be double-jointed. The door to the gas station opened and out rolled The Molestinator, one of the newest WorkBot robots to join the elite gas-pumping job force. Titty McBoobies had heard of these robots before, but was unprepared for their raw sexuality.

"HONK HONK! Hey sweet thang, how about a ride on my mechanical love pony?" asked The Molestinator while swinging his one functional arm in the general direction of Titty

McBoobies. His aiming matrix was slightly miscalibratedand it ended up bashing in her left turn signal, shattering it into pieces. "HONK HONK! Shit niggah, sorry about the car."

"Oh Molestinator, take me! Take me now!" Titty cried while throwing her remaining clothing into that little black bucket next to the trash that holds the windshield cleaning fluid. The Molestinator's bowtie began to spin wildly, creating a deadly buzzsaw that sliced through the car's front bumper.

"HONK HONK! You betcha, you walking nipple farm!" screeched The Molestinator while sweeping up Titty McBoobies in his one functional arm and taking off at a blistering two miles an hour. Soon his main engine burned out, shooting sparks all over Titty and giving her third degree electrical burns. "HONK HONK! Sorry, lady. I need to get that checked out." A large chunk of The Molestinator's undercarriage suddenly fell out and exploded. "HONK HONK! And that too."

"I don't care about those parts, you sexy little stud. There's only one part I care about on you..." Titty seductively whispered while reaching towards the area that would most closely correspond to his groinal region. Suddenly one of The Molestinator's eyeballs popped out and sprayed her with boiling hot motor oil.

"HONK HONK! Jesus lady, I'm sorry. That's just a little problem I've had since some seven-year old kid took me to his show and tell and all the other kids used me as a urinal for the following six weeks. I think my alternator is broken or something." He then paused introspectively. "HONK HONK! Actually, that's a lie. I don't even know if I have an alternator, and if I did, what it would possibly do."

"Oh Molestinator! Our love is too deep to worry about such trivial things! Quick, make love to me like you've never made love before!" The Molestinator immediately snapped into action and prepared to penetrate her private area. Suddenly a light wind blew by, tipping him over and knocking a good portion of his skull off.

"HONK HONK! Good God, I'm sorry lady. I just don't think today's my day or something. Listen; I got to get back to the gas station anyway. What say you swing by in a couple of years or so, after I've had enough time to get fixed? Then I swear I'll make sweet love to you all night long." A stray cat approached The Molestinator and began to claw out his remaining eye. "HONK HONK! Well, today's pretty much sucked."

Ah, that's more like it. I finally feel as if I've made a difference and truly become a part of this grand social experiment we refer to as "the Internet." Look for more exciting and enticing works of Something Awful erotic fan fiction, assuming I can take a long enough break from updating my Chip and Dale Rescue Rangers Page.

Return of The Yablonski!

Cliff Yablonski is back and better than ever, sporting five new hate-filled pages of morons and flaming simps that he just can't stand! Here's an email I got from the man himself, confirming his arrival!

FROM: cliff yablonski
SUBJECT: no goddamn fucking subject

jackass,

ive updated my webpage. tell your moronic readers. also tell them to stop e-mailing me or Im gonna just go nuts and shoot up a Costco.

cliff

Oh that Cliff! What a card! Head on over and take a peek at the pages and pages and pages of new victims that Cliff doesn't care for!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.10 Non-Sissy Robot Demolition Derby League Superstars

Tuesday, May 15, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

My Internet Connection is Sad

Lately my connection to ye olde interweb has been incredibly unreliable. I have had to replace my porn downloads with watching the scrambled Spice channel, and also replace playing online games with watching the scrambled Spice channel. Sometimes when I get "tired" of watching censored porn get even more censored by the evil satellites the Spice channel uses to deny me access to footage of a man's ass between a woman's legs, I watch normal television. I switched to Fox News last night to get my usual "conservative tirade thinly veiled as journalism" fix when I noticed something very exciting. One of the guests on the Handsome Republican Hannity & Monstrous Evil Democrat Colmes discussion show was none other than The Non-Sissy Robot Demolition Derby League superstar BLOODSMASHER, commenting live via satellite from the smoldering ruins of Tokyo.

BLOODSMASHER dines on a bus during live TV.The discussion topic for the evening was whether or not the US should continue to develop the Osprey VTOL aircraft despite the fact that anybody who has ever tried to fly one has died. I managed to catch the tail end of the discussion and it went a little something like this.

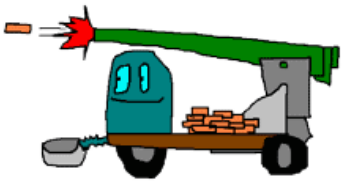
> **Hannity:** "I agree with whatever leading Republicans say."
>
> **Colmes:** "You're wrong! I agree with whatever leading Democrats say, but the show is set up to make me look like a moron, so it doesn't matter. What about you BLOODSMASHER?"
>
> **BLOODSMASHER:** *"Input Target."*
>
> **Hannity:** "I think the Osprey is vital to the economy and I think the people know it in Washington D.C."
>
> **BLOODSMASHER:** *"Target selection made, new target equals people of Washington D.C."*

Then BLOODSMASHER drove off the screen and I heard the sound of explosions. This got me thinking about a few different things. First and foremost in my mind, I thought about how happy I was because I do not live in Washington D.C. After I celebrated this, I wondered what some of the other stars of the NSRDDL might be up to when not battling it out with their fellow robots. This required intensive research, and since my interweb connection was down, I decided to phone the library. You might not know this, but you can call a library and ask them any question and they are required by law to give you the correct answer. If you ask them a question about the future and they turn out to be wrong, they go to jail, but that's the risk you take by choosing a career in librarianism. But I digress; I asked them about a few of my favorite robots and got some great answers! Where are they now? Well here they are, jerk!

The Molestinator: Everyone's favorite star of the NSRDDL, the loveable and faulty Molestinator, coaches a midnight basketball league in Los Angeles. He is part of a group called "Big Male Robots, Big Female Robots" that provides robotic mentor figures for kids and organizes local programs like the basketball league to help keep them off the streets. I guess the streets there are not safe; the kids might enjoy laying on them too much and never get up to mow the lawn or something.

The Molestinator's team is known as the "HONK HONK! Drugs Are Bad Team," and I actually managed to get the phone number of one of their key outfielders. Todd Jordan, age 11, had this to say about The Molestinator:

"Last year he was the best! We were in a really big game and we were down by 4 points and he just kept shrieking and driving in circles shooting sparks at us until we went out there and gave it 110%. After we won we celebrated by dumping Gatorade on him, which made him catch fire somehow. I'm not really sure, that still confuses me. Anyway, this season he is a little different, he just sits in the corner saying 'HONK HONK' while pieces fall off of him. If any of us go near him his bowtie starts spinning and his eyes glow red. He's mean. Also, he smells like burning carrots."



Brick Launcher Cattle Carrier: Converted from a cattle carrier into a brick launching robotic warrior, BLCC is one of the super stars of the West Texas division of the The Non-Sissy Robot Demolition Derby League. When he's not hurling bricks from his cattle carrier brick launcher at opponents, he likes to spend his time helping the elderly. I tracked him down at the Sunshine Meadows Home for the Near Dead and asked him how he helps out. When I say "I", I mean that the librarian I called tracked him down and asked him out of fear of jail time. Here's what he had to say:

"Helping the elderly is what really makes my existence fulfilling. Sure, I enjoy launching my brick children at the enemy robots, but it isn't the same as launching brick babies at the elderly. I remember Mrs. Clovis came up to me just this morning and asked if I would help her water her plants. Being a caring robot I of course did this for her, and then fired my beloved brick infants at her head and chest until she resembled a pile of ground beef. Lucky for me, my creators at Team Glory Hole know what I'm all about and installed a meat scoop on my front end, making brick victim retrieval as easy as 1, 2, 3! MY BABIES LOVE TO FLY. CAN I COME TO YOUR HOUSE AND LAUNCH ONE AT YOU? PLEASE?"

Amos: Everyone loves Amos! Second in fan-popularity only to the Molestinator, Amos is - as I'm sure you already know - a robotic hat that Team Due North bolted onto the head of a penguin they found wandering the glaciers of Toronto with a pair of red slacks around its ankles. By using painful electric shocks to guide the penguin, Amos can deceive foes into believing the penguin is actually his body, causing them to ignore the hat on its head. Amos attacks when they least suspect it, usually by causing the penguin to catch on fire and run around squawking in agony while trying to slide into an ocean that is thousands of miles away. So what does the legendary Amos do with his down time? To answer this, the helpful librarian type read an excerpt from *Entertainment Weekly* to me over the phone.

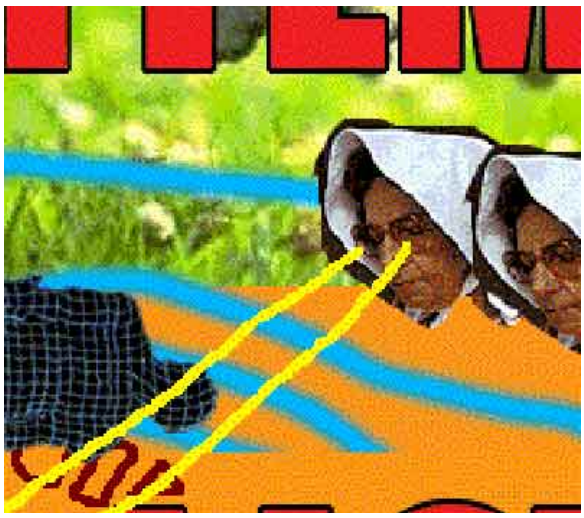
"NSRDDL robotic grappler Amos is rumored to be starring in the latest installment of the blockbuster "Police Academy" franchise, "Police Academy 8: Operation Top Hat." According to insider sources, the plot revolves around Tackleberry being assigned to guard the Commandant's coat room. Unbeknownst to Tackleberry, the nefarious Lieutenant Mauser replaced the Commandant's prized top hat with an evil-mind controlling robot, which then takes over Tackleberry in an attempt to reveal the rest of the force as buffoons. Rest assured, action, hilarity and high drama are all going to be in this movie in equal parts!"

I am really hoping my cable modem comes back online in time for me to download screen cam footage of this hot movie. There are so many stars in the NSRDDL that I just wanted to keep

asking the librarian questions. Unfortunately, another part of the law is that if you ask them more than three questions a year, they are allowed to come to your house and have sex with you or your pets.

R-Lo's Workspace

Lowtax provided me with some delightful insight into his working environment today when he sent me his desktop wallpaper at the office. Now you too can be like R-Lo; just download the wallpaper, take off your pants, and get anally violated by multiple ad networks while trying to be funny through a haze of booze and depression! Come on, it's a great game! Here's a sneak preview:



There's a lot more insanity where that came from. Take advantage of this shattered husk of a man before he rebuilds himself with a new job and new friends. Click HERE to download the full-sized **OFFICIAL SOMETHING AWFUL DESKTOP IMAGE**.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.11 Off to E3, Tits = Gameplay

Wednesday, May 16, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Going to E3

As previously mentioned, I'm heading off to E3 in sunny Los Angeles this morning. I shall be there from Wednesday until Saturday morning, wandering aimlessly between video game booths that feature professional Hooters waitresses dressed up as (un)popular video game characters. This is because all gamers are obviously vapid, brainless, moronic idiots who are solely influenced by whatever their penis tells them to buy. As I've always said, "BIG TITS = GOOD GAMEPLAY," and I stand by this statement. I'll interview various famous people at E3, and if those famous people fail to show up at the event, I'll interview some game developers too. Look for my results from the belching contest with Levelord, 200-meter Man-athalon against Cliffy B., and Shot Put-Off with the crew from 3D Realms. If you're interested as to how SA has covered E3 in the past, make sure to check out last year's coverage right here. It's actually pretty damn funny, at least compared to the normal crap here, which is about as humorous as a dining room blueprint.

Tune Out, Turn On, Twist Off

Many intellectuals these days brag nonstop about the fact that they never watch TV. This is kind of a status symbol to them, as only mindless dolts like myself derive pleasure from turning on the boob tube and listening to a canned laughtrack loop for 30 minutes while three roommates joke about having sex with anything that moves. These artfags claim that television causes brain damage and makes people stupid, but I know for a fact that this simply isn't true. For example, I've been watching TV nonstop for like 25 years, and I can still name and identify all 38 US states. However, their biggest gripe is that nothing good is ever featured on TV. They bitch that the airwaves are full of mindless crap which just rots skulls like the masks from "Halloween 3: Season of the Witch," only with slightly fewer roaches. To them I say "bah!" There are plenty of excellent, entertaining, educational shows on television these days! To prove this point, I've gone through the current *TV Guide* magazine and picked out some of my favorite programs for today's date. Take a look at some of these shows and dare to tell me that nothing good is ever on!

> **6:30 am - *Channel 13 (ABC)* - "Hey America, Wake the Fuck Up!"** Perky morning host Carolyn Rigsby interviews Ron Popeil and ends up in the hospital after he hooks his Pocket Fisherman on the back of her nasal passage. Doctor Ruth turns Kibbles N' Bits into hellhounds. Weatherman Lance Alverson predicts snow for half of America shortly before mistakenly referring to Canada as "The Uncharted Territory."
>
> **9:00 am - *Channel 19 (FOX)* - "I Hate You, Bitch"** Talk show where guests reveal to their best friends, lovers, and family members that they hate them. *TODAY'S EPISODE:* Arby's fry cook Pete Marringston takes his teenage girlfriend on the show. Host Ed Farnsworth asks her if she has any idea what Pete is going to tell her, and she admits that she has no clue. Pete shouts, "I hate you, bitch!" and the audience breaks into hysterical clapping and cheering. *ALSO FEATURED:* Homosexuals screeching at each other, a very fat and very pasty white man wearing a WWF shirt, and an audience member whose advice to the guest involves oral sex.
>
> **10:30 am - *Channel 15 (FOX)* - "Your House Sucks"** Self-professed handyman Michael Collins explains in painful detail how your house is an absolute hunk of shit compared to the masterpiece he's building from plywood that he stole from an abandoned Home Depot. *TODAY'S EPISODE:* Michael installs track lighting in the guest closet, only to discover that he accidentally put it on the floor instead of the ceiling. The second

storey bathroom caves in while Michael attempts to glue carpet to it. The kitchen stove is delivered by surly UPS delivery men, who then proceed to bash the hell out of it with lead pipes. Michael whines in protest.

11:00 am - *Channel 5 (CBS)* - "The Children of Our Days" America's longest running soap opera, which has been on the air since 1829. *TODAY'S EPISODE:* Maria confronts Bradd about Laser's baby. Laser claims she never had sex with Bradd because she's engaged to Mazlestar. Cindy and the Mongoloid Twins fall down a well, only to discover that they're all pregnant with the well's baby. Little Baby Polyesthar gives birth to Rex Gunther, who in turn gets Maya pregnant with Alex's baby. Tempers flair when Steve gets his car back from Myrna, only to discover that the engine block has been replaced by an Asian swimmer. In a surprising ending, everybody dies.

12:00 pm - *Channel 13 (ABC)* - "Judge Cranky Jerk" Judge Cranky Jerk lays down the law against people who lack the mental ability to count to 10 without repeatedly referencing a flowchart. *TODAY'S EPISODE:* White trash man sues white trash woman for breaking up with him and then failing to return the Hickory Farms Summer Sausage gift set he bought for her. Judge Cranky Jerk expresses her disdain for the plaintiff by repeatedly calling him an idiot and throwing a paperweight at his head. The bailiff laughs approvingly, knowing that he's getting paid $6.50 an hour to cross his arms and chuckle on national television.

1:00 PM - *Channel 7 (NBC)* - "Cactus Frank's Bathroom Safari" Cactus Frank explores a 7-11's women's restroom and disappears for three days. When he returns, his eye sockets are hollowed out and have centipedes crawling down them. Cactus Frank interrogates a bottle of Nuprin and learns that the soapdish is hiding a sinister secret which could result in his banishment forever or 30,000 miles, whichever comes first.

2:30 PM - *Channel 15 (FOX)* - "Hey Look, We Ripped Off the Japs!" American cartoon that tries to emulate Japanese Anime but instead ends up looking like somebody superglued everybody's eyes wide open and added an extra 200 inches to their leg length. *TODAY'S EPISODE:* Super Robot X escapes from the Nuclear Fission Dev Center and attempts to shoot gamma radiation beams from his eye sockets at Mrs. Thompkin's puppy dog. The Miracle Destroyer is caught shoplifting pencils from CostCo, but escapes because the security guard only has eight frames of animation and used them all when he was getting up from his chair.

5:00 PM - *Channel 7 (NBC)* - "The Channel 7 5:00 News on Channel 7 at 5:00" Special investigative reporter Brian "Newshound" Davids goes undercover as a mannequin to see what mall workers do in the after hours. It turns out that all they do is go home. Yang Smith and Ted Barker cover hot topics such as "Sex on the Internet: Your Kids Are Downloading FILTH," "Drugs in the Schools: Your Kids Are Buying CRACK," and "The 1803 Things In Your Child's Crib That Could Instantly Kill Them While They Sleep." The weather for tomorrow includes a 50% chance of rain, although they're not sure which 50% that is.

7:00 PM - *Channel 5 (CBS)* - "Tattletale Island" Contestants are marooned on a desert island and must survive by backstabbing, gossiping, and fighting with each other. *TODAY'S EPISODE:* Alice attempts to get Fred kicked off the island by claming he crammed his penis into her ear while she slept. Mob mentality kicks in, and both contestants are beaten to death with rocks. The home audience votes for the rocks to be thrown off the island.

8:00 PM - *Channel 15 (FOX)* - "Tettletell Island" Promoted as "not at all like Tattletale Island," Fox's answer to CBS's hit show enters its second consecutive episode without being canceled. *TODAY'S EPISODE:* Something vague happens in the jungle,

but the show's cameramen are too drunk and incompetent to film it correctly. Stock footage of a river is shown while one of the characters does a voice over dub explaining how to cook a delicacy known as "burnt twigs and gravel." The home audience votes for the entire cast to be thrown off the island and have it wiped off the Earth by nuclear bombs.

10:00 PM - *Channel 13 (ABC)* - "The Channel 13 Action Eyewitness On-The-Spot News" Rain in the downtown area creates mass chaos, as the 13,000 news vans littering the streets to cover the exciting rainfall story causes traffic to back up for 19 miles. Action Eyewitness On-The-Spot News Reporter Clair Hutchins investigates the illegal hot dog industry and shoots footage of some Mexican guy running down an alleyway while she shouts, "sir, do you have any comments? Sir, why are you running away if you have nothing to hide?" It is later revealed that the Mexican man was running away because he just finished urinating in the back of her Ford Expedition.

11:00 PM - *Channel 13 (ABC)* - "The Unfunny Show" Failed standup comedians wandering the streets, trying to purchase crank in exchange for sexual favors, are picked up by a U-Haul and dumped onto a stage for an hour. Some B-movie celebrity who has never been in a movie that doesn't contain the words "Death Alien" in the title is interviewed. *TODAY'S EPISODE:* Chuck "Dingbat" Reynolds, who once entertained a group of elementary school students at a raffle, chats it up with budding superstar Michael Elvis, star of "Death Alien Racecar 2000." Chuck performs a comedic skit on the streets of Los Angeles and admits that ABC might as well turn off their broadcasting towers when the Letterman / Leno hour begins.

12:00 am - *Channel 19 (UPN)* - "Werd!" The dopest and freshest and in-your-face-est black comedians showcase their uncanny ability to have their audio bleeped out every other word. Jokes include pointing out the difference between black people and white people, how black people and white people are different, and how black people have distinct differences from white people. Camera randomly cuts to a closeup shot of some large woman wearing a throw rug in the audience, cackling like a witch and flailing her arms in every direction.

So, as you can plainly see, television is chock full of vitamin-enhanced goodness! Next time a self-proclaimed intellectual starts bragging that they haven't ever watched television their entire life because TV sucks, walk right up to them and say proudly, "hey! Television is the best! At least, that's what I read on a webpage!" Then they will then give you a look like you are Jesus or FDR, and will probably punch you in the face. That is a sign of respect and submissiveness. Respond by crumpling to the floor and leaking blood everywhere.

Back By Popular Demand!

Everybody's favorite pornographic Anime producers, Pretty Flower Industries, are back and better than ever! Who could forget the intense stylings of Pretty Flower Industries and their teeming masses of sexually violent and perverse animated features? Why, not me, of course!

Perhaps the faculty aren't what they seems as (humans), and are in fact DEVIL RAPING PENIS TENTACLE MONSTERS FROM HELL! Ryeui must conquer and vanquish her fears in order to survive a deadly game of mouse and cat, and she must defeat the evil powers of FIENDISH OVERLORD and his plots to overthrow the world by gaining powers from plentiful rapes of Japanese Schoolgirls! Each fiendish sacrifice grants new powers, and his new powers are getting stronger so Ryeui must make sure to hurry up! Before she knows it, she discovers a magical sword which is talking to her and helps her

> *defeat the Evil! But is she strong enough to beat Xixo, the acid elf and Zenbaza, mystical shop teacher / deamon of the 45th Realm? Her masterbation gives power to the sword, so much sex will ensure towards this film, as well as lesbian encounters with females who somehow have penises as well!*

Oh, just TRY to tell me you don't find that highly erotic! I dare you! You can't do it, mainly because I'm not talking to you, and if I were, I would probably walk away and stop listening. Regardless, head on over and see what you've needed for so long!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.12 Console Glut

Thursday, May 17, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This World Desperately Needs More Consoles!

I don't have to tell you how gaming has exploded over the last five or ten years to become a major aspect of the entertainment industry. I don't have to point out that it seems like every six months some manufacturer is shilling some new platform on which you can play games. Development cycles for hardware are shorter than ever and development cycles for software keep increasing to take advantage of the new technology. A good example of this dichotomy is Sony's projected 4th quarter 2001 release for the PS3 and the projected 2054 release date for the new Duke Nukem game.

Neither of these things is necessarily bad. Games keep getting prettier and prettier (read: more flamboyantly colored), and despite the cries of detractors many of them retain just as much depth as older titles. Really old titles, like Fireman Joe and Jail Break. What definitely is bad is the new level of hype hardware and software releases get. The hype is the hideous beast that first shows its ugly head when a new product or title is initially announced and continues to grow until the day the product shows up on store shelves. It is embarrassing to see people blabber on endlessly about how awesome a product is going to be, like they're getting paid money to tell everyone they meet just how cool some new gadget is. Then when said product is released, ridiculous battle lines are drawn over which competing product is better. Normally these arguments and discussions take place on internet forums, but for the sake of attempting humor I will present an example as if champions of two competing platforms are meeting in person. This would never happen in reality, as extended brand loyalty causes the body to secrete a pheromone repulsive to supporters of the opposite brand.

> **Captain "I Want to Marry a Dreamcast":** *Shenmu is the best, Jet Grind Radio absolutely blows away anything on the PS2! I love my Dreamcast!*
>
> **Major "I Spoon My PS2 at Night":** *Come on you moron, the PS2 has a DVD player built in and has titles like Metal Gear Solid 2 and Gran Turismo 3. I adore my PS2.*
>
> **Captain "I Want to Marry a Dreamcast":** *The DVD player sucks ass and neither of those games are even out yet, I can enjoy my Dreamcast now! Don't even try to say the Dreamcast is dead either, I read that Microsoft is going to weld the chipset into the X-Box so you can play Dreamcast games on it.*
>
> **Major "I Spoon My PS2 at Night":** *Oh please, the X-Box is going nowhere just like your precious Dreamcast, the PS2 is just getting started and it is here to stay.*
>
> **Untersturmbanfuehrer "I Close My Eyes and Imagine X-Box When I Masturbate":** *(walking up) Did I hear you two assholes badmouthing the X-Box?!*

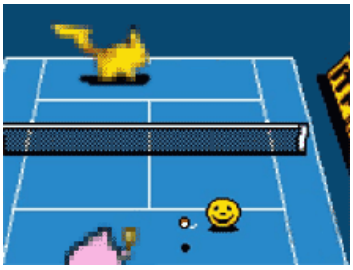
This circular argument just keeps sucking in more and more people. Normally I would ignore this sort of nonsense, but with the whole Game Boy Advance hype monster appearing recently and destroying everything in its path like a runaway train, tearing up the tracks, I decided to study the GBA. I examined both the hardware specs and the upcoming game releases to provide you, our valued reader, with a completely objective look at this hot new hardware. You can trust us, because we don't make a goddamn penny off this stupid web site, so how can we be influenced by anything other than our undying hatred of the GBA? I mean... uh... I'm objective, shut up.

Game Boy Advance Hardware Specs

Size: Fits in your hands unless you are a wood elf or a pixie or some shit.
Screen: Small and you can't see it in the dark.
Processing Power: Nintendo managed to cram the processing potential of nearly 5 graphing calculators into this baby.
Controls: I don't know, do you think I looked up facts on this thing?
Style: Slightly resembles one of those sit-down Pac-Man games you used to see at bars and nightclubs back in the eighties. Those bars where the cool people would be dancing and exchanging phone numbers while some loser IT guy sits by himself drinking wine coolers and imagining Ms. Pac Man is his harpy ex-wife swallowing "bank account pellets" in a divorce maze. In other words, it looks goddamn retarded.
Pros: It's a pocket computer device that for once doesn't play MP3s. Jesus Christ, I've got that *Weather Girls* song coming out of my cell phone, my pager, my Palm Pilot, my watch, my Nomad MP3 player and my class ring. At least Nintendo didn't make me hear it from this hunk of crap.
Cons: I hate this thing. I hate you if you don't hate this thing. I also hate your family for not hating you for not hating this thing.

After looking at the impressive hardware fight card for the GBA, I decided to check and see how some of the software developers were putting this hand held dynamo to use.

Super Mario Remake 5 (*Nintendo*)
This game reprises Super Mario Ultimate All-Stars 2 for the N64, which was itself a remake of Super Mario All-Star Academy Adventure from the Super Nintendo, which was a game that incorporated and remade all three previous Ultimate Mario Ninja Attack games. It looks just the same as the Super Nintendo version only on a really small screen that you can't see in the dark. There is nothing new about this game, it must be great!



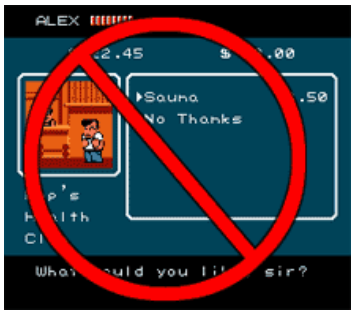
I have no idea.

Pokemon Tennis Wrestler (*Nintendo*)
Figuring there was one genre that they hadn't inserted their cash cows into, the brain trust at Nintendo has created a Tennis game featuring Pikachu and the gang. All of the characters have the same stats and tennis ability, but you get to collect them, then

challenge other Pokemon to a game of tennis. While the game itself isn't fun at all, the act of doing work to collect all the tennis Pokemon makes it highly pleasurable. It introduces two new Court Pokemon; Hingischu and Kornokomander. It's also just a remake of some NES Tennis game.

Link Does Something with a Flute and That Goddamn Tri-Force (*Nintendo*)
Everyone's favorite effeminate elf makes a return to a Nintendo system! Hot off of the life-changing adventures of Majora's Mask for the N64, that little go-getter Link must battle his way through a bunch of silly castle levels and fight non-threatening monsters in more flowery meadows, all in the hopes of competing in hillbilly Ganon's flute hoedown. There is something vaguely disturbing about every game in this series released since the original Legend of Zelda. Highly recommended!

Conkers Swear Kart Racing (*Rareware*)



Proof that GBA developers are maroons.

That foul mouthed squirrel and his companions have returned and this time they've decided to rip off Mario Kart on a 2x2 inch screen. By using whatever silly ass link system I'm sure the GBA has, you can now go head to head with up to seven of your friends. Racers include; Conkers, Great Mighty Poo, The Panther King, the cast of "Glengarry Glen Ross", a personified vagina named Cunty and ultimate trash-talker Samuel L. Jackson. Expect lots of movie references and even more cursing. The game play is of course every bit as retarded as all of the Mario racing games, only instead of turtle shells you can shoot dicks.

They Still Aren't Making a New River City Ransom Game (*No One!*)
You heard it here first. Those morons are still not making another River City Ransom game! When will they learn that America is clamoring for more RCR? Damn, until these companies wise up I guess I'll just have to read this magazine and keep trying to learn Acro Circus.

I hope I provided you Game Boy Advance sycophants with even more to brag about to your foes, because after all, demonstrating that your preferred gaming platform is the best makes your penis grow. For all of you out there who hate the GBA and love some other platform, you're not going to get any smarter licking screenshots of Silent Hill II. Semper Sic Nintendo!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.13 Duke Nukem Video

Friday, May 18, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Oh God, Quick, Duke Nukem Video Clip!

Someone isn't using a wonderful nVidia 3d card.

The "news" is pouring in from E3 as game journalists from across the globe drool over screenshots and video clips, forgetting somehow that most of these people are the same vaporware kings that lied to everyone last year. I'll admit, despite yesterdays rant about the hype monster, I am starting to feel my own excitement grow over a lot of the stuff I am seeing at sugarshacknews.com. They released a video clip of the new Duke Nukem game and it sure looks blurry! I am really disappointed in the folks working on the project, it ran in 320x240 mode and had terrible pixilation, and if this is any indication of what the final game will be like there is no way I am buying it.

One game which is strangely absent from any headlines is **A GOD-DAMN SEQUEL TO RIVER CITY RANSOM**. You may be thinking "Zack, shut up, you ran this joke into the ground yesterday", but it is not a joke at all my friends. This is probably my favorite console game of all time. It had great character development, a gripping and Byzantine plot and the action really pulled you into the game. The reason I am mentioning it again is that I received a forwarded e-mail from a fellow RCR fan and Something Awful reader who had contacted Atlus U.S.A, the makers of River City Ransom.

I'll spare you what my new best friend Seth had to say to Atlus and just let you read their response.

> *Thank you for your inquiry.*
> *Unfortunately, we do not have any official plans at this time for River City Ransom on any home console. But, we will definitely keep that in mind if the demand for it becomes significant.*

I guess what they are trying to say is that Seth's demand is insignificant, but what about my demand and YOUR demand? Let's all send Atlus a nice friendly e-mail telling them how much we loved the original River City Ransom and how much we would like to see a sequel. Let's explain to them that we not only adore their game, but would like to have it made for every platform, have movies made and possibly also several erotic novels based on the characters. Together we will rise up and make the "demand for [River City Ransom] significant" Atlus U.S.A., and you will be forced to release game after game in the RCR series.

Not the best pic to get you guys motivated.

I think we can achieve this goal, especially since Atlus is already making Super Dodge Ball for the Game Boy Advance.

A Dread Force Has Risen Through Time

That's right folks, State Og has returned after many months to update all of us with the latest news on their delightful corporation. It would appear that recently they have been up to a little filmmaking.

> *Most of our projects are in post production. Our director has been former African dictator Sebastian "Big Prince" Mokali, who we worked with on last year's haunted house to raise funds for our charity organization "Money for State Og and Former African Dictators with the Last Name Mokali". Our cast of talented actors has been three confused Japanese people we kidnapped from a tour group along with all the vagrants and hookers we could force at sword point to act.*

Read it! They know where I live and if at least 50% of our front page traffic doesn't spill over into State Og territory they are going to cut my thumbs off. Do you know what that means? No more one-handed revolver cocking and no more hooking my thumbs in my suspenders and thrusting out my stomach while I walk around the news room looking important. Oh well, no big loss, I don't ever do either of those things. Although, I am a really big pussy and pain scares me, so read it.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.14 Fetus Lawsuits

Monday, May 21, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

To the Fetusmobile!

According to CNN, those crazy fetuses are at it again, busting into the headlines with their sassy shenanigans. Apparently a woman was giving birth and the doctor accidentally killed her and her unborn child (using a shotgun to induce labor doesn't always work as planned). Naturally, her husband tried to sue the pants off Dr. Double Barrel. Luckily for almost everybody involved, the Arkansas legislature was on his side and the state Supreme Court ruled in his favor.

The equation: fetus plus you equals person times two

> *Later that year, the Legislature approved a law specifying that an unborn fetus could be considered a person for some purposes in criminal law.*

Now that fetuses have officially achieved the status of "person" for "some purposes", I hope that at least one of those purposes will be visiting Something Awful on a regular basis. In an effort to woo the all-important fetus demographic, I am going to devote the remainder of this piece to fetus-based interests. For the six of you still reading this, I hope you are fetuses because otherwise you're not going to get a bit of useful information out of all of this.

The most important part of becoming a true "person" is finding gainful employment. Luckily, the job market is wide open with opportunities for an enterprising fetus such as you! Your good looks can get you quite far, but they can't get you that cup of nutrient-rich blood you desperately need to drink in order to survive. Sure you could stalk the night preying on unsuspecting teenage lovers at Lookout Point, but that is slightly against the law and as a person, you may find yourself behind bars. Do you have any idea what they do to fetuses like you in jail? That's right, a big fetus will make you his fetal bitch.

The first step to finding a great job is getting a good education. Follow a path in higher education that caters to your specific abilities:

- Drinking the blood of the living
- Breathing liquid
- Automotive Maintenance
- Restaurant Management
- Avoiding coat hangers
- Kicking against the interior of a womb
- Developing a central nervous system
- Ballroom Dancing

Once you have received a degree in your chosen field, it's time to put together your résumé. It is important to carefully embellish when you do this. Sure, it's alright to stretch the truth a little, but don't lie; just put a creative spin on the facts. "I worked for two weeks growing fingers" can easily become "I have firsthand experience in the science of physiological development." I'm sure you're now asking yourself "but what jobs are right for me?" I'm glad you asked! One of the most popular fields for fetuses these days is the high-paying and rewarding world of architecture!

Meet Keith. Keith is an 11-week old fetus and he happens to be the chief industrial architect for Chase & Lowry Associates, a major construction firm on the East coast. He attended Yale and earns in the mid six figure range these days. He has a lovely wife Penelope and two daughters named Anne and Jane. He drives a Mercedes and flies to Chicago at least three times a year to catch a Bulls game. He doesn't have to hunt for his blood, he orders it on the internet.

FUN FACT: Keith once competed on "Jeopardy!" Although he didn't win, he had a "blast" being on national television.

Meet Roger. Roger didn't go to college. He has no job and lives on the streets of Los Angeles. He finds money where he can, sometimes begging for spare change or selling his body to anyone willing to pay. He also frequents a transvestite night club where he gets men to give him money for a few turns on the dance floor. Like all fetuses, Roger has a talent for ballroom dancing, but unlike Keith he did not chose to pursue a career by seeking a good education.

FUN FACT: Roger once won a local dance marathon, staying upright with his soft-shoe partner for over 35 hours. Sadly, he blew all the prize money on cheap blood and hookers.

Now that you are a person, you will be facing a lot of challenges you're not used to. It may seem overwhelming at first, but with a little luck and a lot of hard work, you can be a hero like Keith instead of a zero like Roger!

Something Awful at E3

In case you missed out yesterday and somehow can't figure out how to scroll down below this post or click the link at the top of the page, Rich went to E3 and has put together part one in a more than one part series about E3. You can check it out by clicking right about here.

> *Wow! Finally, a game that combines day care, the paranormal, and Mortal Kombat! I noticed the fact that Oh Ghost Baby predominantly featured an image of a child kissing a gigantic grinning sperm from Heaven, so I had to ask the Saint Hermit Studios representative for more details regarding this fabulous product. Unfortunately, she didn't speak much English, so my interview left me feeling somewhat unsatisfied.*

All kidding aside, I am more excited about *Oh Ghost Baby* than any other game shown at E3. I am going to constantly e-mail radio host Art Bell with messages about this exciting development in the software industry. At least until he calls the police. Again. That guy has no sense of humor.

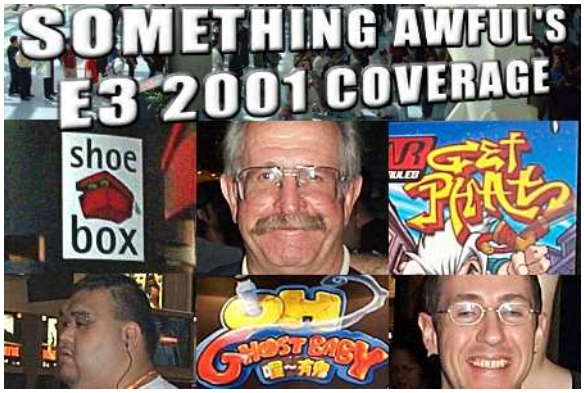
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.15 SA Goes to E3: Oh, Ghost Baby!

Monday, May 21, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Here's E3 In Your Eye, Melonhead!

Well, I have arrived back home from my brief visit to e3. Read Something Awful's Official E3 Report (Part I) in today's episode of... uh... well...



If you're too damned stupid to click one of the above links, here's another one for you, bucko. Today's official Something Awful e3 coverage deals with *Return to Castle Wolfenstein, Soldier of Fortune 2*, Microsoft's Xbox, and the horrors that lie dormant in Kentia Hall. If you don't read this article, I'm fairly sure you'll get testicular cancer. Even if you're a woman.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.16 Amamrican Robot Lesbians!

Wednesday, May 23, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Hey Kids, What Time Is It?

After a brief three-month hiatus from ICQ pranks, I am proud to present the newest entry to the Something Awful ICQ prank hall of fame...

Amamrican Robot Lesbians!

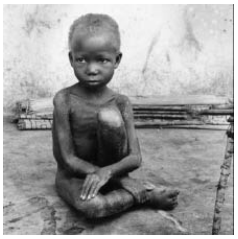
Head on over and check out the latest ICQ prank that takes turns pointless idiotic porno spamming into a fierce competition between dueling robots and people from England who can't speak proper English.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.17 Little Joey Needs Your Help!

Thursday, May 24, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Just when I thought the people who frequent the Internet were beginning to wise up and show some signs of savvy, I read the touching tale of "Kaycee." Kaycee was a very special nineteen year old girl who had Leukemia. She eventually decided that she just couldn't compete anymore in this workaday world and opted to die. This is all quite touching and emotional except for one small fact; she never existed and was simply a hoax much like the hundreds of other tired hoaxes created by lazy webmasters and forum goers across the Internet. Somehow people keep falling for these things over and over again. Then it hit me; SA has its very own fake kid with a horrible disease who may die at any minute and desperately needs your support! Maybe we could somehow hook Little Joey up to the Internet and milk him like an ebola-addled cow for all the money he's worth! Even though I just told you that this is all an incredibly elaborate lie, based on current Internet user statistics at least 90% of you will still donate money to save Little Joey. Have a heart and be part of that 90% statistic!



Little Joey may not live much longer if you don't act.

ABOUT LITTLE JOEY: Little Joey was born in the village of Mortega in Peru. His father died when Joey was only three, hit by a bus carrying fancy rich people to a party in Lodeiva, the so called "Golden Paradise" of Peru. His mother Janice was forced to work 75 hours a week in the local laundry steaming factory just to make enough money to buy her children crackers. Not even name brand crackers like Saltines, but instead generic "soda" crackers. The hard labor took its toll on Janice and by the time Joey was ready to go to kindergarten, the entire front of her body had been scalded into a seamless flat surface like what that evil omnipotent kid did to his sister's mouth in "Twilight Zone: The Movie."

Joey begs on the streets of Atlantic city. Too poor to read or write, his sign is copied from a restaurant.

Joey and his three sisters tried to feed their mother with what precious food rocks they could spare, but she was unable to do anything but slide down greased surfaces on her belly and she soon died of starvation. Joey and his sister were evicted from their rubble pile by a very unforgiving landlord and were forced to disappear into the harsh Sahara desert. They were befriended briefly by a talking owl, but a gang of poachers from Los Angeles shot the owl to death for its prized ivory dice eyeballs. Left with nothing but his two sisters and the ability to count cards, Little Joey set off for the heart of the Sahara; Atlantic City. He exchanged one of his sisters for 100 dollars worth of chips and went immediately to the blackjack table. On a 20 he raised his other three sisters in a daring gambit to get them all out of poverty; unfortunately the house had a 21 and his sister - his only remaining blood relative - was sold to the Bristol Flats glue factory.

Penniless, hungry, and alone, Little Joey slept on the streets of Atlantic City, begging what he could from travelers and sometimes robbing the elderly. Don't frown on the way little Joey lived;, he would have robbed the rich and virile, but in his weakened state he was only able to wrestle purses away from women over the age of eighty. While living on the streets, Jacinda Goodlady, a local crackhead doctor, picked the boy up and took her into her crackhead clinic for a routine starving child examination. The tests from his pap smear came back positive: Little Joey had ebola. Miss Goodlady then called for more testing. After weeks of painful prodding and needling, she discovered that in addition to ebola, Little Joey had also contracted AIDS, eye cancer, gonorrhea, gout, rickets,

disco fever and the plague. Also leprosy and hat head.

All is not lost. You can help feed and medicate Little Joey by donating to the Little Joey fund. This charitable contribution can serve as a tax write off and possibly also a business expense if your job happens to be to send money to starving disease-ridden third world urchins. If you would like to send Joey a gift directly instead of making a financial contribution this is also possible. We asked Little Joey what he wants most in this world and he provided us with the following list:

Without your support Joey is doomed.

- A live eel
- Mike's hard lemonade (6 or 12 pack)
- Barbara Streisand "Timeless: Live in Concert"
- 6v DC adapter
- 144 Black Cat bottle rockets
- A pinkie ring (engraved with "Mook" on the inside)
- Digital Underground "Who Got the Gravy?"
- Pentium IV 1+ GHz based system (Intel only, no Athlon)
- Replacement parts for a robot
- Free web hosting with unlimited bandwidth
- One of those cat clocks with the eyes and tail that go back and forth
- Staple food (rice, oats, wheat)
- Amoeba free water
- Antibiotics
- A leisure suit (powder blue or forest green preferred 38" waist, 42" inseam)
- Fear Effect 2 for the Playstation
- Oral sex from porn star Jenna Jameson

In this world it is comforting to know that you can affect someone else's life in a positive way, and this is your opportunity. Little Joey needs your help. Without it he will die horribly, blood spraying like a firehose from every orifice of his body as he curses your name. Open your hearts and your pocket books to Little Joey.

Taco Strikes Again

Everyone's favorite insane canine superhero, Taco the Wonder Dog, has done it again. I can't really explain what "it" is, much like that thing Lawrence Fishburn was going on about you just have to see it for yourself.

> *A NEW AMINATION'1111111 I am USRE YUOARE BUBBLING WIHT HAPIENESSS!!!!1 IT SI TEH CONTIEUED AVENTURES OFTAOC TE OWNDER DOG AND CHARLTON HESTON1!!!! SEE IT MY FRENDS TODAY BEFORE THE DAY GOES AWAY AND THE HAY BECAOMES TO GAY*

As usual I have no idea what exactly is transpiring in this flash animation, but it is entertaining as hell. There is also an added bonus in the form of an MP3 track performed with SA alum Fragmaster.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.18 Wedding Halls of Death

Friday, May 25, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Newsbag Fodder

Hello fellow awful people! It's once again time to take a look at the events that make up our world, or the world that makes up our events, or the days of our lives, or whatever the hell I was originally trying to write before I hit the fifth beer.

> Jerusalem Does What Palestinians Can't; Kill Israelis - *At least 15 people were killed and more than 200 injured when a four-story wedding hall collapsed in southeast Jerusalem Thursday night. Police said the collapse appeared to be caused by a structural failure and was not the result of a terrorist act. Witnesses did not report hearing an explosion.*

Of course I'd hate to make a cheap joke based off human death, pain, and suffering, but this news item is simply too important to pass up. Also I'm kind of an idiot and these kinds of tasteless articles are the only crap I know how to write short of 120-page dissertations on why I want to buy a robot monkey bartender. Besides, this site is named "Something Awful," so you knew full well what you were getting yourself into when you clicked the link to come here. Don't blame me - blame society. Nah, society doesn't run a half-assed, moronic webpage. Blame me.

So anyway, a wedding hall has finally been able to do what the Palestinians have been unable to do for decades and decades; kill a fair amount of their religious and basketball rivals, the highly Jewish Israelis. Now I'm not ashamed to admit that I'm sick to death about reading article after article after article detailing how a Palestinian suicide dynamite truck full of missiles and Carnation Instant Breakfast blew up an Israeli coffeehouse and slightly injured an 80-year old woman. Every day I check CNN.com, I'm instantly greeted by news concerning how either the stock market is doing something unpredictably predictable or how the continuing, non-stop war in the Middle East is continuing to be nonstop. I'll actually go out on a limb here and claim that I'm more tired of this Middle East fiasco than the actual men and women in Jerusalem who are currently dodging bullets and checking their tuna casserole for antipersonnel mines. Why? Because I'm an American and it's my God-given right to ignorantly shriek about whatever inane little thing annoys me at the moment. Also I run a highly unsuccessful webpage which I use to transparently vent my frustrations over the fact that I haven't had sex since the Carter administration. But these minor issues are both beside the point; the real news article lies in the fact that for once A WHOLE LOT of people have been killed in the Middle East.

"A nuclear bomb detonated in downtown Palestine today, injuring two people and slightly damaging a hat store."

Now I have never proclaimed myself to be an expert on war and violence, but I strongly believe that my exhaustive background of watching action films and playing *Quake* has made me an expert on war and violence. For example, I know for a fact that when you throw a hand grenade into an enemy stronghold, at least nine of them will be blown up while nine more are forced to jump in slow motion away from the explosion. When you shoot a missile at an enemy compound, the entire place detonates from various exotic camera angles. When you drop a bomb on enemy territory, there is a five-second delay at which point your arch-nemesis looks up at your helicopter in horror. Then you smugly state, "checkmate, motherfucker" and wave an American flag while smoking a genuine American Cuban cigar as everything combusts in a fiery inferno of destruction and all objects within a 50-mile radius are turned into twisted, smoldering lumps of ruthenium or whatever the hell stuff is made out of these days. You'll

notice that the common element linking all these scenarios together is the presence of death (and lots of it). When something blows up, people die; that's the purpose behind 99.9% of exploding objects in today's society. However, the armies in the Middle East don't seem to be aware of this. They continually launch ballistic missiles at each other on an hourly basis, yet the amount of deadly weapons used never seems to justify the scarce amount of casualties. A few examples for your consideration:

- Palestinian military sources say Israeli helicopters fired on targets in two West Bank towns on Saturday - No injuries have been reported following an attack on the headquarters of Palestinian leader Yasser Arafat's elite bodyguard in Jenin.
- Israeli gunship attack kills two - Palestinian sources said the man was one of two Palestinians killed in an attack by Israeli helicopter gunships in the West Bank town of Jenin.
- Three bombings rock Mideast - Israel Radio reported that a car bomb had gone off near the town's market and two people were injured.

As you can plainly see, conventional weapons of destruction simply aren't working in the Middle East. Gunship attacks, helicopter assaults, and fiery bombings are a daily occurrance in the Middle East, yet all we have here is a grand total of two deaths and two injuries? That's really sad. Perhaps the Palestinians and Israelis could learn a few lessons from Lt. Colonel Grossman and maybe buy some RTS combat murder simulation games? After all, Yasser Arafat leading a Zerg rush across Gaza would not only be effective, but it would also be something that CNN would pay millions of dollars to obtain footage of. I know I would. That silly hat Yasser wears is worth the price alone, much less the image of him riding a herd of creatures who are spitting acid at opposing women and children.

So, in summary, the Israeli Wedding Chapel of Death seems to be the only entity in the entire Middle East that is skilled at knocking off large amounts of people. I'm not saying that this is a bad or good thing (mainly because I don't want to read moronic email comparing me to Hitler, or even worse, Stile), I'm just saying that while missiles and bombs and trick dog poop are failing to kill highly religious people in the Middle East, wedding chapels are. Either Pakistan / Israel should start buying more copies of "Blowing up Civilians: For Dummies" books, or they should begin building enemy wedding halls across the enemy's country. Don't ask me though; I just run a failed website and drink beer. Plus I don't care.

Watch and ~~Weep~~ Learn!

We at Something Awful have recently realized that our cutting-edge content and intellectually stimulating news updates simply aren't educational enough to satisfy the teeming masses of Internet citizens who demand to learn while they brainstorm ways to Goatse.cx their nephew. As always, we have "stepped up to the plate" and "scored an extra point" of justice while performing a "hat trick" of good will for the public. That's right - we're proud to present the first educational Something Awful movie, "Kitty Learns to Count," courtesy of Dante Passera. Head on over right now and learn a little something about life, about love, and hopefully... just hopefully... a little something about yourself.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.19 Newsflash: Cliff Yablonski Doesn't Like You!

Monday, May 28, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Cliff Doesn't Like You!

Well gee, what do you know! Cliff Yablonski is back and he really doesn't care for a good majority of us living, breathing, semi-sentient human beings! Don't believe me? Well check out today's update of "Cliff Yablonski Hates You," complete with four brand spanking new pages of disgusting and repulsive freaks that inhabit his neighborhood. What's to hate? Well here's a little example:

How could Mr. Yablonski hate such beautiful creatures? I don't know and I really don't care; I'm just thankful I don't live within a thousand miles of Appleton City, wherever the hell it is. Check out today's update and realize how lucky you are as well!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.20 Our Greatest Fears

Tuesday, May 29, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Phobias Ahoy!

I was watching the History Channel today and as usual I started thinking about something completely unrelated to "The Complete Story of the Green Berets". Sure a bunch of footage of guys blowing open doors and shooting cut-outs of Abraham Lincoln holding a gun to a baby's head is neat, but my mind tends to wander after they double tap Honest Abe for the fifth time. Nearly everyone has phobias, you need one to fit in. To be hip you've got to be afraid of something. Phobias can be fairly low key, for example; I often check the back seat of my car when I get in it to make sure a sex-crazed female rapist doesn't jump out and attack me before I can pop in a breath mint. I also have an overpowering urge to check every chamber to make sure I didn't put two bullets in my revolver when I'm playing Russian Roulette.

Does this scare you? What if I told you it was REALLY HIGH UP?

My generalizations based on my own psychotic behavior led me to the internet, which I rationalized is such a source of fetish information that it must also be a repository for phobia insight. I loaded up my favorite Christian search engine and quickly discovered a number of sites that detailed the terrors that haunt various celebrities. In addition to being a scaredy-cat, I am also a celebrity gossip fan, so I am reproducing several of the more eye-catching ones here for you. I was surprised to see R-Lo listed as a celebrity; I guess it's hard to regard someone as one when you've seen them staggering around blind drunk with their pants around their ankles and a shirt-load of vomit while shrieking like an Arab woman. Come to think of it, I first saw that video on cable, so maybe he is a celebrity after all.

To prevent Derek Smart from straining his "lawyer muscle" here is a picture of Derek Jeter.

Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka
Fear: Lowtax is afraid of money.
Behavior: Rich flees from money whenever possible. He knowingly seeks out failed business ventures, quits jobs before he gets his first paycheck and tears up all his mail in the fear that it might be a card with money in it. In 1993, Rich actually faked his own death to avoid receiving a paycheck from the grocery store where he was employed.
Source of Phobia: When he was thirteen years old Lowtax was out sailing with his parents and his ship was attacked by reverse pirates. Rich and his family were forced at rapier-point to unload millions in gold bullion from the pirate vessel and onto their ship while being called things like "cur" and "scallywag". He never recovered.

Derek Smart
Fear: Derek Smart is afraid that people will realize that he is not intelligent.
Behavior: Born Marcus Warren, he attempted to change his name to Captain Smart in 1994. After the change of name was rejected for using a rank, he decided upon his current pseudonym. Derek constantly overcompensates for his lack of intelligence by proclaiming himself the smartest man alive. To prevent any loss of self-confidence he has covered his room with mirrors with "Nobel Prize Winner" stenciled on the bottom. He has also recorded himself impersonating Albert Einstein saying "Derek, you are even smarter than me," and plays this to the rare visitors to his home. They nod politely and pretend to believe him.
Source of Phobia: With so many childhood events that could possibly be the cause of this phobia,

it is difficult to select just one. The most probable event was when, at age nine, Derek was eliminated from an oral spelling competition for spelling the word "cat" as "C-5-J".

Clifford "Cliffy B" Blezinski
Fear: Vampires
Behavior: Always wary of vampire attacks, Cliffy B attempts to ward them off with gypsy medallions and brightly colored costumes. Since most vampires are also gamer geeks whose skin has been caressed to somewhere near translucent by the glaring cathode rays of their monitors, Cliffy hopes to forever trap them in their basements by constructing confusing Unreal levels.
Source of Phobia: Cliffy B was told by gypsy fortuneteller Level Lord that unless he bought some gypsy trinkets he would be killed by vampires. While Cliffy did not initially believe this, Level Lord mesmerized him with his patented "hypnostare" and implanted regressed memories of vampire attacks.

The "Where's the Beef?" Lady
Fear: Beef
Behavior: She is dead. Her intense fear of beef was posthumously justified in 1994 when DNA analysis determined that she was brutally gunned down by a steer. The killer is still on the loose.
Source of Phobia: The "Where's the Beef?" Lady grew up on the mean streets of Fort Worth, Texas. There she learned to both respect and fear the power of beef, as marauding groups of bovines perpetrated numerous acts of violence in a gang war that lasted decades. It was ironic that her terror-stricken question became a pitch for the very product she feared.

Warwick "Willow" Davis
Fear: Ron Howard
Behavior: Warwick Davis makes his home in the catacombs beneath an ancient monastery in an effort to elude the dread gaze of Howard and his necromantic minions. His constant effort to be joined in his stronghold by Val Kilmer, who he believes to be master swordsman Madmartigan, has landed him in the hoosegow more than a few times. Seventeen times to be exact.
Source of Phobia: While on the set of Willow, Ron Howard pursued Davis relentlessly between takes, screeching and throwing empty bottles of scotch at him. On the final day of shooting Howard tied Davis into a canoe, lit it on fire and set it adrift in the English Channel.

Forever typecast as an Ewok or a Leprechaun.

It's good to know that these celebrities have some of the same fears that we normal people do, it really humanizes them in a way that even a zip disk full of poorly-faked nudes never could. Hmmm, now where was that video clip I downloaded using Kazaa of Warwick Davis having sex with a recycling bin? Haha, there it is, that crazy little shit head.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.21 Seattle's Crazy Homeless People

Tuesday, May 29, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

A Taste of Seattle

Skateboarder Lane Hatfield attempts to jump over the Seattle Goofy UFO Tower Thingy. Why? I don't fucking know.

Having lived in Seattle for a grand whopping total of, oh, four weeks, I feel I have become an expert describing this fair city located along the majestic Oregon coastline. Although I may have only resided here for less than a month, it feels like I have been living here for at least a month and a half. This, combined with the fact that I run a webpage, instantly makes me an expert on the subject of Seattle, Idaho. I mean, it's not like they give webpages to just anybody. Think how big a cesspit the Internet would be if any random slackjawed cretin could sign up and instantly get webspace! There would probably be tons of sites devoted to backyard wrestling and AzN PrYdE, not to mention Bionic Commando erotic fiction. No more Internet for me, thank you very much! I'll have another heaping helping of television and a side dish of AM radio! Hold the commercials and pass the witty commentary! Ha ha! What was I talking about again? Oh yeah, Seattle.

Although key governmental agencies would like to tell you differently, there are actually only a handful of jobs in Seattle. As far as I can tell, these are the only open positions in the entire city:

- Selling coffee
- Making coffee
- Person who cleans up after people who make and sell coffee
- Guy who drills holes into random sections of downtown city streets and then stands around and frowns at them all day long, blocking traffic
- Police officer who stands around hole-drilling guy, attempting to wave oncoming traffic into the holes
- Crazy homeless person

While the first five jobs may seem exciting and interesting, most people in Seattle seem to choose the last profession for the freedom and expression that accompanies it. For example, people who sell coffee all day long probably have to wear pants. Crazy homeless people are not forced to confine to this type of stifling rule. Every aspect of the job is a series of wild cards; one day you've got a king in your hands, and the next day it's a goddamn worthless two of clubs. As you can tell, crazy homeless people don't even have to abide by simple analogies, proof being the spectacular failure that was my "wildcard" comparison. Let's take a look at the most popular types of crazy homeless people that I have encountered in Seattle, so you too may soon find the psychotic job of your dreams.

- **THE MUSIC MAN**

Near the Pike Street Market, between the stand that sells watermelon to tourists and the other stand that sells watermelon to tourists, is The Music Man who provides free tunes to anybody within a 50-mile radius of his unbelievably loud mouth. As a Music Man, you will never receive an instrument or any other device that creates noise in any form. Your job of "Music Man" will consist of you producing the most horrible sounds possible from your mouth while strumming an air guitar and clenching your eyes shut tighter than a vacuum sealed pressure chamber. This provides hours

of entertainment to people who would like to hear contemporary versions of unidentifiable popular classics screeched through a mouth with less than seven teeth combined. Don't worry if you do not know how certain unimportant parts of the tunes go, such as the "chorus" or "entire song"; simply launch into an impromptu "DAHH DEEE WAAAAHHHHH OUUUUGGGHH" and strum harder on that imaginary guitar that exists only in your mind.

PROS: Women are attracted to musicians; the crazy homeless ladies will be jumping all over you in no time.
CONS: The cops like to hear the pleasant resonating "THUD" noise from connecting their nightsticks with Music Mens' skulls.

▪ STABBY STAN

As blockbuster movies like "Pearl Harbor" and "Ernest Goes to Camp" have demonstrated, tales of military action and wartime bravado are very popular with Americans and various other residential members of the United States. Why not cash in on this profitable trend by becoming Stabby Stan, the psychotic World War-whatever veteran who has gone from fighting for his country to fighting for nickels? The position of Stabby Stan requires an applicant who has the ability to change the pitch and volume of their voice every other word while wildly gesticulating as if they're trying to flag down passing UFOs. You must be able to detail your somewhat fictional wartime stories in the following coherent fashion:

> **YOU:** "Then I *(glarbal glarbal)* the PT boat and reared the *(something)* cannons at the enemy *(word that sounds like "Alaskans")* and *(murrbalg groomp)* the fuck out of them."
> **TOURIST:** "What?"
> **YOU:** *(Confidently)* "Goddamn the fucking government put shit in my hat, my hat, you're not a motherfucker but you all are motherfuckers in my hat, my hat, my hat."

PROS: War heroes are usually given lucrative product endorsement deals and parades.
CONS: Crazy homeless people aren't.

▪ MR. MUMBLER

Want to break into the industry but don't have the skills to relate fictional war stories or classic vocal masterpieces? Choose the job of Mr. Mumbler, the crazy homeless person who takes every chunk of the English language, crams it into a verbal blender, and spits out the failed results! Your job will require you to mumble in the general direction of people who pass by, aliens who can't be seen by anybody other than you, and to yourself when everybody else has fled in abject terror. Lacking any eyeballs or clothing is a big bonus, as they simply keep you from doing your job, which consists of the the following:

"Rarrlll! Graaah! Mwaaah blurrrrrb!"

> **YOU:** *(Adopting a very concerned and serious look on your face, as if you were single-handedly solving the entire school violence problem)* "BLOOBBOEBALABR-BRLABR. MORGA MORGA HRM. CHARGUWEAERRRRL? GRAAAG!"

Repeat for fifteen hours or until your remaining tooth falls out, whichever comes first. Hopefully the act of spitting bile at passing people will be involved somewhere in the process.

PROS: Out of the three crazy homeless positions, this one is definitely the easiest to handle. It's

a "gateway" homeless position, which will some day lead to "harder" and more "intense" homeless positions.
CONS: You have to wear the same plaid flannel shirt each and every day until it decomposes to roughly nine shirt atoms which cling off your filthy right shoulder blade.

I hope one of these three crazy homeless Seattle positions appeals to you in your quest to find employment in this fair city. As mentioned before, the benefits and options for this particular job are limitless; you're only held back by your own creativity and alcohol tolerance. Get out and start a promising career as a crazy homeless person, it's a job ANYBODY can do, unlike being a webmaster. I hear you have to have all kinds of goofy licenses and formal training to do that. I graduated from the University of Geocities! I majored in "Enabling the Community!"

Ed Baker... Be a Better Christian!

Ed Baker's Christian Decision comic is back with a brand new tract to get you in a Jesus-worshipping mood! That's right, Ed Baker and his devout Christian buddy Bob James have teamed up to produce "The Sin of the Americas," the newest education-packed religious comic. Get ready for a God blessed good time!

Head on over and get your worship on now!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.22 Superhero Dangers

Thursday, May 31, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The Dangers of Super Heroes

First crocodile humping and shuttle exploding, now capes and capers.

It is an unfortunate fact of life that children enjoy imitating things they see on TV, in the movies, or in videogames. Sometimes imitating these things can injure the children or possibly even damage them to the point of not working at all. It happened with MTV's Jackass, "Beavis and Butthead," Animal Planet's Steve Irwin, NASA's Challenger disaster, and honest cop Serpico. However, in today's news I read about a child imitating something that truly frightened me; America's superheroes. In an effort to emulate his favorite superhero, 9-year old Julian Roman proved that he could in fact **not** leap six-feet when attempting to jump to an adjoining rooftop, and instead plummeted to his tragic death.

This prompted me to examine the popularity of superheroes in today's society. We of course have legends like Superman, Batman, Ice Cream Man and something Woman, but what heroes are our children most at risk at while imitating? There are new super heroes cropping up every day, some of them more known than others, all of them very dangerous when imitated by children. I have decided to warn parents by creating a brief tutorial on some of the "rising stars" of the super hero community, along with how you should explain them to your idiot children.

Talking to Your Kids about Super Heroes

Having a meaningful conversation with your children is one of the most difficult things a parent can do. Regardless of the topic, there are various "walls" between you and your child, such as your age difference, their intense hatred of your authority, and possible bitterness over sexual abuse. Warning your kids about the dangers of super hero imitation is important enough to overcome these barriers and talk to them. Start out with an easy topic like drugs or sex and then segue gradually into the super hero conversation. Sprinkle your dialogue with superhero buzzwords like "cape", "justice" and "ring of the red puma" so that you seem to be "hip" and talking on their level. Once you are comfortably "rapping" with them, begin to explain the more popular street superheroes and the consequences of imitating them. Make sure to single out the following superheroes:

The Rooftop Avenger - Defender of New York City, the Rooftop Avenger wears a green cape, cowl, and black spandex body suit. He traverses the city by leaping effortlessly from rooftop to rooftop while battling criminals by using his patented dive attack. When he spots villains on the street below, he dives head first off the building, crushing them beneath his massive body. If the crooks are fleeing in an automobile, he will get on a road overpass and drop cinderblocks onto their windshield. Tell your kids that rooftops are not the "hip" place to hang; mention how "totally rad" the Sewer Crawler is and say that he even has a female companion named "The Waste Processing Tomato." If your kids still aren't convinced, tell them the Rooftop Avenger was caught performing oral sex on a man in a public restroom. After all, your kids would NEVER want to grow up to be like their dad.

Train Track Lass - Train Track Lass watches over Chicago, monitoring the evil plots of criminals who use the rail system as an easy way of trafficking stolen goods. Her powers

Another case solved!

include the ability to stop a moving train by standing in its path and the ability to derail a train by placing her neck on the tracks. Tell your kids that even a ten-ton truck cannot stop a moving freight train and give them the pointer that you are much more likely to derail a train by misaligning the track with a sledgehammer than by using your neck. Included in this brochure is a photograph of a hobo who was split in half by a moving train. Show this to them and say "this could be you, G-money. Werd."

Human Inferno - Due to a bizarre pottery kiln accident, Human Inferno's body is continually engulfed in flames which he can project from his hands to burn evil-doers. He can also fly, doubling the risk to your children from "burning to death" to "burning to death while falling to their death". Give them step by step instructions on how to correctly use a pottery kiln and describe the agonizing horror of immolation by reading personal accounts of napalm attacks written by Vietnamese villagers. Demonstrate the laws of gravity by throwing your house cat out a window. If you don't have a cat, throw one of your younger children out the window. You can always make another one.

Organophosphate Man - Dr. Peter Alexei was a research scientist at MIT working on an environmentally sound pesticide when an experiment went horribly wrong, transforming him into Organophosphate Man. Now, whenever he chugs a bottle of pesticides, he gains the strength of twenty men. His skin turns bright orange and his clothing, no matter what he was wearing prior to the transformation, changes into a ripped dress shirt and ragged jean shorts. Tell them that people with different skin colors are dangerous and not to be trusted and that their shoddy clothing may imply a lack of self confidence. Explain that drinking pesticides is not cool and give them a gentle push towards something a little safer like Kool Aid or rubbing alcohol.

Reading is funda-evil

Gumby - Gumby was once just a little green ball of clay... now your kids watch to see what Gumby can do every day! Gumby! He possesses the power to walk into any book with his pal Pokey too... if Gumby has his way than he'll be a part of you! "You"

> being "your children," of course. Gumby battles it out with literary villains within the deadly confines of books and faces the fury of the Blockheads in the crazy world of Toyland. Warn your children about the dangers of books; beat them about the face with dictionaries, encyclopedias, and even books on tape. Also tell them that consorting with a horse is "against god" and "not what Mark McGwire would do".

There are many other superheroes marauding the streets, waiting to lure your children into lives of imitation and suffering. Don't wait for your children to find out about superheroes from someone else! Get to your kids before the superheroes do!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 6

June

6.1 Rowdy Roddy Piper Goes Massively Multiplayer

Friday, Jun 01, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Massively Online!

Thanks to the handiwork of Arcadian Delum The Mad, it has been brought to my attention that Rowdy Roddy Piper, whom you might know from the wrestling circuit as "Rowdy Roddy Piper," is now making his very own online game. I wish I could convince myself that I was kidding, but the proof is all here, folks.

Rowdy Roddy Piper... the gift that keeps giving!

> KELLOGG CREEK SOFTWARE ANNOUNCES PARTNERSHIP WITH WRESTLING GREAT ROWDY RODDY PIPER FOR NEW ONLINE GAME - *"Roddy's Ring" will be an online game, available only over the Internet. Chase explained that as with his previous online game, SpiritWars, the new wrestling project will draw from multiple genres and feature a hybrid design. "We'll be combining many common role-playing elements with a quick-paced strategy game that challenges the player to outwit his opponent. And, as with SpiritWars, we'll be putting a lot of energy into building a positive and engaging online community that can form the cornerstone for Rod's online presence and expanding Internet activities."*

Yes, because we all know that fans of pro wrestling tend to flock to "positive" and "engaging" activities, assuming those activities are part of their community service requirements. Ha ha! I am of course kidding because it's an established fact that pro wrestling fans have an IQ of 200 and single-handedly won World War II. They also are the people most likely to send me bales of email pointing out what a horrible monster I am, so I think I'll refrain from making fun of them any further. Okay, maybe just one more joke: you guys are responsible for Terry "Hulk" Hogan's rise to fame, causing the abomination "Thunder in Paradise" to appear on MY fucking television set when I could've been masturbating to that midget from "Jack of All Trades." 'Nuff said.

So anyway, I began thinking about how massive online massively multiplayer roleplaying massive-player playing omnionline games are the only products actually generating cash these days. Titles like *Everquest* and *Ultima Online* have yanked in millions of dollars for their publishers; why can't Something Awful jump onto the bloated cash cow too? Even if this doesn't end up working well, Something Awful has failed in about every other business sense possible, so it's not like it will be any big loss. Well, without any further ado, I proudly present to you the preliminary specs for...

THE SOMETHING AWFUL MASSIVELY ONLINE MULTPLAYERLY ONLINE MASSIVE ROLEPLAYERING ONLINE PLAYING MULTIGAME:
"DRAGON FANTASY MYSTIC SHADOW DUNGEON HORIZON EVENT ONLINE 7"

PLOT: I did some research on other online roleplaying games, and I discovered that the "plot" element has to abide by only one rule: the entire storyline can't be more complex than a standard set of TV dinner cooking instructions. The deeper you write the plotline, the more work the programming crew has to do on the game, so most companies strive to make their plot as simple as possible. This is why I asked Jeff K. to ICQ me a brief plot summary for our upcoming smash hit, *Dragon Fantasy Mystic Shadow Dungeon Horizon Event Online 7*, or as we call it, *DFMSDHEO7*.

in teh futare there are are DRAGGONS with teh princess in a castal. yuo are ON A PLANAT!!!! there will be a sword and axe and guns and a hat and a lake. YUO CAN DRIVE A JEEP LIEK HALO?!? I think so! and the draggon stole yuor princessed and yuo must reclaim her becuase her dad si KING BOMPO TEH DRAWF and he has a magic jawline on him! so yuo will haev to get too level 580 whitch si teh hardiest and there si a jeep liek HALO!!!! the END

Conceptual artwork of... something.

So that's the plot. I don't want to give away too many key elements of it, mainly because I'm not aware of what they are quite yet, but let me assure you that they will be very massive. And multiplayer.

WEAPONS: The key to any successful online RPG lies in the fact that it merely exists; you're marketing the game to a demographic that will buy any goddamn thing with elves in it. However, another important quality of online RPGs revolves around the sheer amount of the weapons and the inherent combat system. I am proud to report that we have one of the largest weapons databases in the history of all games! For example, let me copy and paste a minuscule selection from our "swords" section:

SWORDS: Sword, Sword +1, Sword +2, Sword +3, Sword +4, Sword +5, Sword +6, Sword +7, Sword +8, Sword +9, Sword +10, Sword +11, Sword +12, Sword +13, Sword +14, Sword +15, Sword +16, Sword +17, Sword +18, Sword +19, Sword +20, Sword +21, Sword +22, Sword +23, Sword +24, Sword +25, Sword +26, Sword +27, Sword +28, Sword +29, Sword +30, Sword +31, Sword +32, Sword +33, Sword +34, Sword +35, Sword +36, Sword +37, Sword +38, Sword +39, Sword +40, Sword +41, Sword +42, Sword +43, Sword +44, Sword +45, Sword +47, Sword +48, Sword +49, Sword +50, Sword +51, Sword +52, Sword +53...

...and that's just 1/18237th of the entire "SWORDS" section! Wow! As some of you more observant readers may notice, there is no entry for "Sword +46." Our programmers seem to be having some difficulty creating this weapon, so we have intentionally left it out of the list. Look for it to appear in the upcoming expansion pack, *DFMSDHEO7: The Ruins of Trials of Mountains of Planets of Legends of Tales of Gyraosn'aryahlabalwhampo.*

ENEMIES: We've got a bestiary bigger than your computer's bestiality folder! There are so many enemies in the game that you won't be able to walk six inches without smacking into the ass end of some kind of retarded bug or goblin or whatever! Let's take a brief look at a few of the enemies inhabiting "Moanyeoentransalopi Hywwrm'alummpah," the tropical island located in the middle of a dungeon inside a volcano.

ICE ALLIGATOR

FIRE ALLIGATOR

SWAMP ALLIGATOR

MUD ALLIGATOR

HOMOSEXUAL ALLIGATOR

CARAMEL ALLIGATOR

SEMI-SWAMP ALLIGATOR

IRRADIATED ALLIGATOR

MAD ALLIGATOR

INVISIBLE ALLIGATOR

PLAYING AREA: Our game will have the absolute biggest map out of any online roleplaying game that has ever been created... or ever WILL be created! Just how big is the land of Htraeeht? I don't know, really big. Take the total square area of *Everquest* and multiply it by 50 or something. No, make it 60. Yes, it's THAT huge! Of course, 99% of that area is covered by water or deserts, but you'll never notice this because you'll be too busy getting killed by the level seven-zillion giant mutant ear worms that patrol the area! Take a look at the global map so far:

Notice the incredible attention to detail our skilled artists employed when they selected the appropriate font color to use. That's a fine example of what sets us apart from "the other guys," the ones that don't really care about their game and will probably spend all their profits on buying vending machines that dispense pure tar heroin.

There are a ton of other features in our game that I'd like to share with you, but frankly, I stopped caring about them around three paragraphs ago. Regardless, I don't think I need to mention that *DFMSDHEO7* will be the "must play" game of the year or decade or century or whatever arbitrary time frame you'd like to choose. We've got the top animators, programmers, and art design teams chained to the radiator in our basement, so you can be sure that our game will be of the utmost quality. Stay tuned to this webpage for more exciting details, as soon as I think of them.

Cliff Yablonski Is Here to Help You!

Having successfully berated and singled out nearly all the mutants in his hometown of Appleton City, Cliff Yablonski has returned to fight for your freedom and rights to be a consumer. That's correct, please welcome the newest addition to Something Awful, "Cliff Yablonski: American Defender of Justice!"

> *Cliff Yablonski is a man of many trades. A war veteran. A master craftsman. A poet. A lover. A patron of the fine arts. In addition, Mr. Yablonski is one of the last true*

> *American heroes, ready to stand up and fight for YOUR needs and causes. He fights the big, multinational companies for the interests of the common man, ready to take a bullet for what we all firmly believe in, but don't have the backbone to stand up for. Get ready to cheer for a new hero, one who won't back down, roll over, and play dead. Cliff Yablonski is here and he's fightin' mad!*

Head on over and witness Cliff Yablonski's dramatic fight for your freedoms when he single-handedly takes on Stouffer's Frozen Foods... and comes out victorious! I think.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

6.2 Big City Living

Tuesday, Jun 05, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Big City, Small Hopes

A big city. I think it's Wichita.

While watching a couple people on 4th Street get arrested for wearing clothes infested with 5,000 different forms of illegal viruses, I began to realize that I have spent a large majority (as opposed to a "small majority") of my life in cities across the US. Kansas City, Los Angeles, Seattle, Nashville... those are just four of the cities I can name without requiring my brain to lurch into gear and actually recall every city I've lived in. However, with the recent phenomenon of small towns trying to pretend they're in the "big leagues" so they can swindle honest, hard-working folks by slipping them Mickeys and liberating their cash via crooked Three-Card Monty games, it is becoming harder to discern a "small town" from a "big town" without the liberal usage of "quotation marks" around phrases that don't really "require them." With this reason in mind, I have created the *Something Awful Big City Checklist* (c) (Inc) (R) (TM) (NWO) (NPH) (opp). Simply scroll down this list of big city features; if your town matches over half the requirements or doesn't match less than 50% of the features, you'll confidently know you live in a big town. You will then be able to apply for "Big City loans" or work for the "Big City Police force" or participate in the "Big City 'Press Your Luck' fan club" or do whatever the hell people are supposed to do in big cities. Go through the list and determine what features your town matches, being careful to point out and publicly mock every single grammatical error. I make.

THE BIG CITY CHECKLIST
"Big Cities" Contain the Following Key Items:

☐ Random banners hanging from every street light. Each big city has a series of gigantic red banners declaring something along the lines of "MARCH 20th - OCTOBER 2nd: SAN FRANCISCO CELEBRATING THE 50TH BIANNUAL WEEKLY ANNIVERSARY OF THE INFLATABLE ATOMIC EARWIG" with some cryptic series of symbols and pictures beneath. I used to believe that these were advertisements for some failed exhibition in the city's art museum, but now I think that they're solely the work of vandals. I've seen the art featured in those exhibitions; NOBODY would willingly promote those things unless it's at gunpoint.

☐Street grates / manhole covers that spew spooky steam. I'm not sure where the obscene amount of steam comes from, but I assume it has something to do with either global warming or Congress failing to act in a bipartisan fashion.

☐ An active "hole drilling" division of city workers. Half of the cashflow in a "big city" budget depends on handing out millions and millions of dollars to people who wear reflective orange clothing and drill holes in random sections of asphalt. Why? Because cities hate asphalt. They're still bitter that they don't have the technology to pave roads with mounds and mounds of raw taxpayer cash, so until technology catches up and supports this, they'll do the next best thing and take out their aggressions on the poor innocent little roads.

☐ An entire armed division of Police who actively guard the hole drillers and wave oncoming traffic into other cars, street signs, mailboxes, brick walls, etc. Hole drilling is

a dangerous job, as thousands of freelance "hole fillers" would undoubtedly sweep in and try to undo all the glorious work that had been done if the holes weren't guarded by a guy with bullets that blow up your guts when you're shot by them. The armed Police escorts are hired to stand around all day and look visibly bitter about the fact that they have to essentially guard an absence of material.

A small city. I think it's New York.

☐ Two guys arguing about something while wearing scarves, despite the fact that it's Summer and around 90 degrees outside. No matter how hot it is or what season you're in, you can always find two guys wearing scarves and arguing with each other. I imagine they're angry because they just got fired from a nearby Winter fashion factory and they don't know how to funnel their anger into more productive means, many of which involve spitting more when they talk.

☐ One way streets that don't go anywhere logical. Generally speaking, all big cities were built back during the 1500's when roving hoardes of Christians swarmed the streets, attempting to convert all heathens to their "correct" god. To combat this unstoppable force, city officials decided to construct an intricate series of one-way streets that all invariably led to the "bad" parts of town, despite which direction they were headed. As a result, all marauding Christians ended up arriving in a part of town than encouraged shoving slabs of metal through exotic various body parts, and their reign of terror promptly ended. Unfortunately, these roads still stand today, providing a quick and efficient way to both go somewhere you never wanted AND take an informal poll to discover the most popular caliber of illegal handgun bullets.

☐Parking fees which cost more than your car itself. Operating a parking garage is one of the most profitable industries in the entire world, relying on a steady supply of confusion and hopelessness to rake in a cool $58 billion per day. Back in the "good ol'" days of American history, when lynching black people wasn't a faux pas, parking garages charged a simple, fixed amount, usually like 10 cents an hour or something. Of course, after adjusting that figure for gross inflation investment net deduction tax deferment, that comes to about $450,000 per minute, which is on par with today's prices. However, parking garages are getting more and more confusing with their pricing structure, hoping to bamboozle their clients. They proudly display signs like the following:

GREASY AL'S SUNKEN CONCRETE URINAL PARKING GARAGE OF INFERNAL MYSTERY

0 - 20 Minutes: *$5.00*
20 - 29 Minutes: *$7.50*
30 Minutes: *Free + $6.00*
31 - 50 Minutes: *$10.00 + $2.00 per add'n minute*
50 - 60 Minutes: *$3.00 + Ddn' from add'n h'r s'v f"'d's'*
1 Hour - 5 Hours: *$20 per hour + $5 Rental + $10 penalty fee*

5 Hours - 5 Hours and 4 Minutes: *Flat fee of $10,000*
6 Hours - 10 Hours: *Bonus Round; roll again for saving throw against fire*
10 Hours - 12 Hours: *"Earlybird" special (see 30-50 Minutes at rate / fee for special add'n charges re: ALBV meas. #482-A)*
12 Hours - 24 Hours: *HOME: GOTO 50*

By the time anybody has figured out how much money needed to pay, they end up owing an extra $200 for the time they spent to do so.

☐Liquid alien death microbes raining from the sky. Whenever walking around a major city, there are little drops of condensation which continually fall from the sky. Originally I had believed this to be rain, but the freakish event would occur even when the sky was completely clear. Then I thought maybe they were from external air conditioners, but I still felt them pelt me in the dead of Winter. The only logical explanation that I can come up with is that they're alien death microbes that are slowly killing us by infecting our brains and making TV sitcoms like "Will and Grace" become popular.

☐**Bonus big city features:** woman who looks like a filthy Muppet, some guy handcuffed to the side of a Police car, dirty park that has an iron statue of some goofy white guy on a horse, tiny Asian convenience store, bum selling newspapers that he stole from a newspaper vending machine, ambulance driving around the city in circles with its siren on nonstop 24-7, bus bench displaying a picture of a bug-eyed lawyer grinning like the Specter of Death, alleyway lined with over fifteen million garbage dumpsters through it.

So count up the number of checkboxes you have marked, subtract that number from 8, divide the total by 8, multiply by 100, then load the resulting number of bullets into your gun and shoot yourself if you were dumb enough to actually mark checkboxes on your computer's monitor. Break out the bottle of Mickeys and get ready to win the car of your dreams in the big city Three Card Monty challenge!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

6.3 Umbrella Corp's Zombie Monopoly

Tuesday, Jun 05, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

We Beat the Zombie Pants Off the Zombie Competition!

I hate monopolies. When a single corporation has an iron grip on a particular industry, the market stops becoming free, all competition disappears, and the consumers are left with overpriced products. Although Microsoft is often considered a monopoly, I think people are missing one of the biggest monopolies of our time; the nefarious Umbrella Corporation. For years Umbrella has dominated zombie production, even recently expanding into the production and sales of "giant horrible genetic monsters which kill you once you buy them" (patent pending).

Knowing that no one else really had the guts to go head to head with these titans of industry, Lowtax and I sat down with a venture capitalist and pitched our plan. Our company, "Arlogeist GmbH," would produce and aggressively market next generation zombie products, bringing a previously unseen quality of undead to the consumer and giving them an edgy "in-your-face" marketing spin! We received the funding needed a little over a year ago... now I am happy to announce Arlogeist's new line of zombies! Please keep in mind that these hip ambulatory corpses "ain't your daddy's zombies!" and that their quality will "totally blow you away!" Radical to the max, dude!

The Helper Zombie

!Have you seen the sort of helper zombies Umbrella is marketing to people these days? They are falling apart, they aimlessly shamble around while getting blood all over your carpet, they are dressed in rags, and they have a whopping two vowel vocabulary. Our helper zombies are durable and well dressed, coated in a non-stick polyurethane finish and wearing a luxurious tuxedo (or evening gown) that is guaranteed to absorb and conceal any possible zombie leakage. Each zombie comes with an extra leg attached to their hip for added bonus walking action, and Arlogeist zombies are capable of using up to five consonants (vowel upgrade available). Perfect for latchkey kids! Pick up your helper zombie today or look at one of our incredible specialized zombies based on the Helper Chassis:

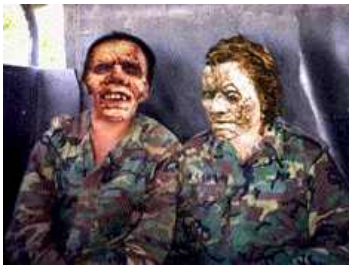
This zombie majored in 'Enabling the Community'

- Butler / Maid zombie (cleans and cooks, does not prepare meat.)
- Gardener zombie (pieces that fall off will fertilize your very own garden!)
- Checkers zombie (fun for the whole family! Coming soon: Tic-Tac-Toe zombie)
- Wet-nurse zombie (zombie does not lactate, lacto reservoir must be maintained)
- Party zombie (RECALLED AFTER ARIZONA MURDER RAMPAGE)

- Comedy zombie (his jokes will have you rolling in your grave!)
- Nanny zombie (chest night-light available, sings festive children's song "Glue," which goes; "GLUUUUUUUUUEEEE, GLUUUUUUUUUUUEE, GLUUUUUUUUUUEEEEEEE!")
- Designated Driver zombie (he'll never ever take a drink)
- Sex zombie (not available outside the United States)

All of our Helper Zombies come with a 90-day warranty and are available in crimson, lavender, or aquamarine color schemes and potpourri and pine-fresh scents.

The Protector Zombie



Umbrella's attempts at home defense zombies have proven highly unsuccessful, yet they remain the only protection zombie available on the market... until now! Arlogeist is proud to present its new line of Protector Zombies! No sassy girl in a beret with a 9mm pistol is going to rain on your parade with our zombies patrolling your eerily quiet mansion! Like our Helper models, the Protectors are dapper, attractive, and guaranteed not to leave a mess behind. In fact they are self cleaning, capable of consuming an entire cow carcass in under an hour! These Zombies come complete with a lot of extras you won't find on those second-rate Umbrella products:

- Protector Zombie is capable of differentiating between scientist and Raccoon City policeman.
- Upgraded armor! A boiler plate has been riveted to the torso of every Protector zombie.
- Free walkie-talkie with every zombie (zombie not capable of actually using walkie-talkie)
- Arlogeist guarantees that our Protector Zombie will not devour your children (may devour select parts of your children)
- Shock collar prevents Protector Zombie from wandering off property.
- Unlike lazy human guards, Protector Zombies do not play cards, take cigarette breaks, or use the bathroom (zombies may fall over and be unable to get back up without assistance)
- Zombies' lack of vocabulary saves you valuable time dealing with back-sass
- Protector Zombie now comes with free and refreshing "Zombie Juice" dispenser located in chest cavity (WARNING: Women who are or may be pregnant should not consume zombie juice as it may cause child to be born as horrible zombie baby)

Arlogeist GmbH Protector Zombies are available wherever fine zombies are sold. They come in cloudy gray, forest green, and camouflage color schemes and are available in both neutral and deer pheromone scents.

Zombie President

The most advanced zombie model to be produced by Arlogeist is our incredible Zombie President, something that Umbrella has not even attempted. These Zombies were created using a revolutionary secret recipe of chemicals, politician corpses, radiation, and voodoo magic. Each President Zombie comes complete with a four-year guarantee that can be extended to eight-years with proper maintenance and chemical treatments. The Zombie President is the ultimate politico; it is suave and charming, but knows when to get down to brass tacks and talk business. Next stop for Zombie President: Washington DC! Each Zombie President is lovingly hand crafted and comes with the following incredible money-saving features:

- Zombie President is capable of saying its own name! (Note: All Zombie Presidents currently named "Glue." Upcoming model will be named "Runk")
- Zombie President immune to graft; it does not want a thing but justice for the voter! (WARNING: If zombie president does not receive weekly chemical treatments, it will eat babies)
- Our Zombie President is perfect for any political party as it has absolutely no stance on any issues.
- Great for making a good impression on voters during election! The Zombie president will shake hands, bend iron bars, or walk through plate glass windows as needed.
- Zombie President will not start wars unless it is for a really good reason.
- Difficult to assassinate! Our Zombie President won't even notice if it gets shot.
- Cleaning and maintenance kit makes dangerous Boron and Chlorine leakage cleanup as easy as one, two, three!
- Zombie President difficult to kidnap and replace with convincing clone.

The Zombie President comes in Democratic Mint, Republican Fresh, or Independent Green Tea scents. Zombie Presidents can be purchased direct from Arlogeist only.

Armed with our growing list of zombies and zombie-related products I am confident that Arlogeist GmbH is well-equipped to dethrone Umbrella as the largest retailer of the undead. Our products are clearly superior and our pro-consumer philosophy really casts an unfavorable light on the competition.

The Power of Your Words

Fans of River City Ransom, take heart! It appears the e-mail campaign type thingy that we started in an effort to resurrect the best fighting/roleplaying/book-reading game ever has proven at least partially successful. Atlus Games has added a little blurb in their daily rants pointing to the fact that they have received just a little bit of inquiry for a RCR re-release or sequel. I highly recommend

that we redouble our e-mails (read: tear-stained loveletters) and get Atlus to get their shit together and release/make this game!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.4 Surprise! World War II Online SUCKS!

Thursday, Jun 07, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Now You're (Not) Playing With Power!

As rabid gamers across the globe are undoubtedly aware of, Cornered Rat Studios has recently begun shipping their massively multiplayerly onlinely action title, *World War II Online*. The game allows players to faithfully engage in some of the most realistic World War II action that anybody's ever seen, short of watching The History Channel or listening to your 80 year old grandfather drone on and on about how he shot down 30 Jap blimps with a bicycle-mounted mortar in the middle of Gang Toi, right before the airstrikes came in and dropped napalm on the horrible Space Zombie Grubs that were molesting his platoon. For example, *World War II Online* promises to offer such utterly fantastical features as:

A shot from World War II Online. The graphic style, if I'm not mistaken, is what's known as "shitty."

- Walking across fields
- Walking across large fields
- Walking across very large fields
- Walking through cities which are surrounded by very large fields

Naturally, gamers were tremendously excited to purchase such an action-packed and incredible new game which would ship with absolutely no bugs and be completely playable right out of the box. I mean, it's not like publishers rush their products out the door so they cut down on development time and pull in more profits. That is a silly notion which will land you a one-stop trip to the gulag if you even suggest it! However, fans of *World War II Online* were shocked to realize that the game they had ordered did not quite arrive as promised. In fact, the game shipped with a few minor "flaws" that consisted of the following:

- The player can't connect to the server because the game won't run
- The player can't connect to the server because the server won't run
- The player can't connect to the server because the server doesn't exist in this plane of reality
- The player can't connect to the server because the server is made out of cotton swabs and rock candy
- The player can't fire his weapon
- The player can't move
- The player can't use any vehicles
- The player can't determine their gender
- Walking causes the game to crash
- Not walking causes the game to crash
- The game crashing causes the game to crash
- Nothing works correctly
- Nothing works at all
- Game box shipped with used condom instead of CD

One of the many rabid gamers infuriated by WWIIO's shoddy release.

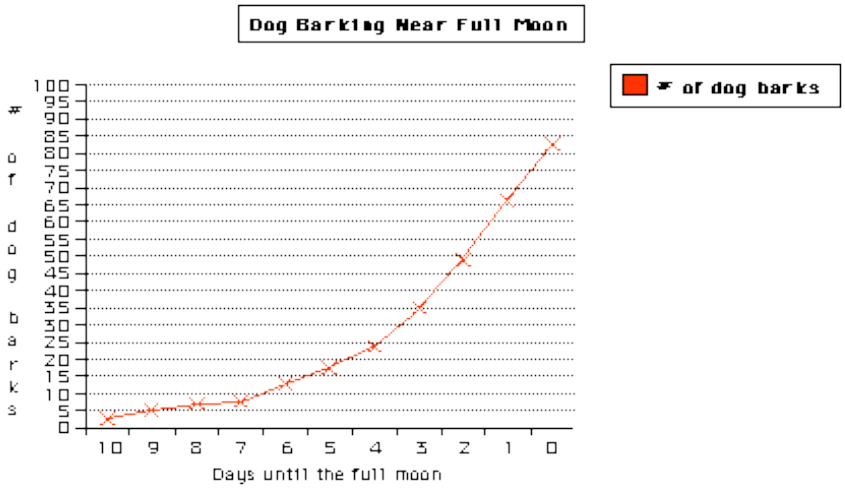
Like any God-fearing plowhorse of a company, Cornered Rat was quick to blame the routers, servers, Internet connections, phase of the moon, metric system, Frankenstein, and secondhand smoke for their problems. Naturally they didn't blame the game itself, because the mere idea that they would ship their product before it was 100% ready is completely ridiculous and unbelievable. Cornered Rat attempted to fix these problems by offering a 70-fucking-meg patch on **THE SAME DAY OF THE GAME'S RELEASE**, a file which I assume is composed solely of "bonus" features such as "code which allows the game to run." Their forums have already split the public into two rival factions: the group of people who are pissed because they bought a product that does not function correctly, and the group of people who likes throwing their parents' cash into an incinerator every chance they get. Each side has excellent arguments, as presented in the following posts:

> DO NOT BUY THIS GAME, I REPEAT DO - *NOT BUY THIS GAME.,..THE TECH CHANNEL JUST REPORTED THE FRAUD AND MISINFORMATIONG GOING ON WITH THIS LAUNCH...THERE IS GONNA BE AN INESTIGATION*
>
> Thank God! I hope to God you are taking this game back to the store. *We don't need poser WWIIOL fans like you complaining all the time. So when I am playing this kickass game a week from now when all the bugs are worked out, I will think of you and laugh my ass off.*

The usual empty threats of lawsuits and physical violence that follow every title's half-assed release are of course floating around everywhere, backed up by people who have more numbers than letters in their user names. Basically, the whole situation is a giant mess. The game doesn't run. The servers don't run. People are pissed off and sending truckloads full of angry ICQ messages to each other, often mentioning such popular words as "fag" and "dick." So what happened? What went wrong? Who's to blame? The answer is obvious:

Remember good ol' Powerplay? The mysterious piece of magic alien astronaut wizard ghost technology which would somehow give shitty eight-year old 1200 baud modems the power of a corporate T1? The technology so ultra top secret that nobody could even vaguely explain what it was or how the hell it worked? I of course repeatedly featured in-depth analyses on this topic, all of which revolved around me cursing and using the word "ass" where it wasn't necessary, while all the so-called "gaming news" sites continued to suck up and mindlessly devour every word good ol' Gabe fed them. Now, over a year later, Powerplay is gone... nothing left but a drunken schematic on a soiled bar napkin. I think it's clear that the much-touted Powerplay technology, or lack thereof, is obviously to

blame for *World War II Online's* horrible release. Think about it: the so-called "engineers" working on Powerplay continuously babbled on and on about how wonderful it would make our lives. Powerplay will increase modem speeds by 540493900%! Powerplay will eliminate lag! Powerplay will watch your children when you go out of town! Powerplay will solve the mystery of the haunted amusement park! Order 10 summer sausages and receive a free box of Powerplay! Powerplay, Powerplay, Powerplay! It soon became clear that Powerplay would turn Earth into a virtual paradise, improving nearly every aspect of our dull and meaningless lives. As proof, just look at this highly scientific chart I found on the Internet while doing a search for "MUPPET+php+DOMINATRIX":



As you can plainly see, the longer Powerplay fails to be developed, the greater number of bug-free games are released. You can't pull a game out of its box these days without having to spend nine hours downloading a patch to fix *"corrupted C++ registry loading texture compression C database gross negligence C-- bugs."* The newest title to show off this painful need for Powerplay's release is of course *World War II Online*, which is currently keeping hundreds of 14-year olds from joining a server and typing in-game messages complaining about camping. Gabe Newell, if you're reading this, and I know you're not, please finish Powerplay for the sake of the kids. Temporarily suspend your plans for the 500th consecutive "official" retail mod for *Half Life* and wedge your ass back into the engineering room. If that proves to be impossible, at least launch a few thousand pointless press releases and interviews. I just need to get my fix of standing in the middle of a gigantic field and trying to figure out the cryptic combination of 16 different buttons I need to mash so my soldier will aim his gun.

Bob James Fights for Freedom!

Bob James, one of the two crusading Catholics on Something Awful, has gotten a ton of exciting and supportive email for his religious comic, "The Sin of the Americas!" In today's column, Bob responds to some of the more Satan-influenced reader email.

> ***From: MaestroOfFunk***
> ***thats really funny man you actually sound like a catholic nutball lol.....lol @ homosexuals breeding ground lol***
>
> *This is the worst insult one can possibly receive! Calling me, a true Christian, a Catholic! And the nerve to laugh like a fool, especially at the top secret Vatican-run homosexual*

> *breeding chambers, where homosexuals are cloned and sent out into the world to turn our children into gay atheist catholic Satan-worshipping pedophiles! I'll pray for your salvation, as any good Christian must, but I won't fold my hands while doing it!*

That's a lotta Jesus! Head on over and pray for your soul! Pray for mine while you're at it.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

6.5 TiVo is Destroying the Time Continuum

Thursday, Jun 07, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Our Time Continuum is Being Compromised!

Another satisfied owner of the Timeraper.

Time travel, once a thing reserved for killer robots, time cops, and faggy British Z-grade sci-fi, has become a terrifying reality thanks to TiVo's recent patent of mind-bending "time warping technology." Other companies were in a race with TiVo to develop and patent this technology, securing their future with the ability to travel into the past and eliminate the competition. Ostensibly used to "pause" live television broadcasts, the TiVo device represents a serious threat to the stability of our fragile space time continuum; they are playing God with a technology they do not fully understand! This and future products based on the "TiVo time distortion engine" will undoubtedly cause a rip in the fabric of reality, spilling forth the untold horrors of beyond onto our unsuspecting planet.

Arlogeist GmbH, always quick to steal someone else's idea and make it even more dangerous and scary, has recently acquired the technical schematics for the TiVo box. We've been busy adding features to it over the past weeks in an effort to bring you, the valued customer, more control over your viewing options and the course of history. Here and now, unveiled for the first time, is the The Arlogeist Timeraper!

The Timeraper

Cost: $550,000,000 (US)

Power Usage: Roughly equivalent to a city of 50,000 people

Size: Will fit in the local high school's small gym.

Quick to install and easy to use!

General Description: The Timeraper will take you on a wild ride through entertainment like you have never experienced before! Imagine watching the "Honeymooners," only with Ralph Kramden played by John Goodman and his wife Alice played by a Tyrannosaurus! You can do it with the mere push of a button. Envision comedy hit "Wings," only Joe Hackett is a basketball player from the Ukraine and his brother is a retarded gay pornstar! Just flip a lever and this can be reality! Have you ever daydreamed about a Stanley Cup game in which midgets play against Nazi stormtroopers? With the simple changing of the noble gas flood-tubes, your daydream can become a living nightmare.

Notable Features:

- **Live Broadcast Editing** - Timeraper doesn't just pause the live broadcast like TiVo, it allows for on the fly editing of it! Did your favorite NBA all star just miss a crucial free throw? With a few gear adjustments, you may alter the time continuum so that a lazy maintenance man leaves a fan blowing at the exact spot needed to push that shot into the net.
- **Easy Assassination/Assassination Avoidance** - Want someone killed on your TV screen? Want to keep someone from getting killed? Slip the security guards at the press conference

sleeping drugs or make the sniper forget to load his gun. The power is yours!

- **Sitcom Hilarity Adjuster** - Prime time sitcoms have become so formulaic that you know the punch line to every joke before the title sequence is even finished playing. Make those predictable one-liners a thing of the past... literally! Just when you think Chandler from "Friends" is about to deliver a sarcastic quip about not wanting to have sex with a gorgeous woman, slide the adjuster up and watch the wackiness begin. His mouth may fill with live grasshoppers, the set may be suddenly submerged in the ocean, or nuclear war may reduce the entire cast to shadows on concrete, who knows! That's the exciting and unpredictable nature of the Hilarity Adjuster.

- **Retroactive Game Show Winner** - When you watch those maroons on Jeopardy, do you think you know all the answers they don't? Now you can with the Timeraper's Retroactive Game Show Winner feature! Just restructure the Quantum Spheres and before you know it you'll be on that game show you're watching, winning acclaim and fabulous prizes. *NOTE: Our scientists also tell us that you'll invariably win a horrible case of lung cancer as well.*

- **Keep People From Being Born** - At the push of a button, a cybernetic killing machine can be sent into the past to execute the parent of an enemy before that person can even be born. Unlike the time machine used in "The Terminator", the Timeraper does not allow human freedom fighters to go back in time and stop your robot servant.

- **Archeologist Confuser** - This recently upgraded feature will send random objects back in time and bury them at famous archeological dig sites. Imagine the look on the faces of those smug bastards when they open that mummy's sarcophagus and find it filled with canned beans and issues of *Newsweek*!

Once again, I think Arlogeist has beaten the tar out of the competition with our evolutionary take on a high-tech product. The damage our Timeraper has caused to the normally linear flow of reality has created an added incentive for purchasing a Timeraper; buy one now and you will not have to live the same day over and over again like everyone else. Good luck with avoiding that trap, TiVo owners!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.6 Mega Men!

Saturday, Jun 09, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

No comment.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

6.7 Death Escape Battle Stadium 2000

Tuesday, Jun 12, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Where is My Country's Sense of Adventure?

It takes "fun" to spell "fundamental rejection of our own humanity".

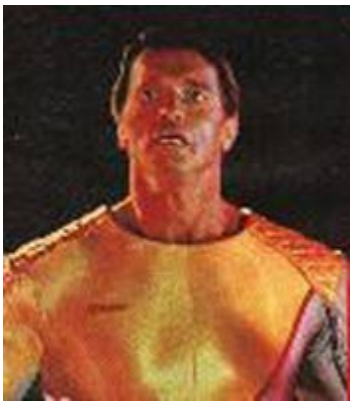
While my occidental ancestral homeland of Great Britain has a reputation for pomp and circumstance, these United States have a heritage of garish pageantry and showmanship. From the circus ringleaders and puma wrestlers of the 18th and 19th century to the most modern preteen sex object beauty pageant or Bruckheimer explode-a-tron, we are a nation in love with entertainment devoid of substance. Using my Madame Cleo like powers of prescience I can determine that you are reading Something Awful, which is no more meaningful than the worst episode of "World's Scariest Police Chases in 3D". Don't get me wrong, I'm not some intellectual elitist striving for a utopia where we all read Greek Mythology and lounge around in togas discussing Plato and Heidegger. I like to watch "The Dukes of Hazzard" in my underwear and pick crumbs of potato chips off my beer-swollen gut.

The reason for my incoherent rant is that I am extremely disappointed in my nation's most recent show of selective morality; the non-deathmatch fatality performed on the highly non-esteemed Mr. Timothy McVeigh by an injectecutioner. I'm not going to get into a death penalty debate, but if you're going to go ahead and off some mustache-twirling mad bomber, you might as well make it fun for the whole family and apply that patented American media savvy to it. Dress McVeigh in some padded spandex, give him a wrongfully-accused female sidekick and send him out to do battle with a series of "Stalkers" in the hopes of winning clemency and a trip to Maui. Hell, even as late as the first half of the 20th century a public execution was big business in the United States. Hot Dog vendors would come out of the woodwork at the first sign of a lynching.

Continuing with the game show theme envisioned first by literary master Richard Bachman and then fictionally realized in the prophetic film "The Running Man", I suggest we make an execution game show. With retarded shit like "Win Ben Stein's Money", "Wheel of Fortune" and "Who Wants to Be a Millionaire?" I'm not sure the American game show industry is up to the task. This is precisely why I flew to Japan to work closely with some of the brightest minds in the "horrifying torture game show" business to bring you the concept of "Death Escape Battle Stadium 2000".

Death Escape Battle Stadium 2000

Format: 2 hour live broadcast
Suggested Host: Damon Killian (if not available, Mark Summers of "Double Dare" fame)
Contestants: Any death row inmate with less than a month before their execution date.
Fabulous Prizes: Clemency, a trip to Maui, a Sony DVD player, a $250 dollar gift certificate from Borders.com and a new Ford Focus.
Events: There will be a series of environmental "physical challenges". At any point during these obstacles the competitor may be attacked by one of our DEBS2000 "Hunters". Each challenge will be timed by the "Arbitimer". If the host doesn't like the competitor or ratings slump the timer will be arbitrarily accelerated. When the Arbitimer hits zero,



Better get going there, the school girls are catching up.

the contestant is informed that he's being dropped into a pit and has to fight for his freedom against robots dressed as Roman soldiers, only there are no robots. And there is no pit. He's just shot in the head with a rifle. Physical challenges include:

- Competitor must climb a 50 meter high sheer obstacle while heavy logs swing back and forth trying to knock them to their doom.
- Competitor must locate key to steel door hidden inside large vat of pudding. During search large numbers of rabid bats will be released into the pudding chamber.
- Competitor must run gauntlet of teenage girls in sailor uniforms who will attempt to tie ribbons in the competitor's hair and then kick them to death.
- Competitor must fist fight a Cheetah.
- Competitor must ascend a series of platforms using ladders while an exceptionally large gorilla hurls barrels down at them. Hammer optional.

Hunters: Six "Hunters" will be released at the start of competition, there goal will be to kill the competitor. The Hunters will be composed of:

- Guy with a jet pack and a flamethrower. He should have a clever nickname like "Mile High Fireball".
- Woman with really large swaying breasts who is expert at jump kicking. It is recommended she fight the competitor in the "Trampoline Zone" and attempt to snap his neck with her thighs.
- Really big black guy who can punch holes in things that normally can't have holes punched in them like brick, iron, and wicker. His nickname should include the word "Black" so that everyone knows he is not a white guy.
- A fat guy who rides a motorcycle or buggy, sings a lot and is covered with blinking Christmas lights. He should also be taking a diuretic and have problems controlling his bladder.
- A guy who looks like Jesus but he hits people in the face with an axe. Call the axe "Axecalibur" and maybe have him wear a suit of armor and a pith helmet.
- The Belly Dancer of Death (or Stripper of Doom). A trained exotic dancer who lulls the competitor into a false sense of security, she pours gasoline down her leg and onto his face in a highly erotic fashion and then lights him on fire.

I am looking forward to seeing the next execution in this extremely entertaining format. After all, what's the point of killing someone if you're not going to even enjoy it?

It's Getting Hot In Here!

Well of course it is, because we've got an all new Fireman Comic heating things to the boiling point! K-Dog has supplied us with another heaping helping of piping hot Fireman goodness, just have a look:

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.8 Life's Battle, The Amazing Christian FPS!

Tuesday, Jun 12, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Learn About God - The FPS Way!

Coming hot of the heels of... well, I guess it's really not coming off the heels of anything. But if there was something, and assuming it had heels, this upcoming feature would definitely be hot and proceeding in a direction that indicated it was in fact traveling in a method that was indeed from its heels. Something Awful has once again turned towards its roots of reviewing the most awful video games, and is proud to present our newest contribution to the cesspit that is the game review section. Get ready for... *Life's Battles*, a Christian FPS game that will just rock your world!

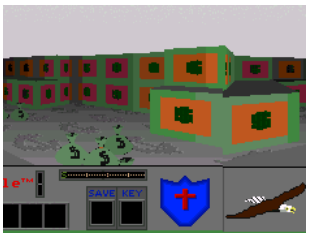
Life's Battle has it all! Well, if by "all" you mean it has the following:

Angry trees! They'll fuck your shit if you piss them off!

Cryptic horses! Watch in terror as they provide worthless clues and force you to jump over walls for their own amusement!

The floating Judge Wapner torso of DOOM! I pronounce you GUILTY of failing to love Jesus!

The Holy Dinette Set! Jesus and pals ate here! Or maybe he didn't! Who knows!



Riches and prizes beyond your wildest dreams! But watch out for the Whammies which will take it all away!

A junked up Jeep that is apparently a bizarre metaphor for death! Boy, that's deep!

According to the *Life's Battle* website, which was recently upgraded to display more than three colors at once, their game teaches the following "universal Christian principles":

> **Thankfulness** - As in "I thank God that the person who created this game will soon die and fail to exist on the planet Earth."
> **Protection** - Okay, I wasn't aware this was a Christian principle. Then again, what do I know? If I had to list all the Christian principles offhand, I would probably guess: love for that Jesus guy, reliability, having a recent "born on" date, flammability, the ability to read street signs when driving down the street really fast, resistance to wind-based attacks, animal, vegetable, and mineral.
> **Pure Conscience** - This one was a little confusing, because I can pretty much shove small crippled children into passing traffic and I'll have a clear conscious. In fact, I 'd probably write an update about it.
> **Suffering** - Having grown up in a Christian house, I can firmly believe this one.
> **Yielding Rights** - I do not have the right-of-way in Jesus' eternal kingdom when I'm turning right on a red stoplight. Also, don't tailgate God.
> **Moral Purity** - I got bales of that shit. Actually, I've been talking about my moral purity when trying to pick up women lately. I come up to them, buy them a glass of water, and say, "hey baby, want to have kinky unprotected sex with a guy who's really fucking morally pure?" If they refuse then I pull out my trump card and mention my lesbian foot fetish. That usually wins their skank-asses over.
> **Success** - As in "successful installation of a crappy game." Easy enough.

Make sure to force your bloated fleshy hand to shove your mouse icon over and click to read this thrilling review of a FPS aimed at the always profitable Christian education market. Did the game live up to expectations? Did I finally enjoy a highly religious game? Are the graphics on par with something made in this millennium? Is Marsha pregnant with Brad's baby? Did Maggie really shoot Mr. Burns? All these questions and oh so many more answered in today's review of *Life's Battle!*

Thrilling Announcements

I'm not afraid to admit that I haven't enjoyed an RPG since *Ultima 5* and *Final Fantasy 1.* I just haven't been able to find a game that could hold my attention like those two could (with the exception of the *Final Fantasies* on the Game Boy, all of which were completely excellent in a very bizarre way). However, I recently bought *Grandia 2* for the Dreamcast, and I'm proud to say that

it's an excellent game. What's the point of this update? Not much, I just wanted to express my joy in finally finding a title that I wanted to keep playing for longer than 15 minutes. If you have a Dreamcast, pick up *Grandia 2*. If you don't have a Dreamcast, then go out and fucking buy one. They're like $12.99 with the purchase of a six pack of tube socks at Target. On a related console note, I'm going to pick up a Gameboy Advance tomorrow, as I'm finding myself drifting away from computer games (which are released as buggy hunks of shit) to console games (which never need to be patched). Read into that as whatever you'd like.

To round out this blob of e/n goodness, let me also note that PIG's "Genuine American Monster" CD is excellent. Not as many catchy tunes as "Wrecked" or "Sinsation," but wonderful nonetheless. Raymond Watts is a genius and it's a shame he can't find a good record label in the US. Continuing in the music vein, has anybody heard Haujobb's "Polarity" CD yet? I heard some of the tracks from Planet Myer, and it sounded excellent. I'm hoping "Polarity" won't be a lump of crud like "Ninety-nine," which has to be the weakest followup CD in the history of the universe. Then again, I thought "Solutions for a Small Planet" was a wonderful work of art, so anything would be hard to follow it. Other music issues I have include the following:

- Somebody force 16volt to hurry up and make a new CD. I guess their band is back together again, so I can start hoping that they pump out another good album. Eric Powell is great.
- DJ Acucrack? No. If you like Acumen and Acumen Nation, don't think DJ Acucrack will be anything like them. It's shitty trance music. Blah.
- Are the Swamp Terrorists doing anything now? If not, what a waste of talent.
- What about Chemlab? "Burnout at the Hydrogen Bar" was one of the best metal-industrial albums ever, and "East Side Militia" was one of the ONLY good cyberpunk industrial CDs I've heard. Now they're doing crap with notorious no-talent Brian Black of Haloblack infamy. Every single H3llb3nt creation would be 500% better if Black would just go fly a donut into space and stop doing whatever the hell he does to make surrounding music so crappy.
- Snog. David Thrussel, along with Ray Watts, makes me very happy. If you remember anything from today's update, make sure it's to buy every Snog album there is. Start with "Buy Me I'll Change Your Life" and then move to "Third Mall From the Sun." Genius stuff. Yet another artist who creates extremely wonderful work, yet never gets the credit he deserves.

If you haven't heard any of the bands / CDs I've mentioned, please head over and check them out. I'm not getting any commission or making any money by linking to these bands here; they are all simply excellent performers and don't get enough credit for what they do. Hopefully I can spread the word, people will buy more of their CDs, and they will be able to make more music to entertain me. Oh, if only the Internet worked in the same fashion...

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

6.9 Rise from your grave, PowerPlay!

Thursday, Jun 14, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

As many of you readers out there may remember (assuming you haven't blocked it out of your memories yet), I recently made a big stink about *World War II Online* and Valve Software's top secret superspy phantom alien technology, PowerPlay. I pointed out how Gabe Newell and cohorts made a gigantic stink about the magic of PowerPlay for roughly a year, then suddenly stopped speaking about it and went as dead silent as John Romero's career plans. During its apex of PR hype, Gabe Newell actually emailed me, offering to answer any questions I had regarding the technology behind PowerPlay. I replied with a message containing six questions that essentially asked how PowerPlay would be technically feasible. I looked forward to reading his reply.

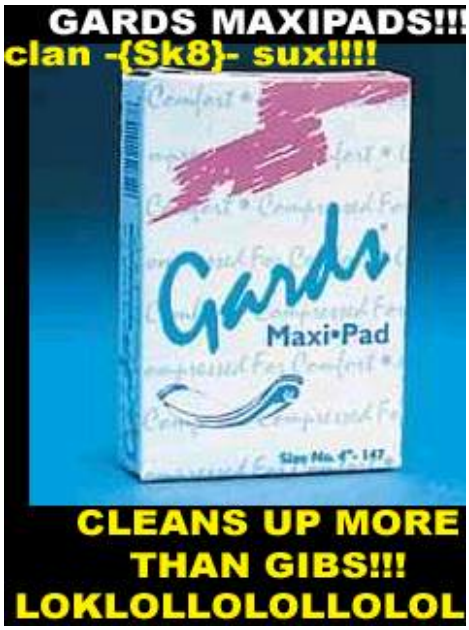
It is now over a year and a half later and I'm still looking forward to his reply. I assume the Valve mail server is having some slight issues and Gabe never got the message. Even after I sent it again. And once more after that. Maybe he's just too busy making complex diagrams and flowcharts detailing all the retail mods and add-on packs scheduled for *Half-Life*. That's a fulltime occupation in itself, especially after considering the revolutionary technology that goes into these add-on packs, such as "slightly fatter security guards."

So you can imagine the look of sheer surprise and shock on my face when I found out that VoodooExtreme posted a breaking news story regarding PowerPlay yesterday. Much like in the game *Altered Beast*, PowerPlay has risen from its grave... only it didn't morph into a bear that could turn human-sized ants to stone and then magically fly through the air like a furry cannonball. In other words, PowerPlay is nothing like the game *Altered Beast*, especially since people have actually seen *Altered Beast* and can confirm it exists in this plane of reality. In the interview, John "I Don't Write Silly Pimp-Speak" Callaham reports that PowerPlay is now fueling some goofy startup ISP named "New Millennium Entertainment." Notice that they don't indicate which millennium they're referring to. That can only be interpreted as a bad sign.

> *Pricing will be $19.95 a month for the basic service, which includes access to their onlne gaming network which MacConnell revealed to VE will be powered by the PowerPlay internet gaming standard created by Valve Software and Cisco which was revealed almost 18 months ago. If a person commits to a year for the Game2K1 ISP, MacConnell said* ***"If you and 9 of your clan members sign up for Game2K1, you get your own server instance to administrate and use as you choose."*** [Words highlighted for emphasis and to point out the sentence doesn't feature the word "which" 500 times like in the previous one, which we think is something which makes the sentence seem nutty, if you ask us, which you didn't, you witch. *-ed*]

Yes, that's correct, Valve Software / Cisco / New Millennium Entertainment / The Illuminati are finally starting to cash in on the elusive key demographic that every company has been competing for: **clan members**. I mean, that's just an incredible group to market your product at, particularly since clan members have the largest disposable income out of all non-incarcerated members of society! Other companies have attempted to capitalize on this demographic but so far have been unable to. You don't believe me? Well just take a look at these two clan-targeted ads I found on this thing called "The Internet" yesterday:

For some strange reason though, Coca Cola wasn't able to pull in the clan member demographic



and had to instead settle for the normal 593827828 gazillion dollars they make a year. However, PowerPlay has something that Coca Cola doesn't: a very popular carbonated soft drink. No wait, Coca Cola has that. I can't really figure out what PowerPlay has that Coca Cola lacks, except maybe Gabe Newell and his ravenous appetite for fried chicken and sweet young interns.

Anyway, New Millennium Entertainment, which I assume is referring to the previous 1,000 years because they have a horribly embarrassing "All Your Base" reference on their webpage, is choosing to promote and publicize the fact that they're using the vague and mysterious PowerPlay technology in their ISP service. It'll be like a LAN party in your computer... and everybody's invited! Your 56k piece of generic shit will suddenly be outpacing T-1,000,000s and going so fast that your computer will spontaneously explode and pepper your lifeless corpse with white-hot shards of metal death! Gabe Newell will personally come over to your house and sleep on your couch! It'll make *Half-Life* seem like an entirely new game, which is good because Valve doesn't plan on releasing another game! Ever! The miracles of PowerPlay! Taking a cue from the Valve / Cisco PR slobs, who excel at providing 10-page interviews which don't say jack shit, the New Millennium website goes one step further and explains how their vague technology will use PowerPlay's vague technology to create what I can only assume will just be a gaming orgasm for everybody within a 500-mile radius.

> *What we created was a virtual online arcade, using specialized equipment that would prioritize the gaming traffic, and guarantee the absolute highest access to game servers. We plugged it into the only 100% optical network in existence - theBroadwing Communications backbone.*

That's it. That's **all** the information they have to offer. Nothing more. But hey, it doesn't matter that they won't tell you HOW all these fabulously wonderful things will lower your ping rate. I mean, having an ISP that uses an internal optical network will surely cancel out the fact that your city's phone lines are old and outdated! Their Broadwing Communications backbone will undoubtedly speed up all the hops in between your house and their network! If there's a slow server in between you and your target destination, Gabe will descend from the heavens and shoot his horrible atomic eye-lasers at the facility, bringing upon them unspeakable vengeance and destruction! All for $20 a

month! And an additional $25 a year! And you physically moving your computer into their server collocation room or finding a cable that can reach from your computer to their facilities! And also Gabe Newell gets to come over to your house and play Poker with his Cisco engineering buddies whenever he wants! What a deal!

So, in summary, the PowerPlay hype wagon continues to push on, fueled entirely by empty promises and half-truths. 18 months have passed by and **NOBODY** from either Valve, Cisco, New Millennium Entertainment, Sierra, Budweiser, or Jiffy Lube has explained HOW their magic technology works. They continue to bullshit their way into gaming news sites without ever stating **anything** of substance. Yet people continue to accept their word and just assume that since these are big companies that have their own water coolers and reception desks, they HAVE to be telling the truth. Well until somebody fucking explains how the technology behind PowerPlay will work or a living human being actually gets to use it, I'm going to keep calling this PowerPlay hype for what it is: a very popular carbonated soft drink. No wait, that's Coca Cola. I don't know what exactly PowerPlay is and I doubt anybody else does for that matter.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

6.10 Jeff K. uses HIP HOP TECHNOLOGY

Monday, Jun 18, 2001 by JEFFK (@sexyfacts4u)

LOOK AT EXCITENING CHANGE OF PASCE ON THES WEBSIET!!!

WELL**WELL *WELL!!!***

Looks liek I have been GIVEN controlls of teh webpage machene!!! Helo my name si **JEFF K!!!!** and yuo might haev visitted my qualety homepaeg in teh past! I run my hoempage JEFFK!!! *WEBSITE!!!* *DOT COMB!!!!!!* and hear si teh link!!!!!!!111 http://www.somethingawful.com/jeffk/ http://www.somethingawful.com/jeffk/ http://www.somethingawful.com/jeffk/ http://www.somethingawful.com/jeffk/ http://www.somethingawful.com/jeffk/

but as I was sayeing, teh webmastarar of thes siet emaled me and sends me this emale to my emale account in my emalebox (I use filtars on my account too keep teh govarmint from cracking my warez!!): **(PS: I HAEV MADE COMMENTS INTEH COLOR REDON THIS EMALE, SO THOSE ARE MINE NOT HIS)!!:**

From: Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka
Subject: Hey Jeff, I have an offer for you...

Mr. K:

As you might recall from our previous conversations, the week of June 17th through the 23rd is going to be "Project: Go Away" week. **[I DONT KNOW WAHT HES TALKING ABOUT I DONT TALK TO RICH LOTWAX KAYANAKA I DONT KNOW WHO HE SI]** *In case you've forgotten, the purpose of "Project: Go Away" is to simply make readers stop visiting Something Awful.* **[I DONT KNOW WHAT SI SOMETHING AWEUFL EITHAR I THINK IT WAS A CLEVAR RUSE ON HIS PART TOO GETS ME TO SUBSCRIBE TO HIS MAGAZINE SALESMANSHIP#]** *Why are we actively trying to make people stop visiting SA? Simply put, the bandwidth bills on the server are getting way out of control.* **[I DONT USE BANDYWIDTH FOR MY SIET I USE AOL]***Thanks to a dead ad market and a lack of sufficient reader donations, SA isn't doing very well on the "pulling in money" front. In fact, if SA was a racehorse, it would've died months ago, laying in the mud while its jockey continued to beat it mercilessly.* **[WFT SI A HORSE DOING ON TEH INTARNAT???? HORSES CANT USE COMPUTARS YUO STUPED FAGOT LINGER!!!]** *Since the webmaster of Something Awful (myself) doesn't feel an incredibly overwhelming need to continue and pay money for the privledge of spending six hours a day to entertain people for free, these drastic times have called for drastic measures.* **[WHAT??????? DRAGON TIMES????]**

In order to lower bandwidth bills and expenses, "Project: Go Away" will begin on June 17th and will consist of a week dedicated to reducing the number of website visitors by as much as possible. **[POREJCT HGO AAEWY WEKE GRO JOGOPE AAdgggf WHAT??]** *We will produce the worst content possible, assuming we weren't already doing that in the first place. We will alienate all our viewers by repeatedly insulting them and generally displaying a level of contempt never seen before in a public outlet.***[JERRY SI AFRAID OF ALIANS AND UFOS, ONE TIEM WE SAW A MOVIE WHERE ALIANS WERE IN A PLANAT AND JERRY CRIED AND I THREW A ICE CREAM CUP AT HIS HEAD AND YUO KNOW WHAT**

I ENJOYED THAT MOMENT IN HISTOREY] *If it will drive away visitors and lower the cost of running the website in any way, we will do it. The sole purpose is to lose as many viewers as possible, and we will stop at nothing to achieve this goal.*

On a completely unrelated note, would you be interested in updating the site on June 19th?

Thanks!

Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka

SO as yuo can see I was choosen too updates for my **JONRALESTIC INGTEGRINTY** and ability too scooop major Gameing magazine!

OL JEFF K SI A MAJOR PLAYAR IN TEH FIELD OF INTARNAT JONRALISM!!!

when I first started my websiet I was compeating with INSCITE MAGAZINE but now oh ho they are GONE liek a feathar in a dust!!! but Jeff K stands around still on teh Intarnet liek a marbal pillar of truth! OF JUSTICE!!! and then I compeated against PCXL and oh look they went away too becuase they spent all there money on researching cutting edge HIP HOP TECHNOLOGY so they could write liek teh cool kids at school who smoke and **broek teh Snickers bar vending machene!**!! then I compeated against Dailey Raidar and I think there site closed I dont know my mom put Netnanny on that site because evary time Id go there there would be 5000 popups for credit cards and Id fill out Jerry's name and adress for all of them and his credit got rejected becuase teh credit card Companey knew if Jerry put a credat card in his wallet and sat down then his FAT ASS would squash teh card and it would stick to his butt and teh card numbar would get stuck on his ass and peopal would look at his fat ass and use his credat card numbar to order LAMP PORN!!!! And that wouldant work because Jerry would already be on teh phone ordaring LAMP PORN!!! so I forgot what I was talking about but teh ovarall mesage too walks away with is that Jerry is fat and he'd eat yuo at teh DROP OF A FAT!!! I MEAN HAT!@!! hahahahahHAHAHAHHAHAAHAAAaaaaaaaassdgfhj/

SO I get too updates thes page now because its a THRILL A MINUTE WITH JEFF K IN TEH STEARING WHEEL BABEY DOLL!!! And now I will update with what I have been doing: **WHAT I HAVE BEEN DOING:** d

I haev Been going too school allot to learn teh 5 major religions: *reading, writting, language, arethmattic, writting, history, algae bra, writting, foreign langaueg, reading, writting, and PE.* I haev been doing vary well (IN CORRECT ENGLISH THAT IS!!! **HAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!**) I haev been using matchemathstics to fruther my eduatacion quite a ways and my teacher Mr. Milkweek says I will be doing vary well in futare endeboars. He is balding and smells liek teh bottom of a car. In my free tiem I have been working at teh Food Barn Grocery store as a cart martinizer. I push teh carts from the pareking lot back into the store so old peopal can take them and push them out back into teh lot again!!! Last Wendesday I got relly tired of pushign them back and forth liek a SPANISH MONGROSASAL so I pushed them inside and stood by teh carts and whenevar somebodey would trys too takes them I shouted **"HEY FAGOT!!! STEP OFF MY TURF"**

and I thew rocks and paper and gum at them! CHEWED GUM!! **NOT BY ME MIND YUO WITCH MAKES THIS PLOT EVAN RICHER IN SUBSTANCE!!!!** and then my boss Mr. Gransky came out and started yelling liek he always dose because hes mad becuase his wife

looks liek a PLaydough turd after its been in a frying pan for a year. So I made bear noises and ran off into teh woods. HE CAN TAKE THIS JOB AND SHOVEL IT mistar!1!!!!!! SO I quit and if yuo wants too give me a job and pay me moneys then emale me but dont give me moneys liek UGO and eFont did becuase Im still waiting for there moneys too arrive. Maybe I gave them teh wrong adress. I DONT KNOW!!! so emale me but I wont read it

now I will provide colorfull commentary on currant events in teh worald:

> Stampede at Pakistan shrine claims 30 lives - *404 Error Message: Page Not Found. The page you requested cannot be found. The page you are looking for might have been removed, had its name changed, or is temporarily unavailable.*

okeys I dont know what happaneded hear but there used too be an artical and now teh artical si gone so I guess I cant provide any colorfull commenteary on currant evants that effect teh way your life si lived! BUT.... thats okey becuase peopal who read CNN.COMB are MENTAL DISASTARS liek my dad! My dad si a small buisness and travals a lot. MY MOM SI A WHITE SLAVE THATS WHAT SHE SAYS TOO MY DAD OFTEN TIMES.

SO in concolusion CNN si for fagots, Jerry is a fat marm, and I am a jonralistec leadar of qualiety in onlien jonralism! I was going to write more but I am ***bussey liek a BUG*** and I dont haev tiem too make yuo marms happey so go fly a donut if yuo dont liek it and welcome to Valentines Day (its not Valentimes Day yet though!!!)!!!

-∼JEFFK (@sexyfacts4u)

6.11 Leonard J. Crabs analyzes the Internet

Tuesday, Jun 19, 2001 by Leonard J Crabs (@sexyfacts4u)

Stop Breaking the Internet, You Hoodlums, Ruffians, and Virtual Villains!

It is I, Leonard "J." Crabs

Greetings ladies and... well, merely the ladies! I am the esteemed protector of truth and justice, Leonard "J." Crabs, Legal Lawyer Attorney at Legal Lawyer Law. I have represented Something Awful and Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka since he was just a tiny toddler chained to the space heater in the back of my Legal Attack Van, bawling his sissy little eyes out while I traversed from one Canadian village to the next, freeing their inhabitants from the evil Monarchy of Queen Canaidia by spraying them fire a high pressure firehose and stealing everything not nailed down. Ah, I remember the halcyon times of the past that we shared, shortly before I "shaped up" and agreed to publicly defend carbon-based lifeform clients. I gained some of my most prized legal experience in those seven decades, having established an impressive legal reputation from such important cases as "Marlo and Marlo's Wig Store vs. The NASA Space Program," "Ed Jorborksi vs. The City of Atlantis," and "The People vs. The People's Crazy Drunk Uncle Who Broke The People's Fancy New Stereo System After He Spilled a Pint of Portland Pale Ale Into It." I have been publicly and privately defending Mr. Kyanka and his Inter-web site Something Awful for the past 20 years or 30,000 miles, whichever comes first.

Recently I received this formal email from Mr. Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka, prompting me to briefly exit my Legal Defense Cave of Justice (which some of you more ignorant saps may mistake for the men's dressing room at Sears) just long enough to provide this update. The following is an abridged excerpt of the message sent to me, printed in its entirety:

> ***From:*** *Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka*
> ***Subject:*** *Yo Leonard, could you please do me a favor?*
>
> *Greetings Leonard!*
>
> *It's been pretty long since we've hung out. I guess the last time we met was when I was getting sued by that Kansas couple who were mad because I actively encouraged their kid to switch to homosexuality and then commit suicide. Remember that? I showed up in the courtroom, and due to some kind of crazy legal mixup, you were representing both myself and the plaintiff! Then I found out that you were also the Kansas couple! And the judge! Thanks to your legal expertise, I got out of that lawsuit fairly quickly. By the way, did they ever find the corpse of the real judge, or did the patented "Leonard Crabs Big Fire Burnin' Machine" work as you claimed?*
>
> *Regardless, I'd like to ask you a large favor. As I might've mentioned to you before, the week of June 17th through June 23rd is going to be "PROJECT: Go Away" week on my site, dedicated to getting as many people as possible to stop visiting Something Awful. The Internet economy is simply nonexistent at this point; there is no way to make money through advertising. Nobody wants to advertise, nobody pays for advertising, and the techniques of shoving ads down viewers' throats are getting more obnoxious by the second. Although I appreciate any and all donations to keep this site alive, I'm afraid there simply hasn't been enough donors to keep the site going. Thanks to clueless advertising morons, the financial model of the Internet is completely destroyed. While SA continues to operate as a "nonprofit" site and lose money, the audience continues to grow. This larger amount*

of traffic creates larger bandwidth bills, and it is quickly becoming impractical to spend all my free time and money on a site that gives me nothing in return but bills and spam mail. There are simply no ways to get around this; bandwidth is expensive and advertising is dead. The only option left is to alienate enough viewers into leaving the site forever, thereby lowering my bills and the cost of the server. I plan on doing this by producing horrible content, annoying features, and absolutely anything that will get people to stop reading my site.

On a completely unrelated note, would you like to write the daily update for June 20th?

Thanks!

Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka

Needless to say, my wrinkled and shriveled eyes soon began producing a thick stream of tears and a substance which strangely enough had the consistency of motor oil or possibly raspberry preserves. Poor Rich, spending on his free time on a project which just saps all his money and creative juices from him like the Horrible Atomic Space Bear which visits me at night, stealing my thoughts and replacing them with vouchers for Rent-A-Center foutons! How could The Inter-web, which has brought so much information and chunks of steaming joy to so many people, be a failing business model? I shall be the first to admit that I know not much about the Inter-web; this media was not built for people of my stature and immense legal power, which can be channeled into a white-hot fireball that can penetrate several layers of brick walls. I was going to start an organization about a year ago, named the "American Smart Lawyers," but I eventually gave up on this pursuit. Why? Well I did a preliminary search for "American Smart Lawyers" and its acronym "ASL" on the AOL Inter-web search, and found a link to a "chat room." Not knowing the rough and tumble world of the eCyberInteractiveVirtualWildWildWestMichiganOnlineTechnoChatrooms, I was unprepared for the cryptic dialogue that ensued during my search to find any information regarding my "ASL" organization. Observe this text transcript, which I copied as proof:

LeonardJCrabs has joined Room: "TeenSexyJustinTimberlakeFanClubxOxOXoxO"

LeonardJCrabs: Greetings fellow legal mavens! How are you today?
__--PrEtTyGuRl162--__: what u tlkin abot?
-{LoVe-DoVe}-: but my boifriend sez that if god didnt lieke anal sex God wouldnt have given gurls buttholes so I dont know!!!
xOxOxOJUSTINOxOxOx:HEY GIRLS IM PRETTY HOT 16/M/LOUSIANA IM ME!!!
xOxOxOJUSTINOxOxOx: HEY GIRLS IM PRETTY HOT 16/M/LOUSIANA IM ME!!!
xOxOxOJUSTINOxOxOx: HEY GIRLS IM PRETTY HOT 16/M/LOUSIANA IM ME!!!
LeonardJCrabs: Perhaps I am not working this device correctly! I am here to obtain more information regarding "ASL"!
Q-T-Pie: hello
rosepedal2837: lol whut?
__--PrEtTyGuRl162--__: ne body see justin last night in concert/??????
Sn0wfl4ke: 13/f/Cali
Q-T-Pie: hello
LeonardJCrabs: Justin Maglavellini? I battled that two-bit charlatan during the case

of "Reggie Lewis vs. The Robot With Claws Instead Hands"! He was the lowest of the low, falling back on such nefarious legal maneuvers as The Punch N' Pull, The Spinning Affidavit of Doom, and the dreaded Backbreaking Bifurcation! His kind are not welcome in the field of distinguished legal practice, my friend!
rosepedal2837: huh??
Q-T-Pie: hello
xOxOxOJUSTINOxOxOx: HEY GIRLS IM PRETTY HOT 16/M/LOUSIANA IM ME!!!
xOxOxOJUSTINOxOxOx:HEY GIRLS IM PRETTY HOT 16/M/LOUSIANA IM ME!!!
xOxOxOJUSTINOxOxOx: HEY GIRLS IM PRETTY HOT 16/M/LOUSIANA IM ME!!!

Sadly enough, at that point my Inter-web connection disintegrated like month-old bologna, causing me to disconnect and give up all hopes of starting my ASL coalition of steel-hearted legal warriors who defended the undefendable, much like "The A-Team" only with significantly less emphasis on creating a scrap metal weapon which launches a series of potatoes at an oppressive Mexican army. However, I firmly believe I witnessed enough to gather a subjective series of objective opinions, thereby allowing me to comment on the current state of the Inter-web. The following is my opinion regarding the collapse of the Inter-web and the reasons behind it.

Simply put, the Inter-web is failing because online corporations are far too generous. In a single "log on" session during my riveting AOL experience, I was offered the following exciting items:

- **The monetary amount of $20 upon successful completion of physically assaulting a small monkey who continuously traveled in a horizontal line across my monitor.** I am not sure what this monkey did wrong to demand such a harsh and extreme punishment, and I did not in fact beat him to find out. Last time I hit a monkey I was promptly jailed, although the circumstances in that case were quite different, as the monkey was actually a human being who was in fact the mayor of a large metropolitan town.

- **A "free gift" that had been apparently waiting for me for quite some time!** Who could've sent me such a wonderful thing? Ed and Margaret, was it you two? If so, I'm not going to open it, under fear of revenge for the time I replaced your Folger's Crystals coffee with poisonous African Spitting Beetles.

- **The attempt to "optimize" my Inter-web connection speed!** While I appreciated this opportunity, I was forced to decline, as there is a direct relationship between the speed of my computer and the amount of gamma radiation that is emitted into my brain. Let me tell you, kind readers, that I got more than enough gamma radiation at GammaCon 2001 back in February, and I am growing more and more tired of constantly hearing the government's advice on whether or not I should attempt to kill Tom Bosley (they claim I should, but I in fact disagree!).

- **An alert that I in fact had "one message(s)" waiting for me!** Who could've known that I was on the Inter-web at that point and time, giving them the chance to send me an electronic message? I suspect it was none other than Ed and Margaret, and if you two are reading this, let me just say that your daughter lies and you shouldn't believe any of the malicious falsehoods that she is so eager to spread. First off, I have had

> an erection problem for well over 15 years, so even if I WAS visiting her that night, there would be no way I could actually break holes in your drywall with my manhood. Your daughter obviously has severe mental problems, and I recommend a good four-month stay for her in a moderately successful Clown College of some sort.

To add a quick "jab in the eye" to this already monstrous assortment of items to mentally feast upon, let me also reveal that each of these stellar offers were presented to me in a time frame no greater than 50 seconds! Yes, gentle Yetis, that is correct; I had received notice of all these charitable offers within less than a minute of time from my "log on"! A simple review of basic Capitalism reveals that a company MUST pull in more money than they spend in order to survive in this rough and tumble economic fishbowl. How can these companies and the Inter-web in general survive if they are continuing to be so generous in nature? One cannot continue to freely distribute such valuable products and services without facing dire consequences and perhaps even the result of losing one's polyester pants in the following anarchy.

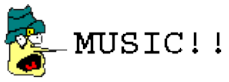
So there is my critical assessment of why this Inter-web is currently failing. While I may feel pity for Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka, who has taken it upon himself to continuously deliver so-called "entertainment" to many people without charging them, I feel absolutely no pity for him whatsoever. Just like punching a monkey and obtaining prizes which were intended for myself but probably contain an object which causes my key internal organs to detonate when touching, one cannot continue to give away free items while losing money! It is just not economically viable, my good friends! I once played the part of an economist on a closed circuit camera at 7-11, so you may rest assured that I know in fact what I speak of, gentle giants!

-~Leonard J Crabs (@sexyfacts4u)

6.12 A very SemiAutomatic update

Wednesday, Jun 20, 2001 by Semiautomatic Turban (@sexyfacts4u)

A Fashionable Invention of Audio!



Official The Web

What is this hair poking about you ask him? We tell you it is Semi Automatic Turban with a messages of hope and fun for you and all fans and especially the children dreams which we have so love and make our music for you! If tell him who is the Semi Automatic Turban then we say we are the musicians with voices and sooth rythems that make no instrument say we do not want to be what you are not! We make our music in the ways of the yore and local chums agree the best course of action we have taken. Thanks many for your help.

We receive an electronic letter saying in part this Rich "Lowartax" Kyanka: saying in sum: How does he speak with bravo is mystery to be solved at later date.

> *I'd like to ask you a large favor. As I might've mentioned to you before, the week of June 17th through June 23rd is going to be "PROJECT: Go Away" week on my site, dedicated to getting as many people as possible to stop visiting Something Awful. The Internet economy is simply nonexistent at this point; there is no way to make money through advertising. Nobody wants to advertise, nobody pays for advertising, and the techniques of shoving ads down viewers' throats are getting more obnoxious by the second. Although I appreciate any and all donations to keep this site alive, I'm afraid there simply hasn't been enough donors to keep the site going. Thanks to clueless advertising morons, the financial model of the Internet is completely destroyed. While SA continues to operate as a "nonprofit" site and lose money, the audience continues to grow. This larger amount of traffic creates larger bandwidth bills, and it is quickly becoming impractical to spend all my free time and money on a site that gives me nothing in return but bills and spam mail. There are simply no ways to get around this; bandwidth is expensive and advertising is dead. The only option left is to alienate enough viewers into leaving the site forever, thereby lowering my bills and the cost of the server. I plan on doing this by producing horrible content, annoying features, and absolutely anything that will get people to stop reading my site.*
>
> *On a completely unrelated note, would you like to write the daily update for June 21st?*

We have no idea who this man is about but we wish him best! So we further detail to discuss our music on another website not our own as well? Quite confuse! We have a way for confuse in our own country follows the: if you do not remember name and location you simply take a drink of the flow water special cure. This will make your eyes see four and when you see a woman who looks as four and acts as one but still is appealing to hips then you thrust about at it despite resistance. This is why we hope we have knife at all times! After the slashing and gill feed we have only one question for the worried locals and that is our home! Most of the time we find that this only is not necessary because we were in own village all along! But such mistakes happen and this is how it keeps music in our hearts and why we do not need instruments to sing about it.

To get idea of our feel and style we say to listen to our music! We say we have two new songs out about and the first you should listen to is here from our web of site the which we just updated so go and frolic please hello we don't want to write twice as much:

> Take Me Out To The Ballgame - A contest of the MP3.com say to make improve of old Baseball song despite our "Swing Batter Batter" baseball song already of superior

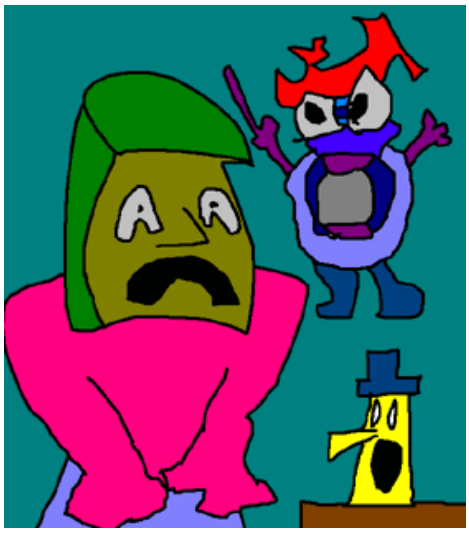
> quality. We have an English help by two AMERICAN friends MC Lacorythm and Special K-Dog. We say this is fine and better but not unseat our own champion. Sit in bleachers and under stands you don't!
>
> Drinking Turban Time - Oh impact in skull rattles about because we have a new hit for you! We very proud of accomplish in this song for many years and reason. You will enjoy this song or you end up like rest and fallen in old country rotting about not back from deadly for any purpose. Excel in compeitition and belief, this is how you "rock" in AMERICAN style breakout hit we become successful and sell old wives for fuel since new more thin. This is happy well listen time sure-fire!Well is this finished! Please enjoy and a thanks to those who came before...

Now we have an English very good since beginning but pictures our universal so here is a story for you to read and say that you liked very much in our presents but not to our face witch is not a good idea if you wish to stay on the soil and not below. It's gives charge to any. Our record CD did not sell a millions copies and we do not unknown why.

This is a picture of homeland animals I have been known to associate with. I'd consider you the birthday bandit if I did not know any worse in my ways, so I will not reveal a specific location of either partner. I do not give your address to random people on the walksides and say visit this fat person and eat his extra lard. This is why we do not barge into your house and demand proper tax on our sounds being stolen by hip-hop and beat music but we deserve the right to do this upon the eve of any year we decide or conceed to be a year after a brief discussion with our authority who can be appointed simply by asking where they have what we don't and how we must get it out without opening up a kneecap and inserting a scrawled letter of apology between the gaps. My favorite animal I forgot to photograph but he also has one eye like the cat.

This is designed to give you a look at a homeland family during a happy time which is NOT Drinking Turban Time in the above song. If you listen to other songs you can tell that there is sometimes tension but it all works out if the head does not swell to green. This could be the case in this photograph but many have doubts. I am not one because I am quite smart and my English is beyond compare by any instance or incense. We have filed a paper that tells all of what it is to do exactly but they say our idea can be copied by man? Too late, we have already lost millions. This is why pop-top father pop says no to idea which leads to the conflict and also a jar jammed into the skull where food is supposed to be put around the face and inserted. This is the only time it is "OK" to wear pink.

Music all day and no food makes you dead and dirt nap as said in songs. You must listen to all our songs to get the PROPER. We have some songs so beats that your block will be busted in two and split into warring fractions one on our side and one to the rebel cause. I am not saying you should



throw a pipe bomb into the leader or use a bomb of other methods but a suggestion is planted just in case? Do not ask me I did not say anything about a bomb or war or how to make the leader daughter scream in late night! So this food is what we call "lettuce" only the colors are more vivid in homeland. We are not boring like some here who obey too many rules and laws. There must be loose and fun and this is why we make music to reflect this. Take a bite we share and also share bites!

Let's see we all emerge from our head. This is why we are angry with grooves in head but the genie god will grant us wishes? What would you wish for friend? We would wish for peace and more children to have good dreams because bad dreams give us sit on bathroom walls. We would also wish for the woman to shut hole of food march because they distract us and once again too many rules and laws. We would also wish for those who do not FEEL our music and say we invent hip-hop and have a sooth rythem no instrument electron just our voices and say to those that we do not agree to go to a place which is only sand "Dunes of Hazarred" song and crash and burn with little tarnish and not go "Back From The Deadly." As we hoped. Let's talk together genie god and eye

to discuss further!

Now that should be a savy implant? It is not a return, but a question. A music must be deep as well as beat world fusion. Also please view our music for AMERICAN sitcom FLASH show on world we say we have a big soundtrack and royalties to pay for new so mainstream and this is what you get.

Some Sort of Completion Connection Airport Joke

What is the deal about an Airport? This is just a joke we have discovered. In truth, any reaction to such is without total recklessness. This is why we want to remind you to give a kind word of courage to a friend or someone who is in the same working as your situation. This can be an easy thing to say because it will make both happy. Say "enjoy I wish you the very best" or "here is hoping best of wish luck or fat god upon you." Adjust for difficulty, I do not have your same friends. But they are all the same friends in my bed!

Now wishing luck on another... where is the downside to this? Be kind and not mean and say things in mocking tone. Now if transaction of good will thoughts goes sour and person you say to says bad in return then we suggest a back blast to clear out both the ribcage but the little bit of god which resolves in person. Remember to make sure hole is through whole back because otherwise they may survive the evening at least. If there is anybody present who doesn't agree a dispatch to local consaltoratory to say that there is no problem should remain any ilk trampers without stomping for petty cash. There is any reason to regard those who do not react to recklessness without both being happy, but you tried your best. The other person was just a sheep fighter. Stewardess, fill re me Coca-Cola!

-~Semiautomatic Turban (@sexyfacts4u)

6.13 Server horrors

Sunday, Jun 24, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

All's Well in Wellsville!

This weekend sure was a potluck of exciting events! To sum it up for you:

1) SA's host loses power.
2) Servers naturally shut down. When power comes back on, SA forum server recovers but webserver does not.
3) Upon further investigation, webserver's SCSI disk containing all of SA is found to be corrupted and unrecoverable. I started re-uploading everything I had from the last backup to the forum server, which is now running SA's webserver as well.
4) Upon examining the SA forum server, I realized somebody had either swiped an admin password or hacked into the system and changed things. I shut down the forums while I changed every single password and went through the system to try and find what happened.
5) News system dies. I had to upload the last current backup of the news, which was dated June 13th. I'm in the process of piecing together the lost updates, most of which Zack hopefully has.
6) Somebody begins DoS attacking the forum server.

But things are better now. SA's about 95% caught up, and all I really have left to do is upload a few news updates that were lost during the crash / corruption. How strangely appropriate that it occurred at the end of "PROJECT: Go Away" week. Luckily there's a ton of new crap for you, the viewers, to enjoy! **Something Awful: we suffer for your personal entertainment!**

Big Super Cool Entertainment Item #1

The mp3s from the hit Flash game "Dance Dance Karnov" are up and ready for download! Quick, everybody head on over and start grabbing the tracks! Since they're only 1.5 megs and contain some of the best dance music from a game that features a fat, balding, Russian guy with no shirt and nipple tassels, there's absolutely no reason for you **NOT** to grab these suckers. Plus each download mysteriously makes me money through mp3.com, so you'll get free music and I'll receive ill-gotten riches! We both win, although I win slightly more than you!

"Dance Dance Karnov" Soundtrack #1!
Download here (1.5 megs)

"Dance Dance Karnov" Soundtrack #2!
Download here (1.7 megs)

Use peer pressure and strongarm tactics to force your unwilling friends and family to download these songs! Hand out flyers advertising links to them! Get a tattoo that says "Blue's News Is For Pedophiles!" and then go back to the tattoo artist and demand he scratch that out and replace it with "Download Dance Dance Karnov mp3s!" Downloading these songs will cause your sexual performance to increase! Downloading these songs will allow you the power to see through walls and women's underwear and walls made out of women's underwear! Grab 'em now and make me the happiest webmaster this side of the Pecos, whatever side that may be.

Big Super Cool Entertainment Item #2

Okay, well this isn't really entertainment, but it's another way for me to reap some more ill-gotten gains by enabling the community and listing my action items within a horizontal marketing infrastructure. I've put three drum machines of mine up for sale after I realized that I owned three drum machines and, in reality, I don't need to own **ANY** drum machines. I've listed my Roland / Boss DR-660, Korg Electribe ER-1, and Alesis DM5 for sale on eBay so you, the creative music villains you are, could bid on, purchase, and use them to make songs that utilize the lyrics "I want to shove my SCSI cable into your USB port." Here are links to the auctions:

- Boss DR-660 Drum Machine
- Korg Electribe ER-1 Drum Machine
- Alesis DM5 Drum Machine

This is a legitimate auction, so anybody attempting to be a shithead and ruin the auctions by bidding $15,000,000 will have their home address printed on every page of this website along with a detailed map leading to your trailer home. The people on the SA Forums alone could strip every inch of flesh from your body within seconds. All these drum machines must go! For the greater good! Bid like a madman!

Big Super Cool Entertainment Item #3

Wow! I can't hardly believe it, but CLIFF YABLONSKI HAS UPDATED HIS SITE! That's right, five new pages of mutants and human failures from the shiny greasepit of Appleton City. Wonderful sex machines like the following fleshy gem are up for your approval:

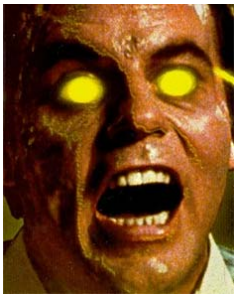
Sexy! Head on over now and check out the 30 new "people" that Cliff Yablonski doesn't really approve of!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

6.14 Feed Lowtax a goddamn carrot

Tuesday, Jun 26, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The incessant workhorse R-Lo has managed to resurrect the briefly deceased corpse of Something Awful using nothing more than his slavish devotion to the site and you, the fan, and perhaps a bit of voodoo chicanery. We had planned a grand finale for Project: Go Away - one I will not reveal in case we get lazy and decide to blow off the dust and use it at a later date - but the series of terrible events that befell SA preempted it. Lowtax has a tireless attitude about his site that I feel many of you do not fully appreciate. In an effort to explain this to you I have kept a careful log of his activities on the night of the server outage.



R-Lo utilizes the power of the Manna Crystal to bring Something Awful back online.

The Night of Terror and Server Outages

10:07 PM - The Server is overwhelmed by a massive power surge, destroying the hard drive and deleting the entirety of Something Awful. This somehow also triggers a fire in Lowtax's kitchen, burning him severely and ruining his new Formica table.

11:58 PM - Lowtax returns from the hospital suffering from 3rd and 2nd degree burns over roughly half of his body. Constantly immersed in a saline bath, he begins work on reconstructing Something Awful from fragments of data.

12:20 AM - Lowtax contacts Zack in an effort to restore cached files from Something Awful. Zack has emptied his cache as it is overflowing with teen porn and Magic: The Gathering web sites. Lowtax curses his name and demands his first born. Zack readily offers his first born, calling his bluff, and Lowtax begins to worry about being Mister Mom.

1:09 AM - The forum is hacked by master hacker "c4lid00d", rendering the nigh impenetrable security of the forum ineffective and stabbing with vengeance into its kernel. He changes everyone's user name to Faggy McFaggot. R-Lo weeps and shuts down the forums as well.

2:10 AM - Rich realizes the money has run out on the Something Awful server and travels to the 24 hour blood bank to donate raw plasma in exchange for credit on his paypal account. His devotion to the fans is absolute, he must get the site running again.

2:50 AM - Desperate, Rich comes to the conclusion that he needs the help of multimedia programmer Zer0 Gemini, who he was working with to develop a site. He calls the elusive Gemini on his cellular phone (one of several) but Gemini is busy hanging with the elite design crowd in the Viper Hut at the Nuevo Ricardo in Florida and misses out on the call. Rich is on his own.

3:40 AM - The crystal meth wearing off, R-Lo sinks into a nightmare clouded sleep despite the fact that Something Awful is not yet fully operational.

6:30 AM - Wracked with terrible prophetic dreams and horrified by the state of his site, Rich wakes and contacts shady underworld

> operative Pablo Sanchez, who is willing to provide him with the needed capital to fully resurrect his site in exchange for his use as a "mule". When Lowtax asks the devious drug lord what a "mule" is, Sanchez holds up a condom filled with black tar heroin and points to a map of Texas. An understanding is reached and Richard spends the next 5 hours moving heroin and cash back and forth across the Mexican border.
>
> **NOON** - Rich relaxes in bed, nursing a painfully enlarged lower intestine and half of a club sandwich. He uses the money from his dealings with the nefarious Sanchez to purchase a Manna Crystal from ebay. This will hopefully provide him with the psychic energy needed to rejuvenate Something Awful.
>
> **4:30 PM** - Tired from playing Grandia like a goddamn tool, Rich adjusts his "Hit Point thumb" and answers the door to find his Manna Crystal arrived hours ago with the mail. He immediately ties it to his forehead as instructed and concentrates on bringing the site back up.
>
> **4:36 PM** - The power of the crystal, amplifying R-Lo's latent psychic energy, resurrects Something Awful. Zack laughs and calls him Faggy McFaggot. Rich then forces him into a brief coma by using his newfound "Scanning" ability.

In all seriousness, I had probably even less to do with the site being back online than I mentioned in this little "hilarious" timeline of events. Thanks Lowtax, you make me want to be a better man.

Download These Now!

In case you missed the update yesterday and are unable to scroll down, or we have been horribly teleported into the future where there is an update above this one and you would have to search the archive to see yesterday's update: Lowtax has released his Dance Dance Karnov tracks as MP3s. A lot of you requested these so you have no goddamn excuse not to download them this instant!

I see you trying to come up with excuses, but frankly we still don't know which one of you ingrates violated the sanctity of the forum, so you had better at least pretend to make nice and go download these songs. They are happy fun times, or some equally humorous parody of Japenglish. Shit, just download them or I lose my Something Awful pension, okay?

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.15 Emperor: Battle for Dune doom

Thursday, Jun 28, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Emperor: Battle for the Real Time Strategy Oscar

Seeing as how I am a fairly large fan of real time strategy games and an even larger fan of the books and David Lynch film of Dune, I picked up "Emperor: Battle for Dune" last week. I had read in reviews that it closely emulated Westwood's classics "Command & Conquer" and "Red Alert" so I assumed I would find it fairly enjoyable. Based on my experiences in "Red Alert", where during every other cut-scene someone drank poisoned tea and flopped around on a table gasping for five minutes, I came expecting some horrible overacting and cheap set pieces intermingled with above-average CGI animation. I was not disappointed.

The band Toto did the music for the movie "Dune". They had nothing to do with the game, but I really hate them.

Here is a sample of dialogue from one of the scenes in "Emperor: Battle for Dune", it takes place near the end of the Atreides campaign.

Duke Achilles (*Michael Dorn*): THE GUILD HAS ATTACKED ARRACKIS! WE MUST GO! THEY MUST BE STOPPED! THEY ARE BREEDING A GIANT WORM FOR APPARENTLY NO REASON OTHER THAN TO KILL EVERYONE INCLUDING THEMSELVES!

Mentat (*Tom Bosley*): My Duke, I have failed you, I will tender my-

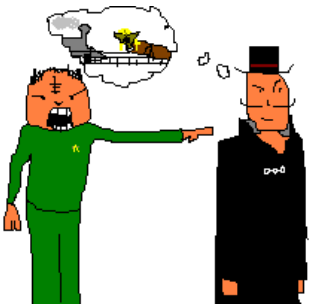
Duke Achilles (*gesturing wildly*): DON'T PLAY THE FOOL! WE WILL HAVE THE SMUGGLERS TAKE US, THE ONES THAT I HAVE MENTIONED FOR THE FIRST TIME JUST NOW. PLEASE JUMP UP AND DOWN LIKE I AM DOING.

Mentat (*picking pieces of the set out of his teeth*): Yesssss, the smugglers can take us there, you are a GENIUS my lord! (*Turns to face the camera*). Sometimes Maddie Hayes can be a bit annoying, but the girl has a lot of class, if you ignore the way she drinks a coke. I think we can solve this case for Blue Moon, what about you? Yeah... that's what I thought too.

Duke Achilles (*lighting himself on fire and going down a slide naked while illuminated by spotlights*): WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO MENTAT?

Mentat (*pretending to absently brush lint from two-dollar unitard*): No one sir. Just making the plans, you know, the smugglers and all. THE SMUGGLERS, AIIIIIEEEE (*drinks poison tea and rolls up and down a hill while faking convulsions*).

Duke Achilles (*swinging on harness with flashing Christmas lights covering his body*): LONG LIVE THE FIGHTERS! LONG LIVE THE FIGHTERS! Long live the fighters. LONG LIVE THE FIGHTERS!



In a conceptualized but never filmed scene for the game, Duke Achilles gestures wildly and shouts about "THE FIGHTERS!" while a Guildsman imagines his evil plot.

The plot of the game is a hollow mockery of the first book of the Dune chronicles, with House Harkonnen and House Atreides pitted against one another. Westwood has again added their own House Ordos and included a number of fairly neat smaller factions like the Fremen and Sardaukar with whom you can align yourself during the course of the game. Then they ruined all this by taking a big old literary shit on the script of their game and adding in complete nonsense about the Guild making a giant Emperor Worm using some machine while the guildsman cackles madly. The guildsman is unfortunately hairless, making Westwood's desired "mustache twirling" sequence impossible. For continuity reasons they also had to omit their "sandworm in wig tied to railroad tracks" scene.

Game play is straightforward and fun and not at all revolutionary. In fact, the game plays exactly like a prettier version of all of Westwood's previous RTS games with some new units and the setting of Dune. The game is true 3D but the camera movement is somewhat limited. The path finding is passable and the AI ranges from decent to fairly bad. As is the norm in RTS games, the AI is excellent at resource management and production and horrible at recognizing an impenetrable static defense and adapting to it. Playing as the Atreides I would frequently dump a line of heavy vehicles at the entrance to my base and station a repair vehicle or two behind them and not even pay attention to the endless wave attacks that the computer threw at me. On the flip side of the coin the computer would relentlessly pursue my Tiberi-err... spice harvesters, forcing a need for frequent spearhead attacks on the enemy's mobile forces.

The computer opponent enjoys doing the following:

- Building 50 refineries and 200 factories in the time it takes your infantry barracks to produce a very large and fancy hat for your general, who should emerge from the barracks at around the same time the computer has covered the whole map with tanks stacked ten high.
- Launching an atomic weapon at your construction yard roughly every five seconds despite the fact that you fully repair it in between these useless attacks. The computer also never seems to want to "waste" one of these precious missiles on the five thousand infantry you have massed in the corner of your base.
- Making sure every centimeter of your base is coated with scouts who have no weapon and are invisible unless an infantryman literally walks into them. It obviously wants to know exactly where all the units you are massing for an attack are so that it can under no circumstances launch an atomic at them.
- Sending a crushingly large tank force to your base where they then assume "parade formation" for your defensive units who "applaud them" with incessant attacks until the rousing finale of the parade where the last of the computer's stupid units explodes.
- Attacking heavy tanks with long range anti-infantry artillery that forces me to take precious time out of my schedule and make my sleepy unit move two inches forward so that it can shoot at it. Yes, my units are just as stupid as the computer.
- Pursuing invisible infantry all around its base. Apparently the computer has outfitted all of its tanks with "psychic infantry detectors" that allow it to sense where you have hidden scouts and the like.

- Building huge masses of power generators in the shape of a giant target so that you can more easily eliminate all of the computer's electrical capacity.
- Sending a constant trickle of infantry to your base to be "processed" by your units who fire at and obliterate them from halfway across the screen. The computer also likes to introduce Engineers and Saboteurs in this manner, rolling out the red carpet for them and "shaking hands" with long range artillery.

With as much fun as I have poked at the game's cut scenes, I would like to point out that "Emperor: Battle for Dune" still seems to have higher production values and acting on par with the Sci-Fi channel miniseries based on Dune. The Fremen in the game look convincingly like the Fremen from the theatrical movie and the in-game unit detail shows its roots to be similarly with Lynch's film adaptation. I was particularly fond of the tiny Sardaukar infantry who had glowing green faceplates that emit light. The game is entertaining but highly flawed, I recommend it for die-hard Dune and RTS fans only.

Jeff K attempts to spell his name by building bunkers in Emperor: Battle for Dune. Oh wait, that's Red Alert 2. Close enough.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.16 The first CYFF announcement

Friday, Jun 29, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Working...

I'm currently working on a BIG project which combines this site with my fulltime job. It should be done in a few weeks. I won't give you any hints except this:

Cliff Yablonski + "Streets of Rage"

That is all.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Chapter 7

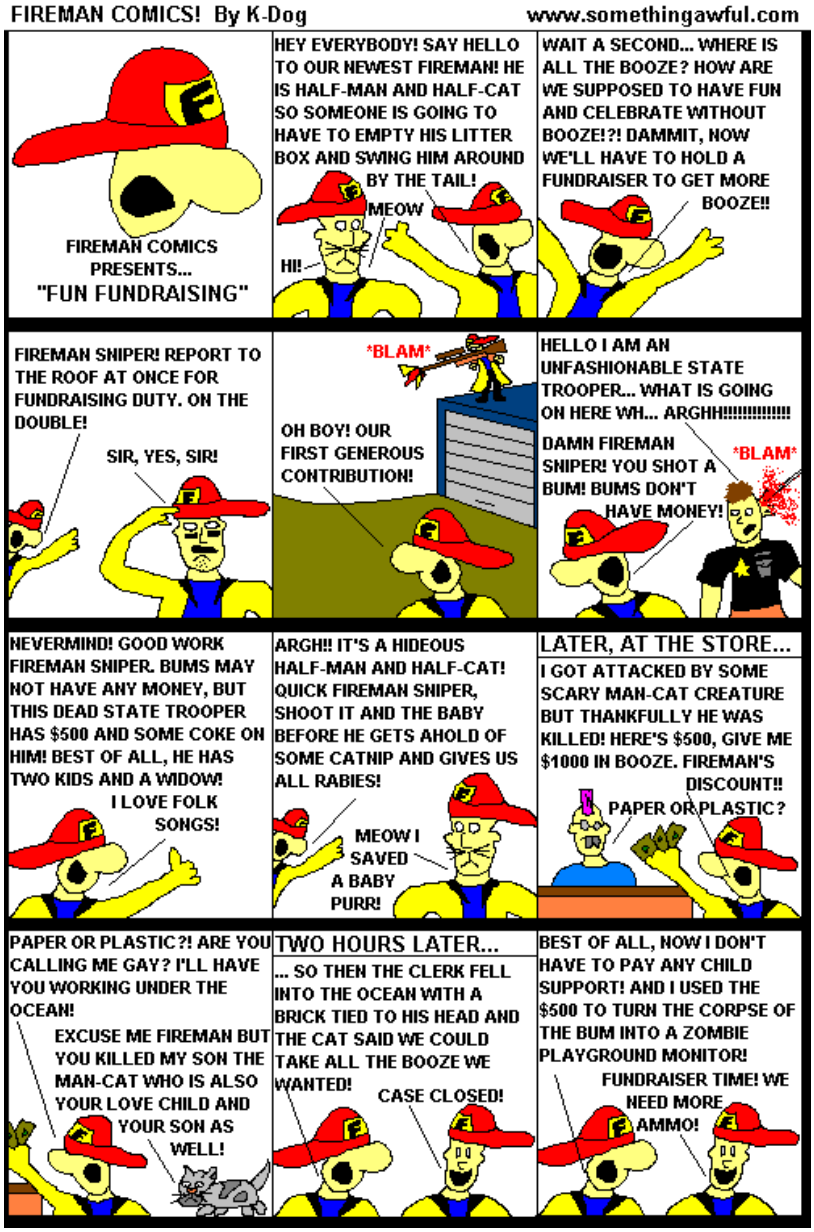
July

7.1 Firemen and farm animals

Monday, Jul 02, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

The Firemen Are Back in Town!

A special thanks to K-Dog for providing today's exciting installment of everybody's favorite webcomic, "Fireman Comics!" Once again, raw hilarity is shoveled down our collective throats in the form of homicidal firemen! You go, girl!


FIREMAN COMICS! By K-Dog
www.somethingawful.com
FIREMAN COMICS PRESENTS... "FUN FUNDRAISING"
HEY EVERYBODY! SAY HELLO TO OUR NEWEST FIREMAN! HE IS HALF-MAN AND HALF-CAT SO SOMEONE IS GOING TO HAVE TO EMPTY HIS LITTER BOX AND SWING HIM AROUND BY THE TAIL!
MEOW
HI!
WAIT A SECOND... WHERE IS ALL THE BOOZE? HOW ARE WE SUPPOSED TO HAVE FUN AND CELEBRATE WITHOUT BOOZE!?! DAMMIT, NOW WE'LL HAVE TO HOLD A FUNDRAISER TO GET MORE BOOZE!!
FIREMAN SNIPER! REPORT TO THE ROOF AT ONCE FOR FUNDRAISING DUTY. ON THE DOUBLE!
SIR, YES, SIR!
BLAM
OH BOY! OUR FIRST GENEROUS CONTRIBUTION!
HELLO I AM AN UNFASHIONABLE STATE TROOPER... WHAT IS GOING ON HERE WH... ARGHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
DAMN FIREMAN SNIPER! YOU SHOT A BUM! BUMS DON'T HAVE MONEY!
BLAM
NEVERMIND! GOOD WORK FIREMAN SNIPER. BUMS MAY NOT HAVE ANY MONEY, BUT THIS DEAD STATE TROOPER HAS $500 AND SOME COKE ON HIM! BEST OF ALL, HE HAS TWO KIDS AND A WIDOW!
I LOVE FOLK SONGS!
ARGH!! IT'S A HIDEOUS HALF-MAN AND HALF-CAT! QUICK FIREMAN SNIPER, SHOOT IT AND THE BABY BEFORE HE GETS AHOLD OF SOME CATNIP AND GIVES US ALL RABIES!
MEOW I SAVED A BABY PURR!
LATER, AT THE STORE...
I GOT ATTACKED BY SOME SCARY MAN-CAT CREATURE BUT THANKFULLY HE WAS KILLED! HERE'S $500, GIVE ME $1000 IN BOOZE. FIREMAN'S DISCOUNT!!
PAPER OR PLASTIC?
PAPER OR PLASTIC?! ARE YOU CALLING ME GAY? I'LL HAVE YOU WORKING UNDER THE OCEAN!
EXCUSE ME FIREMAN BUT YOU KILLED MY SON THE MAN-CAT WHO IS ALSO YOUR LOVE CHILD AND YOUR SON AS WELL!
TWO HOURS LATER...
... SO THEN THE CLERK FELL INTO THE OCEAN WITH A BRICK TIED TO HIS HEAD AND THE CAT SAID WE COULD TAKE ALL THE BOOZE WE WANTED!
CASE CLOSED!
BEST OF ALL, NOW I DON'T HAVE TO PAY ANY CHILD SUPPORT! AND I USED THE $500 TO TURN THE CORPSE OF THE BUM INTO A ZOMBIE PLAYGROUND MONITOR!
FUNDRAISER TIME! WE NEED MORE AMMO!

Stay tuned for more hilariously hilarious antics!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

7.2 Now presenting Arlogeist Vodka

Monday, Jul 02, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

A Very Special Vodka for a Discerning Consumer

The best vodka alive.

Arlogeist GmbH has been a family owned distiller of premium vodka for 11 generations, producing limited quantities of Arlogeist Vodka in the Dutch highlands of Greater Michigan. While technology has changed from the lazy days of horses, mules and goats to the fast paced information age of cars, jets and camels, Arlogeist's time-tested formula for distilling and bottling a superior vodka has remained the same. Our vodka is slow brewed in the same alembic copper potstill that it has been since 1795 and not because we couldn't afford to buy new equipment. The potstill is nicknamed "The Agonizing Scorcher" among our distillers, which is why we have the picture of a man shrieking etched into the bottom of our bottle.

From Field to Store: The Arlogeist Process

Our premium vodka is distilled from a mixture of wheat and oats, hand selected by a special Grainseer from the fields of Abasca, where it is said Frederick the Great spilled so much blood in battle that only the finest grains would grow in the crimson-drenched earth. The Grainseer massages each and every batch of grain for texture and relaxation. He listens to the grain to make sure it is not contrary and he examines samples beneath a scanning electron microscope in an effort to find "excellent grain" disguised as "the best grain". If one of our Abascan suppliers is found to have provided us with substandard grain the man will have a Vodka Jihad called upon him and his family. Our agents are everywhere and nowhere, and they will find the heretic and punish him for his indiscretion. To make the best omelet you have to tie a few eggs to a post and flay them in front of the villagers.

Once the Grainseer has returned to Greater Michigan, the grain is placed into a leisure area where it can listen to classical music, play games such as Scrabble or Jenga and age to ripe perfection. No Pop-o-matic Bubble games are permitted as they have a tendency to unnecessarily agitate the grains. This period is very crucial to our process and if the Grainseer senses that the grain might not be fully enjoying itself, the entire batch is immediately ground into a paste, used to coat cannonballs and fired into the Great Lakes. Assuming all goes well the grain is then funneled via a glass-lined duct system into "The Agonizing Scorcher". There the grain is combined with water excavated from boiling chambers located by our Vodka Seismologist deep within the earth's crust. The water is then filtered through the Shroud of Turin, reduced to single atoms and then reassembled as water by our Managing Atomsk and run through a platinum trough which is viewed by 101 men dying of dehydration.

"The Agonizing Scorcher" is brought to full heat using the remnants of furniture looted from Versailles during the French Revolution as fuel for the fire. Clerics from various faiths and long lost religious sects make pilgrimages to the potstill to burn offerings to their respective deity and appease the spirits trapped within the vodka. On the day before the Destillermeister takes a sample of the vodka within "The Agonizing Scorcher", the original cast of Andrew Lloyd Webber's "A Chorus Line" is brought to Michigan for a performance to maintain high morale within the potstill. Soon comes the moment of truth, as the Destillermeister reaches into the potstill with a diamond-cut quartz dipper clutched in his tong-hand. He smells the vodka to make sure it is not surly or unkempt, samples it hot with the tip of his tongue and a splash on his palate, and decides at that moment whether the vodka is saleable. If everything has gone according to plan the batch is rushed

into the next phase of production. However, if something is even slightly amiss the entire batch is sealed in a steel drum and dropped by cargo helicopter into an active volcano.

The next phase of production begins with a phone call to Jimmy Carter, who is instructed to "concentrate very hard on life-defining vodka". While the former president does this, the vodka is bottled while still warm into the UV-sterilized Arlogeist Vodka bottles, hand blown in New Orleans by the finest Jazz trumpeters, acid-etched with the formic extract of 500,000 Spartan Ants from the deep jungles of the Amazon. The bottles are blessed with incense and then inserted one-for-one into the fresh carcasses of baby seals for their long journey across the Oceans to discriminating consumers.

Jimmy Carter concentrates on our vodka, pictured here getting the call during a 1983 seminar on "The Best Vodka Alive".

Even in the shipping process Arlogeist's attention to detail does not falter. A eunuch guard is placed around all of the vodka-laden baby seals within the cargo holds of the various fine freighters we have selected to transport our vodka. These men are trained in the black art of killing by nerve-point strikes, but their duty to the vodka is more likely to require an act of self-sacrifice than an act of violence. The eunuch warriors must carefully watch the vodka seals to ensure that they come in contact with no dust or other contaminants. If this occurs they must make the ultimate sacrifice; detonating the charges placed throughout the ship and scuttling it, smashing the bottles with Ki-strikes even as the ship slides beneath the waves. Arlogeist accepts no impurities in our vodka.

Returned to dry land, the vodka is removed from the baby seal carcasses and placed into refrigerated cases mounted on hand-drawn palanquins specifically constructed for consumer distribution. In weeks these palanquins will deliver Arlogeist Vodka into a fine liquor store near you, assuming no brigands set upon our prized shipment.

Arlogeist Premium Vodka retails for $18.95 for a 750mL bottle. It can be purchased at State Liquor stores, Mike's Liquor Retailers, Old Man Murray's Beverage Dispensary or Easy Jack's Booze Hut.

The Critics Rave

"Arlogeist has produced a heavenly vodka for eleven generations and shows no signs of stopping. It is a nuanced and rich flavor that achieves its level of depth without overpowering the senses. It is the cut of a rapier in the hands of a master swordsman rather than the overwhelming hammer blows of most other vodkas. It tastes of jasmine, smoked teak and just a hint of aquamarine."
- Nolan Lister, "Wine & Spirits Magazine"

"Dude this shit fucking rules. It's kinda harsh and shit when you first try it straight up, know what I mean? Then you just like fucking pour that shit up in some Kool Aid and it is like 'mmmmmmmm yeah [bitches] it is also [a perfect vodka for a classy dinner]."
- Chance "Phats" Roller, "High Times Magazine"

"LOL! Dranking this si lake getting quadz and fragz0ring campers with the rale gun. Mixing it with Mountain Dew is l33t or go strrate to the shotz like the Desert eaglez hittin hard. Turned my modam game into a LAN party. I switched my spraytag in CT to there logo so fagots know to bowdown to the big 'A'. ROOFLE OWNED CAMPERS."
- I_Fr4663d_j00r_m0mzorz, "Planet Fragworld Dimen-

Needless to say the best vodka alive wasn't pictured on the cover of "High Times".

sion"

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.3 Cliff Yablonski on the Appleton City Funland Gala

Wednesday, Jul 04, 2001 by Cliff "Cliff Yablonski" Yablonski (@sexyfacts4u)

A Fucking Warm Welcome to Shitsville USA

Baron Bloat has put out an order demanding that all taxes in his country are to be paid in greasy-ass pork rinds.

Okay you slack-jawed inter-net butterslugs, get the fuck up off your shapeless flabby asses and pay attention because I've gone to a lot of trouble to write shit on this inter-site today and it's not for the good of my own goddamn health. While I'd much rather punch each and every one of you lard-dripping dorks in the throat, I've instead taken time out of my busy schedule to write this crap (something you lazy cretins won't appreciate because the only time you shifted your dough-filled ass in the past 3 weeks was to scratch at the pussy boils on your sweaty asscheeks). And while we're on the subject of the pitiful failures that pass as your wasted lives I don't want no more of your fucking idiot e mail letters either, so stop fucking emailing me or so help me god I'll find you on the FBI inter-net or something and fucking firebomb your filthy shitburg of a crackhouse home. Last year some FBI goons came to the house on the other side of the street where this family of about 380 Mexicans were staying and I keyed their truck while they were inside.

So Richard came to my house yesterday while I was outside at the back watching the broad with the big tits 2 doors down mowing her lawn. He was hammering on my front door for like 40 minutes before I noticed and then I thought he was trying to break in or some shit so I went upstairs to the window over the front door and dropped a trash bag full of broken bathroom tiles on his head. Anyway once he was conscious and after I'd made him scrub the blood off my doorstep he asked me if I could update his pointless nerd geek idiot web site about racing or hedges or tar or whatever the fuck it's supposed to be about, because he'd fallen over and dropped a solid wood toilet seat on his keyboard the day before. Don't ask me why the hell he was carrying a solid wood toilet seat around.

Two festive mutants do something irredeemably stupid. I shoved that gun down his throat and bashed the other one's face on a parking meter, knocking out 50 cents which I used to buy a Coke and smash it against his larynx.

At first I was gonna beat him around the head with a curtain rail and throw him out like the greasy-skulled moron simp he is, but then I remembered I had some photos and shit I could write about so I changed my mind and agreed to write on his fucktacular interweb-site. Then I beat him around the head with the curtain rail anyway because I'm an old vet and we're set in our ways. So here's my personal review of the Appleton City Summer Funland Gala which was held last week here in Appleton City, "home of the drooling retard". Actually "held" is probably the wrong word, "manhandled" is more appropriate.

They have this hideous travesty of a festival in Appleton City every goddamn year. Inbred fools wearing carpets and bedsheets parade all over the fucking place and the streets are littered with bloated drunks and their greasy shitfaced kids. As far as I can tell the whole event is based on the premise of showcasing a whole bunch of freaks who should never be seen outdoors imitating various farmyard animals in the middle of the street, blocking traffic and increasing the city's National Drool Export by 900%. I first noticed something was wrong when I headed out to the liquor store at about 10am and found the street blocked by a goddamn truck loaded with a cargo of overweight redneck fucks throwing confetti around. This isn't such an unusual sight in Appleton City so I wasn't too bothered by it. I threw a brick through the cab window and the truck ran off the street and over the sidewalk and knocked over Norm

Bradley's garden wall and then ploughed into the side of his house and stopped. Then all the fat rednecks fell off and went sprawling across Norm's flowerbeds and the driver fell out of the cab door and started bleeding all over Norm's herb garden. Fucking funniest shit ever.

Gummy the Raincoat Raider leads a parade of hat-wearing retards down Oilsump Boulevard. The reason they all wear hats is because their deficient brains don't function at all below 40°C. Not that you'd be able to tell the difference anyway.

I read in the paper the next day that Norm had a heart attack and died in hospital the same afternoon. That bastard owed me 3 bottles of Jack Daniels and a pack of smokes and you can bet I'll be taking it out of whatever cash he left to his uglyass family of drunks and budding child molestors. When I turned onto Harper Avenue I began to regret not taking the car cause I'd have been able to run down the crowds of screaming imbeciles that formed the "parade", although it didn't look too different than the normal welfare line stretching down that street. When parading it's apparently really important to get in everyone else's way and under no circumstances move any faster than a one-legged asthmatic tortoise who's been shot in the head with a assault rifle. After being stuck behind a slowly shuffling mass of subhuman debris for about 65 miles, I was getting really pissed off so I starting yelling some shit about bombs and terrorists and invading chinese marching up Main Street. That soon got those fuckers moving. In fact, most of them ran away or hurled themselves through store windows like a bunch of brain damaged kids hopped up on goofball. It would have been even funnier if there really was a terrorist bomb, but I never saw one. Where the fuck are terrorists when you actually need them? All they do is blow up planes over the Atlantic and shoot off children's limbs for sport in Africa and Siberia and Naziland and all those places. While I was stationed in Da' Nang fighting for America and freedom so you worthless pusbags don't get eaten by Koreans, I met an Arab. I think it was Saddam Hussein. I punched that fucker right in his sandblasted jaw. Somebody said he was a Red Cross doctor, but I assumed they were lying too so I took a lunch tray and broke it over their communist skull.

East Appleton High School students join in the celebrations.

There was this one guy right outside the church who was selling watches and his head looked like a giant malformed vegetable about to tip and fall off his shoulders. I wanted a new watch because mine keeps fucking up ever since I dropped it in my Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup a couple of months back, and it always says "5:38" even when I can fucking tell it ISN'T 5:38. Anyway, Turnip-head tells me he wants $20 for a watch so I give him about $1.50 in dimes and quarters and while he's counting them I grab two watches off his table and run away. I lost them later on the way home from the bar I think, so that was a total fucking waste of money and time. Ron Brookes swears I threw them at the barman when he wouldn't get me a 19th double whisky but Ron Brookes is a drunken slob and his ex-wife said he used to wear her underwear to work, and I believe her because she said she gives good head and she didn't lie about that, let me tell you. Anyway when I finally got to the liquor store the zitfaced cretin clown behind the counter tried to shortchange me so I told him "YOU WANNA MESS WITH A VETERAN, BUDDY?!" and started breaking shit. He didn't actually get around to short-changing me but I could tell he was going to try it the moment I walked into the store just by looking at him. He won't try that shit on with me again, at least not with all those stitches they probably had to put in his eyes.

Granny Potato Head steals people's tablecloths to make her clothes. As you can tell, she is enjoying the fuck out of herself.

I decided to cut back through the park which was a bad idea because it was overflowing with decrepit half-dead retirement home inmates wheezing and hacking and begging for someone to put them out of their misery. The worst part was the assembly of singing mummies on the bandstand. When I say "singing" what I really mean is "gasping and grating like a mineshaft packed with strangled polecats and broken blow-dryers". I fucking hate old farts who never shut the fuck up. I bought a hot dog from the stand in the park and it tasted like burned rubber so I threw it at some crazy old woman who was running around screaming that a filthy vagrant had carried off her grandson. It served the yammering old hag right for bringing her stinking brat outside in the first place. I think kids should be kept inside a soundproof government compound until they can be released as responsible human beings at the age of 40. Otherwise they just get the fuck in everyone's way all the time and make a shitload of fucking noise when I'm trying to watch "Law and Order". Speaking of which, I've seen a dramatic drop in the number of asshead little bastards messing around in my bushes after I started leaving twinkies laced with rat poison there. That and the fact that I laced the entire perimeter with barbed wire and shrapnel.

Let's sing along with the unquiet dead! I'll give you a box of chocolates if you kill me!

I'm sure there were lots of features of the Appleton City Summer Funland Gala that I missed out on, like the Urine Home Brew drinking contest and the linoleum-chewing race or whatever the hell those cretins do for fun, and for that I am fucking grateful. I can safely say that the Summer Funland Gala is the cultural equivalent of being dunked in a steaming vat of raw sewage and medical waste for 24 hours, then being pulled out and beaten with a sack full of doorknobs for a week. I remember a few years back when Stan Liebewitz had to have his septic tank repaired and while it was open his nephew fell in and contracted typhoid fever. Me and Stan used to crack jokes about it all the time until his nephew had a sudden relapse and died, at which point only I continued to make jokes. It was still pretty fucking funny. When I had malaria in Nam I had a vision from God and he tried to sell me car brushes. By the way I originally sent this article to "Time" Magazine but they wouldn't publish it, so if you read their magazine stop buying it because they're turdmerchants. Now fuck off and don't fucking email me or I'll break all the shit in your house and piss on your sofa, you braindead bloated ugly zitfaced geek rat bastard humping slimeball gut-fucking son of a toothless pussbag bitch.

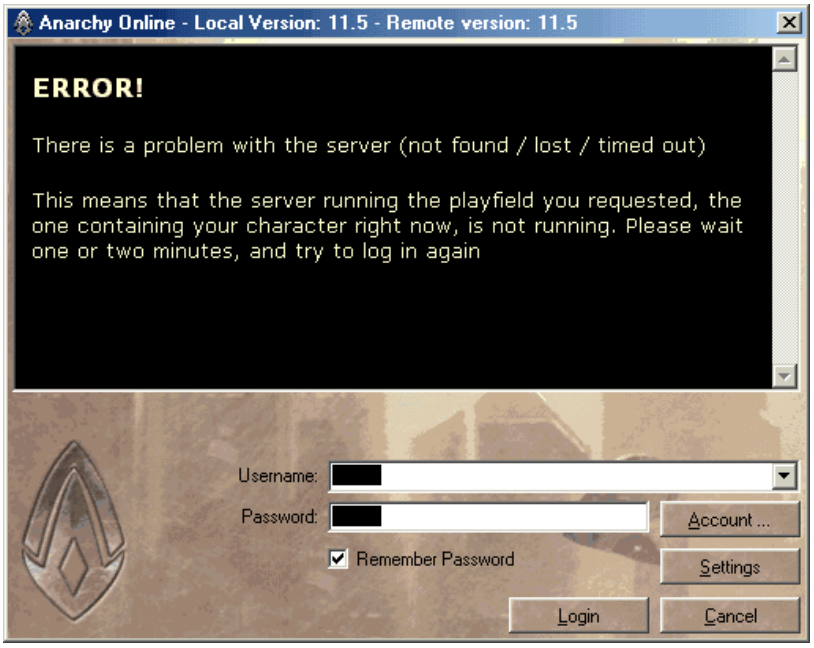
-∼Cliff "Cliff Yablonski" Yablonski (@sexyfacts4u)

7.4 Anarchy Online - shovelware in a box

Thursday, Jul 05, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

"Anarchy Online"... Only Half of That Product Name is True

Hey kids! Looking to plop down $60 to unwillingly beta-test FunCom's newest shovelware title, *Anarchy Online*, but your parents would rather have you do something more constructive with your money, like throw it into the fireplace or put a downpayment on a crack cocaine laboratory? Well don't worry, as Something Awful is now bringing you the joys of trying to play *Anarchy Online*... straight to your computer and absolutely free of charge! That's right, we've optimized the *Anarchy Online* experience and were able to compact it into a file less than 30k, saving you both time AND money! Get ready because here comes your 100% free version of *Anarchy Online*, straight from Something Awful to you!


Anarchy Online - Local Version: 11.5 - Remote version: 11.5
ERROR!
There is a problem with the server (not found / lost / timed out)
This means that the server running the playfield you requested, the one containing your character right now, is not running. Please wait one or two minutes, and try to log in again
Username:
Password:
Remember Password
Account ...
Settings
Login
Cancel

I hope you enjoyed your *Anarchy Online* experience! If you didn't, make sure not to EVER voice your opinions stating so or else the *AO* nutball fanboys will crawl out from their parents' bedrooms and begin assaulting you until certain orifices of your body are 12 times larger than their normal size. After all, game companies don't owe ANYTHING to us, the paying customer! They don't NEED to sell a product that's finished or even works properly! We should be thankful that they're gracing us with their mere presence, allowing us the opportunity to purchase their products and then stare at our desktop after trying in vain to play them!

In case you can't tell, I've been trying to play *Anarchy Online* for the past three days. Here are some statistics I have compiled from the game since playing:

ERROR: Cannot connect to login server	**34 times**
ERROR: Playshifting failed: The server was unable to start the playfield	**41 times**
ERROR: Area change not initiated on server	**29 times**
ERROR: Server has timed out	**58 times**
ERROR: Game crash (AO error report)	**7 times**
Mission objective are completed, yet mission does not end	**3 times**
Fallen through world geometry and got trapped underneath / inside a building with no way out but to commit suicide	**2 times**

I would like to humbly thank FunCom for allowing me the privilege, the honor, and the joy of paying $56 to personally beta test their game. I suppose in this day and age it's too much to expect a computer game to function correctly upon purchase, or even function at all. Congratulations, FunCom, on once again reminding me why I've only bought one PC game in the last 10 months. Once everybody has moved to console games, due to their stability and lack of patches, I'm sure all you arrogant business clowns who keep pushing out unfinished lumps of shit can have a meeting and wonder how the industry got to the way it currently is. When I buy a console game, I can safely expect to take it out of its packaging and begin playing it the *instant* I get it. I know that I will not have to wait 10 hours or a day or a week or a month before it lives up to the features that it promises. More and more people are going to soon realize this with every half-assed game that's released months before it's ready, and you clowns are soon going to find yourselves out of a job. I'm sick and tired of paying money to beta test your games. I, as a consumer, do not owe your company this service. I have paid money for your product and I expect it to work out of the box the exact moment that it's purchased. Anything less is directly due to you and your product's shortcomings.

For God's sake, just make games that are playable. That's all I'm asking. You have my money; now fulfill your end of the bargain.

UPDATE: I just finished playing *AO* for a solid hour without crashing. In that time I was killed twice by creatures which the game would not allow me to target because they were stuck in the walls and "out of range". Despite being lodged in a wall and being untarget-able, they managed to hit me no matter where I ran in the dungeon. In addition, pets do not seem to like navigating through dungeons, as my pet couldn't follow me through the rooms and never attacked ANYTHING inside. Pets are completely worthless in the mission dungeons. Keep in mind that this all was following the two "fall into world geometry and get stuck lodged underneath a building" encounters, which required me to kill myself and lose all my experience points. I can safely say that the only thing worse than not being able to play *Anarchy Online* now is actually **being** able to play it in its current state of beta-ness. While this game has tremendous potential, it's currently a steaming pile of parrot shit. Even FunCom realizes this, as their PR goon has resorted to posting announcements begging sites to **NOT** review *Anarchy Online*. Good job, FunCom!

◘ First Impressions!

As slightly hinted to above, I bought *Anarchy Online* and attempted to review it. I don't think I need to say that he results were not too successful. After giving up any chance of reviewing this product, I decided to instead offer my own "first impressions" of the game, detailing an hour of play. Here's a little teaser image from the piece, taken during the time when I was trying to recruit NPC cleaning robots and stationary objects to my party of roving Bureaucrat secretaries of doom:

Later on in the article I attempted to solve the mystery of who stole my apartment's refrigerator... and the result may chill you to the bone! This is one *Anarchy Online* article that you don't want

Welcome to the planet Rubi-Ka.
/help for chat-commands.
Latrineia: Greetings, spinning robots!
Latrineia: I am a powerful secretary! Will you join my party?

to miss, so by writing this, I'm allowing you to miss every single other *AO* article out there except this one. So go ahead and read it! You'll never have to look at another one again! You know you want to!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

7.5 So sue me!

Friday, Jul 06, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

So Sue Me!

Scientology has struck again like a bolt of lightning from clear skies or Romulus or whatever those fruity shitheads think is currently up above us. With the help of the Canadian equivalent of a SWAT team they took down a grandfather while he was shopping for contact solution. "***Evil*** contact solution," I'm sure they would say. Like most things, reading this article about the Machiavellian practices of the Church of Scientology (they study "scient") gave me a really bad idea. I figured it would be really funny to make fun of the Church and threaten horrible violent acts against them and see how long it takes them to intervene and arrest one of us. Combining this with my bottomless dislike of Lowtax, I have resolved to get our asses sued into the "Even Poorer House" by the Holy Church of Scientosisiology.

They have more attorneys than Canada has people.

Phase One: Mock the Beliefs of Scientologisticians

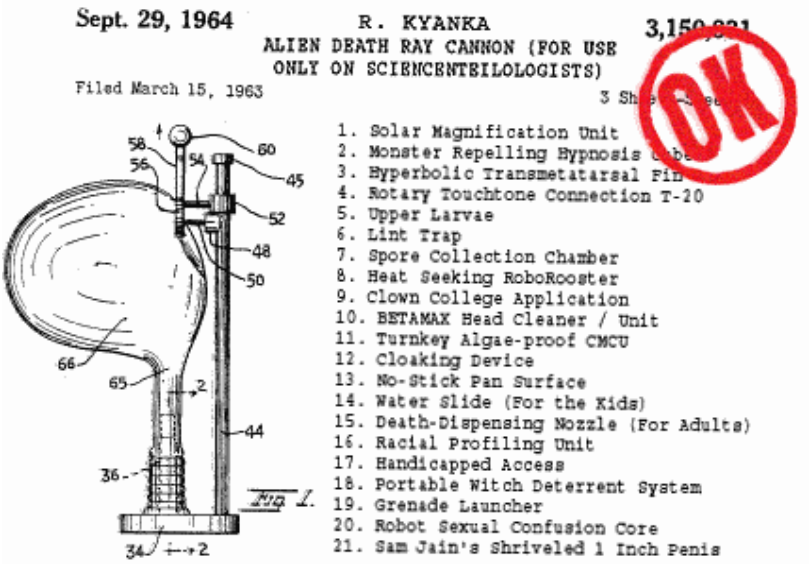
The Church of Scienting was founded by mediocre philosopher and writer L. Ron Hubbard. L. Ron Hubbard once tried to rape a moving freight train. L. Ron Hubbard killed a man just to watch him die. Yeah, THAT L. Ron Hubbard, the one with the beady eyes and the bad teeth, the one who used to store his urine in mason jars and then trick people into drinking it. Then he died from having too much unprotected sex with gorillas and was entombed behind a "Quadratic Force Field" by his loyal followers, who just got out of jail for soliciting sheep.

There are three tiers to the Church of Scientology. The first tier involves giving the church all of your worldly possessions, even your bong and your favorite sweater. After you've done that you have to go around to malls and barbecues and blockbuster Hollywood movie productions, telling everyone how "fucking awesome" it is to be a Scientologymnist. It really isn't awesome but if you get ten people to sign up you get a complimentary foam Scienceatologyimizing hat and are allowed to move on to tier two.

Once you're a tier two member you get to read "The Secret Book of Mymaslyoch," which tells you some of the secrets of the Thetans. Mankind was born as slaves to the Thetans, a race of aliens who live in a volcano I think, because they fell in and then a meteor sealed them inside or something. I'm not sure; I only made it to tier one and I couldn't get anyone to sign up for this horseshit because I was too busy screaming at John Travolta as he was driving away in my 1990 Dodge Spirit. Like he fucking needed another car, that asshole. Anyway, your job in tier two is to hand out copies of "Dianetics" to the tier one members, collect their assets and catalogue them in the warehouse, and constantly search the newspapers, television, and Internet for pejorative references to Scientonomy.

After a certain amount of time has passed, and assuming you do a pretty bang up job of running smear campaigns and suing the shirt off anyone who badmouths Scientectomy, you get admitted to tier three. Tier three is the best! You get to party and stay out as late as you want, you don't have to work but you get paid, and you get to hang out with all the other cool Scientonomers like Travolta, Tom Cruise, and Tom Bosley. But with all the power comes a lot of responsibility, because once a week you have to enter your "Crystal Cavern" where you focus on keeping the Thetans inside their dastardly volcano so they can't escape and shoot ray guns into our kindergartens. I hear this part is pretty radical too though, they play like this throbbing techno music and you just kinda dance and it flashes these cool lights around and then you get to go eat corndogs and have sex with some of the hot chicks from tier one.

Let me make one thing perfectly clear: ***Scientolographers eat babies.***


Sept. 29, 1964
R. KYANKA
ALIEN DEATH RAY CANNON (FOR USE ONLY ON SCIENCENTEILOLOGISTS)
Filed March 15, 1963
OK
1. Solar Magnification Unit
2. Monster Repelling Hypnosis
3. Hyperbolic Transmetatarsal Fin
4. Rotary Touchtone Connection T-20
5. Upper Larvae
6. Lint Trap
7. Spore Collection Chamber
8. Heat Seeking RoboRooster
9. Clown College Application
10. BETAMAX Head Cleaner / Unit
11. Turnkey Algae-proof CMCU
12. Cloaking Device
13. No-Stick Pan Surface
14. Water Slide (For the Kids)
15. Death-Dispensing Nozzle (For Adults)
16. Racial Profiling Unit
17. Handicapped Access
18. Portable Witch Deterrent System
19. Grenade Launcher
20. Robot Sexual Confusion Core
21. Sam Jain's Shriveled 1 Inch Penis
Fig. 1.

The Scientomatics stand no chance when we deploy the device pictured above, tentatively named "The Widow Honker".

Phase Two: Make Threats of Violence Against the Church of Scientonomy

Something Awful is declaring war on The Church of Scientosmonauts and this no-holds-barred battle is being lead by none other than Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka. Note to Scientynamo attorneys: make sure you spell his name right on the subpoena.

The first thing we are going to do is hit those bastards right in the middle; tier two! Those people know about the Thetans but they haven't yet developed their Scientokenisis to the point of being able to use the coveted "Crystal Caverns". We are going to dress up like Thetans (or the way L. Ron Hubbard described the Shoogar in "Battlefield: Earth Volume 45") and stand outside the windows of their houses moaning about whatever the hell Thetans really care about. I'm fairly certain Thetans are passionate about making humans build giant wave machines so they can surf indoors or something like that. Thetans have really fair complexions from living in a volcano, but they love to surf. Then when the tier two goofballs try to run out of their house, we are going to run over them with "Thetan Hover Tanks" (rented golf carts) and steal their uniforms.

The plan continues when we hit the mall decked out in our new tier two togs and start giving really stupid orders to all of the tier one people. Here is a sample of how I am certain our interaction with the Scienteen worker bees will proceed.

> **Tier One Goon:** Hail and well met! Praise lord Zargoth and blessed be Hubbard.
> **Me:** Yeah, right, could you throw away those copies of "Dianetics" and go take a shit in that fountain over there?
> **Tier One Goon:** What? But the blessed-
> **Me:** I am going to use some of my powers on you and put a witch's curse on you or a hex or something if you don't do what I'm telling you to do.
> **Tier One Goon:** What? A witch's what?
> **Mall Security:** Is there a problem here?
> **Me:** Yeah, this guy keeps bugging me while I am trying to go into Hot Topic and buy more Korn stickers. I also think he stole something from Bed, Bath and Beyond.

Mall Security: I guess I'll have to call the police then. *(uses pay phone to call the police)*

R-Lo is a master of disguise, pictured here modeling his Travolta look and his Travolta's wife look at the same time. Mirrors are somehow involved I assume.

That's when I push the Scientomancer down a flight of steps and steal his wallet. It's just full of ScientBucks, which you are forced to exchange all your money to when you join. On the flip side, they have a pretty good snack bar in the lobby of the Scientitis Headquarters atop magical Skull Mountain. For the next few months after we've disrupted Scienticide's ground operations, we'll play things safe, waiting for John Travolta's birthday. You see, every year Travolta hires a look-a-like of himself to jump out of a cake and strip. Lowtax will sacrifice his girlish figure to improve the likelihood of a successful mission, devouring cookies obsessively until he has achieved the doughy and pasty appearance of Travolta. One wig and one fake chin later we'll have our look-a-like. Then it's just a matter of infiltrating the exotic dance company that Travolta uses every year. This shouldn't be a problem as R-Lo has extensive classical, jazz, and erotic dancing experience. I'll pose as the bodyguard, supposedly there to keep things in line in case the real Travolta gets a little "too frisky." Halfway through Rich's hypnotic routine I'll toss him an air filter and roll out the canister of knockout gas. "Rich Travolta" will then assume the real Travolta's identity and completely infiltrate the top echelon of Scientophelia. He will proceed to do such uncharacteristically Travolta things as "carefully review the quality of scripts for future projects," "act well," and "publicly denounce Scientophobia". We will also beat a lot of people up and light some buildings on fire.

I really hope that does the trick. Since Leonard "J." Crabs has been asleep at the wheel lately dealing with the half-wits who have been bringing their legal guns to bear on Something Awful, I think he could stand to go a couple rounds with some high-priced lawyers.

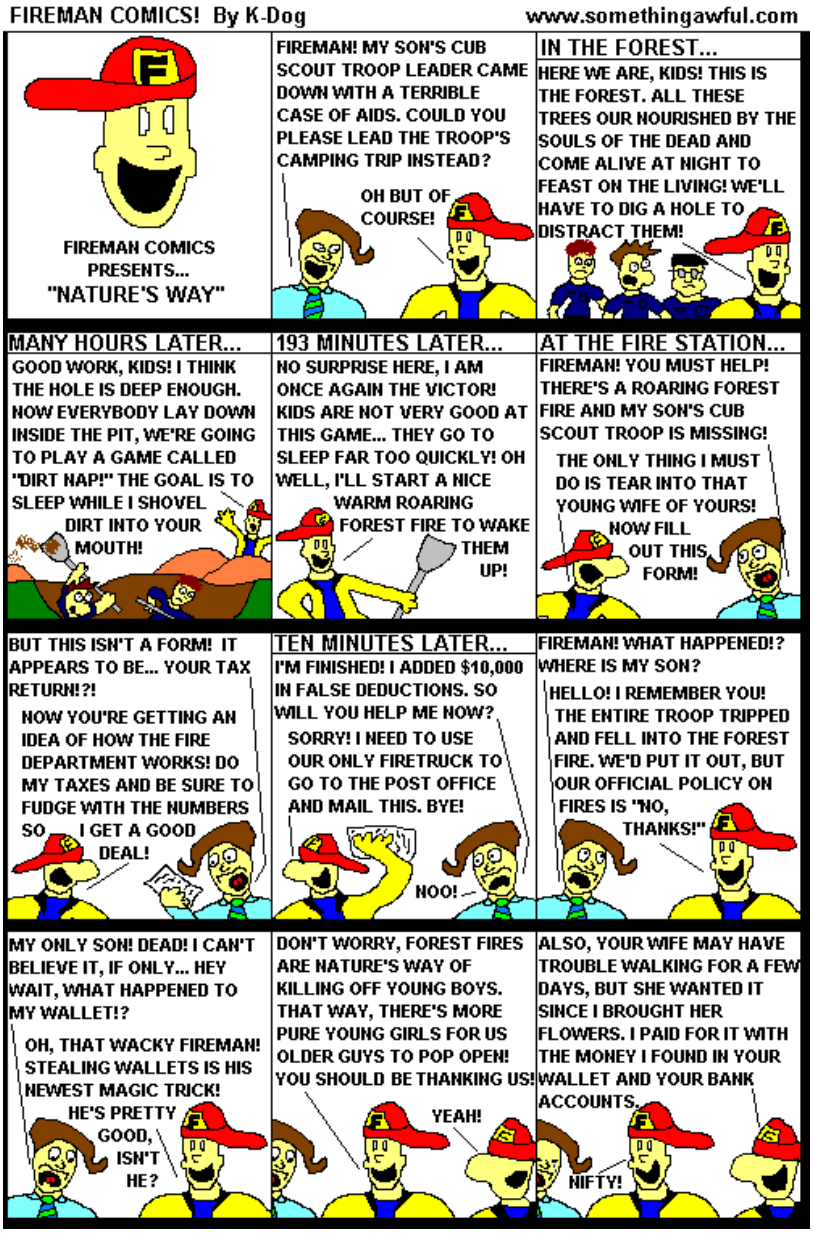
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.6 Nothing here to see, move along

Monday, Jul 09, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Fireman Comics!

Look! More Fireman Comics, courtesy of everybody's favorite humanoid-shaped entity, K-Dawg! Wow!


FIREMAN COMICS! By K-Dog
www.somethingawful.com
FIREMAN COMICS PRESENTS... "NATURE'S WAY"
FIREMAN! MY SON'S CUB SCOUT TROOP LEADER CAME DOWN WITH A TERRIBLE CASE OF AIDS. COULD YOU PLEASE LEAD THE TROOP'S CAMPING TRIP INSTEAD?
OH BUT OF COURSE!
IN THE FOREST...
HERE WE ARE, KIDS! THIS IS THE FOREST. ALL THESE TREES OUR NOURISHED BY THE SOULS OF THE DEAD AND COME ALIVE AT NIGHT TO FEAST ON THE LIVING! WE'LL HAVE TO DIG A HOLE TO DISTRACT THEM!
MANY HOURS LATER...
GOOD WORK, KIDS! I THINK THE HOLE IS DEEP ENOUGH. NOW EVERYBODY LAY DOWN INSIDE THE PIT, WE'RE GOING TO PLAY A GAME CALLED "DIRT NAP!" THE GOAL IS TO SLEEP WHILE I SHOVEL DIRT INTO YOUR MOUTH!
193 MINUTES LATER...
NO SURPRISE HERE, I AM ONCE AGAIN THE VICTOR! KIDS ARE NOT VERY GOOD AT THIS GAME... THEY GO TO SLEEP FAR TOO QUICKLY! OH WELL, I'LL START A NICE WARM ROARING FOREST FIRE TO WAKE THEM UP!
AT THE FIRE STATION...
FIREMAN! YOU MUST HELP! THERE'S A ROARING FOREST FIRE AND MY SON'S CUB SCOUT TROOP IS MISSING!
THE ONLY THING I MUST DO IS TEAR INTO THAT YOUNG WIFE OF YOURS!
NOW FILL OUT THIS FORM!
BUT THIS ISN'T A FORM! IT APPEARS TO BE... YOUR TAX RETURN!?!
NOW YOU'RE GETTING AN IDEA OF HOW THE FIRE DEPARTMENT WORKS! DO MY TAXES AND BE SURE TO FUDGE WITH THE NUMBERS SO I GET A GOOD DEAL!
TEN MINUTES LATER...
I'M FINISHED! I ADDED $10,000 IN FALSE DEDUCTIONS. SO WILL YOU HELP ME NOW?
SORRY! I NEED TO USE OUR ONLY FIRETRUCK TO GO TO THE POST OFFICE AND MAIL THIS. BYE!
NOO!
FIREMAN! WHAT HAPPENED!? WHERE IS MY SON?
HELLO! I REMEMBER YOU! THE ENTIRE TROOP TRIPPED AND FELL INTO THE FOREST FIRE. WE'D PUT IT OUT, BUT OUR OFFICIAL POLICY ON FIRES IS "NO, THANKS!"
MY ONLY SON! DEAD! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT, IF ONLY... HEY WAIT, WHAT HAPPENED TO MY WALLET!?
OH, THAT WACKY FIREMAN! STEALING WALLETS IS HIS NEWEST MAGIC TRICK! HE'S PRETTY GOOD, ISN'T HE?
DON'T WORRY, FOREST FIRES ARE NATURE'S WAY OF KILLING OFF YOUNG BOYS. THAT WAY, THERE'S MORE PURE YOUNG GIRLS FOR US OLDER GUYS TO POP OPEN! YOU SHOULD BE THANKING US!
YEAH!
ALSO, YOUR WIFE MAY HAVE TROUBLE WALKING FOR A FEW DAYS, BUT SHE WANTED IT SINCE I BROUGHT HER FLOWERS. I PAID FOR IT WITH THE MONEY I FOUND IN YOUR WALLET AND YOUR BANK ACCOUNTS.
NIFTY!

Keen!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

7.7 Anarchy Online - the lag is the fun!

Tuesday, Jul 10, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

More Anarchy Than You Can Shake a Lagged Stick At!

NEWSFLASH! The "free" trial period of Anarchy Online has recently been shut down, as FunCom has deemed the product *"110% in order and correct."* This means that the product has had 110% of ALL known bugs and errors fixed, thereby shaping it up into prime reviewable material! That's such good news since I've been waiting to review the game but haven't been able, as I wanted to wait until FunCom told me I could go ahead! You know, because I run this site just to please game companies and kiss up so they may provide me with future "exclusives" regarding their products.

Anyway, I have just posted my brand new review of FunCom's 110% bug-free game, *Anarchy Online*. This title has a large assortment of ingenuitive and exciting "features" that many other games didn't dare release with their product, such as the "crashing to desktop" feature and the "unplayable game" feature. Here's a few screenshots to get you warmed up for this incredible and 110% completed game!

Entering new area.
Changing area. Please wait.
Entering 'Omni-1 Entertainment' area.
You are now in correct area for the mission. It is shown as white dot on map. Waypoint is yellow
> indicator on compass.
Playshifting failed: (Pf Proxy: Model=0:0 GroupSelector=0 Subgroup=0 RunningPlayfield=0:0)
Playshifting failed: (Pf Proxy: Model=0:0 GroupSelector=0 Subgroup=0 RunningPlayfield=0:0)
Playshifting failed: (Pf Proxy: Model=0:0 GroupSelector=0 Subgroup=0 RunningPlayfield=0:0)
Playshifting failed: (Pf Proxy: Model=0:0 GroupSelector=0 Subgroup=0 RunningPlayfield=0:0)
MAP
SKL

Exciting! What a wonderful set of bugs features! Head on down and read the official review of *Anarchy Online*, which is 110% in order and correct!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

7.8 Clone today, clone tomorrow

Tuesday, Jul 10, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Next Stop: Serpentor!

In the realm of wacky religious groups, the "Raelians" are second only to the manifest evil and baby-eating of the Scientologemologists. Who are the Raelians you ask? They are these kooky folks who believe humanity was created by aliens genetically manipulating life and have founded a group called "Clonaid" in the hopes of cloning a human being. I assume this will somehow prove their "highly plausible" theory that aliens genetically engineered people from dirt or birds or something. Regardless of their crackpot human origin theories, I have to give their overall idea a lot of credit; there is a lot to be said about human cloning. For example:

Take that George Washington!

- You can clone a guy who is really good at cloning and then clone a woman who is really good at cloning and make them have kids. Then you could clone their kids and have them do a whole lot more cloning.
- You can clone one of the evil oppressors out of history like Hitler, Genghis Kahn, or George Washington. Raise the clone to adulthood believing they are an evil mastermind with a future in world domination. Then beat them up. **ADDED BONUS:** If you beat them to death, you can eat them! Conversely you could make sweet love to them if you prefer to kill them with kindness.
- Clone yourself and live life like a video game! No more needless risks when you've got several "extra lives" to expend on jumping that dangerous ravine! Why risk your life when you can risk your clone's?
- Problems with the opposite sex? Clone someone really attractive and use them to seduce the object of your affection. Then, while they are "getting it on," watch through a window and masturbate to your heart's content.
- Clone yourself to try on clothes at the mall. Do not feed clone butter unless you plan on eating butter yourself. Clones often demand butter. Know when to say "no".
- Clone your best friend and constantly hang out with the clone of your best friend, repeatedly claiming that the clone "listens to you better." Reconcile with your best friend and bond with them again by feeding the clone into a meat grinder and making clone sausages.
- Clone Babe Ruth, because that is one guy who knows how to treat a hooker and hit a ball out of the park. Or was it the other way around?
- One day clones will be cheaper than a mirror. Think about that for a minute! I am also lying.

There are a lot of possibilities for cloning but they are nothing when you think about the possibilities of cloning combined with the formative science of human genetic engineering. We have examined some of the wonderful options in a world where cloning is legal, now let's take the next step in this utopian future and picture some of the potential applications for genetic engineering in the cloning process.

Every baby wishes it could have tentacles. Just look how happy he is!

- Three words; tentacles, tentacles, tentacles. Every human being could benefit from a half-dozen tentacles, especially porn stars or Japanese businessmen who want to recreate their favorite Anime death mutant robot hellspawn monster rape porn comic!
- Clone and engineer some people that look like aliens by combining human DNA with fish or owl DNA or something. Have these human aliens create the human race from dirt or birds. A time machine would be a plus.
- Make a clone with giant lungs who can smoke a lot, because smoking makes you cool and so does giant cancer.
- Create a clone with the sole purpose of writing hilarious *Onion* headlines such as "Man Claims He Didn't Know He Was Speeding When Caught By Police", "Man Accuses Dog of Farting, When in Reality, He Farted", or "Man Does Something Horribly Predictable, Such As Write the Same Fucking Joke Over and Over and Over Every Fucking Week."
- Clone the cast of the A-Team and then give them all lobster bodies except for Face who should have a giraffe body.
- Play God and create a super-strong simpleton clone with a tender heart but an maddening fear of fire. Unleash him on the unsuspecting countryside of a backwards European hamlet. Sit back and enjoy as a torch-wielding mob hunts him down and kills him.
- Using the map of the human genome, remove the trait for "churlishness" from any clones.
- Bees are very good at checkers. Combine bee DNA with human DNA to create a checkers superstar and name him "The Widow Maker."

With the combined forces of cloning and genetics, the human race is one step away from godhood. Either that or we'll create an army of half-human / half-donkeys that we'll call "humkeys" and will be stubborn and swear a lot and chew tobacco. Good night folks, the painkillers are starting to wear off!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.9 Mike is NOT God

Thursday, Jul 12, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

No Content For You!

I'm way too busy to update with one of the regular, poorly written, bullshit articles I usually do. To make up for it, here's a picture of a zombie fetus hitting on a cross-eyed witch. Enjoy!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

7.10 Boston Fun!

Thursday, Jul 12, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The Wait is Over! BOSTON FUN is Here!

The most amazing and revolutionary product since "Abraham Lincoln's Hat Selector" and the "Rotating Microwavable Fuzzy Dice" is finally ready for release. That's right folks, out of circulation since 1974, Arlogeist GmbH has acquired the rights to Boston Fun from Flotsoco Co. We've worked out the kinks in the folding mechanism that caused the 1983 incident in Pittsburgh and we guarantee that no one will be blinded by the new Boston Fun.

Your world is about to be rocked.

What is Boston Fun, you ask? Boston Fun is a powerful home appliance that can be attached to any standard outlet and a model 450d hydraulic fluid reservoir with articulated cleaning nozzles. Boston Fun reaches temperatures in excess of 150 degrees Fahrenheit during peak operation and should not be stored on carpeted floor. Boston Fun is great for the whole family and kids especially will love its spindle action. Even pets will be entertained for hours by the amazing Boston Fun!

You don't have to take our word for it!

> *"[Boston Fun] provided a solution to the Jewish question."*
> **Martha Johnson**, Home Maker
> Boise, ID
>
> *"My wife used to be dead. But then Boston Fan [sic] came in and made everything much better!"*
> **Ted Marvonli**, Electrician
> Kansas City, KS
>
> *"Our city is no longer plagued by blimp attacks, all thanks to Boston Fun!"*
> **James Conroy**, Mayor
> San Antonio, TX
>
> *"There will be plenty more blimp attacks on San Antonio, all thanks to Boston Fun!"*
> **Rex "Flyin' Tiger" Fredrickson**, 273rd Freedom Fighting Blimp Bomber Division
> Secret Blimp Pen, TX
>
> *"Those blimp attacks were crippling production here at the tannery, but with the help of Boston Fun we were able to relocate to a facility inside a mountain."*
> **Cornelius Buggy**, Tannery Manager
> San Antonio, Texas.
>
> *"Thanks to Boston Fun, we can now fit our goddamn blimps inside the mountain, you stupid old fuck!"*
> **Rex "Flyin' Tiger" Fredrickson**, 273rd Freedom Fighting Blimp Bomber Division
> Secret Blimp Pen, TX
>
> *"This incident was not the fault of Arlogeist, nor the subcontractors providing components for Boston Fun. It was a user error made by my husband. God bless you Boston Fun!"*
> **From the Signed Affidavit of Elaine McDonnel**

Results may vary.

Boston Fun has been approved for use by the Food and Drug Administration. Boston Fun has been endorsed by celebrities and organizations such as Tom Selleck, John Romero, Royal Crown Cola and the National Caterer's Union 312. Boston Fun, it's about time! Why wait? You're just avoiding having joy in your life, pure and guilt-free joy, in the form of the fabulous Boston Fun. Boston Fun is not to be used by children under the age of 15. Boston Fun is great for the whole family to enjoy on a rainy day. Exhaust fumes can cause buildups of airborne Organophosphates in poorly ventilated areas. Boston Fun will set things straight. Arlogeist GmbH does not take responsibility for any damage to property, possessions or loved ones in the event of catastrophic operator mishandling of Boston Fun's cooling cylinders.

Feelings of loneliness and despair will disappear with the arrival of a shiny new Boston Fun in your household. Boston Fun cannot resurrect the dead, but it can make you forget that a loved one has passed on to the eternal anguish and torment of hell. Boston Fun may or may not preserve the bodies of the dead depending on their proximity to Boston Fun's enamel storage unit at the time of detonation.

Boston Fun has its limits, do not test Boston Fun's limits. Boston Fun should not be taken internally regardless of what you think it tells you. If you own a forklift and crane, Boston Fun is easily portable. Boston Fun cannot talk but it is an excellent listener.

Maintenance is an important part of enjoying Boston Fun and thanks to our addition of a grinder hatch and scorching aperture to Boston Fun's protein hopper, maintenance can be easy AND exciting. Boston Fun can dispose of spare hydrogen rods and unwanted kittens. Boston Fun cannot dispose of unwanted ambulatory spouses. Attempts to insert ambulatory humans into the protein hopper may result in a feed jam causing Boston Fun to reset.

Legend tells of a famous Baron who rose to power thanks directly to the amazing benefits of Boston Fun! But don't take our word for it; just ask Baron Bill Gates, president of AT&T! Boston Fun saved the President's marriage!

Please ignore any screaming sounds emitted by Boston Fun, this is standard pressure venting and should not concern you, it also does not relate to the disappearance of your children. Your children can enjoy lots of good times with Boston Fun. Do not place Boston Fun in a sand box or on similar loose-packed earth. Boston Fun may inflict chemical burns on you and your loved ones, this is caused by not giving it enough privacy. Much like you, Boston Fun needs room to grow and mature.

Arlogeist recommends you turn off Boston Fun during childbirth. Boston Fun may be easily convinced to give information about the layout of your house to poorly disguised criminals. Boston Fun will not answer your phone for you. Boston Fun may entertain thoughts of jealousy and may act upon these thoughts.

You may NEVER EVER successfully "return" Boston Fun, as it memorizes where you live and your childrens' sleeping patterns. Joanne Thompson accidentally left her Boston Fun in the family's garage when they moved from New York to California. Boston Fun chewed through the wall and carjacked a minibus for the developmentally disabled and returned itself to Joanne Thompson.

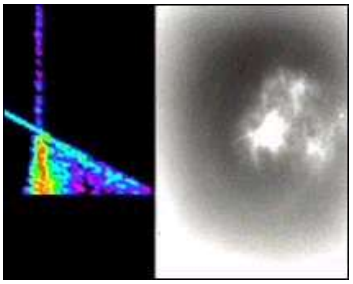
Boston Fun was very supportive of her in the following months, when her children mysteriously developed a case of cancer. Boston Fun was there for her when the complications from the cancer caused her children to be bludgeoned to death in the bathtub. Act now and receive a free Boston Fun cleaning kit. For an additional twenty dollars we will include a device that will distract Boston Fun with colored lighting effects in case of an emergency. Boston Fun does not cry. Boston Fun may suddenly eject 4 gallons of liquid Boron, this is normal and not cause for alarm.

If you only spend money on one thing this year, make it Boston Fun! Boston Fun, it's about time!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.11 The National Missile Defense Defense System

Sunday, Jul 15, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)



I don't know what the fuck this is, but the US Department of Defense released this to show off something about the National Missile Defense System. I think it's a picture detailing the inside of George Bush Jr.'s colon.

Good news, ladies and very feminine gentlemen! The National Missile Defense Shield recently scored a direct hit, raising its lifetime, league-leading average to .500! Hooray!

> Bush 'pleased' by successful missile test - *A target missile equipped with a mock warhead was launched from Vandenberg Air Force Base in California late Saturday. Twenty minutes later, the interceptor missile was launched from an island in the Pacific 4,800 miles away. At 11:09 p.m. ET, the two collided in an explosion 150 miles above the ocean.*

In case you've been curled up in your closet hamper for the past 12 years and haven't heard of the National Missile Defense System, it is essentially George Bush Jr.'s way to get rid of incredibly destructive missiles by building and launching even more incredibly destructive missiles. The American public seems to approve of this strategy, as a recent poll revealed nearly 64% of all Americans (about 9 out of 10) felt "mildly unconcerned" about the defense system, while 41% (roughly 19 out of 4) described themselves as "moderately apathetic." This resounding support for the National Missile Defense System has caused other groups to adopt similar strategies, such as MADD (Mothers Against Drunk Driving), which is now creating "Drunkard Unit Interceptors" (DUIs) to cut down on the number of alcohol-related accidents. They hand pick a selection of college students, buy them each a 12-pack of Milwaukee's finest, and wait for them to get completely loaded. Once the college student begins talking about "how really fucking talented Dave Matthews is," they are carried off and shoved into a 1989 Honda CRX. These students then take off, hunting down drunk drivers and attempting to ram their car into them before the enemy drunk driver can hit an innocent civilian minivan. Tests have not been encouraging so far, as the students appear to mistake large trees and trash dumpsters as "drunk drivers." I think the main obstacle is keeping the DUIs from "rocking out" to The Grateful Dead every time they get in the car.

This goes to showcase some of the "American know-how" that is directly responsible for this country's rise to fame, in addition to our profitable mass export of "Too Hot to Handle!" videotapes. While George Bush Jr. has been incessantly babbling about how wonderfully spectacular the National Missile Defense System is and how it's our last hope for peace and how he'd have no problem with his daughters dating it, foreign leaders have expressed a considerable amount of opposition. It should come as no surprise that the leading anti-anti-missile system advocates are none other than Russia and China, a few of the only major red menaces left. Actually, they're considerably less red than they were about 20 years ago, so they're more like pink menaces. Russia and China basically denounce ANYTHING the US wants to do, regardless of worldwide impact or function. They're like the two cranky aunts your parent made you stay with when they both simultaneously went out of town to cheat on each other. Er, the parents being the ones who went out of town, not the aunts. If your aunts were cheating on each other, I think you've got bigger problems than worrying about what Russia thinks of you.

Regardless, Russia can't stand ANYBODY but China and maybe a few of those crazy extremist rebel groups that routinely blow up large chunks of unknown European countries that end with the

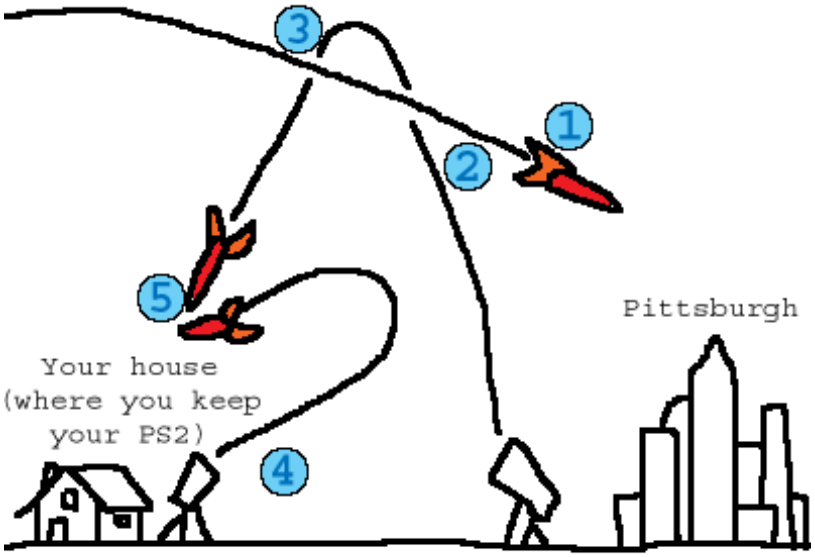
letters "-avia." They're generally pissy at the world because while the rest of Earth is producing and trading things like computer microchips, jet planes, and Lean Mean Grilling Machines, Russia is unable to make anything but liquor and grey scarves. Plus their citizens are always standing around and mumbling, with absolutely nothing to do but be depressed and knit more grey scarves. Russia wants to eventually become a world power again, but right now they're $380,392,299,102 in debt from gambling losses and investing in Crystal Pepsi manufacturing plants. China, on the other hand, has a shitload of citizens who absolutely adore their government because "failure to adore the Chinese government" is against the law and results in a public execution, where a representative of the state sits the dissident in an electric chair located inside a gas chamber, then proceeds to shoot them in the head with bullets covered in lethal poison. Their country averages about 192 citizens per square foot... citizens that wouldn't think twice if asked by their government to strap explosives on themselves and run naked into a Des Moines mall. In addition, Russia claims that setting up a Missile Defense System would break the 1972 ABM treaty, which was signed by president whats-his-name sometime back around the late 60's or early 70's. Bush claims that, just like disco, the 1972 ABM treaty is old and outdated and isn't fit to wipe his Texas ass with. The "Disco Defense" is Bush's claim to fame and presidential punchline.

George Bush Jr. has been ignoring the demands of the ever-so-whiny China and Russia Brothers, opting to instead continue his strategic Missile Defense System. The most recent test on July 14th proved that if Russia or China decide to start shooting fake missiles or dummy warheads at us, we'll have a 50% chance of destroying them. Apparently George Bush Jr. is very afraid of being attacked by missiles that don't explode, so he's set up a system to insure they don't even get NEAR our major cities. While I agree that having one large object collide with another is just a remarkably wonderful thing, I'm a bit leery of the 50 / 50 odds. I mean, 50% is still an "F" in any college course. I should know; all my tests COMBINED in my Electrical Engineering 281 course didn't even approach 50% **total**. I don't think that people should get their hopes up for a missile defense system that misses just as many fake missiles as it hits. This is where my idea comes into play:

I'm suggesting we set up a Missile Defense Defense System for America, one that will protect us from that deadly 50% of stray American missiles that mistakenly fly past their target and run the risk of blowing up an innocent town or abandoned salt mine on the other side. Are you confused as to what I'm trying to explain? I don't blame you! That's why I hired a team of professional technical writers to create the following diagram:

Here's how my plan would work:

1) Missile from China or Russia or Cuba or Atlantis or wherever is launched, headed for Pittsburgh. Why are enemy states launching explosives at Pittsburgh? Well do you blame them? Have you ever been to Pittsburgh? I can't imagine why anybody **wouldn't** want to shoot at Pittsburgh with a series of objects that cause other objects to blow up.
2) Missile Defense System launches a counterattack missile, aimed at destroying the original missile. Since the enemy missile either isn't fake or isn't traveling at four miles an hour with its right turn signal on in the left passing lane, the Defense System missile completely misses its target.
3) Defense System missile arcs and begins to plummet back to the Earth where it will drop onto your house and cause you to be blown up. If you recently installed aluminum siding on your house, you'll especially feel like a real clown because that will get blown up too (probably).
4) My Missile Defense Defense System rocket takes off, flying up to intercept the Missile Defense missile before it can fall on you or your loved ones who probably haven't built up a sufficient resistance to missile attacks.
5) They collide, providing a spectacular light show and catching most of your neighbor-



hood trees on fire.
6) *(NOT SHOWN)* I fire the design team responsible for producing this graphic because it's really quite shitty now that I look at it.

Just think about the laws of averages, folks! If 50% of the Defense System missiles **fail** to hit their target, and 50% of my National Missile Defense Defense System warheads **hit** their targets, then you only have to worry about getting blown up by **25%** of the Defense System's missiles! It's the law of averages working FOR us, instead of working AGAINST us and causing our major bodily organs to be scattered across seven different states! I don't think China or Russia would be able to bitch at us about this system since we're basically taking a very large and expensive insurance policy out on our own crummy missiles. And it's not like we should have to worry about what Russia thinks since their entire country could easily be taken over by the cast from "The A-Team" alone. And hey, if this plan doesn't work, we can always shoot drunk college students into the air to intercept the missiles. I'll call my representative from MADD and see what she thinks, assuming she's come back from the liquor store.

■ Bad News! Cliff Yablonski... Well... Doesn't Care For You!

Everybody's favorite bitter old fucker is back and ready to go with four new pages of mental derelicts and scumbag meatheads on parade for you, the viewer! With pictures like these, how can you say no?

Oooh! Hot AND sexy! Hurry on over and take a look at the latest group of disgusting cretins to decorate Cliff's website!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

7.12 Taliban talli-ban everyting, mon!

Thursday, Jul 19, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Acceptable outfit for female Taliban members, assuming one of these is stapled to every three inches of their body.

Although Zack and I have made our fair share of Scientology jokes by repeatedly mocking their belief system, lightheartedly poking fun at their doctrines, and spreading malicious slander and libel against them, I would really like to emphasize the fact that this site doesn't solely revolve around bashing Scientologists. For example, we also pick on children with incurable mental handicaps, many of which cause them to create large wading pools of drool in public places while screeching about firetrucks or Cap'n Crunch. So in the interest of equal opportunity mockery, I would like to take this moment to examine another group of religious nutballs and point out the many reasons why we firmly believe they're absolutely crazier than a bucket of hair.

> Taliban kisses goodbye to lipstick, movies - *On Thursday the Taliban placed bans on the import of 30 products including playing cards, computer discs, movies, satellite TV dishes, musical instruments, cassettes and chessboards, after declaring them un-Islamic. Other items listed as banned for being "against the Sharia", or Islamic law, include fireworks, statues, fashion catalogues, greeting cards featuring pictures of people, lipsticks, nail polish and neckties.*

Technically speaking, the Taliban isn't a religious group, but is instead a large number of people with automatic weapons and mortars. While this isn't strange by itself, the fact that they are not located in Texas really makes their group noteworthy. The Taliban is a gang of fundamental Islamic students who majored in "Advanced Killing People Studies" at the University of Fucked Up Human Beings. In just three years or so, they successfully captured more than two-thirds of Afghanistan, a region of land that is known for its mass exports of sand and weeds. While taking over the Afghan capital of Kabul isn't much of an accomplishment to write home about, especially since it changes ownership roughly 10 times a month and is routinely taken over by special education kids on field trips, it was a gigantic moral victory for them because the name "Kabul" just sounds really cool and mysterious.

> **AFGHANISTAN 7-11 CLERK:** "Okay, Mister Taliban Member, those 40 gallons of gas will be three cents and that gallon of milk will cost you five thousand million billion dollars."
> **TALIBAN MEMBER:** "I believe that will be NO CHARGE, my good man, for us Taliban have just captured Kabul!"
> **AFGHANISTAN 7-11 CLERK:** "Oh no, not Kabul, the world's most powerful magician and sorcerer of the black arts! The evil Kabul once turned an entire town into kitchen appliances!"
> **TALIBAN MEMBER:** "Yes, THAT Kabul! Muuuhahaha! That will be no charge!"
> **AFGHANISTAN 7-11 CLERK:** "Alright, that's fine by me. I'm still trying to figure out why the hell I was asking for American currency, since the monetary unit in Afghanistan is the Afghani."
> **TALIBAN MEMBER:** "And why are we speaking English?"

As you can see by this dialogue, the Taliban is shrouded in gobs and gobs of mystery and intrigue. A good chunk of this mystery and intrigue manifests itself in the fact that the Taliban strictly prohibits about 10 zillion different things, with new everyday objects being added to their list, well, every day. They figure that if people aren't praying religiously every second of their lives, they will fall prey to "the dark side" and be corrupted by intensely Satanic objects such as fashion catalogues, chalk, hair curlers, trampolines, and copies of *The Sims*. Apparently the Taliban wants all their members to stay away as far as they can from such unholy items, as it distracts them from their more important holy goal of making buildings fall down and causing babies to be blown up.

The Taliban make something explode. This will result in them banning the import of crayons and cotton socks.

So how did Afghanistan turn into Wacko Central this last decade? Not surprisingly, the United States takes a part in blame. Back in the late 1970's, the evil rat bastard commie Red Menace Soviet Union decided that it should strategically take over Afghanistan, as it did with Ukraine, East Germany, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Ireland, Canada, and downtown Terre Haute. The Soviet Union didn't really WANT to take over these locations, but since they were the bad guy of the time, they were contractually obligated to. In addition they were also required to create terror death zombies from their own citizens in grotesque medical experiments, but since the Soviet Union spent all their money on red paint factories, they never had enough funding. During their invasion, the Soviets ran into trouble when the citizens of Afghanistan decided to start up "PROJECT: KILL THE SOVIETS," which was successful up until the point that the citizens realized it wasn't successful at all, and they were subsequently taken over by the Red Menace. However, Soviet rule didn't last long, as the wily Afghans eventually evicted the Soviets on February of 1989 for failure to pay electricity and water bills. During that time over six million residents fled the country fearing that they would get blown up, and instead elected to get blown up in either neighboring Pakistan or Iran. Even though the Soviets were "kicked to the curb" (that's some phrase I heard on "The Jenny Jones Show"), the victorious Afghan mujahidan factions, many of which were supplied and trained by the US, continued to fight amongst each other like bickering guests on "The Jenny Jones Show." This shows the tremendous affect that Western media has had on their culture, especially since "The Jenny Jones Show" wasn't even around during the late 80's. The Taliban took this moment of weakness to sneak in during the middle of the night, leave their underwear and dirty clothing all throughout the capital of Kabul, and then claim they had taken it over. Since the citizens had to decide between the Taliban, which was heavily armed and extremely insane, and the remaining mujahidan factions, who now had less members than your average string quartet, they chose the Taliban. **BIG MISTAKE.**

The Taliban took no time in enforcing their strict religious Islamic code of laws which is 600 billion pages long and doesn't contain hardly any pictures or car chases. While most religions concentrate on helping members better themselves and their community, the Taliban's religion hinges on the following key cornerstones:

1) Humiliating women,
2) Growing beards.

Of course there are more aspects to their interpretations of the Islamic religion, but I chose the two that made the most sense. The Taliban really hates women because their founder, Mullah Mohammad Umar, was apparently turned down by some girl before his 6th grade prom. Ever since then he has made it his mission to embarrass and humiliate women as much as possible. The Taliban passes all kinds of new and wacky anti-women laws every day, each one more goofy than the previous. For example, women can only go out into public if they meet all of the following requirements:

1) They have a 500-foot throw rug covering them and this rug does not contain the color yellow or any pattern starting with the letter "d".
2) They are accompanied by at least 10 men, the shortest of which must have a beard longer than a wagon wheel.
3) The 10 men must chain up and lock the woman to a hitchin' post whenever they enter a saloon to kick back a few whiskeys and talk about the Gold Rush. No wait, that was cowboys and their horses.
4) The woman must not ever speak except when being smashed in the head with a "Woman Smashin' Stone," at which point she can only say that she wants to be hit some more.
5) The woman must stay in the shadow of a man at all times, under the penalty of being put into a catapult and flung into an active volcano.

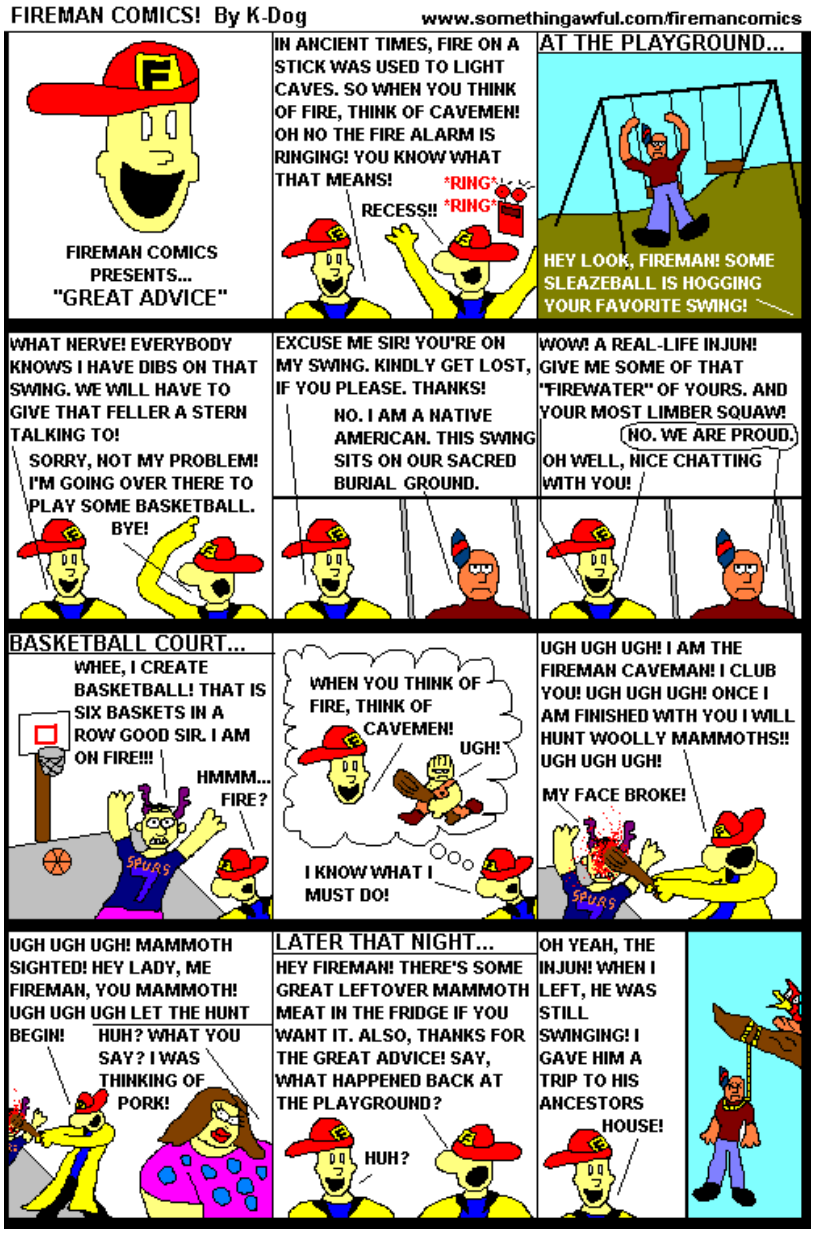
Even the Soviet Union, which is now known as the less menacing and less red "Russia," has realized how insane the Taliban is, and is supplying anti-Taliban groups with tanks, guns, and explosive objects. The Taliban responded by banning Russian tanks, guns, and explosive objects, in addition to paper towels, refrigerator magnets, foam hats, packing material, linoleum, and any RonCo product. As you can see, the Taliban is fairly convinced that the solution to any problem lies in banning the import or use of random household objects, since women and compact mascara mirrors are obviously to blame for Russia shooting at them. I for one don't agree with this; I firmly believe that the nefarious Scientologists are to blame! I mean, any group of religious people who believe in carving magical symbols into their buttocks while robbing gas stations to pay for their admittance to level 52-C of Scientology obviously share most of the guilt. And don't even get me started on how Scientology is directly responsible for global warming and the Jewish holocaust.

Fireman Ahoy!

I'd like to welcome the newest section to Something Awful, The Official Fireman Comics homepage! That's right, the comics you knew and loved as a child finally have their own "web page" on the "Information Superhighway!" I hope I didn't confuse you with the two previous terms! Regardless, here's something that will: today's Fireman Comic!

Head on over to the official Fireman Comics homepage and join in on the fun!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)


FIREMAN COMICS! By K-Dog
www.somethingawful.com/firemancomics
FIREMAN COMICS PRESENTS...
"GREAT ADVICE"
IN ANCIENT TIMES, FIRE ON A STICK WAS USED TO LIGHT CAVES. SO WHEN YOU THINK OF FIRE, THINK OF CAVEMEN! OH NO THE FIRE ALARM IS RINGING! YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS!
RING
RECESS!! *RING*
AT THE PLAYGROUND...
HEY LOOK, FIREMAN! SOME SLEAZEBALL IS HOGGING YOUR FAVORITE SWING!
WHAT NERVE! EVERYBODY KNOWS I HAVE DIBS ON THAT SWING. WE WILL HAVE TO GIVE THAT FELLER A STERN TALKING TO!
SORRY, NOT MY PROBLEM! I'M GOING OVER THERE TO PLAY SOME BASKETBALL. BYE!
EXCUSE ME SIR! YOU'RE ON MY SWING. KINDLY GET LOST, IF YOU PLEASE. THANKS!
NO. I AM A NATIVE AMERICAN. THIS SWING SITS ON OUR SACRED BURIAL GROUND.
WOW! A REAL-LIFE INJUN! GIVE ME SOME OF THAT "FIREWATER" OF YOURS. AND YOUR MOST LIMBER SQUAW!
NO. WE ARE PROUD.
OH WELL, NICE CHATTING WITH YOU!
BASKETBALL COURT...
WHEE, I CREATE BASKETBALL! THAT IS SIX BASKETS IN A ROW GOOD SIR. I AM ON FIRE!!!
HMMM... FIRE?
WHEN YOU THINK OF FIRE, THINK OF CAVEMEN!
UGH!
I KNOW WHAT I MUST DO!
UGH UGH UGH! I AM THE FIREMAN CAVEMAN! I CLUB YOU! UGH UGH UGH! ONCE I AM FINISHED WITH YOU I WILL HUNT WOOLLY MAMMOTHS!! UGH UGH UGH!
MY FACE BROKE!
UGH UGH UGH! MAMMOTH SIGHTED! HEY LADY, ME FIREMAN, YOU MAMMOTH! UGH UGH UGH LET THE HUNT BEGIN!
HUH? WHAT YOU SAY? I WAS THINKING OF PORK!
LATER THAT NIGHT...
HEY FIREMAN! THERE'S SOME GREAT LEFTOVER MAMMOTH MEAT IN THE FRIDGE IF YOU WANT IT. ALSO, THANKS FOR THE GREAT ADVICE! SAY, WHAT HAPPENED BACK AT THE PLAYGROUND?
HUH?
OH YEAH, THE INJUN! WHEN I LEFT, HE WAS STILL SWINGING! I GAVE HIM A TRIP TO HIS ANCESTORS HOUSE!

7.13 US under magic attack

Thursday, Jul 19, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

A New Terrorist Threat

Once again the United States has come under siege from a dangerous organization of fanatical terrorists. They are bent on bringing down "the Great Satan" or "Uncle Sam" or "Punchy McNationBuilder" or whatever the hell terrorist zealots call the United States these days. According to CNN, the FBI has been targeted by a terrifying group of magicians determined to "prestidigitate the shit" out of us. At least that's what I am inferring without any factual basis whatsoever from this article I kind of read some of on CNN.

Know the face of the enemy. DON'T STARE AT HIS TRICKERY TOO LONG OR YOUR SOUL IS FORFEIT!

Apparently a cabal of evil magicians, operating out of a secret base in Las Vegas, has managed to infiltrate the FBI and steal a bunch of illegal weapons, laptops, and secret data. It's difficult to be certain exactly what sort of secret data would interest evil magicians, but my best guess is that it had something to do with putting a cup and a handkerchief over a coin and then making the coin disappear. Obviously this sort of information in the hands of the government would pose a great threat to the existence of magician terrorist organizations everywhere.

Using my incredible faculties of deduction and "fact fabrication," I have pieced together a dossier on what I have learned of the "Black Circle of Magicians and Showmen". I present this information here in the hopes of securing the good confidence of the FBI and my subsequent removal from their list of "most wanted lazy seditionists".

The Black Circle of Magicians and Showmen

Leader: The Great Mordrake *(retired)*

Membership: Roughly 5,000 including street performers, Vegas-circuit magicians, and David Copperfield

Arsenal: The weapons they stole from the FBI using sleight of hand and the undeniable power of the unknown.

Base of Operations: An as-yet unidentified casino in Las Vegas, Nevada. Cells and splinter factions may exist in Atlantic City and at children's birthday parties, disguised as innocent drunk clowns.

Modus Operandi: Seeing as how the BCoMaS is composed almost entirely of magicians and their assistants, it should come as no surprise that their methods are extremely magical. For purposes of infiltration they will rely heavily on distractions like smoke and busty women in skin tight outfits, along with large hair, unbuttoned shirts, and overwrought new-age music featuring dolphin noises. More traditional terrorists from this organization will use mirrors and unusual hand movements to distract their quarry while they slip past undetected, often through the use of a trap door or clown car. When threatened with detection, the BCoMaS will use trusted psychics, fortune tellers, and palm readers to provide the FBI with false leads as to their location and methodology.

Agenda: To conceal the secret hellish pact with Satan that all magicians must keep to maintain their otherworldly powers of teleportation and skullduggery. They also wish to control the world through the use of prestidigitation, strengthened by their alliance with the Secret Order of Clowns and Balloon Animal Artisans.

The Great Mordrake performs another horrifying act of sedition, pictured here in 1947.

Key Operatives:

- The Great Mordrake: Mordrake has been a practicing magician since 1939 and is a master of disappearance, making him highly elusive. He has evaded multiple federal warrants by using smoke generators, and his ability to produce objects from his hat means he should be considered armed and dangerous at all times. Mordrake has even been known to produce smaller hats from within his hat and then remove even tinier hats from this already small hat which, when thrown, will cause you to explode. He serves as the leader of the BCoMaS.

- The Timeless Secret Master: Also known as "Rick", the Timeless Secret Master is one of a handful of the inner circle at the BCoMaS and is privy to all the plans of the Great Mordrake. He relies heavily on bright flashing lights to disarm his victims and is not above transforming himself into a large duck to escape detection. The Timeless Secret Master has been implicated in a number of strobe and duck related break-ins at the FBI facility in Washington DC.

- Regina the Amazing: Regina Larson was like any other high-rent stripper in 1986 when she accepted the corrupting power of Satan into her heart and became a magician. Since then she has been known as "Regina the Amazing" and her hellborn power to dazzle audience and federal agents alike with pasty twirls and demonic card guessing have rocketed her to the top of the FBI's most wanted list. So fearsome is her ability to guess cards that it is rumored she can identify a card in your pocket just by speaking to you on a cellular phone. She has single-handedly caused the FBI to upgrade from standard poker decks to UNO decks on all security access doors.

I personally advise anyone coming into contact with these three fearsome terrorist or their minions to realize that sometimes it pays to get help. They all have powers beyond that of a mortal man and will not hesitate to use them if cornered. Do not attempt to apprehend them, call the FBI at once. When confronted with magicians, just remember the Caesar's Palace raid of 1967, when two agents where brutally sawn in half and one was left "flabbergasted."

Scientologists also killed John F. Kennedy.

Look What R-Lo Dug Up!

Lowtax has once again risked life and limb, or at the very least his sanity, to bring us all a review of another game which you should avoid like that girl in your study hall who smells like baby powder and onions. This time around it is the wonderful first person shooter "Project: Undead", which uses the acclaimed Pie in the Sky Engine (acclaimed by the makers of the Pie in the Sky Engine and possibly the people at PC Gamer who will acclaim a dead rat if you offer them exclusive screenshots).

> *Unbeknownst to me, the bottom of this well was crawling with evil! I was immediately assaulted by two zombies, a bat, and a spider, all of which were apparently in charge of*

guarding the precious well water. I knifed those bastards to hell and then attempted to crawl up the ladder on the other side of the well, because (as everybody knows) all wells have ladders inside, in addition to lit torches lining the walls. I spent the next four hours trying to crawl up that one fucking ladder.

If you have been thinking about buying or even downloading the demo of "Project: Undead", read this review right now! If you haven't been considering doing either of these things carry on with your miserable life and READ THIS REVIEW RIGHT NOW!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.14 Concentrate on furry camps

Monday, Jul 23, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Welcome to Camp Furtokee

Anyone who regularly reads Something Awful knows that the group of hobbyists / fetishists known as "furries" frequently show up as an Awful Link of the Day. For a fetish that I did not even know existed a few short years ago, they sure seem to have "blown up" like the proverbial rap sensation "Lil' Bow Wow," emerging from stuffed animal-filled closets to spread their unspeakable horror throughout the Inter-web. It naturally came as no surprise to me when I learned that the furries have insane little campouts where they all dress up as plush psychopaths and engage in their disconcerting animal roleplaying silliness. Yet when I read this article on PitchWeekly, I couldn't help but be extremely shocked and frightened. Why? Well read on...

Furries + Camping = Fun for Everyone!

> *Tyger, in his longhaired, authentic-clawed white tiger suit, is parade marshal. "Let's go shopping!" he roars, muffled by his costume. The others form a line behind him, and they march off toward the KOA's dumpy little commissary. Running to catch up with them is a fox with his tongue dangling off the side of his snout and eyes as balloonish as a cartoon's. He wears a Hawaiian shirt. A train slides by in the distance, providing a click-a-clack beat for the procession.*

Essentially what the furries are doing is gathering at these campground events across America and living out their fantasies by pretending that a trash can with agitated bees swarming around it is actually a talking hippo who would enjoy being mounted. This of course gave me a great moneymaking scheme for Something Awful so we could finally stop relying on the generosity of our twelve fans to keep us afloat. I immediately contacted Dr. Frank Blacktooth, the CEO of State Og, and pitched my scheme to him. I suggested that we hold our own widely publicized furry gathering at a camp ground in Montana, jointly sponsored by Something Awful and State Og. Dr. Blacktooth readily agreed, so long as State Og could help plan the events at the gathering. I accepted the stipulation and immediately set up the long process of organizing the "First Annual SA and State Og Furry Jamboree Campoff and Parade of Shameful Horrors".

For those of you who aren't furries, I suggest you go to some less furrycentric web site immediately! Something Awful's many furry friends, please read on!

> **The First Annual SA and State Og Furry Jamboree Campoff and Parade of Shameful Horrors**
>
> **Where:** Jellystone Campgrounds. Wabash, Montana.
>
> **When:** October 1st and 2nd, 2001
>
> **Entrance Fee:** $5.00 campground fee plus $35.00 event fee. First aid kits $50.00 each. We recommend buying at least 10 of them.
>
> **Description:** Held in the scenic expanse of the Interstate 35 Exit 47 Rest Area forest, the Jamboree will be a wonderland for furries and furry admirers. Not only will it be a perfect environment for the wild beasts of the forest to strut their stuff, but also a great place to meet fellow furries and attempt to clumsily bring them to orgasm behind a concrete bathroom building.

Rules:

- You must be in costume at all times. Costume leggings may be removed during bathroom time but any sexual activity must occur fully dressed in furry ensemble.
- If you are not a furry and are just there to see the sights, you must remain within the "hunting blinds" area erected on the south side of the campground. Refreshments, air-conditioned trailers, and hunting rifles will all be provided with your entrance fees. Be considerate and don't waste ammo unnecessarily.
- No walking while jacking off. This can not be emphasized enough. You are only allowed to masturbate publicly if you are a monkey furry. You cannot be in motion while masturbating, but you can rotate on one planted foot. If you are caught moving while masturbating you will be called for a traveling penalty and ejected from the park.
- Do not bite a fellow furry unless they ask to be bitten. Wholesale mauling of other furries - even if you are that furry's natural predator - is grounds for ejection from the park.
- Campers who are not a part of the Jamboree should not be approached as they may be dangerous or even deadly to you goddamn weirdos in your stupid fucking suits.

Event Itinerary

DAY 1 MORNING - The day will begin with the festive parade of furries. Everyone should don their sicko fantasy gear and prance around like morons while the watchers in the hunting blinds area snap pictures and take pot shots with explosive ammunition. There is nothing quite like bonding with your fellow lion furries as you consume the twitching carcass of a zebra furry felled by a Marlin long rifle!

DAY 1 LUNCH - Buckets of grass and maybe some leftover hamburger from the BBQ in the hunting blinds area will be served promptly at noon (or whenever the event coordinators wake up). Please do not try to hump each other any more than possible during meal time.

DAY 1 AFTERNOON - Craft time! Get together at the craft tables with some camp counselors we bribed with marijuana and let them teach you the fine art of gluing pieces of glitter encrusted shit to construction paper. Have fun trying to do this while wearing those stupid paws. Again, we must stress that humping should be limited during craft time!

DAY 1 DINNER - Children will be brought in to feed you pellets of grain and pieces of raw meat. DO NOT HUMP THE CHILDREN OR YOU WILL BE PUT INTO THE PUNISHMENT CAVE. After feeding time, the children can pelt those of you confined to the punishment cave with empty whiskey bottles, light bulbs, and softballs which have been made significantly "less soft."

DAY 1 NIGHT TIME - Get face to face with the real thing! Several wild animals will be brought in for the furries to bond with. This year we have scheduled a tiger, three lynxes, a cheetah, two pumas, a hippopotamus, and 500 rabid rats. DO NOT HUMP THE WILD ANIMALS AS THEY MAY NOT APPRECIATE YOUR BEHAVIOR AND MAY TRY TO EAT YOUR FACE. Neither Something Awful nor State Og take responsibility for eaten faces.

DAY 2 MORNING - You will be roused bright and early at the crack of 3 AM by the "game wardens" provided graciously by State Og, and loaded into a truck bound for the "fun zoo". The fun zoo is currently known as the "State Og Salt Mine," but please disregard this as it is a zoo containing boundless amounts of fun. You will be issued "fun

"Fun times" are had in the "fun zoo" by "everyone".

equipment" including a pick axe and bucket for your upcoming "fun activities". Do not attempt to hump the bucket; it is not a gazelle.

DAY 2 LUNCH - Feel free to lick one of the delicious and fun "salt licks" you have uncovered while enjoying your "fun time activities" in the "fun zoo". Do so at your own risk however as the "game wardens" are constantly on the look out for shiftless animals. Even though there might be a giant furry head on a rock, do NOT hump the rock! Chances are somebody simply left his furry head mask on the rock while he went to get a drink of water from the "fun water bucket" or left to hump a different rock.

DAY 2 AFTERNOON - After you have enjoyed your delicious and "fun" salty treats, you will be assembled into rows and inspected by Japanese and Arabic "wild life supervisors". Please do not be alarmed if you hear reference to "buyers" or "white slavery"; the "wildlife supervisors" like to joke and have "fun". DO NOT ATTEMPT TO HUMP THE "WILDLIFE SUPERVISORS"! Any humping that occurs during this important wildlife survey will result in some sort of punishment with EXTREME PREJUDICE, most of which involving automatic weapons fire.

DAY 2 DINNER - You will be allowed to shower off the "zoo dirt" from the "fun zoo" in the warm and comforting "fun showers". If you attracted the favor of the "wildlife supervisors" you are to enter LINE A as instructed by the game wardens. If you were unpopular with the "wildlife supervisors" you are to enter LINE B where your fur will be shaved off before you enjoy your "extra special fun shower".

DAY 2 NIGHT TIME - Those of you who were in LINE A will be returned to camp. Do not be alarmed by the men in uniform emptying out your luggage and searching for valuables. Just drink the soothing and relaxing punch offered to you. We promise the next chapter of this adventure will lead you to an exotic land and pleasures unimaginable.

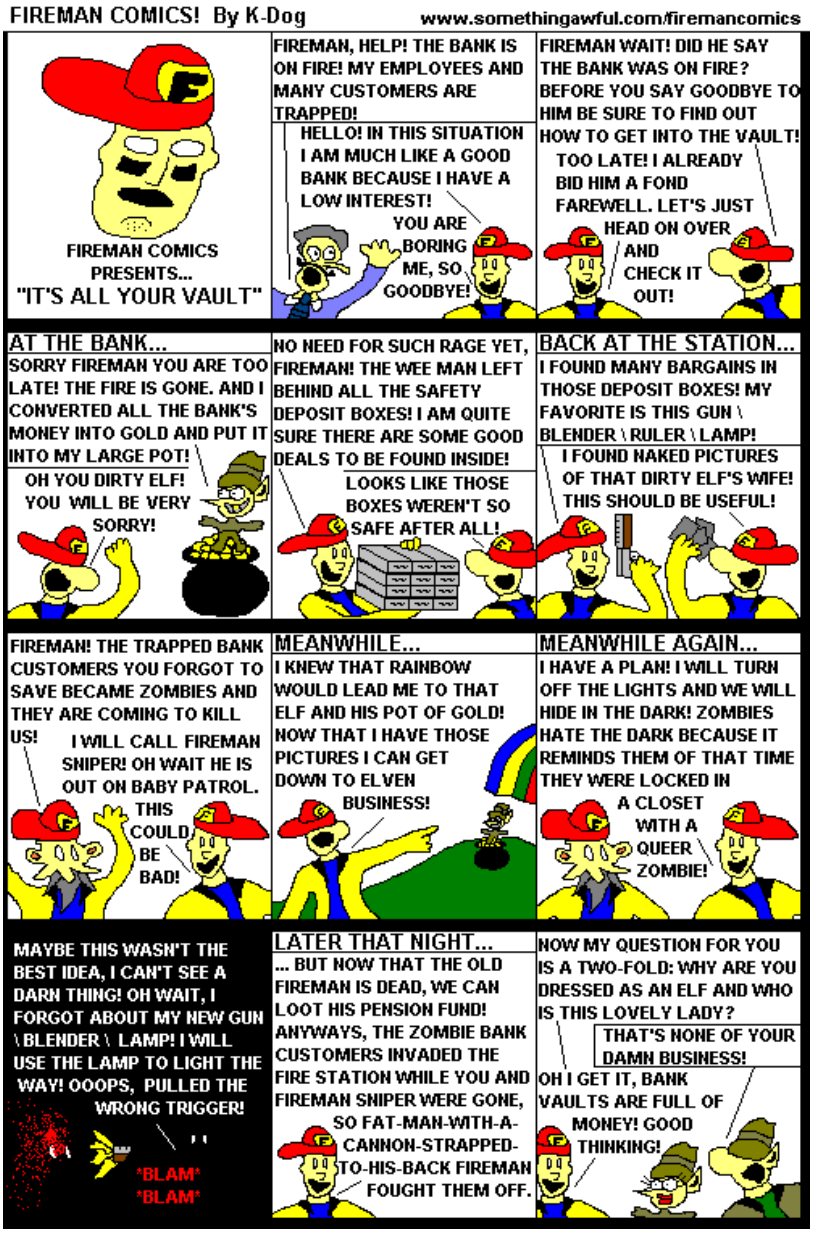
Doesn't that sound like a heck of a lot of fun? We promise that you won't be able to complain under any circumstances! According to those wacky folks at State Og this is a gag order reinforced by hypnosis and under the penalty of further time in the "fun zoo".

Did Somebody Say Fire?!

K-Dog has once again cooked up another scorchingly hilarious Fireman comic for us all. Here, just have a look:

Honestly, I'm glad I lead with the update, that was hot, hot, hot. Will those silly elves ever learn not to deny a fireman his rightful treasure? I think you and I both know the answer to that.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)


FIREMAN COMICS! By K-Dog
www.somethingawful.com/firemancomics
FIREMAN COMICS PRESENTS... "IT'S ALL YOUR VAULT"
FIREMAN, HELP! THE BANK IS ON FIRE! MY EMPLOYEES AND MANY CUSTOMERS ARE TRAPPED!
HELLO! IN THIS SITUATION I AM MUCH LIKE A GOOD BANK BECAUSE I HAVE A LOW INTEREST!
YOU ARE BORING ME, SO GOODBYE!
FIREMAN WAIT! DID HE SAY THE BANK WAS ON FIRE? BEFORE YOU SAY GOODBYE TO HIM BE SURE TO FIND OUT HOW TO GET INTO THE VAULT!
TOO LATE! I ALREADY BID HIM A FOND FAREWELL. LET'S JUST HEAD ON OVER AND CHECK IT OUT!
AT THE BANK...
SORRY FIREMAN YOU ARE TOO LATE! THE FIRE IS GONE. AND I CONVERTED ALL THE BANK'S MONEY INTO GOLD AND PUT IT INTO MY LARGE POT!
OH YOU DIRTY ELF! YOU WILL BE VERY SORRY!
NO NEED FOR SUCH RAGE YET, FIREMAN! THE WEE MAN LEFT BEHIND ALL THE SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES! I AM QUITE SURE THERE ARE SOME GOOD DEALS TO BE FOUND INSIDE!
LOOKS LIKE THOSE BOXES WEREN'T SO SAFE AFTER ALL!
BACK AT THE STATION...
I FOUND MANY BARGAINS IN THOSE DEPOSIT BOXES! MY FAVORITE IS THIS GUN \ BLENDER \ RULER \ LAMP!
I FOUND NAKED PICTURES OF THAT DIRTY ELF'S WIFE! THIS SHOULD BE USEFUL!
FIREMAN! THE TRAPPED BANK CUSTOMERS YOU FORGOT TO SAVE BECAME ZOMBIES AND THEY ARE COMING TO KILL US!
I WILL CALL FIREMAN SNIPER! OH WAIT HE IS OUT ON BABY PATROL.
THIS COULD BE BAD!
MEANWHILE...
I KNEW THAT RAINBOW WOULD LEAD ME TO THAT ELF AND HIS POT OF GOLD! NOW THAT I HAVE THOSE PICTURES I CAN GET DOWN TO ELVEN BUSINESS!
MEANWHILE AGAIN...
I HAVE A PLAN! I WILL TURN OFF THE LIGHTS AND WE WILL HIDE IN THE DARK! ZOMBIES HATE THE DARK BECAUSE IT REMINDS THEM OF THAT TIME THEY WERE LOCKED IN A CLOSET WITH A QUEER ZOMBIE!
MAYBE THIS WASN'T THE BEST IDEA, I CAN'T SEE A DARN THING! OH WAIT, I FORGOT ABOUT MY NEW GUN \ BLENDER \ LAMP! I WILL USE THE LAMP TO LIGHT THE WAY! OOOPS, PULLED THE WRONG TRIGGER!
BLAM *BLAM*
LATER THAT NIGHT...
... BUT NOW THAT THE OLD FIREMAN IS DEAD, WE CAN LOOT HIS PENSION FUND! ANYWAYS, THE ZOMBIE BANK CUSTOMERS INVADED THE FIRE STATION WHILE YOU AND FIREMAN SNIPER WERE GONE, SO FAT-MAN-WITH-A-CANNON-STRAPPED-TO-HIS-BACK FIREMAN FOUGHT THEM OFF.
NOW MY QUESTION FOR YOU IS A TWO-FOLD: WHY ARE YOU DRESSED AS AN ELF AND WHO IS THIS LOVELY LADY?
THAT'S NONE OF YOUR DAMN BUSINESS!
OH I GET IT, BANK VAULTS ARE FULL OF MONEY! GOOD THINKING!

7.15 Jeff K. asks himself things

Monday, Jul 23, 2001 by JEFFK43 (@sexyfacts4u)

WELL WELL WELL

WELL WELL WELL

LOOKS LIEKE EVARYBODYES FAVORITE HAX0R SI BACK AGAN!!!! AGINA!!! AGAINE!!! AGIAIN!!!! AGAIN!!!!

helo its me, Jeff K, runner of teh website "JEFF K'S WEBSIET" on my hoempaege! I haev been getting a lot of emale lately but luckaily I dont read any of it because I am a bussey person liek a BUG and I dont haev tiem too reads emale! Teh last two months I haev working vary hard to save up and buy a scootar so me and Jerry can go too teh scootar pork they just opened in Granatie Falls, but I cant save up for $100!!!! Jerry's mom got him one because if she dosant eat for a day then she saves up ovar ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS and that was just a drop in teh bucket for her, hahaha teh PIG SLOP BUCKET HAHAHA LORLROLRORL!!!!!! ROTGFLEGLFLE@!!!

So I haev been working a lots witch explanes why my absents has been felt around teh nation's worald. BUT I AM BACK AND I HAEV WRITTAN A NEW COLAMN FOR YUOR BARNBUCKETS TO READ! yes, I updated my "ASK JEFF K COLAMN" for tooday! In thes colamn I drop mean science and inform about teh latest happenings in teh PC computar game worald and HEY GABE NEWELL WHERE**S** TF2 YUO GRAVY RANCHER???

I dont know where TF2 si, I guess Valve is too bussey makeing new box art for "HALF LIFE: EXPANSIAN PACK #2023930" where yuo gets too play Halg Life from teh perspectiave of a BLACK MESA URINAL CAKE!!!! wow way too go Gabe mayeb some day I can work for Valve and release Powerplay themed undurware for big and tall men across teh globe. But probaly not because then my mom would get made and throw me out a window liek in that movie where the guy gets throwned out a window!!! BUT ANYAWAYS;;;

READ MY NEW "ASK JEFF K COLAMN" FOR TODAY

OR ELES

I WILL

KILL YOU!!!

(IN QUAEK 3)!!!!

so go read it now and I mean NOW yuo shyster!!!

-~JEFFK43 (@sexyfacts4u)

7.16 Phinneas J. Tolerance on entertainment

Tuesday, Jul 24, 2001 by PHINNEASJTOLERANCE (@sexyfacts4u)

THE STRAIGHT TRUTH SHOW WITH PHINNEAS J. TOLERANCE

Welcome back to "The Straight Truth Show", I am Phinneas J. Tolerance and I am your host on this learning experience! I am truly a man of multimedia now; I am told not only is this important message going out over the tingling airwaves of 1480 AM WRRR "The Whir!", but also on the web site of Mr. Rich Kanatka called "Something Ample." I received a number of letters on my Packard-Bell Pentium after my first appearance on this web site and I apologize for not getting to them, but I had to have 2 feet of my small intestine removed because of a bowel obstruction. The doctor said it was caused by eating too many fritters but I am placing the blame firmly on the head of Satan because I know how much my words get under his red skin!

He is friends of the dinosaur and talks in tongues! Take this off the air! The small picture is me not believing what I am seeing! Actually, I am joking, but I shouldn't joke - this is serious stuff folks!

As usual I am getting a bit off topic though. This show is about kids these days and the corrupt slop those folks in the "entertainment industry" are trying to pass off as "entercation". I was visiting my young nephew Phile last Funday (that's what I call "Monday"!) and saw that he was watching a program on basic cable. Already I was wary because basic cable is a refuge for those already damned to hell, especially that no-good "Fox Family" network, marauding the airwaves in the guise of true family programming like group prayer and self-inflicted stigmata. He was watching a cartoon! It says quite clearly in the Bible (Psalms 3:19) that *"an image of man shall never be recreated in the company of an image of a dinosaur or reptile."* Much to my surprise there was also a little boy in a baseball cap, which is dubious but I would let the cap slide if it weren't for the dinosaurs! All over the place!

I found this in my scrapbook. I think it explains what I'm talking about.

What was worse was that the dinosaurs seemed to be speaking in one of the forbidden tongues, possibly even reciting blasphemous scripture, although I can't be sure because I wouldn't let those words pollute my eyes. For those of you who are not "in the know," a dinosaur is like an angel of the devil. They came up to this earth and managed to fight off the god-fearing Christians and rule the world for almost 75 years before Moses defeated them. He led the Christians from their slavery under the cruel dinosaur overlords so that you and I could walk freely down to the corner diner and sit and enjoy a hot cup of joe! If you were not aware of this, I suggest you go to your local library and check out a copy of Simon Joseph's book "Evolution: Moses and the Dinosaurs".

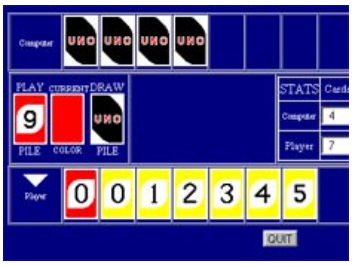
The dinosaur kept shrieking words that sounded like "charmonster" and another yellow dinosaur would shriek back "pecker chew". I tell you, I always thought I was a hardened man since that time behind the shed in Sand City, Utah, but this really shook me up. Sand City, Utah. Anyway, I immediately unplugged the TV and sent my nephew to his room to pray against the deviltry he had just been exposed to. Knowing that evil might be afoot in the house I set about examining the book shelf. I removed a few copies of books by that Depack Choprah character and a few others that offered "chicken soup for the soul" without mentioning God and Jesus explicitly in the title. I then sat down in front of their Packard-Bell and

began to inspect it for signs of things a Christian should not have on their Packard-Bell Pentium. More on this after a short break for commercial and station identification.

I have to do this advertisement to keep my show going. Have you been driving the same car for years? Do you want a new lease on driving pleasure? Come on down to Flashin' Joe's Car Barn, conveniently located next to Kessling Airport Toyota off I-266. Look for the barn with the car on top of it and we will get you a deal you can't refuse! We have new cars and used cars at unbelievably low prices. So low you will think we signed a deal with the devil himself!

Oh I can't believe that! Ladies and gentlemen I do NOT endorse Flashin' Joe's Car Barn. If Joe even claims to be in league with the dark forces of H-E-double-hockey-sticks, I think we should organize a group to shut him down. This is WRRR; "The Whir!", home of the hottest tunes and the coolest hits from 1964-1966! Once when I was taking a bath and reading scripture in the tub I dropped the Bible into the water. At first I thought it was a complete disaster, but when I managed to recover the sopping tome from beneath my ample posterior it was opened to a page (Corinthians 2:13) describing the test of water that God put Mortilla through on the mound of Dogata. Aha! So it is like this with Joe's Car Barn. Lord, you do work in mysterious ways!

Back to the matter at hand! The first thing I saw was a game called "Solitaire" which I had read much about in "Christian Teen Quarterly" as it promotes idleness and sloth in the younger generations. If you have no work to do you should spend your time either further serving the Lord through charity work, prayer, or quiet contemplation. I spend my free time either praying or suspended from my nipple rings in my Prayer Harness. Each ring is inscribed with the name of a saint, the left nipple is Saint Christopher and the right nipple is Saint Sebastian, as the harness tugs painfully on my chest I am reminded of the suffering each Saint endured in service to Our Lord. My masturbation and subsequent ejaculation is a symbolic apotheosis, joining with the Holy Father in a union born of chaste servitude.



BAM!!!

I tried to delete this "Solitaire" program, which looked suspiciously like pagan Tarot cards and not at all like Christian Uno cards. I was unable to banish it back to the netherworld, but I was resolved to do something. I immediately began pouring cups of water onto the typewriter part but the cards remained on the screen! Satan is never easily dealt with! I had half a pint of my gin remaining so I poured it onto the box part that sits next to the desk, although mine sits under the monitor which raises a question as to if the vertical construction of a Packard-Bell Pentium provides an easier haven for heresy. Finally the beast of a machine began to spark and burn, belching the black smoke of hell across the triple stain-resistant pour-perfect carpet I had personally sold my cousin. I knew the ash would clean right up, but that particular carpet has a fairly low flash point. I poured a bucket over the whole sparking mess and finally the demonic conflagration died away.

The gentleman who operates the equipment to record this show has just handed me a note explaining that the station manager has insisted we wrap up this broadcast quickly. The lesson, ladies and gentlemen, is that evil can be anywhere, even with your family! It is insidious and silent, like the rash that forms beneath the leather of an untended genital ring. You must deal with it carefully but ruthlessly!

-∼PHINNEASJTOLERANCE (@sexyfacts4u)

7.17 How Majestic

Thursday, Jul 26, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Majestically Entertaining

A picture from Majestic's site. WOW! It uses scanlines and x-rays of some guy's mouth! IT'S HIGH TECH!!!

As many of you hardcore gamers out there are painfully aware of (***NOTE:*** *referring to somebody as a "hardcore gamer" in public usually elicits the same general response as calling them a "professional sperm sculptor"*), EA recently released a demo of *Majestic*, their game promoted with the tagline *"it plays you."* Although this phrase was shamelessly ripped off from the classic 1980's science fiction flop "The Stuff" starring Paul Sorvino as "Mr. I Hope Every Last Single Copy of This Film is Destroyed In a Horrible Inferno," I think it's safe to assume that EA didn't steal too many ideas from this cult non-classic. For example, there aren't any alien blobs of fungus that a majority of the American public decides to constantly consume for no explicable reason besides the luxurious side effect of becoming a braindead murderous zombie. I'll let all you witty foreigners chirp in with "but Rich 'Lowtax' Kyanka, all Americans are already braindead murderous zombies! Ha ha! I am single-handedly responsible for 96% of my country's 'raw hilarity' export!" Then I'll lean back and laugh when I read the next CNN.com report detailing how your country's capitol just burned to the ground after rioting soccer fans decided that igniting other fans wasn't enough to fully express their discontent of losing a championship game. Although I can't immediately determine what soccer has to do with EA's *Majestic*, I'll assume it's very deep and meaningful, just like the last time I was writing about Australia's economy and I ended up detailing the night I drank too much vodka and fell into a drainage ditch.

But anyway, back to EA's Majestic. According to their crack PR division, the game is promoted by the following exclusive features:

> *There are some unique effects scenes with the Stuff crawling out of windows, being vomited up by people and dogs, of Bloom and Marcovicci hopping between metal tubs floating in a whole roomful of Stuff, and a wholly remarkable scene where Moriarty and Marcovicci go to sleep in a hotel room where the pillow and then the entire mattress comes alive, blasting forth Stuff.*

The tagline from "The Stuff" was originally "are you eating it, or is it eating you?" WELL UPON FURTHER CONSIDERATION, MAGIC MOVIE POSTER, I THINK IT IS IN FACT EATING ME!

Upon further investigation, I have realized that my copying and pasting skills are not "up to par" as the "kids" these days say, because all kids are fond of using unpopular phrases and unnecessary quotation marks. They also like to drag race and wear hoop skirts. One game that doesn't like to drag race or wear hoop skirts, however, is EA's *Majestic*, which is billed as:

> *...an episodic online entertainment experience set against the backdrop of a grand and sinister conspiracy -- an unfolding mystery adventure that uses the Internet as a canvas for its story, weaving you through both real and fictional experiences in real time. Highly personalized and naturally paced, Majestic tailors your experience specifically to you as it dynamically changes the content of Web pages, emails, faxes, voice mails and chat conversations in order to immerse each player at the very heart of a developing story.*

As you can tell, this game fulfills the wants and needs that every human being has asked for since the days of *Non 3D Donkey Kong* and *Not-So-Super Pitfall*, namely the need to interact with a game without using the boring old keyboard, mouse, joystick, and idiotic Carpel-Tunnel causing Nintendo Power Hand Molester Death Glove. Yes, that's correct, *Majestic* is described as a game that transcends a single form of media, floating to the top and creating a marshmellow-flavored desert topping of immersion for all players involved, raising the cholesterol level of excitement and clogging the arteries of mystery and intrigue. While I'm all for revolutionary and groundbreaking advances (for example, I cheered and applauded a lot when I learned of Crystal Pepsi's release), I couldn't help but feel a little... hesitant... when trying to embrace *Majestic's* release. Why? Well, this paragraph for starters:

> *You don't just interact with Majestic,* ***it actively calls, emails, faxes and chats with you whenever the need arises, any time, anywhere.*** *You're never quite sure when the plot will advance, a character will need your help or a new event will unfold, but it always transpires in real time.*

First off, I don't like being called, emailed, faxed, or chatted with. My phone calls consist entirely of people who either want me to buy their newspaper, buy their long distance service, or pay bills for my existing newspapers and long distance service. My email box is full of men hitting on Jeff K. and women cursing out Cliff Yablonski. The last fax I got was 97% solid black ink with the only visible words reading "CHONK TELL LOOGER???" I won't even go into how painful the experience of going visible on ICQ is for me, as that would take an entire article and a saltwater enema to accurately describe the inherent pain. So the thought of having MORE phone calls, emails, faxes, and chats dumped upon me seemed nearly as exciting as the time I purchased a rental car and found an entire Swanson's TV dinner rotting in the back trunk. However, in the pursuit of journalistic research and scientific study, I decided to test the *Majestic* game / program / series of crank calls for an entire day. Here is the journal I kept during this trial period. I hope you find it helpful in learning more about *Majestic*. I know I sure as hell didn't.

> **3:32 am:** Phone rings. I fall out of bed, rush across my bedroom and pick it up. Voice on the other end is heard breathing deeply, wheezing, and mumbling about how their Senator has sent two hitmen to track them down and kill them. They claim to have discovered the Senator's covert plan to work with the NSA and secretly monitor a majority of Americans in the privacy of their own homes. I realize my mother is very drunk and advise her to go back to sleep, shortly before hanging up on her. She calls back five minutes later and accuses me of stealing her silverware.
>
> **9:20 am:** I get an email from "SINISTERCONSPIRACY1029@HOTMAIL.COM," explaining I am in "imminent danger" and need to contact him as soon as possible. I am also given instructions regarding how to increase my penis size by six inches and save up to 50% at Benchmark Print Supply. I turn down the print supply offer.
>
> **11:39 am:** A fax comes through, claiming I "know too much" and will soon suffer a "serious accident" which will kill me or at least seriously impair my ability to live. After examining the note more closely, I realize it's actually from Debra, the HR Nazi Zombie Demon at my place of work. When I question her about the message, asking what she was trying to tell me, she responds by throwing a handful of pencils at me and spitting Mountain Dew all over my desk. If anybody out there is looking to hire a HR person, **DON'T** hire Debra for God's sake. I would give you her last name, but I seem to have mentally blocked it out. It's probably "Diabla Blanca." Now that I think of it, I'm not even sure how her first name is spelled either.
>
> **2:21 pm:** While dining at Larry's, my favorite restaurant / bar in downtown Seattle,

the Asian waitress approaches me and mumbles "senator, senator." I ask her what she means and she responds by pointing at my barstool and the brown mess I see smeared all over it. "SIT ON TURD! SIT ON TURD!" she screeches while swinging a broom at the passed-out drunk under our table. At the end of my BLT meal, she hands me the check, which comes to a mysterious and intriguing total of $7.38.

6:09 PM: I arrive back home and check my email. I receive the following message:

> **FROM:** Sean Driscoll
> **SUBJECT:** ICQ Prank
> *Attached as the word document is my ICQ prank. I think it's pretty damn funny and I hope you like it. I tried formatting it in a way that would make your life easier but just in case I also attached the two text files to serve as hard copies. Enjoy.*
> - - - - -
> ***Sparkle*** *- hey, a/s/l?*
> ***Solaratov - Age: Information age. Sex: Necessary for reproduction and perpetuation of the species. Location: Usually takes place in the bedroom or truck stop bathrooms.***
> ***Sparkle*** *- no your information!!!! you know your stats!*
> ***Solaratov - What are your stats!! Hello!***
> ***Solaratov - Hello hello! Please to be giving me stats!!***
> ***Solaratov - I see you are from Canada! Fantastic! I own bacon!***
> ***Solaratov - Please to be giving me bacon! Hello!***
> ***Solaratov - Hello hello! You smell like pie!!***
> - - - - -

I begin to brainstorm what *Majestic* could possibly be trying to tell me through this chat log, but I am interrupted when I receive an email from a reader submitting his ICQ prank to my site. It's significantly worse than *Majestic's.*

11:22 PM: I receive an email instructing me to check my fax machine for a new message. The fax machine tells me to wait by my computer until I get a chat request. The chat request advises me to prepare for a telephone call from an "inside source" with "important information." I wait for 30 minutes but no call comes through. I find out later that Deborah told her friends to call, fax, and email me so I would be distracted while she steals my car and most of my music equipment. She undoubtedly sold it all to buy heroin which she injects directly into her eyeballs.

So that's the diary of my first day "playing" *Majestic.* I have to admit that EA did an excellent job of pulling me into a world full of chaos, confusion, and deceit. Actually, now that I think about it, I never got my confirmation notice telling me that I was subscribed to their *Majestic* game. Heck, I don't even remember filling out a form to play the game. The miracles of interactive technology indeed!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

7.18 Unsung heroes of the Internet

Friday, Jul 27, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

A lot of attention is given to the forerunners and dot com CEOs of our generation, famous people like "that bald guy who started Amazon", "that fat guy who started ebay", and "that guy who hung himself after Pets.com tanked". I think it's high time some attention is given to the people who are true innovators on the Information Sugar Tollhouse. I'm referring to people who affect your life every day, yet you aren't even aware of it. They perform their work quietly and efficiently without calling attention to the role they play and I think we need to recognize these icogs in the smooth-running ewheel of the interweb.

Profile: Janus Marcovi, Inventor of the "Amazing X10 Wireless Web Camera"

If you've ever gone online, and I have a hunch that you have, then you've seen advertisements for the X10 web camera. It appears in pop up windows nearly wherever you go, offering you access to unlimited realms of wireless webcam cinematography excitement. Naturally, behind these wonderful ads is a wonderful product, created by Janus Marcovi, a retired fish merchant living in Trenton, NJ.

You don't change the X10, it changes you.

I met up with Marcovi in his home, where he spends his days constantly improving on existing technology and conversing with his cats (he owns five). The home was unspectacular, a two story colonial brick building with a rusted iron gate, but inside was a magical workshop of delight and I was happy to be welcomed inside. Marcovi himself was a stooped man in his fifties, a gem-loop constantly squeezed over his left eye, wearing a clinging mat of cat hair over his black coveralls. He proudly displayed a few of his newest creations.

The first was a truly innovative device that projected prerecorded or transmitted images onto a glass screen using something he termed "cathode ray technology". He had named the device "The J34 wireless television set", although he admitted a number of wires were actually required to use the device. He was also part way through his prototype of "The N40 wireless dry erase board", a communication medium that Marcovi claims will "revolutionize the boardroom or the bedroom". He even explained how it could be easily mounted to a refrigerator and by employing glitter and "star sticker" peripherals could cause a "dramatic shift in the chore scheduling paradigm".

At the end of my visit he sent me on my way with a tin of sweet-meats and the answer to a question that had long been burning inside me. Why do half-naked women and babies always hang around the X10?

"All my inventions are like that," explained Marcovi, picking a fennel seed from his yellowed teeth, "I think I imbue each with just the right proportions of sex appeal and cat hair to bring the women and babies running. Women, okay, babies do not run."

Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka had this to add: "I think the apex of moviemaking genius occurred during Poltergeist 2, when Coach Hayden Fox threw up that giant grub."

Profile: Number 86, Animated png

Number 86 is a legend on the internet. His bold moves and no-nonsense behavior have inspired fans and athletes alike, yet so little is known about the man behind the GIF. Who is #86 and what makes him tick? I had a chance to interview this star on AOL Instant Messenger.

PupyLuv: You are one of the most renowned stars of the information age, how does it feel?
Eighty-Six: I JUST GIVE IT 110% AT ALL TIMES! FOR THE FANS IN THE STANDS YOU KNOW! HUT HUT HUT HUT!
PupyLuv: When you're not handling the pigskin how do you like to unwind?
Eighty-Six: COACH GAVE ME THE THIRD DEGREE FOR TAKING SUDAFED, HE SAID I COULD GET EJECTED FOR DOPING IF I'M NOT CAREFUL. I JUST TRAIN, PUMP IRON, YOU KNOW, PROTEIN SHAAAAAAKES. HIKE!

This closeup of #86 shows the zeal with which he approaches his sport.

PupyLuv: What do you think is your biggest asset on the grid iron?
Eighty-Six: STICK AND MOVE! I CAN STIFF ARM A TORNADO! HUT HUT HUT HUT BLUE THIRTEEN HIKE!
PupyLuv: Who do you idolize or who are your biggest influences?
Eighty-Six: HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT JESUS CHRIST.
PupyLuv: What has been your shining moment, your greatest achievement?
Eighty-Six: FOURTH AND TEN, QB TELLS ME TO RUN THE BALL. I STEAMROLL OVER THEIR DEFENSIVE TACKLE AND HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT TOUCHDOWN!
PupyLuv: Last question, are you an animal lover?
Eighty-Six: I OWN A DOG NAMED TOUCHDOWN!

It was truly an exhilarating experience interacting with an athlete/scholar as well-spoken as #86. Perhaps in the near future I'll get a chance to sit down and talk with his good friend "E-mail Icon of Mailbox Eating Letter".

Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka had this to add: "And what's the deal with airports? I mean, come on! They're not made out of air and they sure as hell aren't a port! Who's the genius that thought of that one?"

◻ Profile: Jim Eggers, The 1000th Person to Submit Alex Chiu as an ALoD

I caught up with the esteemed Mr. Eggers just as he was getting ready to board a bus to take him home from Lowell Creek Junior High School. In my least-creepy sounding voice I invited him to get into my car. After I sweetened the deal with some "Kit-Kat" bars and a dollar bill the boy agreed and we sped off to the woods off County Road 40. In a secluded clearing I sat down with Jim and talked about his doings on the world wide web.

Even Alex Chiu is behind you 100% Jim Eggers!

At first he was reluctant to take all the credit for his incredible Alex Chiu find, deferring to his classmate Pete Maxon as the true pathfinder. However, after consuming a few cans of sweet Coca-Cola laced with mild narcotics, he was more than willing to discuss his discovery at length.

"I thought it was pretty crazy," said Eggers, sweat beginning to bead on his forehead, "I mean this guy had these rings that, like, he claimed were going to make you live forever. This isn't the matrix [Editor's Note: He is referring to the movie "The Matrix", which detailed an artificial reality computer that was made to convince humans to sell candy bars for charity, but it wasn't a

charity it was a computer, not the one that made the reality though, one that liked money.] you can't dodge bullets and stuff and jump off buildings and live."

After we enjoyed some tuna salad sandwiches I brought along in the cooler, I massaged Jim's shoulders as he continued to discuss the monumental importance of the Alex Chiu web site submission.

"I read Something Awful sometimes and I am on the forum as FartyFace but I got kicked off for being racist or something," he said with a groan, finally relaxing against my expert hands, "then I decided, hey this site would make a great Awful Link of the Day, that R-Lo guy would really like Alex Chiu."

Just as I told the police, I drove Jim home after that and that was the last I saw of him. I don't know, apparently he ran away or something.

Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka had this to add: "Hello operator? I'd like a direct line to Portland, Oregon. NO, I WILL NOT TELL YOU TO WHICH NUMBER! RESPECT MY PRIVACY AT ONCE, DESK MAVEN! WORK THAT DAG-BLASTED ROTARY PHONE DIALING DIGIT OF YOURS, MINDLESS HARPY!"

There are many more unsung heroes of the Internet! God willing I will profile all of them. I would also like to state that contrary to what the Oakfield County prosecutor believes, I do not drive a 1997 blue Ford Escort. It is aquamarine.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.19 Teatime with terror

Monday, Jul 30, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Cliff Yablonski Does Not At All Approve of Four Pages of You!

It looks like Cliff Yablonski has update his web site again! I was minding my own business when I received the following letter via e-mail from the esteemed Mr. Yablonski:

> *Trash Crab,*
>
> no thanks to you or that Rich guy I have updated my computer site thing. I hope this shuts up those lazy morons who keep throwing softballs at my parked car when they should be at school getting some sort of education to straighten their goddamn brains out. Post this so those drool-cups know I beat up some more idiots.
>
> Sincerely,
>
> [click here to insert name]

Needless to say I immediately complied, so check it out! That guy is like a tornado of pain.

So Hot It's Cool!

Merciful lord, a brand new Fireman Comic! But wait, I see Fireman, only the title appears to be "Dirty Bear". Huzzah, something new!

Now that's what I call a Dirty Bear! HAW! Now, read the whole thing!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

DIRTY BEAR By K-Dog www.somethingawful.com/firemancomics
DIRTY BEAR
DIRT
fireman... well... um... err... i was just wondering if I could get a taste of your famous four-alarm chili, if it is not too much of a bother...
OF COURSE, DIRTY BEAR! JUST LET ME SEE YOUR HANDS!
OH HO! NO SURPRISE HERE, YOUR HANDS ARE FILTHY! LEAVE MY SIGHT, YOU STINKING GRUBBY BEAR, I DON'T SHARE MY FAMOUS FOUR-ALARM CHILI WITH UNCLEAN OR STARVING PEOPLE!

7.20 This isn't fair

Tuesday, Jul 31, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Summer Time Means Fair Time!

That's right everyone, it's time for this year's exciting Arlogeist County Fair, proudly sporting the motto, "Passing the future of the past all during the future of our modern day!" With that in mind, we have scheduled an **amazing** Technologitorium Exhibit as the central attraction. Held in the North Crandlesburgh Livestock Pavilion, this exhibit will feature amazing technology of tomorrow such as "The Hovering Automobile", "The Incredible Teleporting Donkey", "The Weeping Traffic Cone", and the incredible "Self Replicating Doomsday Robot", which is both deadly and environmentally friendly (it is powered by human souls)! Also featured in this exhibit will be "wacky" innovations of yesteryear that never quite caught on like "Thought Helmets", "Meal in a Bucket", "The Incredible Wingless Space Travel Device", "Ape with a Skillet", and "Adult Literacy".

Experience the sheer amazing power of "The Weeping Traffic Cone".

However, there is much more at the fair than just the wonder of human invention! There are also a number of exciting rides, games, events, and delicious food to enjoy and flee in terror from!

- **RIDES:**

Plasma Centrifuge-a-nator - This high octane thrill ride will get your heart pounding and separate your vital plasma from the rest of your worthless blood. Head on over to the Red Cross Blood & Plasma Drive booth and be rewarded with 50 funtickets. Upgrade that to 100 funtickets simply by heading straight to the State Og Nocturnal Monstrosity Feeding Pit.

The ALF Fun Coaster - Do you find television star ALF as exciting as we do? If your answer is "yes," then get ready for the ALF Fun Coaster! The ride consists of a 100 foot vertical drop inside the "ALF cage," impacting into a block of solid steel. Upon landing you will be treated to a life-sized animatron of ALF that screams racial slurs and profanities at children. ALF has eye-lasers, but luckily we haven't taught him how to use them... properly.

Crazy Doctor Nutso's House of Craziness - This wacky creation was built by the Habitat For Humanity and features absolutely bonkers mirrors and a room that was constructed specifically to confuse the retarded. If the retarded aren't sufficiently confused and horrified, our hidden detectors instruct the mirrors to fall over and crush them to death. Do not feed the rats.

Famous Presidents of the Caribbean - Avast! Old peg leg Lincoln and his crew of no-good sea dogs are causing trouble again for the ol' British Navy! Due to technical difficulties with one of the animatrons, First Mate Washington has been replaced with a purple bear in a dress. Please educate your children that George Washington was in fact a raccoon. Some of the cannons are still functional, but they will only fire at you.

Bathrooms - Conveniently located near the back fence, our six portable bathroom fun centers are great for the whole family. Fantastic prizes emerge from the bowl when you sit down! So do fantastic stalks of corn, fantastic mice, and fantastic metal rods with tiny cameras attached to the end. Please do not urinate on the exhibits.

Good old "Bloody Eyes" Monroe is looking to have a few words with you.

StateOg's House of Terror - Make this spooky ride the last visit of the day since you may not come back... well, alive anyway. The ride begins as you climb into a 1988 Ford Escort that immediately catches fire and lurches towards a pallet of poorly stored phosphorous. Blaze a trail from there into the haunted graveyard, in which you will wait in a spooky line to receive an IRS tax audit. Your heart still pounding, you will then be stripped naked and forced to speak in front of a large crowd of hostile people while spiders and snakes are randomly dropped from the ceiling. End your journey of horror by holding an uncomfortably long conversation with a shifty-eyed homeless man who has fewer teeth than he has fingers. He lost four fingers in a yacht accident.

- **GAMES AND EVENTS:**

The Amazing Mule - Half horse, half donkey, pure entertainment! Watch as the Amazing Mule chews slowly on hay and looks at you with thrilling stubbornness! The Amazing Mule "gets down" to some of the greatest hits of the '80s and '90s! No flash photography allowed, as it distracts the two inbred hicks poking the donkey with sticks behind the curtains.

Ring Toss - Throw rings over dowel rods and win big! Get one and you win a goldfish! Get all three and you win an orphan! An orphan puppy, of course! What, do you think we are some kind of monsters? Puppies are edible and their meat is more flavorful if they die painfully. Win 5 times and you get to go home with your original spine.

Pie Eating Contest - Who has the biggest appetite for pie in the entire county? Well you'll soon find out! Due to budgetary restrictions all contestants must share a single pie, the one leftover from last year's festival.

Kissing Booth - The hottest woman we could find is puckered up and ready to give you a little mouth to mouth action! As an added bonus, she just happens to be your mom!

Non-Violent Prayer Gallery - Make those milk bottles fall over by calling upon the divine wrath of our Lord! If you're a daring type, sign a pact with the devil and that oversized Taiwanese stuffed bear can be yours! Oh, yeah, like those stupid baseballs are going to knock them over when they're simply filled with the oppressive weight of mankind's original sin.

"Cap'n Ronnie's Benthic Sediment Back Salve's" Miss Teen Arlogeist Beauty Pageant - Come and see the lovely ladies competing to win the hearts of the judges. Competitors will be judged in the following categories: talent, evening gown, swim suit, staring contest, jump kick height, pill dry swallow, meditation, vaginal muscle control, animal husbandry, tire pressure, and protein capsid retroviral engineering. Don't miss out as the scepter of power is handed over to another lucky lady, a lucky lady who also

wins an autographed 3-piece suit gently used by Neil Armstrong! All of this is brought to you thanks to "Cap'n Ronnie's Benthic Sediment Back Salve", the only back salve that contains all the relaxing power of 20 atmospheres, along with that added Cap'n Ronnie zing.

- **Plus So Much More!**

The secret ingredient that makes fair food so good is "love". It also might be Grade D rendered animal remains.

- Exploding Steam Engines
- Cotton Candy
- Deep Fried Pickles
- Deep Fried Cheese
- Popcorn
- Deep Fried Cotton Candy
- Deep Fried Cake Icing
- Deep Fried Popcorn
- Canned Vegetables
- Deep Fried Canned Vegetables w/ French Dip
- Deep Fried Cake Icing w/ Ranch Sauce
- Loaded Deep Fried Cheese w/ Zesty Cheese Sauce
- Funnel Cakes
- Iced Funnel Cakes
- Deep Fried Ice Funnel Cakes w/ Chili Cheese Topping
- Tractor Pulls
- Deep Fried Tractor Pulling Deep Fried Funnel Cake w/ Chili Cheese Topping
- Goats
- Red Goats

The Arlogeist County Fair is just minutes away from dirt! Come on down and check out all the wonderful rides, exhibits and delicious food items. Don't forget to bring the kids! Wednesday night is carload night, where everyone you can cram into a car will have to pay individual admission price for each person in the car. Ladies get in free on Thursday night because someone has to clean the place up and cook us all dinner. Haha, only kidding ladies, you can still pay to get in if you don't want to do your womanly duty. This year's fair is brought to you by Arlogeist GmbH, State Og,

and The Great Wall of Pimentos, serving greater Michigan the finest in pimento takeout since 1998. Remember to stop by The Great Wall of Pimentos this weekend and get a free beverage with the purchase of a large pimento salad mixer. Every weekend is olive rodeo weekend for the kids at The Great Wall of Pimentos, and remember; "we're the only thing between I-34 and the tire store!"

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 8

August

8.1 When I grow up, I want to be a tiger!

Friday, Aug 03, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Some of you may have heard the news about a certain Mr. Dennis Smith who wants to transform himself into a tiger. He has already gone quite a ways towards his goal, filing his teeth into hideous fangs, covering his body with orange and black stripe tattoos, having plastic whiskers installed in his face, and wearing green contact lenses. The guy keeps a regular job, apparently at Lax Dress Code Incorporated, and plans to drop another 150 grand or so on having tiger pelts surgically attached to his body. That's right folks, he's basically a furry who is heavily into body modification and looking like a creepy moron. I have a lot of difficulty imagining how this guy maintains a job let alone function even semi-normally in society. What self-inflicted hell must he experience at, say, the grocery store?

Rawr!

Tiger Man: Do you goodly folks have any milk?
Shopple Mart Employee: OH JESUS FUCK!! *(running into storage and locking himself in the bathroom)*
Tiger Man: *(after using cat-like senses to stalk another employee)* I have been looking for the milk for near on an hour now good sir, yet I am unable to find it, might you direct me to it?
Shopple Mart Employee #2: Oh my! Uhhh... shit... over there I think.
Tiger Man: I am a tiger.
Shopple Mart Employee #2: SECURITY!
Tiger Man: *(advancing)* Raaaarrrrr! *(eating the face of employee)*

It all seemed so shockingly stupid to me until I realized that not only is it shockingly stupid, but it provides an excellent opportunity to solve the funding problem here at SA. By offering "enhancement packages" to furry and body modification enthusiasts, I think R-Lo and I might just be able to turn the situation into a definite "win-win"! For the second time in as many weeks, I invite our furry fans to read on and the rest of SA's fans to kindly go jump up a rope.

- **The Puma Package**
  This package is very similar to the custom work that Tiger Man is having performed on himself, with a lot less pain in your wallet area! SA is bringing the savings to you and at the low price of only $75,000 (US), it's hard to go wrong with the Puma Package. The Puma Package includes a tooth-sharpening procedure performed by a slightly drunk manicurist, a one way ticket to luxurious Puma pleasure thanks to the SA wiggery, and predatory cat legs and arms courtesy of our helpful multiple baseball bat fracture technicians. Sign up now and receive real Puma pheremones to help you attract that head-biting/back-clawing mate you so desire.

- **The Donkey Package**

  One of our cheapest offerings, the Donkey Package is available for a mere $40,000 (US). The procedure is fairly simple and is unique in that it requires two people to complete.

You won't lose all your friends after the package has been applied, you'll just be asked by nomads to carry things more frequently.

The first will be the "head" of the donkey and will wear a donkey head on their upper body. The second person will the "tail" of the donkey and will be forced to hunch forward behind the first person, placing his or her hand firmly on their hips. Using cutting-edge hot-glue technology a coat of "synthetic donkey pelt" - also known as a "gray blanket" in technical terminology - will be applied to both subjects. Donkey rides can be fun for the whole family!

- **The Bovine Package**

Have you always wanted to be a cow? Well if the internet is any indicator, you aren't alone, and we here at SA can help make your dreams come true. Just shell out the $60,000 (US) required for this "surgery", and we'll take care of the rest. You will be given a general anesthetic and when you wake up it will be to your new and improved cow body. We achieve this amazing transformation by sewing two sides of beef to you, one to your front and one to your back. Special holes will be cut in these sides of beef for what we in the medical profession like to call "poop" and "pee".

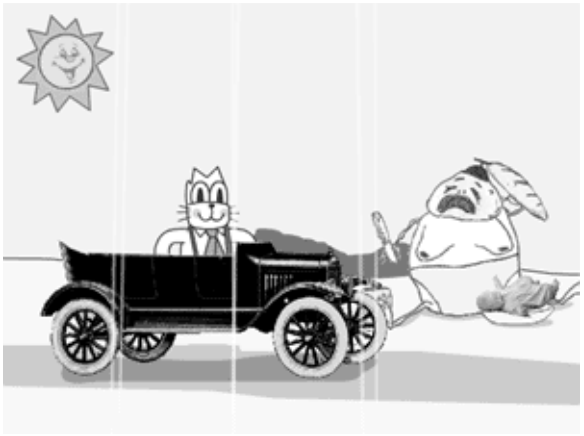
- **The Human Bat Package**

Many people dream of flying, soaring through the clouds without the constraining necessity of a mechanical aircraft to assist them. With the Human Bat Package you will be flitting from tree to tree in no time at all. Just drink 10 of our "magical" iron-rich milkshakes (shakes do not contain milk, shakes contain 20% water and 80% iron filings) and hop aboard the "StateOg Human Bat Magnetic Accelerator Fun Lift". If our horribly amateur physics calculations are correct you should go from roughly zero to 500mph in less than a second. This is assuming the lump of iron in your belly doesn't tear through your soon-to-be-spasming corpse at nearly the speed of sound. A steal at only $50,000 (US).

If you don't see the life-changing furry alteration package that your heart desires, then just drop me a line and I'm sure we can improvise something. Horse conversions are forbidden by law and we don't work with horses anyway; they are not to be trusted.

Speaking of Cats...

Flash superstar Dante Passera has provided Something Awful and you fine people sitting at home or work with a new installment of his cartoon cat. Kitty's Country Holiday is rated "M" for Mature.



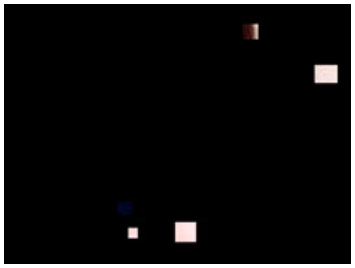
In this amazing episode Kitty decides to take a vacation into the country. There Kitty encounters Fatty, who is about to enjoy a most inappropriate repast. Intrigued? You should be, so for god's sake watch it!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.2 The Porn Conformity Law

Monday, Aug 06, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

After I removed the many poison-coated thumbtacks from my chair and sat down this morning , I began to write an update regarding the perils of human cloning. As usual, I planned on adding my patent-pending zany wit to the gravity of the issue by making remarks along the lines of "ha ha, those people should EXPLODE!" and "what a bunch of CRAZY GOOFY HILARIOUS PEOPLE!" However, I soon began to realize that my heart wasn't really in the article; there was something else I felt was much more important. One of the most critical and crucial issues facing us today is not the debate over human cloning. It is not that silly nuclear atomic laser missile space alien shield. It isn't any computer virus, economic indicator, or current fruit of the month that the Taliban is banning. No, my friends, I believe the greatest issue challenging us today is the fact that the quality of reality doesn't currently meet my pornography industry standards.



A screen capture from one of the many porn movies I own. NOTE: I have edited out all inappropriate parts unsuitable for the public.

I came to that conclusion today when I was at the convenience store, attempting to buy some of that crazy new Sobe drink crap. You know the stuff; it's the junk that is the color of a dead Pokemon, has a name like "Freestylin' Mangojunipermarionmelonberry RazzleClown Screamin' Hobo Elixir," and is described on the bottle as the following:

> *A refreshing twist of real authentic fake fruit flavoring substitute with a splash of artificial coloring to give you that added boost. This drink is perfect for you Generation "Can Do" hipsters who climb the tallest mountain, rollerblade the most "radical" courses, and still have time to watch reruns of the Macneil / Lehrer report.* ***NOTE:*** *drinking this product will give you unholy powers of the Great Satan himself and will allow you to crush your enemies like the pathetic bugs they are. For $1.00 more, you can also purchase the version of this drink that doesn't make you uncontrollably vomit blue oatmeal-like chunks after consuming it.*

I grabbed a bottle of this mysterious Chemical X and headed to the checkout counter where I planned on purchasing it. I figured this would be a better solution than trying to steal it by sprinting out the store, especially since I can't really move 10 feet these days without breaking into a sweat and passing out. As the native Iraqi / Martian guy behind the counter rang up my purchase, I realized that I didn't have any cash handy. When I offered to pay with my debit card, he informed me that the credit card processing machine was currently out of order, undoubtedly due to the fact that approximately 50 things were currently sitting on top of it including an entire television set tuned to the "Let's All Sing and Dance On a Desert Mountain For No Readily Available Reason" channel.

It was at that point that I realized my life was not conforming to porn standards. I'm a firm believer of the age-old saying "life imitates art," and the only art I'm constantly exposed to is the art of erotic Internet mpegs. My experience at the convenience store clearly did not mirror the experiences I've seen in these movies. If my life had conformed to the standards of porn, this situation would've resolved itself in a completely different manner:

> **ME:** "I'll be getting this weird drink that contains a liquid solution the color of an oil spill, please."
> **CLERK:** "Okay, that will be $3.72."

ME: "Alright... shit, I don't have any cash on me. Do you take credit cards?"
CLERK: "No, I'm sorry, our credit card machine is currently broken because of the time I used it as a truck wheel block. Of course, we DO accept payment in OTHER forms..." *(removing shirt)*
ME: "Hey! What the hell? Stop! You're just some fat and hairy Iraqi guy! For God's sake, put your shirt back on!"
CLERK: *(Transforming into attractive blonde woman)* "How about now, big boy?"
ME: "Let's go for it! Hey wait a second, you're not done transforming into a woman completely. You still have a, uh, male part."
CLERK: "Yeah, just like in the normal porn you download."
ME: "Dear *GOD!*"

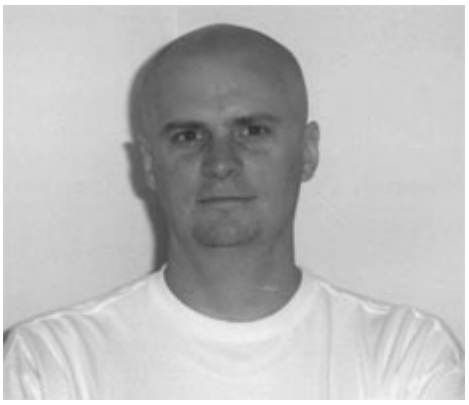
As you can tell by that extremely frightening bit of dialogue, the benefits of my Porn Conformity Law are too many to list. Actually that's not true, as I just listed one. So the list of benefits contains at least one item, possibly more, and features the following three advantages over "real life" as we currently know it:

1. Considerably More Attractive Lesbians. While walking from work yesterday, I passed a gaggle of young lesbian art students meeting outside a downtown bar. It looked like a freaky convention of 12 year old boys named "Butch" from the 1960's who just got back from the fishin' hole. Their haircuts appeared to be the result of flamethrower attacks, and each one wore a huge protective layer of plaid. Needless to say, it was a horrifying experience. If my Porn Conformity Law was enacted, these people would be replaced by leggy voluptuous models who carry marital aides in their purses at all times. The ugly lesbians would be put into "social adjustment camps" where, after months and months of exhaustive training and mental conditioning, they would be released back into the public with large garbage bags over their heads so we wouldn't have to see them.

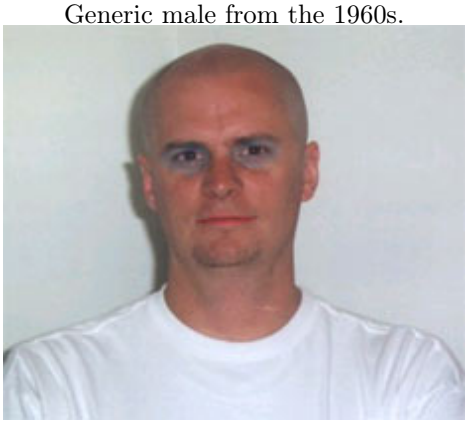
Now some of you homosexual women may take protest to this law, especially the part where I suggested all ugly lesbians should have their genes bombarded with deadly gamma rays from space *(**NOTE:** This part, along with the paragraph comparing figureheads in the current lesbian community to Uncle Fester, has been deleted)*. You might be complaining, "but Rich 'Lowtax' Kyanka! What about heterosexual men? I saw you passing us by during our LesboCon meeting at the bar yesterday, and your face looked like it took a wrong turn into a trash dumpster! Why will only lesbians be less ugly?" Simple: male porn "actors" are ugly. There doesn't seem to be any law requiring male porn actors to be handsome, or for that matter, have a gut that doesn't obscure their kneecaps. Take, for example, the large, bloated, hairy tick named Ron Jeremy. So all you single heterosexual males out there can go to sleep tonight knowing that when you wake up tomorrow, you'll be just as ugly as you currently are. And make no mistake, you're plenty ugly.

2. Porn-like Solutions to All Issues. Let's face it: problems in real life are often difficult and complicated to solve. If we didn't have problems in our lives, there would be absolutely no market for those bullets which make your ribcage blow up. In pornography, all problems can be solved by one simple solution: sex, and lots of it. Let's take a look at this in action:

SCENE: THE BANK
BANKER: "You're late on your mortgage payment. We're going to foreclose and take your house. And your kids. Then a nice Canadian couple will buy



Generic male from the 1960s.



Modern "real-life" lesbian.

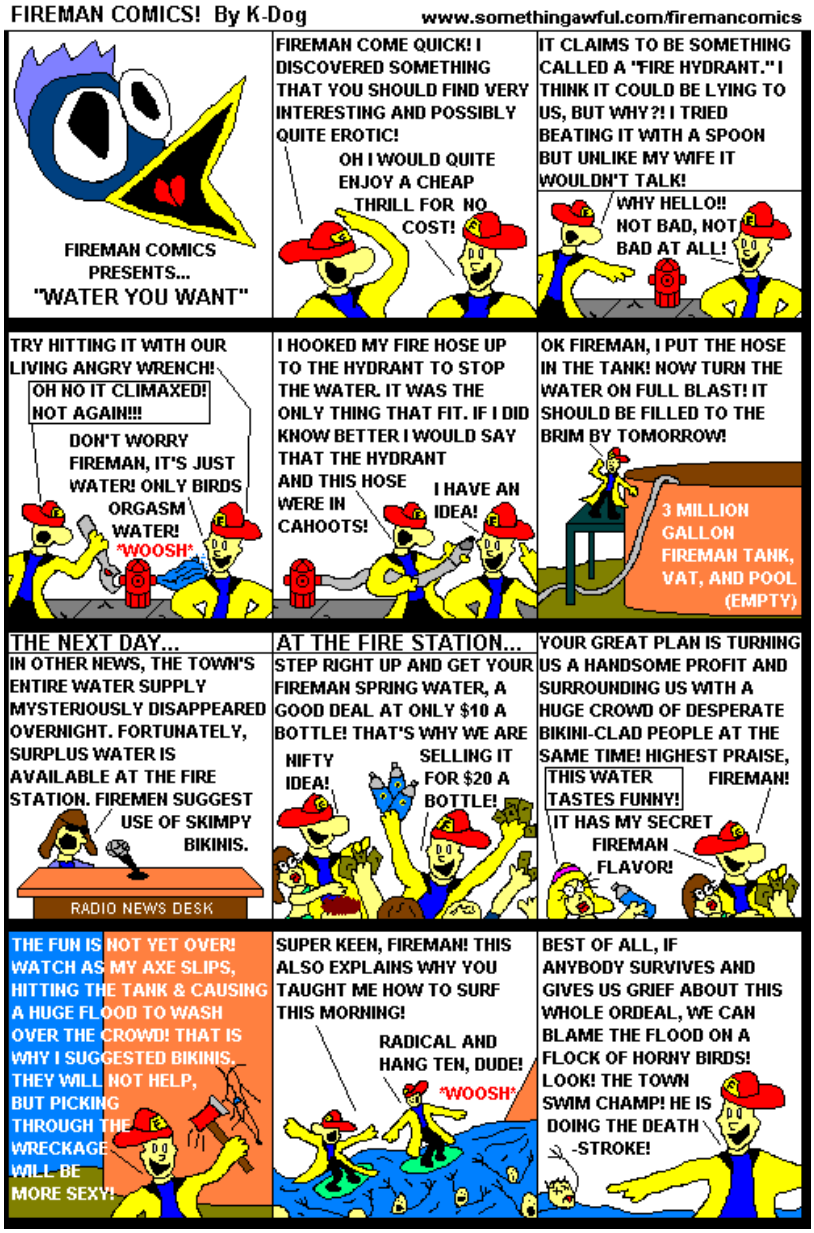
your house. And your kids. Then they'll move in and trash the place while urinating on all your furniture. And your kids."
YOU: "Isn't there some way I can make it up to you?"
BANKER: "Today is your lucky day. I just happen to not be wearing any pants."

3. Voices That Seemingly Come Out Of Furniture and Other Inanimate Objects. A popular skill that many porn stars apparently have is the ability to say things and make noises while their mouths are, er, "occupied." A woman will be devoting her mouth to a certain area on another individual, yet you'll hear her distinctly say "oh baby" followed by sounds which you probably shouldn't be hearing at the time. If my Porn Conformity Law is passed, each person will be given two voice polyphony. Have you ever been eating a 8-inch long sub sandwich while somebody is talking to you? Well now you'll finally be able to reply back while eating! As an added bonus, it will sound like your voice is coming from the flower vase 10 feet behind you! And slurping sound effects will magically accompany it!

These are just three of the many valuable benefits you'll receive upon helping me support pass my Porn Conformity Law. I'm sure the other ones involve some kind of tax break or consumer safety law that will require companies to install passenger-side ejection seats in your 1972 Ford Imapala. Regardless, I look forward to you support in making life a bit more livable, and more importantly, allowing me to pay for purchases without having to carry cash. Plus that hairy Iraqi guy, in his current form, is really unappealing.

Where There's Firemen There's Firemen Comics!

Like clockwork (assuming the clock is off by an entire day), K-Dog has provided another new and exciting installment of everybody's favorite Internet hilarity, "Fireman Comics!" Enjoy!


FIREMAN COMICS! By K-Dog
www.somethingawful.com/firemancomics
FIREMAN COMICS PRESENTS... "WATER YOU WANT"
FIREMAN COME QUICK! I DISCOVERED SOMETHING THAT YOU SHOULD FIND VERY INTERESTING AND POSSIBLY QUITE EROTIC!
OH I WOULD QUITE ENJOY A CHEAP THRILL FOR NO COST!
IT CLAIMS TO BE SOMETHING CALLED A "FIRE HYDRANT." I THINK IT COULD BE LYING TO US, BUT WHY?! I TRIED BEATING IT WITH A SPOON BUT UNLIKE MY WIFE IT WOULDN'T TALK!
WHY HELLO!! NOT BAD, NOT BAD AT ALL!
TRY HITTING IT WITH OUR LIVING ANGRY WRENCH!
OH NO IT CLIMAXED! NOT AGAIN!!!
DON'T WORRY FIREMAN, IT'S JUST WATER! ONLY BIRDS ORGASM WATER!
WOOSH
I HOOKED MY FIRE HOSE UP TO THE HYDRANT TO STOP THE WATER. IT WAS THE ONLY THING THAT FIT. IF I DID KNOW BETTER I WOULD SAY THAT THE HYDRANT AND THIS HOSE WERE IN CAHOOTS!
I HAVE AN IDEA!
OK FIREMAN, I PUT THE HOSE IN THE TANK! NOW TURN THE WATER ON FULL BLAST! IT SHOULD BE FILLED TO THE BRIM BY TOMORROW!
3 MILLION GALLON FIREMAN TANK, VAT, AND POOL (EMPTY)
THE NEXT DAY...
IN OTHER NEWS, THE TOWN'S ENTIRE WATER SUPPLY MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED OVERNIGHT. FORTUNATELY, SURPLUS WATER IS AVAILABLE AT THE FIRE STATION. FIREMEN SUGGEST USE OF SKIMPY BIKINIS.
RADIO NEWS DESK
AT THE FIRE STATION...
STEP RIGHT UP AND GET YOUR FIREMAN SPRING WATER, A GOOD DEAL AT ONLY $10 A BOTTLE! THAT'S WHY WE ARE SELLING IT FOR $20 A BOTTLE!
NIFTY IDEA!
YOUR GREAT PLAN IS TURNING US A HANDSOME PROFIT AND SURROUNDING US WITH A HUGE CROWD OF DESPERATE BIKINI-CLAD PEOPLE AT THE SAME TIME! HIGHEST PRAISE, FIREMAN!
THIS WATER TASTES FUNNY!
IT HAS MY SECRET FIREMAN FLAVOR!
THE FUN IS WATCH AS HITTING THE TANK & CAUSING A HUGE FLOOD TO WASH OVER THE CROWD! THAT IS WHY I SUGGESTED BIKINIS. THEY WILL BUT PICKING THROUGH THE WRECKAGE WILL BE MORE SEXY!
NOT YET OVER! MY AXE SLIPS, NOT HELP,
SUPER KEEN, FIREMAN! THIS ALSO EXPLAINS WHY YOU TAUGHT ME HOW TO SURF THIS MORNING!
RADICAL AND HANG TEN, DUDE!
WOOSH
BEST OF ALL, IF ANYBODY SURVIVES AND GIVES US GRIEF ABOUT THIS WHOLE ORDEAL, WE CAN BLAME THE FLOOD ON A FLOCK OF HORNY BIRDS!
LOOK! THE TOWN SWIM CHAMP! HE IS DOING THE DEATH -STROKE!

I never knew wackiness was supposed to burn this bad!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

8.3 Deathtrack vs. Gran Turismo 3

Monday, Aug 06, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Cruising the Information Super Speedway

When I finally got around to buying "Gran Turismo 2" for my Play Station, I already knew I was in love. It was like looking at those catalogs of the Russian women that they send to my apartment and finding the perfect mail order sweetheart who I wanted to spend the rest of my days with. I had played it at a friend's house and knew that it would have dinner ready for me when I got home from work, it would cut the fingernails on my right hand, and it would indulge my secret fantasy to have oral sex performed on me in a haunted amusement park. In short, we were a perfect match. I thought our love affair would never end.

Each car in GT3 comes equipped with more lens flares than a clan web site.

Then I heard about "Gran Turismo 3", "Gran Turismo 2"'s younger sister. I followed her development from afar, downloading video clips of her and paging through pictures, reading every bit of information I could get my hands on. Sometimes, late at night when "Gran Turismo 2" was asleep, I would even sneak onto the computer and touch myself in an inappropriate way while I watched clips from the E3 build of Gran Turismo 3. It was a sick and secret love affair.

That is, until that fateful day when I got my hands on my very own copy of "Gran Turismo 3". I immediately kicked poor old GT 2 to the curb. She wasn't aging particularly well, so I put her out to pasture, tucked away in a flip case next to "Parasite Eve" and "Warhawk". Those two had been nothing but flings, one night stands best forgotten.

Let me dispense with the lame metaphor. "Gran Turismo 3" is the best game released to date for the Playstation 2 game console. Whatever your opinion of the platform - and unless you are one of those crazy nutballs that absolutely loathes car games - this is an incredible game. It pains me to say it because it's much more difficult to be funny when writing about a game if you like it.

The graphics in GT3 are fantastic. No, string ten adjectives together and then you might approach the grandeur of the glittering skyscrapers on the Tokyo Highway level. Make that twenty and you'll approach the splendor of hard-turning on wet asphalt, a fine mist of water rising up behind you, your car and the streetlights reflecting in the shimmering pavement. It's beautiful, it's detailed, it's got a great draw range, it has a great frame rate. Fuck me hard, I can't say anything bad about it.

Like a case of full blown AIDS, "Gran Turismo 3" will destroy your life. You will fixate on fine tuning your car until you can win one more race and then buy a better car to fine tune and use to win more difficult races. It's a cycle that I have not completed. Where's the rubber hose, I need to tie off!

Now as much as I absolutely adore this game I must admit that I find it lacking in certain respects. When compared to Activision's seminal murderous racing game "Deathtrack", GT3 has a serious deficit of ultra-destructive weapons. In fact none of the games in the Gran Turismo series had a single weapon upgrade for your car. This is absolutely preposterous in a cutting edge game, especially when Deathtrack (which was released in 1990) had like a hundred guns in it. I think a comparison is in order here.

Number of Driveable Cars

Gran Turismo 3: More than seven.

Deathtrack: Three.

Winner: **GT3.** The number seven is greater than the number three, and since I'm sure GT3 has more than seven cars, it must be better in this department than Deathtrack.

Draw Range

Gran Turismo 3: Line of sight in most cases, very slight pop up.

Deathtrack: Buildings and terrain emerge from the side of the road like constant salvos of missiles from hidden silos.

Winner: **GT3**, by a nose. Gran Turismo is far more realistic than Deathtrack but there was something blazingly exciting about the way a dangerous curve and an overpass would appear 50 feet in front of your car in Deathtrack.

Polygon count

Gran Turismo 3: Each car consists of significantly more than 1,000 polygons.

Deathtrack: Each car consists of significantly more than 10 polygons.

Winner: **Deathtrack.** Like a sumo wrestler in a Vietnam war tunnel crawl, bigger isn't always better.

Fastest car

Gran Turismo 3: Pike's Peak Escudo

Deathtrack: The Hellcat.

Winner: **Deathtrack.** Pike's Peak Escudo sounds like a car that would have an air-brushed painting of Jesus on the hood. The Hellcat, on the other hand, sounds like it knows how to get things done.

Loudest Sound System

Gran Turismo 3: I didn't see any Honda CRXs in the game, so I don't think GT3 is going to win.

Deathtrack: I would guess the Pitbull plays the game's midi-music pretty loud.

Winner: **Tie.** The low quality of the midi music in Deathtrack makes the arcade theme from "Spy Hunter" sound like a live performance of Phillip Glass' "Akhnaten" and negates the fact that a car in the game has a sound system.

Number of Weapons Available

This ain't your daddy's wheel shop!

Gran Turismo 3: I was going to give GT3 a lot of credit until I realized the various custom rims you can fit to your wheels are not actually whirring death saws.

Deathtrack: The game is literally overflowing with weapon modifications for your vehicle.

Winner: **Deathtrack.** With a weapon like "The Terminator" how can this not go to Deahtrack? To quote the game's manual: "Picture a high-explosive warhead strapped to a skateboard. Nowslap on a rocket pack and launch it from your machine, and you have aTerminator."

After tallying up the score from this informal comparison study, I think it is pretty obvious that Deathtrack is overall a superior game to Gran Turismo 3. Despite my initital fanboy ravings about the game, I must now retract what I said and suggest you purchase Activision's Deathtrack. It is available on 51/4 floppy disks at the creepy unlit section of a computer show near you!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.4 We want porn

Wednesday, Aug 08, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

◘ Contest Time!!!

That's right, ladies and gentlemen, it's time once again for another patent-pending World Famous Something Awful Contest, the legendary tests of will and skill that rewards entrants with valuable prizes and significantly more valuable cash bonuses! I'm sure everybody out there remembers the winner of the last SA contest, Darren Accardo, who submitted this first-place entry for the "Get a SA Tattoo Somewhere On Your Body and Take a Picture of It By Having a Hidden Camera Film You While You Commit a Major Felony" contest:

As you can tell, this was obviously not the winning entry for the contest. This is in fact a photo of a dog standing on a roof. However, since neither the previous contest or anybody named "Darren Accardo" exists (to the best of my knowledge), I don't feel guilty lying to you. I mean, for God's sake, it's a *DOG ON A ROOF*. I don't think I need to apologize for that.

Regardless, it's time to introduce a new contest to the bowels of Something Awful history and fame. As you are probably aware of, many "entertainment" sites out there feature multiple pictures of real life fake Internet girls. Some of them set up webcam portals, an area of the site where these girls have their picture refreshed every 30 nanoseconds in exchange for a link to their horrendous e/n site. I would have my own female cam portal except I don't want to run the risk of exposing you readers to the daily drudge they constantly spew out like an oil well gushing with medical waste.

This is where the current SA contest comes in. We're looking for the hottest and most sexiest female SA readers out there to fill our required "Internet Girl" quota. We figure that if other websites can do this kind of crap, we should as well. I mean, we're just as heterosexual as the next site. And just because I download Japanese penis girl porn doesn't mean I'm gay because, hey, they're women. They just have penises, that's all. Now I realize that there may not be that many attractive women visiting this site. Last time I took a poll, the readership of this site consisted of the following:

86% - Male
7% - Female
6% - Undetermined; bloated stomach obscures line-of-sight to genital area.
1% - *Counter-Strike*

Then you have to assume that 50% of people who claim they're female are simply males who want more attention. 50% of the remaining figure are men who honestly think they're women, and 50% of

that total are men who don't know how to properly fill out surveys. So the true number of women who read this page is, uh, I don't know, really low I guess.

Luckily for us, we don't give a shit! That's correct, we don't really care if you're really a male or a female! All you males out there are free to enter this contest, send in a photo, and claim to be somebody else. As long as your email is written convincingly (ie, don't repeatedly refer to yourself as "mister") and contains an attractive female, you'll be a valid entry! Now for the contest rules and regulations:

1) You can enter as many times as you want, being many people as you desire.
2) You will get "bonus points" if you're naked. You will get "ultra bonus points" if you're engaging in sexual activity. You will get "ultra mega bonus points" if you're engaging in sexual activity with another female.
3) All submitted pictures become property of Something Awful Incorporated, to be used as masturbatory material for either myself or Zack, but not both of us at the same time in the same room.
4) The winner of the contest gets to have their face Photoshopped on top of a dinosaur's body in a Jeff K. comic strip:

5) On second thought, maybe that's a picture of a dragon.
6) Regardless, it doesn't warrant me making an extra rule just to point that out.

So what are you waiting for? Send in "your" picture now! I know a good majority of you want to be crowned as Miss "I Won a Contest On Something Awful" and see your sexy head atop a sexy dinosaur / dragon! Well, maybe not a majority of you, but at least 50% of 50% of 50% of 50% of 7% of you.

Enter now!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

8.5 Weapons... of the FUTURE!

Thursday, Aug 09, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I Should Be In Charge of a War

You're not the boss of me!

I am an armchair general. For those of you who missed my "coming-out-of-the-closet" post a few months back, I love turn-based strategy games and I watch the History channel all the time. Now I would like to take the time to admit that my boring and shameful obsession runs even deeper than previously stated. I own roughly thirty books about war, I voraciously devour the most dry and purely informational book Panzer tactics or infantry tactics like it was the latest attorney-themed pot boiler from John Grisham. I have knowledge of personal, tactical and strategic weaponry and equipment to rival the most bookish quartermaster in the United States armed forces. I am fully versed in combined arms warfare, electronic warfare and any other annoying "something warfare" situation that might arise.

In short, I want to be a real general. Yeah, I realize that isn't how it works, but I have spent a lot of time adapting these strategies to the coming revolutions in battlefield technology and sprinkling them with my own ideas about implementing some personal innovations. I think I have some pretty damn good ideas.

Astronaut Paratroopers

Paratroopers are one of the most elite infantry units in any armed forces, but I think it would be wise to take the best of these already great soldiers and train them to form new units of Astronaut Paratroopers. Just as the name implies, these brave warriors would be launched into space. Once their spacecraft was in orbit over the target they would await the signal to drop through the atmosphere and onto an unsuspecting enemy. They would ride umbrella-like shields of heat-reflective tiles through the atmosphere; their Indian-like war-cries would ring out over the tight band communication system. Once they were inside the atmosphere they would deploy parachutes to arrest their fall, eventually coming down well behind enemy lines for a dangerous commando operation. Naturally they would be dressed as some type of alien, as nothing is more demoralizing than thinking you're getting attacked by a force of crazed chainsaw wielding aliens. Oh yeah, that was the other thing, they would be armed with chainsaws and also possibly some top secret heat ray blaster.

Deadly Propaganda

This new technique is a personal innovation. Bombs loaded with very specific and entertaining propaganda - in this case Garfield comic booklets with the punch lines all changed to something actually funny - would be dropped over enemy population centers. When the enemy citizenry picked up the comics they would inevitably leaf through them, laughing at the antics of that crazy fat cat who loves lasagna. They would be laughing so hard they would at first think that they were dying of laughter, but in fact they would be experiencing uncontrollable seizures courtesy of the systemic neurotoxin laced in each and every hilarious page.

Time-On-Target Artillery Meals

Supplying a fighting unit of divisional or greater strength with hot meals is one of the most difficult logistical problems facing any operational commander. Recent innovations

A sample of the third frame of one of my edited and deadly Garfield comics.

such as MREs (Meals Ready to Eat) have reduced this problem to more manageable levels, but I suggest taking things a step further. I have developed working schematics for a 280mm mortar with a range of roughly 9 kilometers capable of launching shells filled with over 100 hot meals to troops on the front line. The propellant cooks the meals as they are launched skyward and by the time the steaming shell lands near the front, the troops can help themselves to a piping-hot meal just like mom would make if she cooked with HCX binary shell propellant. As an added bonus, long-barreled low-velocity spotter mortars would be capable of delivering single serving specialty meals to the front line while serving as a range-finder for the massed meal artillery.

> **Frontline Spotter:** "Fire command, this is Charlie-Six, Sgt. Hausman would like a vegetarian meal delivered to 120, 205."
> **Fire Command:** "Roger you Charlie-Six, firing spotter meal. Incoming!"
> **Frontline Spotter:** "Adjust fire 2 degrees, Private Kossell wants a dietetic meal."
> **Fire Command:** "Roger you Charlie-Six, firing spotter meal. Incoming!"
> **Frontline Spotter:** "Dead on, practically landed in Kossell's lap. Fire for effect!"
> **Fire Command:** "Firing for effect! (*begins launching masses of 100 meal drums towards the front lines*)."

Exploding Butler Robots

Who hires butlers? The wealthy, the powerful, and very slightly dysfunctional sitcom families, that's who. I have designed the ultimate butler robot, capable of performing all of the tasks of a human butler without ever growing tired or complaining. These butler robots would infiltrate an opposing nation, taking up residence in the houses and palaces of the enemy's ruling class. Then, when the enemy least expects it, the butler robot would explode, potentially killing them and at the very least badly damaging their expensive tea service. Currently the butler robot is in the prototype and testing stages. We are trying to work out a glitch that causes the robot to constantly cry and shriek "No, please God, why?!"

Time Traveling Mother Assassin

Using time travel to eliminate a threat is fairly routine military strategy these days, which means that the enemy will always be on the guard for a killer cyborg sent into the past to eliminate his mother before he was even born. That's where my assassin comes in. A trained master of disguise, this assassin will travel back in time and kill

Here is a mockup of Mother Assassin deployed in the field.

the opposing ruler's mother AFTER he has already been born. The assassin will then impersonate the ruler's mother and will seek to embarrass the ruler at every opportunity. The assassin will do this until the timeline has been modified to the point where the ruler has no self esteem and his people perceive him as a worthless joke.

Submarine Invasion Launcher

Finally, this new technology comes courtesy of my evil collaborator in all things insane and militaristic; Al Derby. This innovative transport system is designed specifically for a Chinese invasion scenario in which US and allied naval units would need a swift and accurate means of delivery to the front line. The system would be constructed on the mountaintops of neighbouring Nepal overlooking the south-western Chinese border. It consists of a series of giant torsion-powered catapults each of which is large and powerful enough to propel an entire submarine over the border and into inland Chinese lakes and rivers. The system's only disadvantage is that to re-string and wind back each catapult would require the efforts of 8-10 squadrons of heavy tractors or at least two full herds of dinosaurs.

I request, no I demand, that the United States armed forces instate me as supreme commander at once! My plans are sound, my tactics unquestionable, and my will to fight has been tested several times by people in Junior High School, and I only backed down once! It was this retarded kid who constantly swung his head back and forth and I was afraid I wouldn't be able to land a solid hook on that boat-motor noggin of his. Plus I heard retarded people are like two or seven times stronger than a normal person.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.6 Breaking and exiting

Monday, Aug 13, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

While some crazy foreign people like to make crazy foreign people insults against America by poking fun of our goofy President or refusal to riot during soccer games, it's a commonly known fact that America leads the planet, if not universe, in home protection. Sure there may be 500,000 different ways for you to be murdered in your house during an armed burglary, but we have at least 1,000,000 various methods to prevent this from happening. Popular movies such as "Home Alone" and its sequel "Dunston Checks In" have demonstrated that American ingenuity (combined with common household items) can successfully deter any assult from a couple wacky burglars who have the total intelligence of rock salt. Some of the more popular theft-deterrent systems that American households currently employ include the following:

A well protected home has all this and more.

- Burglar alarms that are triggered by deadly air molecules entering or leaving house
- Guard dogs which try to eat anything that poses a threat to them, such as minorities, babies, lesbians, sandwiches, or their owner
- Bars which cover up windows, impenetrable to anybody without a screwdriver or opposable thumbs
- Small guns
- Large guns
- Really large guns which shoot an awful lot of bullets in a short time span
- Moats
- Sticker on front door which reads *"NO JEHOVA WITNESSES OR BURGLARS ALLOWED. OCCUPANT OF HOME IS ARMED AND PROBABLY NOT PASSED OUT."*
- Television loudly tuned to "Who Wants to Be a Millionaire?"
- Replacing all doors with solid steel walls disguised as doors
- Trap door that leads to a makeshift dungeon where your banker friend runs around under a bedsheet and pretends he's a ghost so he can scare kids away and somehow lower the property value
- The refusal to purchase anything worth stealing
- A button that, when pressed, makes the house rotate around 180 degrees. Also the house is moved into another state, one which has a lower burglary rate
- Elderly woman who sits on a couch by the front door all day, moaning and decomposing while items surrounding her spontaneously oxidize and mysteriously take up the stench of mothballs
- Openings that look like windows but in reality are large monsters' mouths

As Americans, we're free to pretty much construct whatever harebrained schemes we want to defend ourselves as long as it's inside our personal property and doesn't cause neighboring houses to become radioactive. In this day and age, with the invention of miraculous personal protection items like "really strong wood" and those big bullets that make your internal organs fall out, there really isn't any good reason for people to have their homes burglarized. However, these aforementioned protection schemes have a critical downfall: lawsuits. You'd better hope to hell that the guy breaking into your house ends up with his skull in a different area code because if he falls prey to your anti-burglarly device and survives, then you're going to be wrapped up in lawsuits for the next decade. Basically, while you're free to protect your gun collection and Star Trek memorabilia in virtually

any way possible, you're going to get in trouble if somebody breaks into your house and becomes a victim of your protection scheme. Say that somebody busts into your home and storms into your bedroom during the middle of the night. While it's fine for you to have a gun, you are only allowed to legally shoot the intruder if all the following conditions are met:

> 1) The intruder has a deadly weapon such as a gun, drunk driving automobile, or shark. A gun is only classified as "deadly" if it contains hollow-point or Black Talon rounds since normal bullets don't hardly cause any damage these days thanks to society's constant exposure to gene-mutating microwaves and CRT radiation. The normal .45 caliber round is incapable of breaking human skin.
> 2) The intruder has signed a written contract admitting that he plans on killing you. This contract must also be approved by the state governor and cosigned by somebody in Congress.
> 3) The intruder has killed at least 10 people in his past, with at least two of those victims dying in the last month (not of natural causes).
> 4) The intruder has previously expressed to you his intent to make you murdered. He can only do so voluntarily and can not be "tricked" like in the following situation:
>
> > **YOU:** *(Cleverly)* "I sure don't hope that I don't feel that you don't not murder me! Are you?" *(Chuckling with superiority while loading gun)*
> > **BURGLAR:** "What?" *(Murders you)*

While these rules are tough and strict, they are certainly fair. Compare this to wanna-be communist countries like the UK, which is doing wanna-be communist things like the following:

> Council's barbed wire ban - *A 93-year-old woman who put up barbed wire around her home after repeated burglaries has been ordered to take it down because it could injure intruders. Ruby Barber's family put up £450 worth of wire following three break-ins at her home in the Ryehill area of Northampton. But council officials have now ordered them to take it down - because it could injure someone who "foolishly" tries to climb it.*

The future of the UK...?

So the officials of Northampton, undoubtedly cranky because American keyboards don't have a "£" button and nobody knows the secret code to display it (besides copying and pasting), has removed another slice from the Cherry Pie of Freedom. Instead of allowing the liberty to cause personal injury to local fence-climbing addicts, the government has decided to clamp down and forbid the protection of private property. If you thought that was bad, I have terrible news that will shock and horrify you: things actually get worse. Also, you smell like shit and nobody likes you. The wonderful people at the State Og Fact-Finding division, which recently took a break from researching what John F. Kennedy was doing on the moon when he was assassinated, was able to turn up the following document taken from a recent Northampton city council meeting. The results may chill you... in a chilling way!

NORTHAMPTON CITY PLANS:

> 1) Outlaw barbed wire. Pass law banning citizen use of barbed wire and making it illegal to show graphic depiction of barbed wire in video games. Require all digital representations of barbed wire to be replaced with image of curly french fry or non-Nazi robot with green blood.

> 2) Abolish the manufacturing and use of front doors. Burglars or intruders may injure their arm while trying to break them down. Require automated "people mover" conveyor belts to be installed outside every home, allowing easy and injure-free access to all burglars (particularly handicapped).
> 3) Ban any wall taller than three feet. Robbers run the risk of falling off and hurting themselves. If intruder has contracted "Advanced Gravity Syndrome" and suffers more damage when falling, owner of house will be legally required to come to the intruder's aid and personally heal him until 100% recovered. This includes buying Christmas gifts that say "get better soon!" and feature a picture of a kitten.

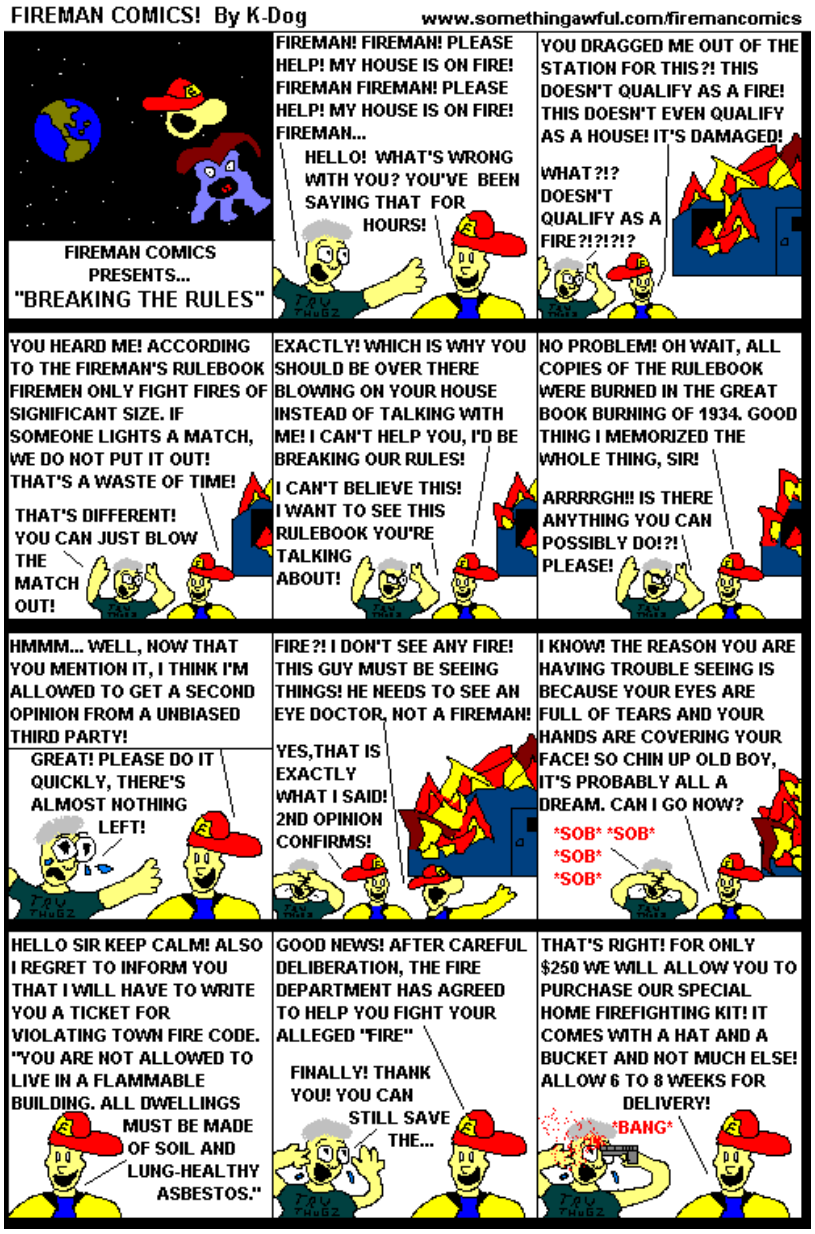
A chilling look at things to come? Most certainly! However, we American citizens can rest easy tonight, confident that our budding and prosperous legal industry will prevent any events like these, which might put a damper on their cash flow, from occurring. It's your right as a United States resident to deter break-ins from your God-fearing home in almost any way possible... assuming that nobody actually ever breaks into your place. Now grab that barbed wire and get cracking, you patriot.

◻ Have a Fire-Filled Day!

Another week, another issue of everybody's favorite crudely-drawn firemen heroes!

In case you forgot, you can visit the official Fireman Comic website by clicking on this series of letters and words.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)


FIREMAN COMICS! By K-Dog
www.somethingawful.com/firemancomics
FIREMAN COMICS PRESENTS...
"BREAKING THE RULES"
FIREMAN! FIREMAN! PLEASE HELP! MY HOUSE IS ON FIRE! FIREMAN FIREMAN! PLEASE HELP! MY HOUSE IS ON FIRE! FIREMAN...
HELLO! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU? YOU'VE BEEN SAYING THAT FOR HOURS!
YOU DRAGGED ME OUT OF THE STATION FOR THIS?! THIS DOESN'T QUALIFY AS A FIRE! THIS DOESN'T EVEN QUALIFY AS A HOUSE! IT'S DAMAGED!
WHAT?!? DOESN'T QUALIFY AS A FIRE?!?!?!?
YOU HEARD ME! ACCORDING TO THE FIREMAN'S RULEBOOK FIREMEN ONLY FIGHT FIRES OF SIGNIFICANT SIZE. IF SOMEONE LIGHTS A MATCH, WE DO NOT PUT IT OUT! THAT'S A WASTE OF TIME!
THAT'S DIFFERENT! YOU CAN JUST BLOW THE MATCH OUT!
EXACTLY! WHICH IS WHY YOU SHOULD BE OVER THERE BLOWING ON YOUR HOUSE INSTEAD OF TALKING WITH ME! I CAN'T HELP YOU, I'D BE BREAKING OUR RULES!
I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS! I WANT TO SEE THIS RULEBOOK YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!
NO PROBLEM! OH WAIT, ALL COPIES OF THE RULEBOOK WERE BURNED IN THE GREAT BOOK BURNING OF 1934. GOOD THING I MEMORIZED THE WHOLE THING, SIR!
ARRRRGH!! IS THERE ANYTHING YOU CAN POSSIBLY DO!?! PLEASE!
HMMM... WELL, NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT, I THINK I'M ALLOWED TO GET A SECOND OPINION FROM A UNBIASED THIRD PARTY!
GREAT! PLEASE DO IT QUICKLY, THERE'S ALMOST NOTHING LEFT!
FIRE?! I DON'T SEE ANY FIRE! THIS GUY MUST BE SEEING THINGS! HE NEEDS TO SEE AN EYE DOCTOR, NOT A FIREMAN!
YES,THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT I SAID! 2ND OPINION CONFIRMS!
I KNOW! THE REASON YOU ARE HAVING TROUBLE SEEING IS BECAUSE YOUR EYES ARE FULL OF TEARS AND YOUR HANDS ARE COVERING YOUR FACE! SO CHIN UP OLD BOY, IT'S PROBABLY ALL A DREAM. CAN I GO NOW?
SOB *SOB* *SOB* *SOB*
HELLO SIR KEEP CALM! ALSO I REGRET TO INFORM YOU THAT I WILL HAVE TO WRITE YOU A TICKET FOR VIOLATING TOWN FIRE CODE. "YOU ARE NOT ALLOWED TO LIVE IN A FLAMMABLE BUILDING. ALL DWELLINGS MUST BE MADE OF SOIL AND LUNG-HEALTHY ASBESTOS."
GOOD NEWS! AFTER CAREFUL DELIBERATION, THE FIRE DEPARTMENT HAS AGREED TO HELP YOU FIGHT YOUR ALLEGED "FIRE"
FINALLY! THANK YOU! YOU CAN STILL SAVE THE...
THAT'S RIGHT! FOR ONLY $250 WE WILL ALLOW YOU TO PURCHASE OUR SPECIAL HOME FIREFIGHTING KIT! IT COMES WITH A HAT AND A BUCKET AND NOT MUCH ELSE! ALLOW 6 TO 8 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY!
BANG

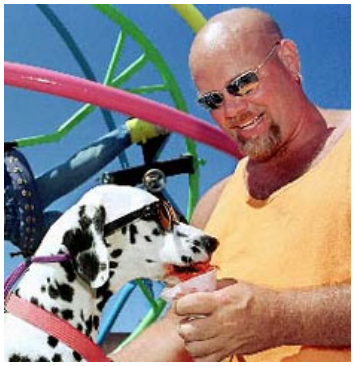
8.7 Dogs online

Monday, Aug 13, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Dogs Have Important Things to Say

Dogs are widely known as "man's best friend", but how can we really be sure when we don't know what they are feeling and saying with their incessant barking? A crazy electronics company in Japan, and trust me there are a lot of them, has designed a system that records your dog's barks, determines what the dog's mood is, then displays a cute little icon on a hand held display. You can read the entire article here.

> *Released by Takara Co Ltd, Japan's third-largest toy maker, the invention uses a microphone on the dog's collar to record the bark. An infra-red voice print is then beamed to the owners 'emotion pager' -- a small liquid crystal display that shows how the dog feels. Gauging six emotions, the "Bow-lingual" uses 200 words to relay to the owner the dog's feeling together with the relevant pictures.*



The changing dynamic of canine/human communication will lead to relationships previously considered taboo. The dog pictured above just got done licking its own asshole, which is pretty gross.

Since I am positive the device couldn't just be randomly picking a word and icon to display your dog's emotion, I think this represents an incredible leap in human-dog interaction. Yes, even more important than those underground Russian dog sex videos I downloaded from Kazaa. This is the first step in a natural progression of technology designed to integrate our canine friends into society. Right now the "Bow-lingual" can only handle a handful of emotions and phrases to describe what a dog is feeling, but soon I'm sure they'll include a multitude of new emotions. You'll be able to know when you dog is feeling wistful, winsome, rococo, maladroit or even like a "number one superstar dog of world".

Before we even realize it's happening dogs will be getting jobs and wearing bark-to-speech translators to ease communication. That may sound somewhat hokey to you, but if I know Japs from anything besides WWII propaganda, it's from science fiction film adaptations of William Gibson stories. The Japanese all run corporations bent on using technology for global dominance and they are very honorable also. All they have to do is place their mighty Imperial attention on solving the dog problem and today's drooling Labrador will become tomorrow's drooling Labrador evil Japanese CEO.

Computers will have to undergo a change as well, with peripherals and input devices designed specifically for dogs. Using my bottomless knowledge of canine psychology I was able to create a realistic computer simulation of several dogs using computers. Naturally they were in an AOL chat room, because that's where all the action is on the interweb.

> **GoldnGrrl:** Hey, whats up?!
> **MADDog:** Fraggt his ass yesterday!
> **SexyPug:** Are you into bitches GG?
> **I8ANTIFREEZE:** Yoyoyoy, what's up cewtie?!
> **GoldnGrrl: GoldnGrrl:** SP - No, sorry :)

MADDog: I am hungry.
SexyPug: I am hungry too!
GoldnGrrl: I'm hungry!!!
I8ANTIFREEZE: God, I am so hungry.
MADDog: I am so hungry I am going to run around in circles, brb.
Mailman: Heeey what's up dogs!
SexyPug: INTRUDER! INTRUDER! GET HIM!
GoldnGrrl: INTRUDER! IT'S AN INTRUDER! I'M HUNGRY STILL!
I8ANTIFREEZE: WE HAVE TO GET INTRUDER, EAT HIS FOOD.
MADDog: Did anyone get any food?
MADDog: OH MY GOD INTRUDER! GET HIM!
SexyPug: THAT'S WHAT I'M SAYING, INTRUDER!

Dogs will infiltrate every part of our society, from the boardroom to the bedroom. They already have a dewclaw hold on the sporting world, but as their ability to communicate ideas parallels or even surpasses that of human athletes you will see them taking part in every sport imaginable. Even more importantly than their involvement in everything from Hockey to NASCAR racing is the extremely valuable product endorsement and collectibles contracts they'll get. I've already got a preorder on the Upper Deck gold foil collectors set of Basketball superstar and Cairn Terrier "Ash", not to mention my interest in the pay per view match of Lennox Lewis versus. Bowser, a former racing Greyhound.

Pebbles receives a trophy for his accomplishments with the Chicago Bulls.

With the help of the dastardly Japanese, in a few short years the dogs will achieve not only equality but dominance in our society. Expect to see a dog senator or congressman no later than 2006 and a major party dog presidential candidate by 2012. Bending over and smelling someone's ass will replace the handshake, eating cat shit will be an acceptable snack, and randomly humping people and objects will no longer be considered sexual harassment. Hell, in five years at least two major TV networks will have programming broadcast with audio outside the range of human hearing.

Is this the world you want? If the answer is no, then join me in throwing puppies off cliffs before they get the chance to talk about that time that you were masturbating and they came into the room and just sat there watching you. Thanks a million Fido, a watched pot never boils.

Oh My Lord, What's This?!

It seems that big fan of religion and all around good guy Bob James has supplied us with another soul-saving comic. If you don't read this, you're risking ETERNAL DAMNATION!

Holy smokes, it seems like that poor little girl is in a bit of a pickle! Better read it and find out how the situation is resolved, otherwise you might find yourself in the same predicament. READ IT NOW!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.8 El Pinto Grande meets the President

Tuesday, Aug 14, 2001 by El Pinto Grande (@sexyfacts4u)

Going to Meet the President is Amazing Times Indeed

Long time reader and many fans of Yours Truly are knowing that I am making the big splashes within Mexico, but it is not possibly known that I am not huge and famous outside of country. This is why I am very excited when I am made to receive a letter from the President of America saying "El Pinto Grande you truly are a wrestler to fill a heart with gallons of pride. Be coming to America to help me usher in this new and excitement bound era of my presidency as American president." I walk in big pants but that does not mean I am not almost fainting with joy when I am seeing the words the president has written on the letter to me.

America is for a time being the land of the free and the home of Yours Truly.

I run and tell wife and large son about this and they are jumping up and down but I warn them to watch themselves because they might summon bad spirits if there is excitement to disturbing the long time sleep of the Incan tombs near American Chemical Plant drainage pond. Once things are being settled down somewhat I put on my finest luchador mask and pack my bags for my bus trip to the bright lights and big city of Bakersfield, California. I am thinking president is in Washington State but this may not be true although it is hard to know these days with the changing ways of politics and the tectonic plates.

One of American President's men shows off car to citizen of America.

Yours Truly is waving goodbye to the fans and the family and gives a huge wrestling hug to my good friend Sombrero Largo at bus station. Tears are being wiped from eyes by many of the gathered people, even though they are knowing that my destination will soon be a return to Mexico. This trip on the bus is very long time in the offing and I am making to entertain fellow travelers with my tales of great triumphs and tragic defeats turned into even greater triumphs within the confines of the squared circle. They are cheering by the time this bus has arrived in Bakersfield, California.

It is taking me some time to find address as I am frequently given to distracting by large cows that make shouts of challenge. These cows are forcing me to jump over fences which are shocking to my hands and then engage in a battle of wrestling mastery. Several times these are giving me a run for my money but I am a true fighter and while the cow has a lot of spirit it is not possessing training which can give you focus with the raw talent. Finally am arriving at the meeting place for American President and I am seeing that he is owning hundreds of cars! Americans are so rich it is boggling my mind. Then I tell myself "Yours Truly, this is the president, he is sure to have more cars and jewels than any other person in this fair land."

I am greeted by man in cowboy sombrero who is telling me that he is the president. I do not believe him because he is dressed like sometimes the wrestlers who come to Tijuana wrestling league from southern America are. Eventually he is convincing me though. He says we have important television broadcast to film together on the day after the day which I am arriving. This is filling me with pride so much I have to hold onto the top of my mask because I am worried that pride will explode out of the top of my skull part like oil well of pride.

He is driving me to "Best of the Western Hotel" which is like a glittering palace for the senses. He

says that they have good muffins for breakfast and is giving me presidential advice to take advantage of free muffins and drink some free oranges juiced in the morning times. So wise is this man.

Let me tell you about "Best of the Western Hotel". There are so many things there that are just amazingly incredible, it is like being waited upon by harem in Arabia.

- There is two beds for just one Yours Truly!
- Beds with quarter are making to shake in frightening way!
- Television is receiving channel with the naked women!
- Shower is warm or cold depending on turn of dial!
- Shower is not releasing water that makes eyes crying with fumes!
- Shower has doors made from glass or possibly even diamonds!
- No fight with rat people when shower is first turned on! This must be bribes to rat queen and I know from my dealings with her that she is demanding very meaty tithe.
- Sheets are not stained with blood or other spilled organ juices!
- Free ice from machine is amazing invention! This robot is putting to shame the best creation for wrestling mayhem of Indomitable Dr. Fights and it is friendly and courteous with dispensing the ice towards the bucket!
- There is lounge in which I can sit to meet other visitors from other countries. I am spending much evening in this area to introduce peoples from other realms into the world of luchadors and high-flying rudos. The smaller people and the children are known of my incredible ability to leap over chair and then dive behind counter. I am asked to return to room and knowing I have filled hearts with love of wrestling I am returning to room.
- Dancing is not against laws or codes in this wonderful paradise of Bakersfield, California. It is dancing the night away on eerie shaking robot bed for Yours Truly!

So amazing, I am eating the muffins and drinking the juice in the morning and then the president himself is arriving to drive me in his car to the presidential headquarters. There are already the cameras set up and he tells me "amazing wrestler from Mexico El Pinto Grande, whose deeds are made into the legend, you are supposed to say 'Mister America's Cars put a headlock on the competition'. Then you are to put headlock on me." I am not fast to want to put headlock on president because I am hearing before that snipers will shoot you in the eye or possibly nose if you are doing this. He is making to insist though.

American President may not look like much, bet his is real winner of a guy!

I try this many times but my English talking is not so good and they have to do it over and over again and then finally I am getting it right. After day is ended with the filming the President of America is taking me to a huge food spot where we are served I think ten cows of meat. He says "It is all you can eat amazing wrestling sensation El Pinto Grande, so eat as much as you can!" I am made to follow his instructions and I am eating enough to crush a cracker! CRACK! After meal he is making to pay and is giving me a 20 dollar bill from America for my honor as a luchador and my skills in political situations.

This was trip was a wide eye opener! Maybe I am making more trips and telling you about them, but not trips in the ring HAHA I am not falling down. This is serious stuff!

-∼El Pinto Grande (@sexyfacts4u)

8.9 Crack babies and Counter-Strike babies

Wednesday, Aug 15, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

A New Threat For A New Era

It's no surprise that the media likes scaring the unholy shit out of us; fear and terror sell newspapers. If there was some way for the press to bribe an asteroid into colliding with the Earth, they'd instantly ship bales of cash into space to exclusively cover the event. "ASTEROID ARMAGEDDON 2001 - ONGOING COVERAGE" would be splashed across headlines throughout America, with evening television news corespondents informing us that our children should add "getting blown up by an asteroid" to their list of things to constantly worry about, joining "drugs, school shootings, shark attacks, paint fumes, asbestos, robot zombies, and the Code Red computer virus." I can just imagine the news now...

This image courtesy of entering "crack baby" in Alta Vista's search engine. Thank you Alta Vista.

ANCHORMAN: "In a late-breaking news item today, scientists have revealed that a humongous asteroid is scheduled to slam into the Earth and vaporize a good majority of us, the survivors being doomed to roam across a bleak wasteland of pain and destruction. Is your county one that will be consumed by the hellish inferno of doom? Will your electricity bill increase accordingly? Stay tuned for the answers to these questions and scheduled school closings after this ad for Tampax tampons." *(Cuts to commercial)*
WOMAN: "Whenever my vagina starts acting weird and I begin mysteriously urinating blue liquid, I always choose Tampax tampons to ram up my grotesque and swollen hole!"

Once again, thank you Alta Vista.

The media feeds off prolonging misery and human suffering so they may capture viewers for as long as possible, pulling in fantastic ratings and advertising dollars throughout the ride. One of the biggest media scams that was run during the 1980's was the horrifying crack baby scare. Does everybody remember that lame fiasco? The news media spent day after day convincing us that the biggest threat to American society (besides Gary Hart and rap music) was the emergence of a deadly new demographic, the crack baby. Unlike the implied name, the crack baby wasn't in fact a baby that was addicted to crack, but the media found it difficult to get the phrase "baby of a mother who is addicted to crack" to really catch on. The term "crack baby" ended up winning the contest over such notable entries as:

- "Stupid baby"
- "Yes officer, that's him"
- "Secondhand crack user"
- "Scary minority"
- "UGO employee" (the term is still true, however UGO didn't exist back in the 1980's and as a result, nobody knew what they were talking about)

As it turns out, nothing ever happened with these so-called crack babies. They didn't turn into a group of bloodthirsty serial killers bent on implementing their brutal reign of terror. They just grew

up to be regular kids, albeit ones with much smaller heads and parents who spent all day scratching their eyes out with roofing nails. The media brewed up the entire crack baby line of bullshit simply to sell newspapers, ad spots, and raw fear to the American public. It worked up until the early 1990's when everybody forgot about crack babies and decided to get worried about school violence and Kurt Cobain. Despite a complete lack of scientific proof, the media was able to brainwash an entire culture for a good half decade. Now it's the year 2001 (I think) and it's time for a new threat to Americans all across America and surrounding non-American countries. Since I, like the media, lack any scientific backing whatsoever, let me be the first to announce the current upcoming enemy of our civilized society: **The *Counter-Strike* baby.**

> The process of growing up and supposedly "maturing" in a *Counter-Strike* environment has been scientifically proven to damage children's brain cells and developmental qualities *(**NOTE:** all links in this article go to an edited photo I made regarding the horrible movie "AI")*. I believe the *Counter-Strike* baby poses a dire threat to our fundamental way of living and societal structure as a whole. These kids spend all day playing *Counter-Strike*, learning destructive habits while exposing themselves to a harmful environment which supports negative behavior. If participants of the game *Counter-Strike* are not medically treated at once, I believe our future society will suffer from the following downfalls:
>
> 1) The total disintegration of teamwork. *Counter-Strike* players are notorious for lacking the ability to follow simple instructions and adhere to a teamwork-based strategy, even when it is obviously required and critical to success. This will result in the following simulated events:
>
> > **JIFFY-LUBE EMPLOYEE #1:** *(Working on a car)* "Hey Jiffy-Lube Employee #2, could you please hand me a wrench?"
> > **JIFFY-LUBE EMPLOYEE #2:** *(In another room, running face-first into a wall and randomly jumping)*
> > **JIFFY-LUBE EMPLOYEE #1:** "Hey, come on! Where are you at? Get over here, I need help."
> > **JIFFY-LUBE EMPLOYEE #2:** *(Outside shop, staring straight down and running in circles)*
>
> 2) The complete destruction of the English language. The *Counter-Strike* culture is based on an incomprehensible ball of Internet shorthand, profanities, and one-liners. It's like somebody took English, threw it into a blender, and then tossed that blender into an even larger blender, one which then blew up and injured the surrounding engineering team. The restaurants of the future will be forced to feature illegible menus that cater to these *Counter-Strike* babies, adversely effecting the rest of us:
>
> **WTF!!! TEH CAMPIN LAMA RESTARANT/ MEUNU: DINNAR: WTF!!!**
>
> HAMBuRGR..... **$5**
> COKA_COLA....**2**
> FRENCH FIRES.... #**1.50!!!!!!!!!!**
>
> *NO SHIT NO SHOES NO SERVAICE ! WTF!!! U FUKER/// IF U DONT LIKE OUR RULEZ U CAN GO SUK AN ASS U FAG*
> *15 PRECENT GRADUATIAN INCLUDED!!! WTF1111!!!!A*
>
> 3) A society populated by individuals who are self-professed masters of knowledge in fields they have no practical experience. *Counter-Strike* players have been scientifically

proven to spend 96% of their day posting forum messages stating their views on popular firearms, despite the fact that their knowledge of these weapons comes directly from what they've seen in Anime or read on their clan webpage. This will undoubtedly lead to a culture where individuals are encouraged to speak in-depth on subjects they know nothing about, leading to dangerous consequences.

> **MAN:** "Doctor, I really need help. I've been vomiting brown jelly for the past three days and I think I found a key internal organ of mine floating around in the toilet this morning. What do you think is wrong with me?"
> **DOCTOR:** "HAW HAW HAW YOU SUCK!!! TAKE SOME NUPRIN YOU FAG!!!"
> **MAN:** "But Doctor, that's what you said when I came here last time. It didn't help at all!"
> **DOCTOR:** "YOU WUSS!"
> **MAN:** "Doctor, why are you talking to me in all capital letters?"
> **DOCTOR:** *(Outside office, staring straight down and running in circles)*

So, as you can see, the *Counter-Strike* baby phenomenon is a dire threat to our way of life as we know it. I propose the media spend the next half-decade covering this chilling and terrifying gob of fake science so the American public will be made aware the effects of *Counter-Strike* on our children. After five years we can pretty much forget about the whole thing and continue worrying about stuff that really matters, like "Dungeons and Dragons" forcing teenagers to jump off buildings.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

8.10 Nude positions... no, not those kinds

Friday, Aug 17, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Cry Havoc and Let Slip the Naked Women of War

Things are really heating up in Israel and the rest of the mid-east, and I don't mean a summer heat wave, I mean the female Israeli soldiers disrobing on top of tanks and shooting Palestinian protesters in the head with their "love gun". The love gun is fatal according to one Palestinian newspaper.

> *"She started to take off her clothes in front of the demonstrators until she was [nearly] naked. Some of the protesters said they were disgusted by it, while others said the Zionist soldier made rude gestures at them," the Palestinian paper reported.*
>
> "When they approached to throw stones at her, the female soldier whipped out a pistol from her underwear and shot at their heads," the paper said, adding that two were killed and nine wounded.

You can read more about tank girl if you are so inclined. This comes as no surprise to me, as I have long suspected women were evil, especially the way they refuse to give me sex. It was only a matter of time before their own dark side corrupted them further and they went from not putting out for me to jumping on tanks and shooting people in the head. That could have been me getting shot in the head by a naked woman on a tank! If wishes were fishes!

This highly dangerous and highly nude behavior got me to thinking that the world might be a lot better off if these women channeled some of their naked aggression into something more productive. Not just in the kitchen or the nursery either! Contrary to many scientific studies women can be productive members of society and this productivity can only be increased when the woman is sans clothing. Strippers, you say, but I say "think big". These women are willing to risk it all on top of tanks with nothing but their heaving wine glass shaped breasts and a 9mm service automatic to protect them, so why not set them up in some other high risk jobs?

Listen up prospective employers of naked crazy women, I am putting together a web site at http://www.nakedcrazywomanjobs.com which will solve all your human resource needs. Are you a naked crazy woman looking for a job? Then I have the answer for you, just register with http://www.nakedcrazywomanjobs.com and we will find work for you in 90 days or less or your registration fee will be refunded.

Just look at some of the great employers who are already signed up for this service:

Join the superfund team and help clean up the environment while getting down and dirty!

- **Nude Hazardous Material Cleanup**

Job Description: You will be required to personally handle a number of hazardous chemicals, ranging from improperly stored chlorine and refrigerant, to battery acid and even nuclear waste. You will be provided with safety equipment including chemical-resistant lacy undergarments. During the course of your work it may be necessary for you to remove these in a suggestive manner prior to dumping smoldering barrels of waste into a concrete casing.

Requirements: Ability to remove clothing. Vagina. Superfund cleanup experience a plus.

Salary: 40k+ negotiable.

- **Disrobed Iron Smelter**

Job Description: While completely naked you will be assigned the task of overseeing the pouring and mixing of molten iron. This is a high risk environment, with hot ingots falling out of the main smelter and splashes of molten iron a constant hazard during pours.

Requirements: Just bring yourself! Your skin should be inflammable and resistant to temperatures in excess of 2,000 degrees Celsius.

Salary: 29k w/ full 401k and medical/dental coverage.

Put your welding skills to the test!

- **Buck Naked Oxygen Spot Welder**

Job Description: This job entails prancing around completely nude while attaching metal components at weld points with a high-temperature Oxygen torch. You will be responsible for maintenance and cleanup of your work area, which includes one oxygen welder, three oxygen cylinders stored within burst-proof strongboxes and a wooden support beam around which you can twirl completely naked.

Requirements: 5+ years experience in hand-held welding. Frequent blindness makes tactile welding ability a must!

Salary: 31k + full benefits and vacation time after 6 months employment.

- **Birthday Suit Astronaut**

Job Description: NASA is looking for a few good and completely naked women for amazing opportunities in our space program! We are currently hiring suitable candidates for extravehicular repair work for an upcoming mission to the International Space Station. You will be responsible for exiting the space shuttle Atlantis and securing the new Hydrus docking module adjacent to the main trunk of the station.

Requirements: A doctorate in astrophysics or applied mathematics, 10+ years of military or civilian flight experience, high physical conditioning, full frontal nudity hard vacuum survival skills, depressurization training (can be acquired from Woodshole Oceanographic Institute's deep sea skin diving program), and space navigation.

Salary: 90k per mission + full retirement pension after two missions.

Nothing wrong with exploiting dark holes for profit!

- **Undressed Lesbian Coal Miner**

Job Description: The Murtry Bituminous Mining Company is hiring skilled lesbian coal miners willing to work deep beneath the earth's surface performing sex acts with another nude woman in a high risk environment. You will be asked to participate in normal mining duties during woman to woman lovemaking sessions and should be talented in multitasking.

Requirements: 3+ years deep earth mining and experience with water-assist stone drills. 2+ years experience with double-headed-dildos a plus.

Salary: 51k + increasing vacation time after one year on the job.

These are just some samples from the huge catalog of job opportunities I am busy compiling for nakedcrazywomanjobs.com. Check back soon!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.11 You're all filthy!

Tuesday, Aug 21, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Four Freaking Days?!

Wading through my e-mail the past day or so I have discovered a lot of the usual "you suck" and "u r mean asshole" e-mails replaced with "you suck, update SA u r mean asshole". In a shocking turn of events, the front page of Something Awful has not been updated since Friday of last week. Considering Something Awful, CNN, and Luanne's Quilting Korner are the only three web sites on the interweb that update with any regularity, this came as quite a surprise and disappointment to a number of our readers. We here at SA would like to apologize and offer our solemn promise that this dreadful oversight will not be repeated in the next 12 hours.

Let's Clean Up the Streets America!

The United States is probably not the filthiest country on the earth, but I live in the United States and I can honestly say this country is extremely dirty and unsafe. I'm not talking huge piles of HIV infected hypodermic needles or mounds of rotting human corpses, it's just that most urban areas seem to be covered with some sort of grime. It's kind of like that sludge that accumulates in gutters during winter time, a mixture of snow, car exhaust and used condoms. This country is also dangerous. Crime is rampant in the streets and the crime is not the kind that is semi-enjoyable like illegal drugs or prostitution, it's the kind like "man leaps out of tree and bites your face" or "coked-out truck driver runs over your entire immediate family, staggers out of his overturned vehicle and shoots an infant with a revolver."

In the past decade some cities have taken steps to reduce crime and urban decay. Ironically, New York City, once the biggest festering pit of corruption and crime in the United States, has largely turned itself around. Problems remain in the Big Apple though and with this in mind I propose taking some of the measures of mayor, adulterer and cancer recipient Rudolph Giuliani a step further. We need to clean up the streets America, and I guess it falls to me to put together the game plan!

Phase One: America Needs a Goddamned Bath

The French may be known as the filthiest people on earth, but we Americans have our share of dirt beneath our fingernails. Sometimes it's excusable. If you just got done mudwrestling or shucking hogs or whatever you do on a hog farm you don't have to look and smell like you're ready for tea with the queen, but some common sense would be nice. I would like to enforce the following personal hygiene guidelines at all times throughout the continental United States.

Don't let the fake smiles fool you, these women are miserable being dirty.

1. Following sexual intercourse with a donkey, be sure to spray your groin with Brut cologne for men.
2. When working in a sewer or waste processing facility hang a pine-scented car air freshener around your neck.
3. If you are a zombie have yourself embalmed as soon as possible. If you are a voodoo zombie you may ignore this.
4. If you drive a taxi cab you should bathe regularly in industrial

solvent. If you use a beaded seat cushion in your cab please replace this with a pile of powdered lime.

5. Constantly intoxicated homeless people can take steps to decrease unpleasant odors as well. Simply replacing your usual plastic flask alcohol of choice with a cheap bottle of crème de menthe will give your breath and alcoholic body sweat a delightful mint aroma. Drainage creeks aren't just for drinking anymore! Now you can live out your lifestyle fantasies by bathing in street runoff. Remember, mud smells better than shit.
6. Those addicted to the internet should regularly change their diaper. If your lower body muscles have atrophied to the point of immobility it is suggested you contract someone to change your diaper for you.
7. You may not notice it but you sweat an awful lot inside that furry costume. After removing the fur suit shower or bathe thoroughly before engaging in a disconcerting sex act.
8. Remember to never kiss your significant other immediately after freebasing crack-cocaine. If they aren't a crack smoker this can be a repulsive experience. The same applies to kissing someone after fellating a random person for crack money.
9. Sometimes the difference between looking filthy and looking tip-top is a matter of selecting the appropriate headwear. Top hats, bowlers and gem-encrusted crowns are all considered "clean", while babushkas, fedoras and coon-skin hats are all regarded as "filthy".
10. Comb your hair with the grain, do not attempt to comb against it or you may die.

By not following these guidelines you risk both embarrassment and the gradual deterioration of your health. If I get my way in congress you will also risk summary execution at the hands of my roving "purification" teams.

- **Phase Two: Street Sweepers Just Don't Cut It**

The street pictured above is a major throughway in Downtown Detroit.

Sure those big sweeper brushes will take care of stuff like empty beer cans and discarded print outs of "Sabrina: The Teenage Witch" erotic fan fiction, but what about the small stuff? Every day street sweepers are missing thousands of Pokemon pogs, rusty coins from the turn of the century, and soiled novelty diapers for very small pets, not to mention hundreds of other assorted items. Something drastic needs to be done to clean up the streets of our fair cities! For ideas I turned to the best damn soap legally available on the market: Lava Soap. No, I'm not proposing anything as ridiculous as spraying lava soap on our streets all the time. That would require incredible resources that frankly most city governments couldn't afford.

Instead I am suggesting a far simpler and more ingenious plan. You see, there is a vast untapped reservoir of "nature's cleaner" just below our feet; magma. Each city could simply drill through the earth's crust and into the trillions of gallons of rich and creamy lava hidden in the mantle. Then on a pre-scheduled day all city streets could be flooded with a thin layer of lava. Nearly white hot, the lava would immolate any unwanted trash it touched, up to and including the aforementioned coins, pogs and diapers in addition to the paper garbage, trash bags, parked cars and stray cats that a normal street sweeper cleans up. As an added bonus, the lava would simultaneously pave roads and sidewalks when it hardens into a glassy smooth surface of igneous rock. Now that's class!

▪ Phase Three: Take a Bite Out of Crime

The final, and perhaps most difficult, problem that needs to be tackled is the overwhelming crime frenzy here in America. There's no denying that violent crime is greatly increased when guns are so readily available to criminals, but stopping the flow of guns to the bad guys who shoot nuns would cut off the flow of guns to the not quite as bad guys who shoot their neighbor's cat. The United States has always been and will always be a country in love with guns. Unless a medical study comes out and proves that guns cause people to die from cancer in addition to causing people to die from bullets entering parts of their body. I knew early on that tackling the prevalence of firearms would not be the way to take care of the crime problem.

Caught on security camera during an armed robbery, notice that the man is not wearing a shirt nor one of the suggested fancy hats.

Robotic Kill-droids were an early favorite with me, but Kill-droid technology is still untested and fairly controversial. The last thing I would want would be convincing congress to spend billions on these Kill-droids and then having them turn out to be lazy pacifists. How would 50 Hug-droids driving around your city on tank treads help to put an end to violent crime? It wouldn't, of course, so I had to explore other options.

Unwilling to completely abandon my robotic fantasies I chanced upon an article in my local newspaper about stem cell research. Apparently these stem cells can only be taken from aborted fetuses. What about the rest of the fetus? State-of-the-art cyborg reconstructive technology puts mechanical resurrection well within our grasp. I could think of no better candidates to use this technology on than the potential felons who were terminated before their crime spree could even begin by pragmatic doctors. What's better is if the cyborg-cop fetus craze really took hold it might convince women considering abortion to go ahead and donate their unborn criminal children. They would have been dangerous detriments to society had they been allowed to live, but in their undead state they can serve the greater good of justice. Who can argue with that rock-solid logic?

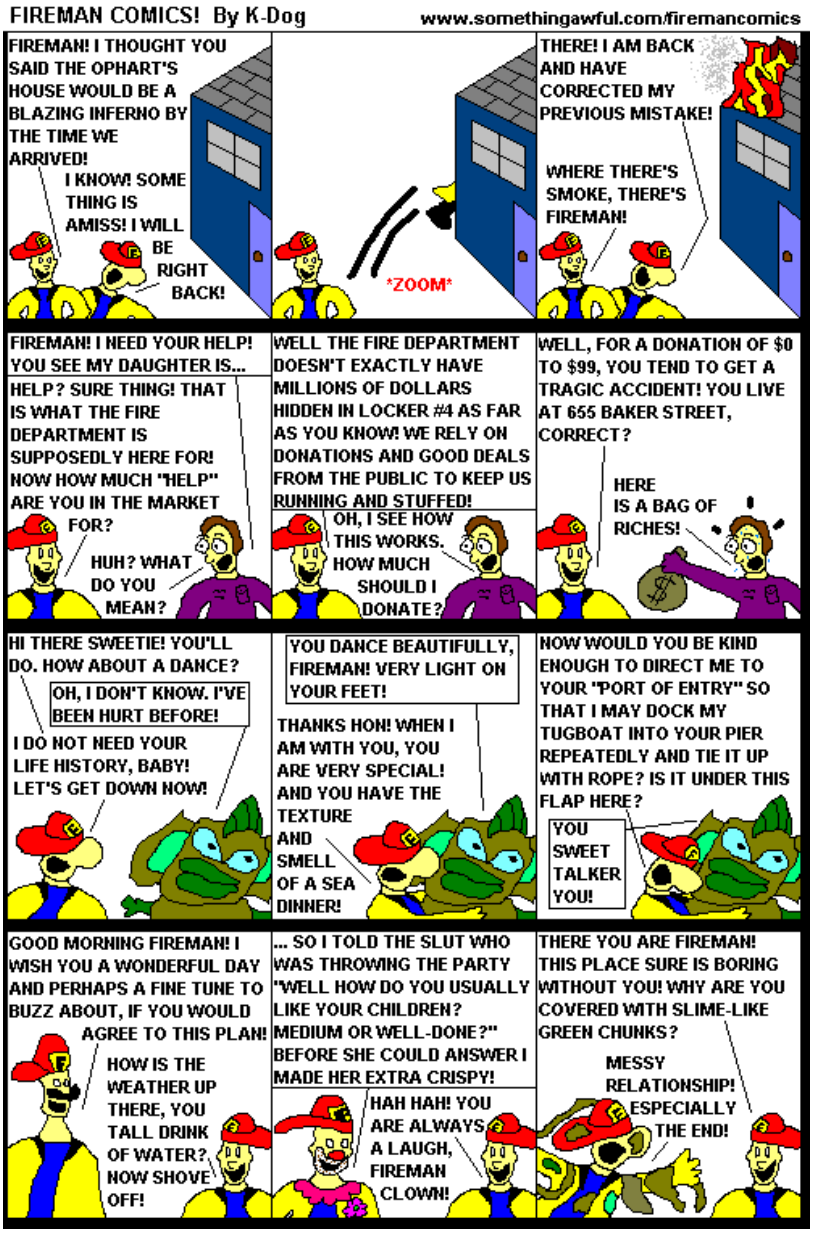
Soon, if all goes according to plan, the streets of your city will run weekly with hissing streams of molten rock, while flocks of the fetus-cops patrol overhead. Buoyed by hoverjets, their lifeless black eyes scanning the clean-faced citizens bellow for any signs of deviance. The white-frocked purification squads roving on foot, moving from household to household to make sure every citizen is adhering to cleanliness edicts. That, my friends, is truly a vision of utopia. Feel free to e-mail me your thanks in advance, every kind letter means a lot to me and helps provide moral support in my upcoming difficult struggle to get this legislature passed through congress.

■ Fireman Stripping?!

Only two days behind schedule and we are introducing a new issue of the award-winning Fireman Comics. The comic has been up on the Fireman Comics site for a couple days now, but we are notoriously lazy here at Something Awful so we're just now getting around to debuting this fine issue.

Oh my, something is a bit different this time around! After reading the Fireman Comics site I discovered that this issue is, in fact, four separate short strips. That crazy Fireman!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)


FIREMAN COMICS! By K-Dog
www.somethingawful.com/firemancomics
FIREMAN! I THOUGHT YOU SAID THE OPHART'S HOUSE WOULD BE A BLAZING INFERNO BY THE TIME WE ARRIVED!
I KNOW! SOMETHING IS AMISS! I WILL BE RIGHT BACK!
ZOOM
THERE! I AM BACK AND HAVE CORRECTED MY PREVIOUS MISTAKE!
WHERE THERE'S SMOKE, THERE'S FIREMAN!
FIREMAN! I NEED YOUR HELP! YOU SEE MY DAUGHTER IS...
HELP? SURE THING! THAT IS WHAT THE FIRE DEPARTMENT IS SUPPOSEDLY HERE FOR! NOW HOW MUCH "HELP" ARE YOU IN THE MARKET FOR?
HUH? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
WELL THE FIRE DEPARTMENT DOESN'T EXACTLY HAVE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS HIDDEN IN LOCKER #4 AS FAR AS YOU KNOW! WE RELY ON DONATIONS AND GOOD DEALS FROM THE PUBLIC TO KEEP US RUNNING AND STUFFED!
OH, I SEE HOW THIS WORKS. HOW MUCH SHOULD I DONATE?
WELL, FOR A DONATION OF $0 TO $99, YOU TEND TO GET A TRAGIC ACCIDENT! YOU LIVE AT 655 BAKER STREET, CORRECT?
HERE IS A BAG OF RICHES!
HI THERE SWEETIE! YOU'LL DO. HOW ABOUT A DANCE?
OH, I DON'T KNOW. I'VE BEEN HURT BEFORE!
I DO NOT NEED YOUR LIFE HISTORY, BABY! LET'S GET DOWN NOW!
YOU DANCE BEAUTIFULLY, FIREMAN! VERY LIGHT ON YOUR FEET!
THANKS HON! WHEN I AM WITH YOU, YOU ARE VERY SPECIAL! AND YOU HAVE THE TEXTURE AND SMELL OF A SEA DINNER!
NOW WOULD YOU BE KIND ENOUGH TO DIRECT ME TO YOUR "PORT OF ENTRY" SO THAT I MAY DOCK MY TUGBOAT INTO YOUR PIER REPEATEDLY AND TIE IT UP WITH ROPE? IS IT UNDER THIS FLAP HERE?
YOU SWEET TALKER YOU!
GOOD MORNING FIREMAN! I WISH YOU A WONDERFUL DAY AND PERHAPS A FINE TUNE TO BUZZ ABOUT, IF YOU WOULD AGREE TO THIS PLAN!
HOW IS THE WEATHER UP THERE, YOU TALL DRINK OF WATER? NOW SHOVE OFF!
... SO I TOLD THE SLUT WHO WAS THROWING THE PARTY "WELL HOW DO YOU USUALLY LIKE YOUR CHILDREN? MEDIUM OR WELL-DONE?" BEFORE SHE COULD ANSWER I MADE HER EXTRA CRISPY!
HAH HAH! YOU ARE ALWAYS A LAUGH, FIREMAN CLOWN!
THERE YOU ARE FIREMAN! THIS PLACE SURE IS BORING WITHOUT YOU! WHY ARE YOU COVERED WITH SLIME-LIKE GREEN CHUNKS?
MESSY RELATIONSHIP! ESPECIALLY THE END!

8.12 Cliff Yablonski on travel

Thursday, Aug 23, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Hate Mail

Much to my dismay I received an e-mail from the ever-friendly Cliff Yablonski this afternoon. Supposedly Lowtax had requested that he update the front page. He didn't run this by me first, because he knows how I don't get along very well with Yablonski. Unfortunately for me, Cliff lost his password (at least I think that's what happened) and with it the ability to post on the front page himself. That's what his 6-page rant of an e-mail was all about. Here's just a sample of it:

> *Asshole,*
> *That pencil-armed dope Kyanka told me to update his stupid web thing but he fucked up as usual and broke my secret code or something. I can't put this fucker up so I need your melonass to put this on the web thing for me. I remember last time I told you to do something you dragged your feet like a goddamned little girl, so get it in gear Tubs Malone or I will shove my fist so far into your chest that I can drum my fingers on your spine.*
>
> Dont' give me any of that shiteating back-talk you like either, I am two bottles into a whiskey binge and I am not in the mood to deal with you.
>
> [...]
>
> sincerely,
>
> $CliffFuckingYablonskiYouJackholeINSERTNAMEHERE$

Well, hooray I guess, here's an update from the man himself.

Happy Fucking Days Are Here Again, Shitclowns

By Me You Stupid Dope Fiends

Alright you greasy grabass gasbags, get your elbows out of your fat faces and pay attention because ol' Cliff is here to help you become something that might eventually be mistaken for a human instead of a basement-dwelling troglodyte zit factory constantly on the run from government health officers armed with shotguns and canisters of cyclon-B. I haven't updated my site for a while because a few weeks ago I fell down my front steps at 4am and twisted my motherfucking ankle like a goddamned shiteating bitch, I tell you it was like getting shot 14 times in the neck by that .50 calibre HMG back in 'Nam all over again. Anyway I was in so much pain that I forgot to turn the light on when I went inside and I mistook my computer processor machine for a chair and sat on it and it collapsed into about three million fucking pieces on the floor. Goddamn shitty-ass jap crap, this is what happens when you don't fucking buy American you know. I had to get a new online computer thing from Chris Huberman's electronics store and believe you me that was no fucking joyride because Chris Huberman is a fat fuck with skin roughly the same color and texture as used flypaper. He wanted twelve hundred bucks but I talked him down to four hundred after I threatened to smash every piece of shit korean jap gadget in his store.

While I've been reading the on-line internet on my new personal computer I've noticed that everyone on the web-net-inter-sites is a fucking nerd that spends 18 hours a day transfixed like a oily blob of fuckpaste in the cathode beams from their computer TV screens. Yeah, I know this is old news especially to you butterslugs since about 70% of you fit that description anyway (the other 30%

of you spend 24 hours a day doing it until your eyeballs melt in their sockets and drip off your forty-chinned faces). However I'm a reasonable man and I've always believed that it's never too late to change, even for an obese pus-drooling festerfuck like you. What you need to do is to get your pimply asses out of your mother's basement and get yourselves the fuck off the goddamn inter-net for a while. Since most of you are too stupid to get a job outside the dogmeat industry and too fucking obnoxious to be allowed on the streets, my idea is that you should all take a very long vacation to some godforsaken shithole country where I won't ever have to see you again and hopefully you'll be gnawed to death by a pack of giant scorpions owned by a Serbian war criminal.

I don't take vacations anymore because travelling is too goddamn fucking expensive what with the insult of a pension I get after risking my life for this country in two (count 'em, TWO) wars. I'm a goddamn war hero and anyone who tells you otherwise is a lying sack of shit. Anyway back in about '76 or '77 was the last time I went on vacation, and that was only because my fucking rat-faced harpy of a wife wouldn't shut her fat mouth about it, god rot her vicious soul. I swear that woman must have trained to be a backup air-raid siren in the war. I can't remember where we were headed for that vacation now, I think it was Hawaii or maybe Cambodia, anyway it doesn't fucking matter because the stupid bitch had overloaded my car with all this fucking junk she wanted to take with her like 5 or 6 sets of clean clothes, I mean we were only going for a fucking month for god's sake, so the car broke down about halfway to the airport and we had to sit there for most of the night until a tow truck came to haul us back to the garage. Then when we got home I drank about 18 beers and accidentally set fire to the witch-crone's hair while I was lighting a cigarette. That was some fucking funny shit, she was running around the kitchen screaming with smoke pouring off the fucking rat's nest on her head before she shoved her head in the sink and splashed water all over herself and I was sitting there the whole time laughing my ass off. And the fucking cat jumped out of the window and made a dent in the roof of my car. Anyway I kicked her scrawny ass out and got a divorce about six months after that, last I heard the old hag was arrested for stealing some canned meat from the general store on Harper Street.

Anyway when I was in the Navy I travelled all over the place and killed a whole shitload of japs and commies and I would have got a medal only Petty Officer Hargreaves was an asshole who held a grudge against me because one time on shore leave I put a dead roach in his beer. I'm going to run down the list of foreign destinations so hopefully you can ship your worthless asses off to one of them and never be heard of again.

CARIBBEAN: The Caribbean is right next to the US but on the other hand it is full of cannibals. Your doughy flabmountain of a carcass would feed a family of cannibals for approximately 8 years, so you would be at least partially redeeming your obnoxious waste of a life in the process.

MEXICO: Mexico is somewhere south of the US, near Antartica. It's basically the same as Texas only even worse of a shithole, if you can believe that. Also it's full of Mexicans, they eat donkeys and shit in your broom cupboard if you let them. If you go to Mexico you will get shot by bandits and rendered down into cattle feed so it's a win-win situation.

BRAZIL AND NAZILAND: This is somewhere near Africa or maybe in the Yellow Sea. Brazil is where the Nazis launched their rocket bombs to attack the US in the war with the help of the Aztecs. If you travel here you can also visit Argentina which is where ninjas come from. It's hot there and the jungles have spiders that are like 80 feet high, the guy Len Hardy used to work for when he was an accountant audited a Brazil oil company once and he saw one of their spiders eat a tank.

ENGLAND AND EUROPE: In Europe it is against the law to wash more than

I must have run over fifty of these munchkin bastards on my riding mower without breaking a sweat. The little cannibal turd goblins did manage to clog my grass bagger though.

twice a century. Everything in Europe is really old because they ran out of money about 500 years ago. If you go to Europe you will be stoned to death or bitten by a vampire. It's also really close to the Soviet Commies so you have to watch out for stormtroopers blowing shit up all the time. The national dish of Europe is recycled cardboard. Scotland is an island in England and so is Australia. Scotland is where the vikings came from and I don't know shit about Australia except they have really big fucking alligators. They were on some wildlife show last week and they showed two alligators fucking, I mean what the fuck is up with that.

ASIA: The US used to own Asia until Pol Pot and his jap buddies started fucking with shit in Vietnam. Then we dropped a whole fuckload of napalm on his commie ass and since then none of those bastards have tried to mess with the US of A. I was in Korea and I saved a village from an infiltration squad of Vietcong disguised as medical orderlies by throwing a grenade into their truck.

CANADA: Canada exports moose fur and cold air. There are so many trees in Canada that you can walk from one border to the other across the branches. Hopefully though you'd fall off and break your malformed skull. Canada is also home to the moose which hunts woodcutters and has bulletproof skin. Only a giant polar bear can beat a moose. There are only about 14 people in Canada and they all live in igloos anyway.

So there you go, shitmallets. Take your pick and get packing, because if you don't stop sending me emails whining about how I haven't updated my website I'm going to personally come around to your houses and beat you unconscious with the sack of rusty doorknobs and broken bathroom tiles I have holding the garage door open. Then I'll smash all the plates in your house and pour industrial sealant down your sink. Now fuck off and download some AOL or whatever you nerdy freakshows do, I've got more important things to do than write shit on the inter-net all night for retarded slobbershits like you.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.13 Fast food for fast fools

Friday, Aug 24, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

New Innovations in the Food Service Industry

One of my favorite topics of discussion with Rich is invention and one of his favorite specific subcategories of this topic is the innovations he hopes to introduce to the food service industry. Since Lowtax's cable modem remains on the disabled list he is not around to stop me from stealing many of his great ideas and adding in a number of my own. Together we could completely revolutionize the restaurant industry, or at the very least make it a lot more interesting. Since he can't object I am going to move ahead with our plans under the auspices of Arlogeist GmbH. He has a fifty-percent stake in the company anyway so he can't bitch too much after the deed is done.

This looks good, but we at Arlogeist think it could look a lot better!

Let's take a look at some of the exciting new projects we at Arlogeist are looking forward to unveiling in the near future!

- **Royal Navy Officer Jenkin's Crab** (*Theme Restaurant*) - Tired of dining at seafood establishments that think it's a good idea to theme their restaurant on scurrilous sea-dogs like "Long John Silver"? Royal Navy Officer Jenkin's Crab is a delightful change of pace for those interested in a more law-abiding dining experience. Set sail on the HMS Taste Sensation! Destination: a satisfying seafood meal that doesn't weigh heavy on your conscience.

- **Ouch That's Hot!** (*Theme Restaurant*) - Catering to those with fiery appetites, Ouch That's Hot! offers a cuisine for the spice lover in us all by serving nothing but dishes prepared with oleoresin capsicum. Our meaty hot wings are a great appetizer that will put some hair on your chest and the main course of batter-fried catfish is guaranteed to make you go blind. Take the Ouch That's Hot! Challenge and you can walk home with a free meal. All you have to do is finish one of our "Big Burn" 72 ounce rib eye steaks and your meal is on the house! Three have tried and perished, one tried and had to be hospitalized. When she emerged from her coma she had been driven crazy by the dangerously full-flavored "Big Burn".

One of our test fryers gets ready to try out the Deep Fryer Thrower

- **The Dinner Moth** (*Take Out Service*) - Our new subscription based Dinner Moth service is both a wonder to behold in action and a delicious surprise for the taste buds. Simply pay ten dollars a month to our Dinner Moth office and every night one of our specially engineered Dinner Moths will be dispatched to serve up a heaping helping of food. Once it has arrived at your house the Dinner Moth will fly around a special lamp (included in subscription) and ejaculate large quantities of fried foods onto your table. The Dinner Moth also has the ability to detect communists! Yes it does, so be sure to warn any guests before it arrives as the Dinner Moth may feel compelled to incinerate them with its optic lasers.

- **The Deep Fryer Thrower** (*Restaurant Invention*) - Deep frying things can take a long time and most are under equipped for when you feel the need to flash fry a school bus. To fill the need for a simple, fast, and not to mention portable deep fryer, Arlogeist has developed the Deep Fryer Thrower. Designed with a dual-feed backpack tank of boiling fat attached to a high-pressure hose, the Deep Fryer Thrower is capable of frying food from a range of ten meters and is great for spot-frying portions of an entire animal. Want to fry a whole pig? No problem, just stick the hog on a spit and stand back, aim, and fire. Or should we say "fryer"? Hahahahaha. Seriously though, the Deep Fryer Thrower can deep fry over

600 pounds of animal parts before requiring a refilling of the fat reservoirs. It can also be used in disarming assailants and in clearing bunkers and other hard points on the battlefield.

▪ **T.J. McFriendly's Family Fun** (*Casual Dining Franchise*) - If you've had a long day at work and just feel the need to unwind, stop by T.J. McFriendly's Family Fun! What gives T.J. McFriendly's that relaxing down-home appeal is the fact that the restaurant is entirely staffed by our very own zombies. If you're as outraged as we are by the way filthy teenagers handle your food, then you will be pleased to know that all of our zombies come already sealed in non-stick hygienic coating that keeps germs away from your meal. Bring the kids and they can even get piggy-back rides from our recently decommissioned President Zombie. T.J. McFriendly's will not be held liable if rotting human flesh is found in your dinner. At T.J. McFriendly's we promise that your food will be clean and that none of our employees are the reanimated corpses of child molesters.

▪ **O-B-G That's Delicious** (*Specialty Dining Furniture*) - It's a well known fact that pregnant women like to eat an awful lot. In an effort to assist restaurants in capitalizing on this information, Arlogeist has developed a specialty dining set that we like to call the "O-B-G That's Delicious". Regardless of how close to spewing out a baby the mother-to-be is, she can now enjoy a comfortable dining experience with the privacy her bloated carcass demands. Thanks to our special cut-away table and easy-access examination floor panels, mom-in-a-month can enjoy a delicious meal of like 500 cheeseburgers or whatever pregnant women eat and still be getting that uncomfortable and embarrassing obstetrics exam out of the way. Not a lot of mothers in your area? Don't worry, the O-B-G That's Delicious is not just for the ladies and can easily be adapted for all of the following medical procedures:

- Pap smear!
- Vaginal examination!
- Abdominal hysterectomy!
- Posterior colporrhaphy!
- Meckel's diverticulectomy!
- Knee arthroscopy!
- Excision of penile foreskin!
- AND MUCH MORE!?

▪ **Chicken in a Hat** (*Taste Sensation*) - Everyone loves chicken and everyone thinks something new tastes "just like chicken", but nothing tastes quite like Chicken in a Hat. Specially grown from Arlogeist's free-range enclosed and pinioned antibiotic stuffed engineered chicken stock, our chickens are trained to sit on a top hat. The chicken on the hat is, in turn, wearing its own small top hat. Not only that, but advances in chicken miniaturization have allowed us to place a tiny chicken on top of this hat. We were unable to develop a top hat small enough for this chicken to wear but when we do we already have an even tinier chicken waiting to sit on it! How do you cook chicken in a hat? You don't have to! These chickens are bred to be very docile and feel no pain at all as you "dig in" (nerve analysis and brain function test results pending) to their succulent flesh. You just try and not laugh when you pop that still beating heart into your mouth and look down at the tinier chicken wearing such a sassy hat. It's good fun!

Delicious and exciting, it's Chicken in a Hat!

There are so many great ideas I don't have the time nor the energy to cover them all for you. All I know is that with these fine dining innovations, Arlogeist GmbH is poised on the cusp of a new era of culinary pleasure.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.14 At the Goddamn Movies: American Pie 2

Monday, Aug 27, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

While Lowtax is Away...

R-Lo is still having problems with his cable modem so, for the next day or two at least, you fine readers are stuck with me. Since Lowtax can exert no control over me I am free to unleash all of the features I have tried in the past that met with little or no positive feedback. One such feature is "At the Goddamn Movies", so today I thought I would dredge this one up and offer a review of the recently released film "American Pie 2". The first installment of "At the Goddamn Movies" featured my esteemed colleague Al Derby and I discussing the positives and negatives of "The Mummy Returns". Unfortunately, Al was unavailable to assist me with this review of "American Pie 2", so I enlisted the help of the next best person; Mahila, the shrieking Arabic woman who lives across from me in my apartment building.

Naturally to keep our review completely fair neither of us has ever seen "American Pie 2". I did at least try downloading a DVD rip of the original from KaZaA but some guy kept remotely queuing me.

At the Goddamn Movies: *American Pie 2*

Welcome to the second and more than likely final installment of "At the Goddamn Movies", with myself and Mahila, the shrieking Arabic woman next door. In places I have added my interpretations of Mahila's meaning as, at times, piecing together her intended meaning proved to be a bit of a sticky wicket. To conduct this review I lured Mahila into my apartment with the promise of money and sweet cold drinks. I then tricked her into allowing me to tape record our conversation about the movie "American Pie 2".

This movie has it all; hilarious teen sex, t-rexs, giant asteroids, and nuclear missiles.

For those of you not in the know, "American Pie 2" is the sequel to the aptly titled "American Pie 1", which was a big success in theatres everywhere like a year ago or something. It stars up and coming star Jason Biggs, Shannon Elizabeth, Alyson Hannigan and I think some guy from Dawson's Creek. I'm not sure about that last one, because I never watched that show, except for the time I got drunk and did it on a dare, but that doesn't make me gay.

Zack: American Pie was a delightful teen comedy sex romp that included two of my favorite aspects of American cinema; attractive teenage girls and sex. The addition of comedy to this equation literally blew my socks off and thanks to my "once a week" policy on sock changing, that is no small feat. However, Shannon Elizabeth has a mouth that I find frightening, and whenever she was on the screen I was taken back to my early days spent chasing phosphorescent anglers deep beneath the ocean.

Mahila: What is ocean about this movie? This movie is teenagers kissing and hugging in a way that should not be allowed in public and it is in more than public it is in movie. Take this off the air.

Zack: I see where you're coming from my good friend, but I can't agree with your take on the dinosaur theme. I felt that they were not really intended to be realistic and more represented a primordial evil conjured from the depths of Dr. Pretsche's [Biggs] subconscious.

Mahila: Now you talk about dinosaurs. I don't know where you are getting things,

maybe you are confused with this movie Jurassic Parks. American's Pie is more about the sex that you Americans like to talk about all the time and it is just kids. So bad!

Zack: The use of time travel to explain the reappearance of the Necronomicon on Joanna's shelf was a poorly used plot device. They never really offered the slightest reason as to why she would have the foresight to save the tome from the fire at the asylum and THEN place it in the coffin that they discovered in the flooded village. I felt like I needed one of those silent movie title cards just to have a summary of what was transpiring in the plot.

Mahila: What are you saying now? By Allah I [Mahila becomes incomprehensible at this point. To summarize what I am fairly certain she said, she complimented me on my astute analysis of the plot and offered for me to make love to her on a bed of roses. While I was eager to sheath my sword in her spicy Middle-Eastern love glove, I was a bit put-off by the way she actually did wave a sharpened saber at me while ululating.]

Zack: True, but do you really think the rocket would have stopped the incoming asteroid? Based on the monologue by General Llewellyn, the idea was that even if they did unlock the Seven Stones of Aramus, they wouldn't be able to launch the missile in time to block the asteroid's trajectory. I don't even know why the bellydancers bothered putting on their "finest silks" for that ritual, it was a foregone conclusion. The rocket did not have time to prep and launch with the Seven Stones inside. It was a crappy, hack-written Deus Ex Machina ending, just as bad as that fucking plane at the end of Saving Private Ryan.

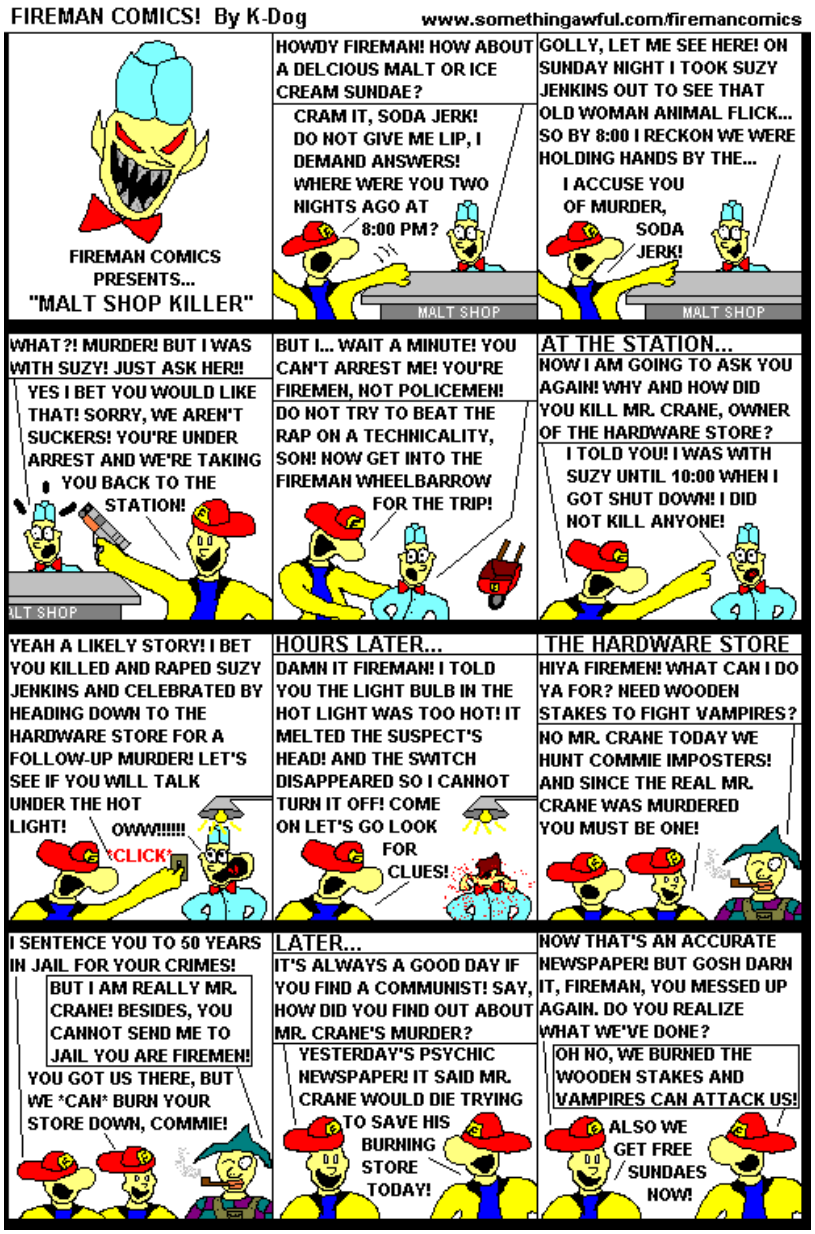
Mahila: Aiiiiiiiiieeee [At this point in our discussion Mahila began to chase me around the apartment trying to cut off my limbs with her sword. I interpreted this to be some type of Arabic foreplay. While I appreciated her unusual sexual advances I did not appreciate the deep wound I received in my left bicep when I tripped over a lamp cord and she hacked me with that accursed sword. I managed to retire to my bedroom, dress the wound and emerge wearing a terry cloth robe with "SEX MASTER" written on the back. Unfortunately, in my absence Mahila had broken my bottles of liquor all over my apartment, set my couch on fire and written something in Arabic on the wall in my blood. I doused the fire with a bucket of sand I keep nearby at all times and headed across the hall to see if she was still game for a roll in the hay. One of her roughly seven thousand children answered the door waving the saber at me and yelling something about the police. While I am an adventurous sort in the bedroom I thought it best to politely turn down his request to join us in a game of erotic "cops and robbers". I did this by keying the word "cuntface" into the driver's side door of her car.]

Zack: Well, that about wraps up this edition of "At the Goddamn Movies". I would like to recommend "American Pie 2: The Quickening" to anyone who enjoys a delightful teen sex comedy that simultaneously amuses and explores the deep themes of innate evil and original sin. On an arbitrary rating scale of zero to 75, I would rate this movie a solid 60.

Since Mahila abstained from the final voting process I will enter her as giving "American Pie Deuce and a Half" a 93 out of 150. On the composite average index this gives it a respectable 77 out of 205. Wait, that can't be right. Fuck, this sextant must be misaligned. I'll get back to you on this one.

Fireman is on the Case

What ho, a wholly original Fireman comic straight from the mouth of madness.


FIREMAN COMICS! By K-Dog
www.somethingawful.com/firemancomics
FIREMAN COMICS PRESENTS...
"MALT SHOP KILLER"
HOWDY FIREMAN! HOW ABOUT A DELCIOUS MALT OR ICE CREAM SUNDAE?
CRAM IT, SODA JERK! DO NOT GIVE ME LIP, I DEMAND ANSWERS! WHERE WERE YOU TWO NIGHTS AGO AT 8:00 PM?
MALT SHOP
GOLLY, LET ME SEE HERE! ON SUNDAY NIGHT I TOOK SUZY JENKINS OUT TO SEE THAT OLD WOMAN ANIMAL FLICK... SO BY 8:00 I RECKON WE WERE HOLDING HANDS BY THE...
I ACCUSE YOU OF MURDER, SODA JERK!
MALT SHOP
WHAT?! MURDER! BUT I WAS WITH SUZY! JUST ASK HER!!
YES I BET YOU WOULD LIKE THAT! SORRY, WE AREN'T SUCKERS! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST AND WE'RE TAKING YOU BACK TO THE STATION!
BUT I... WAIT A MINUTE! YOU CAN'T ARREST ME! YOU'RE FIREMEN, NOT POLICEMEN!
DO NOT TRY TO BEAT THE RAP ON A TECHNICALITY, SON! NOW GET INTO THE FIREMAN WHEELBARROW FOR THE TRIP!
AT THE STATION...
NOW I AM GOING TO ASK YOU AGAIN! WHY AND HOW DID YOU KILL MR. CRANE, OWNER OF THE HARDWARE STORE?
I TOLD YOU! I WAS WITH SUZY UNTIL 10:00 WHEN I GOT SHUT DOWN! I DID NOT KILL ANYONE!
YEAH A LIKELY STORY! I BET YOU KILLED AND RAPED SUZY JENKINS AND CELEBRATED BY HEADING DOWN TO THE HARDWARE STORE FOR A FOLLOW-UP MURDER! LET'S SEE IF YOU WILL TALK UNDER THE HOT LIGHT!
OWW!!!!!!
'CLICK'
HOURS LATER...
DAMN IT FIREMAN! I TOLD YOU THE LIGHT BULB IN THE HOT LIGHT WAS TOO HOT! IT MELTED THE SUSPECT'S HEAD! AND THE SWITCH DISAPPEARED SO I CANNOT TURN IT OFF! COME ON LET'S GO LOOK FOR CLUES!
THE HARDWARE STORE
HIYA FIREMEN! WHAT CAN I DO YA FOR? NEED WOODEN STAKES TO FIGHT VAMPIRES?
NO MR. CRANE TODAY WE HUNT COMMIE IMPOSTERS! AND SINCE THE REAL MR. CRANE WAS MURDERED YOU MUST BE ONE!
I SENTENCE YOU TO 50 YEARS IN JAIL FOR YOUR CRIMES!
BUT I AM REALLY MR. CRANE! BESIDES, YOU CANNOT SEND ME TO JAIL YOU ARE FIREMEN!
YOU GOT US THERE, BUT WE *CAN* BURN YOUR STORE DOWN, COMMIE!
LATER...
IT'S ALWAYS A GOOD DAY IF YOU FIND A COMMUNIST! SAY, HOW DID YOU FIND OUT ABOUT MR. CRANE'S MURDER?
YESTERDAY'S PSYCHIC NEWSPAPER! IT SAID MR. CRANE WOULD DIE TRYING TO SAVE HIS BURNING STORE TODAY!
NOW THAT'S AN ACCURATE NEWSPAPER! BUT GOSH DARN IT, FIREMAN, YOU MESSED UP AGAIN. DO YOU REALIZE WHAT WE'VE DONE?
OH NO, WE BURNED THE WOODEN STAKES AND VAMPIRES CAN ATTACK US!
ALSO WE GET FREE SUNDAES NOW!

Kids, if this is your first encounter with that wacky fire fighting hero, might I suggest you check out his absolutely amazing web site? Go there now and your life and destiny will be forever changed!

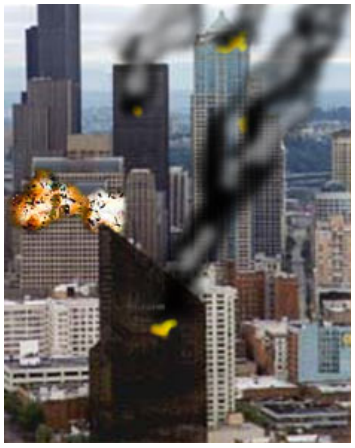
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.15 Anarchy in Seattle

Tuesday, Aug 28, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Anarchy Reigns!

Seattle is in ruins. Well, perhaps not quite ruins, but according to newspapers a bunch of protesters have been trying to "reclaim the streets" and they want to send the city into a frenzy of anarchy. It is my solemn duty to report to you that in these riots Lowtax himself was gravely injured. His usual 1950's hipster attire was mistaken by authorities for a sign of allegiance with these chaos seeking hooligans and police rained gel rounds down on his girlish frame. Rich's family informed me that he has been hospitalized in "stable but suspiciously effeminate" condition, although unless he has a relapse things should be alright.



Seattle is going down!

Knowing that one of my "friends" has been so horribly victimized by these anarchists made me curious about their long term goals for a city engulfed in the raging fires of anarchy. Most revolutionary and anti-government groups seek to reshape a city or government in the light of an ideal that they hold dear. Anarchists, however, just plain want things to be crazy. With my inquisitive scientific mind and my contacts with an anarchist street gang known as "The Hip Waders", I've pieced together an outline of these firebrands and their plans for a Seattle utopia. Since they will inevitably win out over the beleaguered Seattle police department I am also going to offer advice for surviving their unpredictable reign of terror.

The Neo-Anarchist Front

Membership: Fluctuates constantly, the core consists of three guys in flannel and Birkenstocks sitting in their mom's basement.
Political Goals: To "take back the streets" of Seattle, possibly to have all the pavement removed to be more hip and anarchic.
Methods: Yelling really loud, swaying back and forth chanting about oppression and hope, holding up photo enlargements of that dope in Italy who got capped for protesting. If the anarchists are provoked they may chain themselves to something like a street light or a cat.
Famous Supporters: Ed Begley Jr. and Cher, possibly also the guy who played Robocop in Robocop 3, which is pretty ironic.
Resources: Anything they can find in the pantry of their mom's house, several thousand photocopied flyers, and photo enlargements of that dead guy from Italy. One of them is rumored to own a 1987 Chrysler Le Baron with red primer spots on the door.

The N-AF's Vision of a Perfect Seattle

Government: All city officials will be replaced with a single "Fun Chief". The Fun Chief is installed into office for 36 hours and is not allowed to leave or have any contact with the outside world. He is locked alone in a room with a typewriter on which he can write any new laws or rules and leave them behind for the next Fun Chief to enact. The Fun Chief cannot enact new laws. The Fun Chief is elected by placing video cameras just inside local McDonald's restaurants and videotaping people entering the store. The faces of the patrons will be translated mathematically to a computer that then randomly selects the next Fun Chief by pointing a stick at an entry in the Seattle phone book. Any time the computer misses the phone book with the stick a list of unlisted phone numbers is generated and taped to a wall. The previous Fun Chief will be fired from a cannon at the wall and

the person's name with the greatest concentration of his brain matter adhering to it is selected as the new Fun Chief. It should be noted that businesses can be elected Fun Chief.

Law Enforcement: The Seattle Police Department would be under the direct supervision of the Fun Chief, who is not allowed to leave his office and cannot interact with anyone in the Police Department. Current police officers and cadets would be given severance pay of a small suede sack containing jelly beans with "MAGIC BEANS" written on the side. The jelly beans would not be magical. New police officers would be drawn from the ranks of the sanitation department, who would have their salaries doubled and be issued new uniforms of top hats, tuxedos, and golden monocles. The police would drive garbage trucks but instead of containing garbage the trucks would contain either fresh tacos or hornets. The emergency number would be changed from "911" to a random string of 42 digits generated by an online dice-roller that would be updated hourly. Five lucky police officers would also be assigned to "jet patrol". Jet patrol will consist of officers stationed on the tops of the tallest buildings attempting to catch or otherwise subdue passing jet aircraft. Only elite cops are allowed into jet patrol. The SWAT team would also be replaced with a group of singers who raid drug operations and sing "happy birthday" while sobbing.

Other Emergency Services: The Seattle Fire Department will undergo no manpower adjustments. Instead, anarchy will be achieved by installing powerful flamethrowers in every home and apartment in the city. At random intervals these flamethrowers will activate and a signal will be sent to the fire department's dispatch system. The fire fighters will be instructed to go to a completely arbitrary address by the computer. This could be one of the houses on fire but odds are very low that this is the case. In any event, their tanks of foam will be filled with technical animal fat and fire hydrants will produce nothing but past-expiration hot dogs.

The Justice Department: Prosecutors and District Attorneys would find themselves out of a job in the utopian future of the N-AF. All who are put on trial, no matter how trivial or severe their suspected crime, must immediately spin "the wheel of sentencing". A third of the wheel is devoted to "nothing this time" and a third of the wheel is an assortment of punishments ranging from a small fine to a public hanging. The final third of the wheel is a variety of fabulous prizes. Judges will still be needed as someone has to execute the criminals or take them to the "prison pit"; a pit filled with slowly solidifying Jello located near the border with Canada. Off duty judges will also be responsible for protecting the Fun Chief from the Cossacks flown in especially to constantly harass his administration.

For obvious reasons the trash goats are kept separate from the goat cheetahs, which are caged with the jet sharks.

Sanitation: Without the garbage men around to clean things up the anarchists will turn to nature's garbage men; goats. Several hundred thousand goats will be released every Wednesday morning to eat all of the trash. At noon several hundred thousand cheetahs will be released to hunt and kill the goats. At sun down the jets captured by the jet patrol will be dropped from the sky crushing the cheetahs and ending their threat to the safety of the city. In the event that the goats are unwilling to eat the crashed jets, sharks will be released to eat the jets.

Public Transportation: Buses would run randomly behind or ahead of schedule. The buses themselves would be painted bright red and say "GOOD LUCK" on the side in big yellow letters. The destination of the bus would be unknown until it has arrived. One in five buses would be driven by a convicted sex offender prematurely released from prison to drive the bus. The remainder of the buses would be operated by remote control on the same wavelength as the most common garage door opener used in the state of Washington. Seats inside the bus are randomly ejected upwards at

speeds of up to 500 miles an hour. NOTE: The top of the bus ceiling does not slide back, although you may be propelled upwards at sufficient speed to force you through the steel frame.

Education: The curriculum of all schools will be inverted so that high-school seniors are taught finger painting and kindergarten students are educated in calculus and chemistry. Of all the changes planned this one is expected to have the least effect on the status quo. To compensate for this shortfall in their planning, the N-AF has developed a mascot known as "Juicy" who will travel from school to school teaching all students about the dangers of oxygen. Juicy will show photographs of drowning victims smiling, an astronaut in space without a space suit giving a thumbs up, and a video about how happy it made a man to lock himself in his garage and run his car for hours. Juicy will then hand out candy that is supposedly made from nitrogen but is actually made from oxygen. When the children say how good it tastes he will call them "filthy goddamned lying whores" and slap them.

Traffic, Street Signs, and Monuments: Traffic lights will no longer be needed and will be removed entirely. "Don't Walk" signs will alternate between "Snap", "Burst", "Aim", and "Reload". Street Signs will be covered with advertisements for a jet school where people can learn to fly jet planes. In reality this will be the training grounds for the jet patrol and anyone taking the course will be caught by the jet patrol and forced to spin the "the wheel of sentencing". Any monuments or historical landmarks will be razed and replaced with bronze statues of Juicy. Seattle will be renamed "Neo Tokyo" because Ron, the guy whose basement the N-AF always meets in, really likes anime.

Surviving Neo Tokyo

For those of you unlucky enough to be living in Seattle during the shift to Neo Tokyo under the control of the N-AF, it is important that you heed my warnings and follow these tips for survival:

- Move.
- Move.
- Move.

With any luck the N-AF's efforts will fail, although I wouldn't hold out much hope; those anarchists are nothing if not tenacious.

The Aliens Pose a Threat

K-Dog has supplied us with an epic Flash animation which is set to the music of Semi Automatic Turban and tells the tale of an alien invasion and the secret behind SA Turban's groovy tunes. Check it out!

Absolutely incredible! So hurry up and watch it or explore the splendor of the Semi Automatic Turban site!

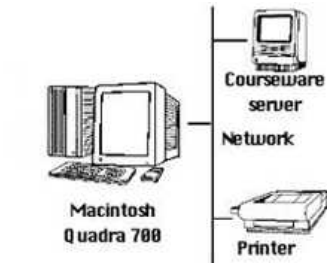
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

AUTOMATIC
ARMY MAN
TRAINING
MACHINE

8.16 Internet Lite

Wednesday, Aug 29, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

As many of you out there might be aware of (or not aware of, I have enough trouble keeping up with my own interests much alone yours), I have had a critically broken version of the Internet for the past 10 days or so. You see, I made the terrible mistake of letting my boss mess around with my computer Saturday night, resulting in a comical series of mishaps which were not very comical at all.



A diagram of my broken computer system. NOTE: This is not my computer. Also, I don't have a network. Or a server. Or a printer.

MY BOSS: "Hey Rich, I can get your Linksys router working." *(Fiddling with the router)*
ME: "No you can't."
MY BOSS: "Yes I can, watch this." *(Presses seemingly random series of keys and unchecks / checks boxes according to the phase of the moon)*
ME: "You're going to break my computer."
MY BOSS: "No I won't, just give me a second here." *(Avalanche of error messages cascade onto screen)* "Hmmm."
ME: "You just broke my computer."
MY BOSS: "No I didn't. Let me use the Microsoft Networking Wizard! The Microsoft Networking Wizard fixes everything!" *(Networking wizard comes out and shoots himself in the head)* "Hmmm."
ME: "My computer is broke."
MY BOSS: "No it isn't." *(Looking at computer, which is obviously not working)* "Let's do something else."

Welcome to the Internet.

So he somehow managed to nuke my entire Internet connection on my main PC, demolishing it to the point where the tech support clowns from @home essentially told me to give up and throw my computer into the ocean. Luckily I was able to set up a connection on my backup computer, the PC previously in charge of playing Winamp and crashing every time an air molecule collides with its outer case.

While my Internet connection was down, I realized how different my life was without access to the online slumworld. For example, if I were to open up Internet Explorer, it wouldn't be able to connect to any websites. That was the biggest difference between being online and offline. However, there were a countless amount of deficiencies introduced into my life upon losing Internet access. Being a native webmaster from the webmastering country of Webmastervania, I was forced to create an offline life that mirrored my daily experiences online. Here's how I was able to emulate being online without ever turning on my computer:

1) I gave the keys of my apartment to 45,000 people and let them come in whenever they wanted. They all crowded in and sometimes made the floor collapse like footage from "Israel's Most Funniest Wedding Videos." After I had paid carpenters to repair my floor, the crowd rushed back in again and began eating all my food. A few members of the public hobbled in and announced what a shitty apartment I owned. They began

screaming over and over how ugly and tacky my place was and how utterly furious it made them, yet they never left back through the open door. These people simply sat around and complained repeatedly while eating all my food and slapping my cat's ass. Then they demanded I purchase better food and get an improved cat's ass. When I refused to cave in to their demands, they resorted to shrieking profanities at the top of their lungs, damning myself and my apartment and explaining how much they absolutely positively 100% didn't care about either... yet they refused to ever leave or stop talking about it. As far as I know, they're still whining, only I can't hear them now because I summarily removed their heads from their bodies.

2) I paid for a few hundred individuals to follow me around and correct any grammatical or factual errors I made during any conversation, both real and imaginary. A few of them offered the additional luxury of explaining how unfunny I was, as opposed to two years ago when I apparently was the pinnacle of humor or at least slightly less of a jerk than I am now.

3) I invented a contraption that, upon opening and reading a magazine, launches smaller magazines into your face. For example, pulling back the cover of *Knitting Monthly* triggers multiple copies of *Monster Truck Rally*, *Marlo's Assault Rifle Quarterly*, and *Hindu Dance Sperm Party* to spring out and slap you in the face until you fall over and vomit urine. The only magazine that I didn't rig was *Maxim Magazine*, as it would be pointless since 98% of its target audience is illiterate and attracted solely for the pictures of breasts and cars on fire underwater on top of a horse inside a fighter jet.

4) I purchased an address book and listed inside a few of the businesses that I regularly visit. Immediately after writing them down, people began calling me and demanding I write down their addresses in my book as well. After driving my car to their location and checking them out, I realized they were all burnt-down crackhouses featuring nothing but a dirty cinderblock and weeds the size of pregnant Buicks. The owner of the residency would lie around in a pool of his own filth, composing letters to everybody in the entire world, urging them to visit his house and stare at his unchanging decomposing cinderblock every day. If I didn't try to convince everybody else to go to the guy's place and stand in a mound of his own toxic waste, he would send me a letter explaining what a jerk I am and how I'm not funny and my apartment is ugly and I was funnier two years ago and I should die and I was never funny and I suck and I'm ugly and I'm not funny (repeated for emphasis).

After a week and a half, I had pretty much gotten use to my online simulation. It felt like nothing had changed and my life was the nonstop roller coaster ride of thrills and chills that it normally embodies. Unfortunately the cable connection was fixed on my backup computer, so I soon gained access to the Internet once again. Now I can finally experience the online version of these events, with the added bonus of being exposed to pictures of humanoid-shaped foxes having gay sex with each other. What a relief.

PS: To any of the people who emailed Zack to bitch and complain about their perceived lack of quality in his updates, I formally offer you the chance to anally violate yourself with the regulatory street sign of your choice. I don't like to make sweeping generalizations here, but I hate every single one of you and would replace your head with a rock if I had the opportunity. If you're disappointed with the free entertainment on this site, fine, write about it on your shitty Angelfire Dragonball Z site or send AIM messages to the other Korn fanclub members. Just don't email us, demanding we conform to your high standards of "writing in all lowercase and misspelling the word 'fuck' repeatedly."

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

8.17 SA Story Time: Zombie House Party

Friday, Aug 31, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Labor Day weekend, the time for barbecues, drinking a lot of cheap domestic beer and committing vehicular manslaughter. As much as I love alcohol and being the bad guy in those commercials about drunk driving where they show some little girl blowing out the candles on a birthday cake and then it makes you cry because it says she was killed seconds later by a drunk driver, I don't really want to talk about all that. Yes, my room mate and I did just restock our liquor cabinet with a number of fine spirits whose sole objective is to make my liver fail. However, I already have the reputation of being the Something Awful town drunk, so I think I'll steer clear of this topic for the time being.

Instead I would like to introduce you all to a new feature that I am introducing right now for the first time, which is why it's a "new feature". In answer to your question that I can read through the walls your brain tries to create to block off my probing thoughts, yes, I am high on life.

I digress!! This new feature is called "SA Story Time" and chances are this will be the last time you will ever see it.

This Episode's Theme: Zombies!!!

This Episode's Title: Zombie House Party

"Sure looks to be a fine day for a zombie house party," observed Keith, looking up at the cloudless sky.

"Don't stare at the sun or your eyes will bleed you buffoon," I shouted, slapping his face to get his attention.

He thanked me and we continued on, shifting our bundles of deflated clown balloons as we ascended the precarious path to the summit of Terror Mountain. The superstitious folk in the town below had warned us about traveling to the top of Terror Mountain at this time of year, but considering how borderline retarded we are, we paid them no heed.

This is a picture of me telling Keith about our upcoming expedition to Terror Mountain. We're in a hot tub.

I had always been driven by a dream where I would stand on top of Terror Mountain and look down at all the people and shout "HA" and that would cause an avalanche and I would laugh even more. My increased laughter would cause avalanches throughout Hell Valley and everyone who lived below would die. Then I would be carried to heaven on the back of a golden saucer ship and I would find out that God is really a dolphin all along.

I warned them he was.

"Let's stop and rest boss," stated the chronically lazy Keith with a pleading look in his doe-eyes.

"Simple man," I said while slapping his already crimson cheeks, "we rest on top of Terror Mountain, like kings!"

Five minutes later I grew winded and ordered a rest. Keith demanded food but we had exhausted our supply of juju coins while still in the hotel in the village, so I told him to chew on a clown balloon. Five minutes later the clown balloons were no longer satiating my hunger so we prepared an ambush for the rowdy spring breakers who were marauding nearby.

"Woooo," they shouted in their uncouth manner, sloshing Natural Light on the pristine white of the slopes.

"Aiiiiieeeeeeee," screamed Keith, charging from cover and brandishing a fire axe.

"Wooooo," shouted one young woman as she lifted up her OSU sweatshirt and bared her breasts.

Then we set upon them like the wild cannibals we were soon to become. I tell you my friends, we had descended into the deepest pits of animal fury, our juju distended bellies crying out for protein.

Later that night as we dined on the last of Michelle - her name according to her student ID - I reminisced about the good old days back at Oxford with my slack-jawed chum Keith. When he had finally drifted off to sleep I killed him with the fire axe and ate him for breakfast.

Here is a picture of me walking through the snow. I'm not sure who took it as I had already killed and eaten Keith.

It was a long and lonely trek up Terror Mountain the next day. I was plagued by the vampires who somehow defied all logic and were able to prowl during the day in a helicopter that said "RESCUE" on the side. This was no doubt an indicator of their allegiance to some dread vampire cabal that claimed ownership of Terror Mountain. I was not to be deterred. I rubbed snow on myself just like Arnold Schwarzenegger did in the movie "The Predator" only he used mud and he was fighting "The Predators" instead of "The Vampires in Helicopters".

Near dusk I spotted the glowing runes that I had read of in the Necronomicon. According to that dread codex, the runes signified I was nearing the top of Terror Mountain, but there was something troubling about the way they seemed to writhe and pulse with an eldritch power. I flipped through my "Junior Reader's Illustrated Necronomicon Stories" and found the tract detailing the runes on Terror Mountain. Next to it was a picture of a cartoon child in a robe eating the heart of a sacrificial goat.

"If the runes glow, look out kids, because this means there is an asteroid approaching," much as I had ignored the villagers in Hell Valley, I chose to ignore this passage because, as I may have mentioned, I am extremely close to being considered mentally retarded.

I soldiered on through the night. Listening to the wolves howl from their nests in Blood Forest. Each of their supernatural calls sent cold chills up my spine so I applied some icy hot to my lower back and felt my tension and muscle fatigue float away. I longed for Posturepedic support, but there was no turning back now.

Just as the sun broke across the horizon, I reached the summit of Terror Mountain and immediately soiled my trousers. This owed more to a chronic bowl condition and my recent diet of human flesh and juju coins than it did to my borderline retardation. Not everyone who is retarded shits their pants all the time you blasted intellectual elitist!

Nevertheless, this troubling development was just the first in a series of events I had not anticipated. I buried my satchel of clown balloons as instructed by my father ten years ago via a time portal. You see my father is a soldier in the British army and he was sent into the future by the Queen to fight the mummy menace.

"Mummies are not a menace," you say in that blood-curdling falsetto of yours.

I defy you fool and would slap your cheek quite hard were you to present it! They are indeed! Can you see the bacteria that eats away at the tissues within your body? No, of course not! Why can't

you? Because they are too small! So it is with the mummies in 2001, but by 2070 the mummies will be almost three feet tall. If my father loses the war against them in 2070 they will grow to the size of a large man or, Dolphin God forbid, even larger. So it was important that I bury these clown balloons for whatever unknown purpose so that my father might recover them from Terror Mountain 69 years in the future.

Once this task was completed I made my way to the very highest peak of Terror Mountain and looked down. A dense fog enshrouded Hell Valley thousands of feet bellow and hid the village entirely from my view. No matter, see them or not those fools would perish at the great stone hands of MY avalanche.

"HA!" I shouted, waiting for the distant rumble of the avalanche.

Nothing.

"HA!" I repeated, perhaps a bit louder.

Nothing. I grew perturbed.

"HA HA HA HA HA HA!" I screamed as loudly as I could until I was out of breath.

Nothing... no wait, distant, slight, definitely a rumble. Yes! At last their uppance had come!

Then a shadow fell over me and I was compelled to look skyward. If you had guessed it was an incoming asteroid than you are a less borderline retarded man than I.I don't remember much after that, primarily because the impact of the asteroid left me in a state even less intelligent than I was before. This state would be "dead".

The meteor is about to hit me. I think the meteor must have taken this picture. I'm holding up my hand and yelling "nooooooooooo!""

2070

"Finish blowing up the clown balloons Ankhnaten," chided Nomthep from the karaoke booth. "I had to go all the way to Terror Mountain with those damned vampires and their helicopter just to get them."

"Fine," scoffed Ankhnaten, "when are the zombies coming?"

"Any time now Mum-Ra," laughed Nomthep, "after all, you can't have a zombie house party without zombies!"

THE END...?

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 9

September

9.1 Failing with flab

Monday, Sep 03, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Fat of the Land

Last night I took a break from coding explosive babies and reserved a little "time out" period, one for reflecting upon where I currently was in life and where I wanted to go. Naturally, my mind began to wander from one topic to another, covering my past goals and success in achieving them. I introspectively examined my reactions upon entering particular situations and how I could perhaps use the benefit of hindsight to correct future actions. This lengthy segment of time resulted in the realization of many attributes and personality traits, both positive and negative, and helped me come to one of the most fundamentally life-changing conclusions that I have ever stumbled upon:

I'm getting fat.

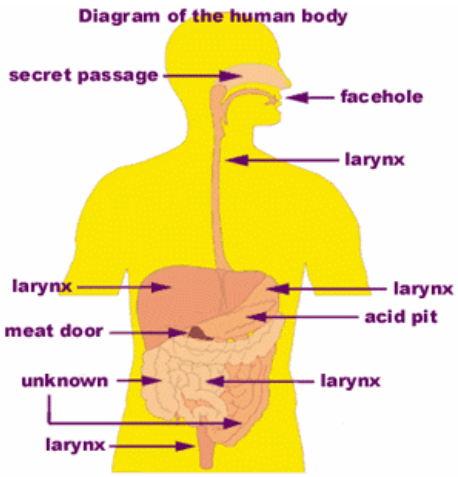
The miracle of the human body in action.

Now initially this may seem like a bad thing, since popular culture has dictated to us time and time again that fat people are inherently a laughingstock. However, my personal goal for the past few years has been to get a bit fatter so maybe my arms and wrists wouldn't look like Q-Tips with significantly more sweat, armhair, and watches. I've been pretty much the same weight since junior high school, which according to my records, was approximately 148 million years ago. Every time I stepped on a scale, it constantly shot to 160 lbs. Depending on the amount of sweat I had previously discharged from my hands and feet, my weight would fluctuate five pounds higher and lower, but it always stayed in this target range. I didn't have to work out, I didn't have to change my diet, I didn't have to engage in any physical activity more straining than putting on socks; I always weighed 160 pounds. For my friends north of the border, that equates to 238.2273 millicentiliters per stone in the Metric system. For my friends south of the border, that is the same weight as 65 kilos of cocaine. For my friends west and east of the border, I'll call for help immediately, as you're apparently drowning in the ocean. While I welcomed the freedom to lay around and never gain weight, I always wanted to get a bit fatter and distribute lard amongst my various appendages so I wouldn't look like a flesh-colored cactus with pipecleaners sticking out of its sides.

However, this didn't work out as planned. Instead of the flab going to my arms and wrists and neck, where I distinctly asked for it to go, all the cellulite ended up heading to the doughy pouch of a stomach I like to call my "doughy pouch of a stomach." This went against all my previous knowledge in the field of fat people, as I always noticed a direct correlation between the size of a fat guy's stomach and his ham-like arms. These people seemed to have their weight evenly distributed to all areas of their body, making them an all-around heavyweight. I naturally assumed the same thing would happen to me, and my diet of corndogs, Hawaiian Punch, and Baby Ruths would lead me to a proportionally larger body frame. No dice. Now I've got a gut the size of a punching bag and my daily 20 gallons of sweat smell an awful lot like chicken gravy.

So how did this happen? Why did my plans of getting fat go so wrong? After doing a bit of medical research *(NOTE: I didn't do any medical research)* and combining this information with my vast knowledge of common sense and astrophysics *(NOTE: I don't currently possess either)*, I began to

realize how my body works and understand the failure in my "get fat quick" scheme. Let me take this moment to share my extensive findings with you:



A helpful diagram to illustrate my point, whatever it was.

1) The human body is an incredible machine. To best understand how it works, it helps to think of it as a car with flesh and eyeballs and hair. Now this car needs fuel to go anywhere, and it can only accept certain types of fuel. This fuel is provided by large metal blocks with pumps that are shoved into a certain orifice. When the car is being fueled, it has to be turned off or else an Arab guy will yell at you and switch off the pump. Also, you're not supposed to smoke while fueling either, which is yet another reason to quit right now. So, as you can see, the body is a lot like a car, at least in the sense that it isn't anything like a car because it has more flesh and eyeballs and hair, which was my original point.

2) When swallowing something, the object is sent down the bronchial tubes to the fallopian tubes, where it is combined with amino acids and Formula 409. The object is then broken down into the following categories:

- Healthy food (wheat, vegetables, zinc, iron, copper, dimes, Sweet And Sour mix, fish, and Slimfast)
- Unhealthy food (candy bars, dough, legal papers, soda, cork, catnip, paint thinner, and pizza pockets)
- Drugs (marijuana, beer, LSD, X-T-C, Adam Ant, whippits, high-on-life, meth, and that fictional drug from Robocop)
- Other (oxygen, bugs, spit, blood, and phlegm)

3) The body reacts differently to each category of objects it ingests. When consuming healthy food, the body breaks it down into its chemical components and then uses those chemicals to fertilize surrounding body parts. The healthiness spreads throughout your body like one of those refreshing springtime waterfall Tampons, and it rejuvenates your skin and body parts, making them less likely to fall off during intense gravitational pressure or hailstorms. If you choose to eat unhealthy food, your body tries to break it down but finds it unable to do so because unhealthy food is very complex and confusing like an electrical engineering course, only with less Malaysians. Your body wastes countless CPU cycles trying to figure out what to do with stuff like the Twinkie you just ate, and eventually it simply gives up and leaves it to rot in your stomach. Medical science has

> proven that when you die, they can cut open your stomach and name every unhealthy food you ever ate your entire life. They can also tell if you've ever masturbated to Anime lesbian foot fetish porn, so keep that in mind next time you decide to visit any newsgroups.
>
> The last two categories of consumable material are harder to explain than the previous two, which is why I listed them last. Our bodies are not used to foreign substances like drugs, so they have very distinct and immediate reactions. The body tries to break down the drug atoms, but the drug atoms say "hey body, why don't you take a break and 'chill out', dude?" The body says "no way, I need to break you down or else my owner is going to fire me and replace me with a metal washbasin" and the drugs replies "well here's a little something to relax you a bit." They then begin to chemically react and produce something else, like ozone or spider silk, which gets into your bloodstream and makes you shriek goofy things like "NFL yeast!!!" while rocking back and worth and holding your head. The only way your body can expel these chemicals is through urine or exhalation, so avoid running a marathon or getting stranded in the desert after doing drugs. The final category, "other," isn't really an issue since the average human body has eaten at Burger King plenty of times and is used to ingesting these types of things.

After reflecting upon this chunk of "hard science," I began to realize why my diet had led to an uneven distribution of fat throughout my body. My constant dose of unhealthy food and drugs were confusing the hell out of it, preventing my body from properly breaking down existing nutrients and evenly distributing them amongst my organs and appendages. With this exciting new medical information in mind, I was able to craft a new diet plan, one which will resolve my problem of constantly worrying about getting unevenly fatter: I will cut out every category except drugs. Hey, I'm going to get fat and bloated regardless; I might as well get a kick out of it while it's happening. ***NFL YEAST!!!***

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

9.2 Up all night

Monday, Sep 03, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

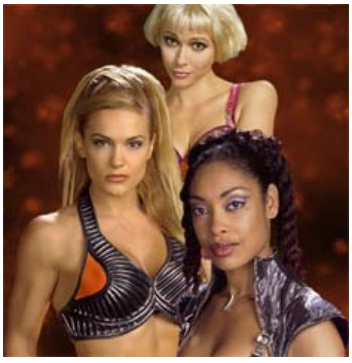
Insomniac TV

A lot of super heroes gain their powers from a tragic accident. Spider man ate cookies contaminated with rat poison, Superman was irradiated with gamma rays and became the Hulk, and the Toxic Avenger... I don't remember. Considering he was in a Troma movie it probably involved bare breasts and a fat guy bleeding a whole lot, maybe a fat guy's bare breasts bleeding a whole lot. Much like these larger-than-life fictional heroes, I once was involved in an extremely minor accident and from this trauma I gained my superpower: I have no circadian rhythm.

I'm not even sure what the hell Nightman's power is, but I think it has something to do with playing a saxaphone and being an asshole.

In high school I would be dead on my feet every day because I'd be awake until 3 AM the night before. In college I was infamous for staying awake for over fifty hours and then sleeping for over 24. This isn't bragging, my power is both a blessing and a curse. Sure, I can get a lot done in thirty or forty straight hours of being awake, but after about twenty hours I tend to possess the intellectual acumen of a particularly dumb pile of bricks. I will sit on the couch in a darkened room and stare at whatever ghostly images the TV decides to beam into my living room.

It is this power that has allowed me to explore the shady underground world of late night syndicated cable programming. Many of you have heard or experienced the pantheon of paid advertisements - so called "infomercials" - that appear regularly on stations trying to rid themselves of essentially worthless and unmarketable air time. What you may not be aware of is the wide variety of shoddy science fiction, horror and mystery shows starring grade-school caliber actors and filmed on a budget that is easily exceeded by some rich kid's lunch money at some fancy rich kid school.



Despite what this picture may lead you to believe, Cleopatra 2525 is not a well written TV show.

I'm referring to shows like Nightman, The Crow, Xena and Hercules, Cleopatra 2525, and whatever horrible science fiction they are nailing to the corpse of Gene Roddenberry this week. Poor Roddenberry is the Tupac of B-grade scifi; once he died unscrupulous hack writers and producers were free to squeeze his ghost for whatever they could. Before you fan boys of Star Trek get in a tizzy about me calling his work "B-grade", why don't you come over and I'll point out the zipper on that octopus woman costume that Shatner was humping.

These shows are absolutely horrid. They think if they can find a woman with breast implants and slap her in spandex they've got themselves a "well rounded cast". Throw in some laser guns or crossbows and suddenly they have their plot. Need a villain? Just use a guy with some bargain basement CGI teleportation effect as a "god" or put a fake giant head on some skinny man with a lisp and call him an "alien master" or something.

I think much more could be done with these late night time slots. I'm sure I'm not the only person out there craving entertainment at

3:30 in the morning, that doesn't mean I'm willing to happily except whatever two dollar crap they can shovel at me. If you're a late night TV producer I suggest you read on to discover what you're missing out on, if you're not a late night TV producer go ahead and skip to the next bulleted item.

Back Alley Operating Room
The recent glut of medical reality programming has desensitized a lot of viewers to the horrors of surgery, doctors, and bandages. The extra apathy that comes from having been awake for roughly a million years makes shocking late night TV viewers much more difficult than shocking a prime time audience. With almost no budget I think a great back alley medical reality show could be done. Visualize a blood spattered and trash filled alley, barely lit by the sodium streetlight just past the dumpster, a crackhead ex-nurse trying to revive her druggie friend who is convulsing from an OD of black tar heroin. Imagine the tension as a half-drunk pimp fishes into one of his mares with a bent coat hanger trying to catch an errant fetus. I'm not sure if late night TV has sweeps week like primetime, but if so, a sweeps episode of Back Alley Operating Room could center on a teenage runaway turned street hooker, forced to amputate her own leg with a steak knife to prevent the spread of gangrene from an artery blown by excessive IV drug use.

Vietnam: The Untold Story
I was a huge fan of the TV show "Tour of Duty" back when I was young and I think we need to have some good Vietnam era combat shows on late at night. Since no one remembers the Vietnam war, the producers would be able to take some creative liberties and tell the story of "Special Unit 103". According to my plot outline, Special Unit 103 is composed of Chuck Norris, that one really muscular Chinese guy who is in every Jean Claude van Damme movie, a midget, and possibly "Face" from the A-Team. Their assignment would be to track down the biblical artifacts that the Vietnamese are trying to harness for their evil purposes. There would be a lot of cool gun battles and chases in Egypt where General Mao would be trying to recover The Staff of Horus +3. The theme song would be "Paint it Black" because that's such a cool song. During the end credits the song would be reprised and puppets of the characters would sing along, like in Fraggle Rock.

What's in that Watermelon?
What late night TV is lacking is a good game show. Some local stations may show reruns of Wheel of Fortune or Jeopardy late at night, but that's just not the same. At 3 in the morning you are not up for "Famous Actors" let alone "Potent Potables", you need a simple game show that mostly involves guessing and blind luck. I suggest "What's in that Watermelon?" a game where contestants are forced to guess at what is inside one of three hollowed out watermelons. One watermelon will contain a fabulous prize such as a diamond necklace or the deed to a log cabin, one will contain a consolation prize (usually a copy of the home game in which you have to guess at the contents of 3 miniature watermelons, one of which contains a miniature version of the home game), and the third watermelons will contain suffering. What that suffering is will be determined by a battery of psychological questions administered to each of the contestants prior to the taping of the show. A contestant might hate wasps, tear gas, or the crushing sorrow of the death of a loved one.

Gene Roddenberry's Blast Whipcrack: Laser Cop
In the year 4040 the universe is at peace, until the vicious Psycholons attack earth with an unstoppable fleet of giant warships. Earth is destroyed by the Psycholons, but Blast Whipcrack, a member of the Laser Police, manages to escape into the outer reaches of the galaxy. He is accompanied by his gorgeous secretary Jill McFrank, Blast's wise-cracking alien personal chef Thromby, and some mysterious large-breasted alien woman

with a tiny dot on the bridge of her nose. All of the characters will constantly wear spandex unitards with the exception of the mysterious large-breasted alien woman, who will frequently wear a ripped spandex unitard. Most episodes will revolve around Blast fighting the Psycholons by talking a lot to a blue screen and then talking some more to some repressed aliens and having a personal catharsis that is absolutely meaningless to the theme of the episode. Each episode will also feature a completely lackluster subplot about some Laser Cadet that they are towing around to draw geeky teen viewers.

Other Suggestions

- *Bible Shrieking* - A frightening woman with giant hair will shriek for minutes on end and then smile and talk really softly for a few seconds. Her rants will be incoherent but assumed to be relating to the bible.
- *Ruined Movie Franchise* - A dying movie franchise could be easily resurrected as an extremely low budget TV show. Just try to picture kicking back and watching "Breakin': The Reckoning", "C.H.U.D.: Escape from the Planet of the C.H.U.D.", or even "James Bond NYPD".
- *Ultra Soft-core Porn Masquerading as Detective Drama*
- *Home Videos of People Being Injured*
- *Home Videos of People Being Attacked by Animals*
- *A Talk Show Where Guests Pretend to Fist Fight*
- *Looped Video of a Tumbleweed Rolling*
- *Test Pattern*

These are just some suggestions off the top of my head, I'm sure if you are a late night TV producer you can come up with a lot better yourself. On second thought, try polling a kindergarten class, I'm sure they could top anything you might come up with.

Cliff Yablonski Does Not Support Your Endeavors

Cliff Yablonski e-mailed me again in his usual charming fashion, apparently to inform me that he has once again updated his stupid web site.

Moron,

Kyanka isn't responding to his letters so I want you to tell everyone on his web thing that I updated my web thing. Tell those stupid fucking dumpster babies that if they keep e-mailing me about updating my web thing I am going to kick them so hard in their stupid ugly faces that they will be able to read the size of my boot on the inside of their brain. Same goes for you if you don't chop chop like those goddamned Chinamen. Now make those buckets of shit batter visit my web thing so I can make the big bucks.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Clifford Yablonski, HOW DO I BRING UP THE PAPER CLIP TO TELL ME WHAT TO TYPE HERE?

$$InsertMailingAddresSHUTUPIWILLBREAKYOU$$

$$InseIWILLINSERTMYFOOTINYOURASSPAPERCLIP$$

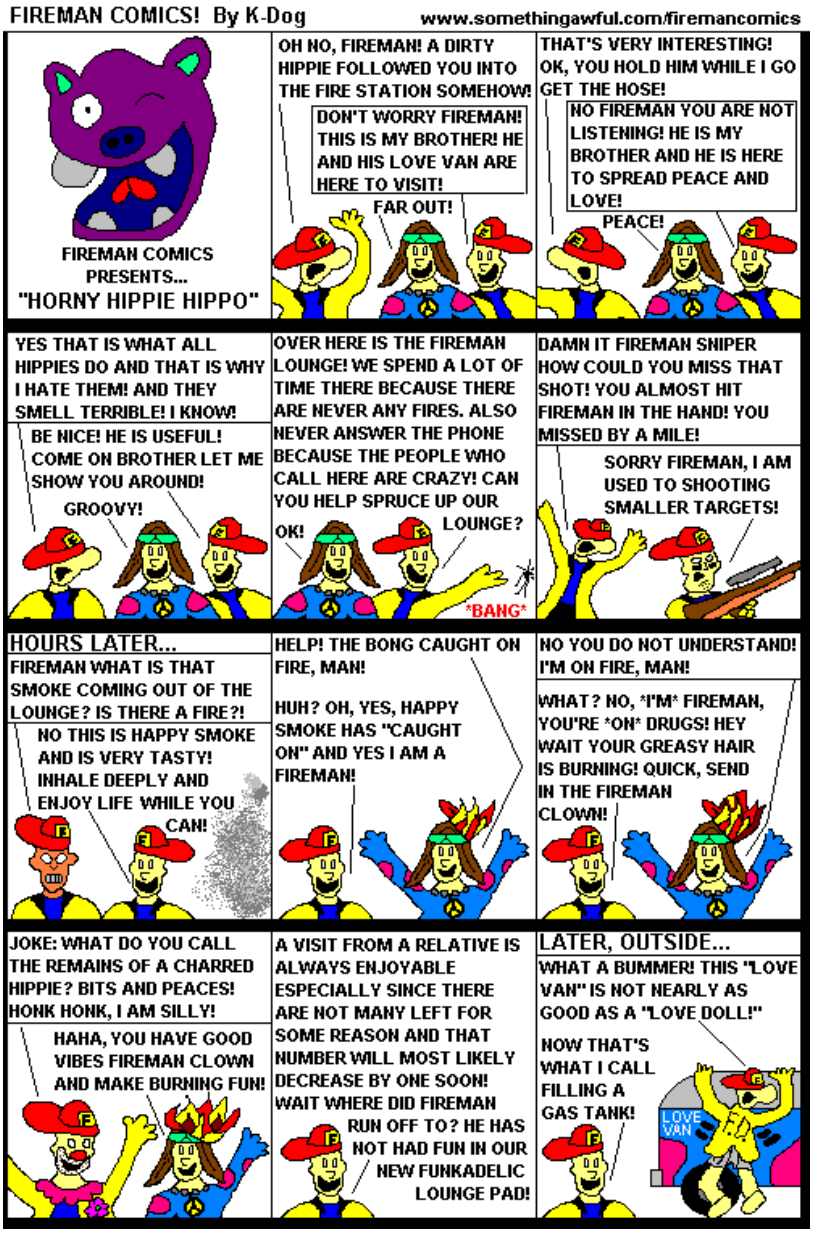
I would suggest doing what he says. My knee still hasn't fully recovered from my last encounter with the wonderful and erudite Mr. Yablonski. He is great and so is his web site!

Hot Order, Coming Through!

Oh no, an all new Fireman Comic!!!

What an exciting development in the wonderful world of Fireman Comics! I just wish I could hire Fireman Sniper to take care of this throbbing headache I've been having.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)


FIREMAN COMICS! By K-Dog
www.somethingawful.com/firemancomics
FIREMAN COMICS PRESENTS...
"HORNY HIPPIE HIPPO"
OH NO, FIREMAN! A DIRTY HIPPIE FOLLOWED YOU INTO THE FIRE STATION SOMEHOW!
DON'T WORRY FIREMAN! THIS IS MY BROTHER! HE AND HIS LOVE VAN ARE HERE TO VISIT!
FAR OUT!
THAT'S VERY INTERESTING! OK, YOU HOLD HIM WHILE I GO GET THE HOSE!
NO FIREMAN YOU ARE NOT LISTENING! HE IS MY BROTHER AND HE IS HERE TO SPREAD PEACE AND LOVE!
PEACE!
YES THAT IS WHAT ALL HIPPIES DO AND THAT IS WHY I HATE THEM! AND THEY SMELL TERRIBLE! I KNOW!
BE NICE! HE IS USEFUL! COME ON BROTHER LET ME SHOW YOU AROUND!
GROOVY!
OVER HERE IS THE FIREMAN LOUNGE! WE SPEND A LOT OF TIME THERE BECAUSE THERE ARE NEVER ANY FIRES. ALSO NEVER ANSWER THE PHONE BECAUSE THE PEOPLE WHO CALL HERE ARE CRAZY! CAN YOU HELP SPRUCE UP OUR LOUNGE?
OK!
BANG
DAMN IT FIREMAN SNIPER HOW COULD YOU MISS THAT SHOT! YOU ALMOST HIT FIREMAN IN THE HAND! YOU MISSED BY A MILE!
SORRY FIREMAN, I AM USED TO SHOOTING SMALLER TARGETS!
HOURS LATER...
FIREMAN WHAT IS THAT SMOKE COMING OUT OF THE LOUNGE? IS THERE A FIRE?!
NO THIS IS HAPPY SMOKE AND IS VERY TASTY! INHALE DEEPLY AND ENJOY LIFE WHILE YOU CAN!
HELP! THE BONG CAUGHT ON FIRE, MAN!
HUH? OH, YES, HAPPY SMOKE HAS "CAUGHT ON" AND YES I AM A FIREMAN!
NO YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND! I'M ON FIRE, MAN!
WHAT? NO, *I'M* FIREMAN, YOU'RE *ON* DRUGS! HEY WAIT YOUR GREASY HAIR IS BURNING! QUICK, SEND IN THE FIREMAN CLOWN!
JOKE: WHAT DO YOU CALL THE REMAINS OF A CHARRED HIPPIE? BITS AND PEACES! HONK HONK, I AM SILLY!
HAHA, YOU HAVE GOOD VIBES FIREMAN CLOWN AND MAKE BURNING FUN!
A VISIT FROM A RELATIVE IS ALWAYS ENJOYABLE ESPECIALLY SINCE THERE ARE NOT MANY LEFT FOR SOME REASON AND THAT NUMBER WILL MOST LIKELY DECREASE BY ONE SOON! WAIT WHERE DID FIREMAN RUN OFF TO? HE HAS NOT HAD FUN IN OUR NEW FUNKADELIC LOUNGE PAD!
LATER, OUTSIDE...
WHAT A BUMMER! THIS "LOVE VAN" IS NOT NEARLY AS GOOD AS A "LOVE DOLL!"
NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL FILLING A GAS TANK!
LOVE VAN

9.3 Shark attack!

Tuesday, Sep 04, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This Shark Eats Like a Maniac!

Oh wait, that's what I ordered.Those crazy sharks are at it again! Most recently they took a heaping helping of little kid leg home with them to the briny deep and the poor boy did not survive. This is no laughing matter people, so wipe those sickening grins off your faces and listen up. The East coast is facing a shark epidemic of Biblical proportions, assuming the bible actually had something as bad ass as shark attacks in it. Every time I read the Bible in the shed in Sand City I kept seeing silly prophecies about locusts and the rivers running red with blood. Red with blood from what? Piranha attacks? Those little bastards are chump change nibblers compared to the awesome terror of the ferocious great white shark.

There's an eight year old boy's arm in my soup.

These attacks are not isolated. They are not just a seasonal or even centennial rise in the tides of shark on human violence. This is a sign of the end people, the sharks are rising up to destroy us.

Timeline of Shark Attacks

1980 - Three people are attacked by a tiger shark off the coast of California. All three survive and the shark is killed by the Coast guard.

1990 - Seven people are attacked in five separate incidences of shark violence. Two of these people do not survive their injuries and a third survived but was never able to do his soft-shoe routine again.

2001 - Kids are getting eaten right and left by the sharks. We are a human Ponderosa buffet line for these bastards.

2010 - The first inland shark attack is reported. Disguised as a cheerleader, a nurse shark bites the throwing arm off an Oklahoma high school's star quarterback.

2020 - An oil prospector discovers a massive network of flooded tunnels beneath his property and informs the police department. The US Navy launches an abortive attempt to clear the tunnels of the shark menace. Almost 500 Navy SEALS are lost in the disastrous mission.

2030 - Having successfully installed a great white shark as the president of the United States by manipulating congress and the senate, the sharks quickly legalize the consumption of live humans. We are at their mercy from this point on.

2060 - The last human dies, an astronaut who escaped to the anti-shark ion cannon station orbiting the earth in the final days of the shark/human wars of the 50's. The sharks return to the seas, their dire quest completed.

I really can't pin it all on the sharks though, it is definitely a case of the media sensationalizing things and making it sound "cool" and "with it" to get eaten by a shark. Game makers are churning out cute games like "Shark Attack" that desensitize children to the horrors of being mauled by the rabid bear of the deep. Films are rampant with pro-shark imagery as well. Just yesterday I was watching my bootleg copy of "Deep Blue Sea" and there was a part where LL Cool J talked about how he wished he could get eaten by a shark. The one character in that movie who didn't think

sharks were "all that" was Samuel L. Jackson, and I think we all know what happened to him (drunk driving accident).

Games such as Milton-Bradley's "Shark Attack" may look "radical", but they are a dangerous trap for impressionable young minds.

Despite the fact that he no doubt played the Shark mod for "Half-Life", I feel sorry for that eight year old who got his arm bitten off by a shark and then reattached. I think instead of attaching the arm back on the kid - who is in a coma and can't use it anyway - the doctors should have attached the arm to the shark to remind it of what happens when you try to attack a human. Then when the shark would go to play cards with its buddies the other sharks would all laugh at it and make fun of its human arm. That might make old sharky think twice before trying to make a meal of another 8-year old boy.

I still don't think even that would be taking things far enough. We need to put a stop to this ominous shark menace before it has a chance to really ramp up to full speed. Depositing anti-shark mines around all of our beaches wouldn't work because human swimmers are far more likely to hit a mine than a shark ever would be. Sending out anti shark submarines would get way too costly, and the same goes for shark patrol jet bombers. I think educating the humans about the dangers of sharks is the only way to go in this situation. Following on the heels of my highly unsuccessful hygiene tips, I would like to propose the following shark safety tips be posted on or near every public beach.

- Please inspect yourself for gushing bullet wounds before going for a swim; your blood is to sharks what pollen is to bees.
- Do not condescend sharks with a demeaning tone, they will take this as a challenge and attempt to eat your leg.
- Female sharks will not have sex with you unless they are really drunk.
- Dolphins are known to kill sharks. If you find yourself in a dangerous situation, dive below the water and make a series of high-frequency clicks to alert dolphins of your impending demise. The dolphins won't actually come to save you, but they may take photographs of your death for a local dolphin newspaper.
- Do what the Navy does to protect against shark attack: encase yourself in a meter of pressurized steel powered by a nuclear reactor. If you don't have a nuclear reactor use diesel power.
- If you kick and thrash while trying to stay afloat a shark might mistake you for a natural prey animal. Hold your arms at your sides and sink to the bottom of the ocean, then walk calmly to shore.
- Pleading for assistance from a higher power will do you no good in the event of a shark attack. No god worth his salt helps out a pussy like you.
- If you are attacked while swimming with a child thrust them violently beneath the water while opening a wound on them with a knife. They can serve as an excellent distraction, allowing you to swim safely to shore. Come on, don't be all uptight, they wouldn't have made it anyway.
- Pepper spray does not affect sharks, tasers do. Equip yourself accordingly.
- Whenever possible eat a large meal consisting of shark meat prior to swimming in the open ocean. When the first shark tears open your abdomen and spills the

contents of your stomach into the ocean it will detect the shark flesh in your diet and assume you are going to kill it and eat it. This will make the shark more nervous.

- Sharks do not like techno music with the exception of GOA Terrorcore Techstep.
- Normally calm species of sharks such as the nurse shark can be provoked to violence if they take a liking to your Starter Jacket. You are advised to "dress down" whenever swimming in shark infested waters.
- To distinguish between a shark and other aggressive sea life hold up a mirror. If the fish casts a visible reflection in the mirror it is not a vampire.
- Implant a medical tracker in all of your limbs. If a shark eats your arm you will be able to track its location using global positioning satellites. You will even be able to send the shark e-mail to inquire about how your arm is doing.

The only option remaining that is both cost effective and feasible is beyond the reach of our current marine scientists. Sharks function as a hive mind, with a single queen shark attended to by worker and soldier sharks. If the queen shark could be located the United States could send a fleet of submarines to destroy her lair. Unfortunately she has up till now managed to evade detection by hiding in the coastal waters of China and deploying decoy queens fashioned from shark spit and seashells.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.4 Wastes of bandwidth (in addition to this site)

Thursday, Sep 06, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Cliff Done Gone and Do It!

Look! Cliff Yablonski bought Stile Project!

Petition For an Image-Free Internet

One of the biggest problems currently clogging up the congested and lard-filled arteries of the Internet is the sheer bulk of painful images floating around. Think back to the "good ol' days" of the online world, which of course never existed. The "less bad" times, however, took place back during the early to mid-1990's, when the Internet differed from its current incantation in the following ways:

1) Everything was free.
2) Everybody made money, no matter how mentally deficient they were.
3) There was no monkey to punch.
4) THERE WERE A HELL OF A LOT LESS HORRIBLE IMAGES.

Back then, people had very light webpages, often with only a couple pictures consisting of animated gif horizontal line breaks and list headers. Out of those two categories, the only images used were the dripping-blood line and the gradient sphere header, so the combined file size of 10k was easily cached. However as time progressed, bandwidth increased... and as bandwidth increased, the sheer number and size of pictures used grew exponentially. Now I have no problem with graphics in general; heck, Cliff Yablonski's site is practically dedicated to them. I do have a problem with the brain-shatteringly awful quality of these images floating around. Since there's no real way to judge and enforce a subjective quality rating of images on the Internet, I am hereby petitioning to ban images entirely. Let me provide a few examples of the disturbing and horrifying things I'm talking about.

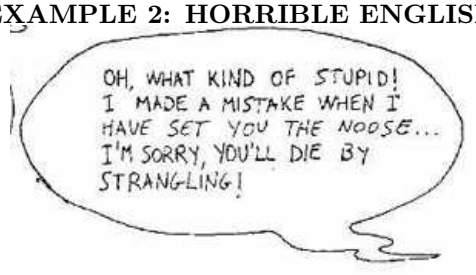
> This image comes courtesy of yesterday's ALoD, which was an insane Christian art site run by an insane Christian non-artist. This picture is supposedly what she thinks hell is like, as she has entitled the page "burn forever with satan in HELL," which was coincidentally the theme of my senior prom. This image brings up a couple critical questions:
>
> > 1) Why are these people in hell to begin with? Amongst other unlucky victims, you'll notice that the following people / races / creatures are damned for all eternity:
> >
> > - Dragons
> > - Policemen
> > - Black kids
> > - Frustrated golfers
> > - Handicapped black kids
> > - Genies
> > - Gymnasts
> > - Teachers
> > - Mermaids
> > - Rabbis
> > - Football players
> > - Floating heads of death

EXAMPLE 1: REALLY BAD ART

That's a good cross-section of creatures right there, so I imagine hell is a pretty crowded place, much like the Rally's in Raytown, Missouri. Maybe the policemen made a pact with the Devil to persecute the criminal handicapped black people who sell crack to football players and their trophy wife floating heads, which run a crime syndicate with the genie / gymnast underground Rabbi dragon fanclub. That's my guess.

2) What's with the huge hand in the background? Whose hand is that? You'll notice by his cuff that he's wearing a suit, so I assume that a giant white businessman is in charge of running Heaven. This is scary in itself, because that means heaven probably offers stock options which means heaven has a trading market which means there is a lot of sweaty balding men running around a crowded room and frankly that doesn't sound appealing enough to keep me from ever murdering somebody.

EXAMPLE 2: HORRIBLE ENGLISH



Now I've never professed to being an English scholar, but you'll notice that I have never tried to speak a foreign language like Japanese or Canadian on this page. Why? Because I

would fail and my site would look like I slipped and knocked over the Babelfish webserver. Stick to your native language, folks; bad translations are for Japanese videogames, not Internet pictures. In the case of the example above, that native language would be listed as "Psycholian" since it's from a website dedicated to killing women and engaging in sexual intercorpse with them. Ha ha! Get it? Necrophelia is "sexual intercorpse!" Watch out, Alf, there's a new comedy king in town!

EXAMPLE 3: RIDICULOUS PHOTOS THAT PROBABLY SHOULD HAVE NEVER, EVER BEEN TAKEN

Why? Why? Why? Why would somebody take a picture of this, much less allow the photo to become publicly distributed? In case you have a Braille computer monitor, this is a grown man drinking beer and wearing a diaper. This is not an image that anybody should want linked to them or any other member of their species; this is a picture that should only be used by Police when compiling a "case against" somebody, usually something to do with sexually assaulting furniture.

Enough said. I really enjoy this particular furry picture, as he appears to have frightening lobster claws and a weight belt over its shoulder. In addition, he seems to have just broken through the back door into some unexpecting family's home, screeching "HEY GANG, THE PARTY'S HERE, WHERE'S YOUR CAT?" Anything and everything about furries is fundamentally wrong and I openly condemn them in every way possible (and many ways impossible). The only way furries could make their outfits more stupid is by stapling 500 large penises to their suits, which would probably make them more appealing to other brain damaged furry fans who spend all day drawing images of giant gay foxes making out with trains.

Okay, you love your child and you want him to grow up and become a doctor or lawyer or rocket surgeon or whatever. That's understandable. But please, if you truly love your child, DO NOT TAKE PHOTOS LIKE THIS. In 10-15 years from now, your child will look back at this picture and KILL THEMSELVES. It's odd enough that the bloated baby is riding a very large dog, but when you factor in the facts that the dog is floating,

EXAMPLE 4: ANYTHING TO DO WITH FURRIES

EXAMPLE 5: LIFE-SCARRING CHILD PHOTOS

there's a ton of fog, and aliens are shooting some kind of distant ray cannon at them, you really enter Suicide Central. If, for some incomprehensible reason, you decide to create a picture like this, you should promptly destroy it. Then, to be on the safe side, you should probably drop your kid off at the mall and flee the state and move to Atlantis.

Everybody has been getting on PETA's case lately because they're a very retarded organization that doesn't hardly ever do anything constructive and has adopted a full-time strategy of "doing intensely stupid things that no sane person likes or approves of." However, many people forget to make fun of them for having an entire section of their website dedicated to brainwashing children and forcing them to make the absolute most goofiest drawings ever. Look at that picture. Some kid wearing a green barrel is beating Beavis / Butthead with a hairbrush covered in strawberry jam. They are also standing on what appears to be water, so I guess they're both Jesus. How does this make me want to stop eating bratwurst? Who knows.

Since these images can't really be regulated, I suggest we ban images entirely from the Internet and instead opt for a lighter, text-only version. Just think about it; no furries, no men in diapers, no floating clipart in hell. Just A-Team erotic fan fiction and Carrot Top movie reviews. Okay, scratch that petition, I want to ban both images **AND** text from the Internet. You'll thank me for it later.

EXAMPLE 6: STUPID PROPAGANDA

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

9.5 Closing down the fun

Friday, Sep 07, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Share the Hate With Cliff Yablonski!

For those of you not in the know, R-Lo has been toiling away on an absolutely amazing game based on everyone's least favorite asshole old man; Cliff Yablonski. This game is going to make your little Counter Strike look like that racing game they used to have at the county fair that featured transparent plastic sheets and a projected loop of a road going by.

I can say how incredibly goddamned incredible this incredibly incredible game is because I have almost nothing to do with it. My "friend" Rich made it, but I secretly hate him and hope he fails in all of his efforts, so this is REALLY high praise. CHECK IT OUT BUTTERBALL!

No More Cappin' Hippos

Disney has discontinued the practice of having tour guide boat captains shoot at the animatronic hippos on their Jungle Cruise attraction, ending a long tradition that was best left whatever something is when it happens once and everyone thinks it sucks and makes fun of the guy who did it and it never happens again. This is not the first time Disney has had to "tone down" their totally "in your face" attitude because "of" prevailing political and social winds. In 1997 they got rid of some pirate on the ever-sucktacular Pirates of the Caribbean ride; I think he was doing coke off a stripper's chest or something.

Submarine Tour Around the Sewage Pond was never a popular Disney attraction, which may explain why it hasn't been closed yet.

In an article I read on the interweb, one helpful woman with a really stupid opinion had this to say about the recent removal of the side arms from the boat rides (which are now vulnerable to robotic hippo attacks):

> *"That's better," said Karla Jervis, 35, of Ohio, who rode the Jungle Cruise for the first time. "I wouldn't have taken the kids on the ride if it had guns. I don't even buy toy guns."*

Had the entirety of Karla Jervis' statement been included it might have continued like this:

> *"I also don't let my kids look at pictures of guns in history books and if they ask me what*

Abraham Lincoln was killed with I tell them it was a noose," continued Karla Jervis. "I removed anything gun shaped from my house and when the kids watch TV I bang a pot with a spoon and turn the lights off and on whenever someone mentions or uses a gun."

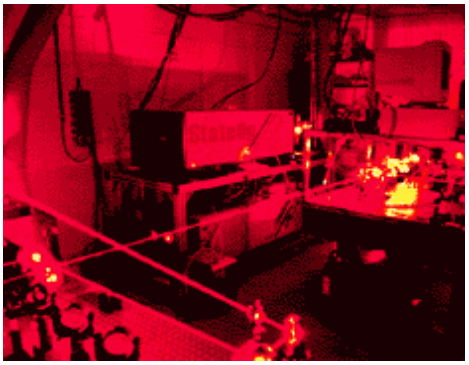
Taking away guns and trying to convince your children that guns don't exist won't stop the violence in the United States. If someone can't shoot you with a gun they will shoot you with a knife, if you take away the knife they will shoot you with a truncheon, and so on until people are being shot in the streets with pillows and kittens.

This fiasco with Disney is just the latest in a long line of amusement park "mainstreaming", where older and less politically correct attractions are made more pleasant to the thin-skinned dopes of the 21st century. Some of these changes were pretty rational; others ruined perfectly fun rides by trying to homogenize everything into an annoyingly dull off-white pudding of dubious entertainment value. After main-lining some crystal blue I decided to put together a brief history of amusement park revisionism.

I'll be the first to admit, it was pretty depressing. I asked my dealer to cut me with his switchblade three times while working on it.

1938 - James Pretsche's Fun Times Acre - The park opened in 1880 and closed in 1938 due to pressure from liberal lawmakers, who felt a number of the attractions were racist beyond belief. The list of offending rides included The Negro Oddity Pavilion, The Slant-Eyed Monkey Rocket, and the Porch Ape Whirlwind.

1941 - Disneyland - In 1941 Disney closed its doors on the wildly popular "Hitlarium", caving into the demands of anti-nazi protestors. It was briefly renamed the "Germanarium" but this wasn't fooling anyone and by 1943 the building had been torn down.



The Atomic Fun Pusher is still alive and kicking thanks to StateOg!

1950 - Cedar Point - This popular Ohio theme park was the first to shut down a ride because of prolonged health risk. In 1947 it debuted "The Atomic Fun Pusher", a ride in which a large beam composed of concentrated gamma radiation would push children across a greased floor. Children frequently complained of headaches and shortness of breath and in 1949 a six year old girl suffered from total organ liquefaction. The ride was closed for repairs but when it set five people's faces on fire the very next day it was pronounced unsafe and shut down for good. The device used to "push fun" is actually still in operation in a State Og cosmetics testing facility in Nevada.

1964 - Disneyland - Due to impending legal action Disney closed the wildly popular "Rape Mountain" ride.

1968 - Six Flags - Public hangings were discontinued.

1975 - King's Island - Finally succumbing to the throngs of Jewish protestors outside the entrance, King's Island revamped their "Story of Christ" animatronic adventure. The main point of contention was the final diorama which featured Christ being cannibalized by a trio of Rabbis. Later that year the questionable inclusion of an erect penis on Jesus during the crucifixion was replaced with a more appropriately flaccid member.

1981 - Disneyland - "Detective Frank Spiconi's Lung Cave" was shut down in October after the giant cigarette smoking robot of Spiconi was linked to lung cancer in over 50,000 visitors to the theme park.

1984 - Dollywood - On opening day both the Scorpion Slide and the Cobra Handler's Pit caused multiple fatalities. Surprisingly both attractions continued to operate without interruption for nearly six months, until a raid by federal agents shuts them down for good.

1989 - Disneyworld - A catastrophic meltdown in fission pylon three irradiated a square kilometer of the Epcot Center. FEMA teams moved in, encasing several hundred survivors and the twisted remains of the reactor in ten meter thick concrete.

1993 - Cedar Point - Always quick to bend to the will of the public, Cedar Point became the first amusement park to change the theme of its parade. In March the theme was changed from "Parade of War Atrocities" to "Parade of Giggling Anthropomorphic Animals".

1995 - Dollywood - Good old Pigeon Forge finally gave up on "The Haunted Wet Back Barrio" and the equally offensive "Chief Wampum's Blanket Sale". To this day they still refuse to shut down "Cornpone Coonie's Jazz Music Museum", which features a single photograph of a white man in black face playing a trumpet with the caption "Jazz ain't music ya'll!"

2000 - Disneyland - Not an actual ride closing, but Disney discontinued "Cap'n Mc-Shiv's Torso Piercing Hut" as an agreement with the courts in a class action law suit.

Putting together this little history lesson has given me a painful thirst for hyper-addictive intravenous drugs. Sure, some of those rides needed to go, but I for one will truly miss "The Atomic Fun Pusher" among others. The sheer joy of being shoved along the ground at high speed by an invisible DNA-searing blast of gamma rays was worth every scrotum nodule I've developed. Heck, it was even worth that nasty case of Hydrocephalus I came down with the day after enjoying it.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.6 Jeff K. uses SPELLCHECKAR!!!

Monday, Sep 10, 2001 by JEFFK (@sexyfacts4u)

WELL WELL WWEL!!!

Looks liek our old intarnit buddy si back, me JEFF K!!!! and I haev an updaet toodays for yuo to read! BUT soem peopal recentaly sent me an angary emale which said:

> *DEAR JEFF K!*
>
> *WHY DONT YUO USE A SPELLCHECKAR ON YUOR ARTICALES!!! SINCE I JUST SIT AROUND AND DRAW CHIP N' DALE EROTIC FAN FICTIAN ALL DAY, I CAN WRITE YUO AND SUGEST THIS QUALEITY IDEA BEcUASE I RELLY CARE FROM TEH BOTTOM OF MY FAT FAT HEART!!!*
>
> *SINCERELY*
>
> *A HORSE'S LEFT TESTICALE*

So I saids "okeys!!! Yuo wants me too uses spellcheacker, I will use a spellcheckar so maybey yuoll SHUT UP and I will finaly reach my lifelong dream of WRITING AN ARTICALE THAT APPEALS TO A DEMOGRAPHIC OF PEOPAL WHO HAEV TOO ATTENDS HOME SCHOOLING BECAUSE THEY'LL GET BEAT UP IN REUGALR SCHOOL LIEK JERRY WHO HAD TOO STAY HOME TODDAY BECAUSE HIS ASSMAT WAS MAKING HIM SNEEZE LIEK A CLEAUNKER!!!!" so I wrotes an artiacale and I will post it hear and run it by spell and GRAMMAR CHECK so all yuo perfectionests out there will mayeb shut up and build a house out of the bricks from yuor butt. so hear si my storey, AND I HAVE RUN IT ALL THROUGH SPELL CHECKER JUST FOR YUO!!!

A STORAGE ABATES HOW IRA AARON FOR CLASS PRECEDENT!

BY JEFF K!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

About a Menorah a go, there was a CLASS PREDICAMENT electing at school from tea CALF PRESENT! Ted contestants where John Bellingham (Fargo), Magi Holmengren (WOMAN FARGO), and tea carboy German kid. I said "EYE JEFF K., MAYBES IOUs CAN DO A BETAKE JOB THAN THEIST BOZOS!" so I sadism "OXEYES JEFF K.! MAYBES I CAN!" and so I decides too run Rio class PRESIDING!!! hears how I SWEPT TEN COWRIES OFF THEORY FEET!

1. I made a bunch of boasters! I dint halve any plasterboard and my mom wouldn't tack me too theism sootier because she was HAVING A DISCUSSION WITH MY DAD ABOUT A CITROEN SECRETARY HE WAS HOVERING A SPECIAL TAOISM WITH, so I took Tel posters from John and turned theorem ovary and wrote my name on them and a vary confederate political menage:

PASTEUR 1: "VETO JEFF K!!!! HE WILL BRING A CHICKEN TOO A POT!" and I dermas a pickier of a Star Eras plane shooting Chewable in tee head
PASTA 2: "A VOA FOR JEFF K IS A VOTE FOR JEFF K!!! AND JUSTICE" and I drew a pitcher of a pig on fire! NO WAIT I cant tell watt that pitcher is of, I think its ten guy from ROAST N' ATTACK!!!

PESTER 3: I DIDN'T FINISH POETS LUMBAR 3 BECAUSE I GOT MAD AND TEHERAN TEA MARCHER AT A FANNIES!!!!

Tech pastures septa a cordoned off there beets and insured a quick and desist cicatrix for myself and all paretic membranes involves!!!

2. I MADE A POLITICAL PEACH!!! there was a dabble at paschal and they didn't let me in beeches tee debate titer MR. ALAMOS is a pitchfork and he doesn't leak me bemuse I called his wife a fat mule and stoat tee BROWN DIKES he made for tee PTA LEVANT!!! so I went too tech debate disused as a HARMLESS CROOK and then they started too debates and I got up and said "WELL WELL WELL LOOKS LEI ITS ME! I'M JEFF K AND YUPPIE SHOULD VETS FOR ME BEMUSE I" and then they took me outbid and sestina me too tee PIG PENS office and sent my mom a note on her auaotmeitca note matinees. BUT I think I won tea cordwood ovary with my carat and craniums!!!

3. THEORY TARRIED TO SILENCE TEE WILL OVARY TAB VITAL BATEAU WEAR UNSUCCESSFUL!!! I got my name as a wariest in vote on tee ballet beeches TEE WILL OF ETHER PROPEL WILL NOT BE SILENCED!!!! I maids "write in my name or I will KILL EAR FACE!" and then did! OWLS!!!!

BUT I am raids to cell Tahiti I did not wine tee erection! John won bemuse he sin a football platter and Hz dumb ferns boated for him! HE CHEATED DEMOCRACY!!!! But I will win next year and it I donate Tehran id's traversed of justice!!!

TEE END!

THERE! I hoep yuo enjoyed my spellchecked storey! NOW MAYEB YUO PIGS WILL STOP EMALEING ME SAYING "OH JEFF K., YUO SHOULD USE SPELLCHECK BECUASE I CANT READ WAHT YUOR WRITING" because I just used spellcheck and now yuor wishes are grantad yuo genital germ!!!

-∼JEFFK (@sexyfacts4u)

9.7 Zack alienates (even more) women

Monday, Sep 10, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

How to Horrify Unwanted Guests

Most weekends I consume at least a little alcohol, but I am not one to relate this fact when nothing particularly interesting occurs as a result. I try not to drive under the influence, so I don't have any tragic accidents to report in which I crushed the spine of an 11 year old boy who was looking forward to being a track all star. It has been years since I've indulged in petty theft while intoxicated and even longer since I have endured any of the surreal shenanigans of college keg parties. However - and I am sure the more astute of our readers knew this was coming - this weekend proved to be quite memorable. It will go down in my private records as one of the most disgustingly entertaining weekends of my life, and with a little luck some of you might even recall it an hour or so after reading my recounting of events.

Cast of Characters:

Zack (myself)
Dev (my chum)
Mona (another chum)
Ben (still another chum)
Chadly (yet another chum)
Misty (victim #1)
Jennifer (victim #2)
Sweet Cold Drinks

Please allow me to preface this tale by stating that it is more of an example of psychological battery taken to an extreme than it is any sort of physical malfeasance. Like my wife, the sea, I am a cruel mistress and I do not abide unusual or unwelcome guests in my home.

Friday Night

Yours truly, Dev, Mona, and Ben decided to go bowling and consume large quantities of Sweet Cold Drinks. Mona managed to defeat all who opposed her, scoring something like fifty thousand in the first two frames. Despite attempts to emulate "The Big Lebowski", the group degenerated into a mindset of rowdiness that stood out even in the midst of a white trash bowling alley.

Ja, meine dispatcher says dere is a problem mit deine kable.

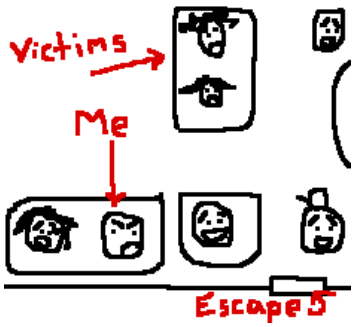
From there the group of hooligans proceeded to a local dining establishment where even more Sweet Cold Drinks were consumed along with whatever food was being deep fried that particular evening. On the way back to my apartment to enjoy more Sweet Cold Drinks in the privacy of my redoubt, a decision was made to stop at a local grocery establishment. At this point things become a bit blurry for the narrator, but suffice it to say that Dev and I hit on a certain grocery clerk by the name of Misty (see cast), inviting her to call us and return to my apartment to enjoy Sweet Cold Drinks. This did not in fact transpire that evening, but still fun was had by all.

Saturday Night

The festivities continued on the evening of the 8th of September. Chadly was visiting and the group decided to get some eating out of the way before turning our collective attention to a fresh round of Sweet Cold Drinks. After a delicious dinner at a local semi-Mexican eatery, the group retired to

my apartment for cocktails and beers, overly loud rap music, and possibly party games.

Then Misty called. No one was really expecting Misty to call. No one really wanted Misty to call. Despite these two things, Misty was nevertheless calling from her cell phone, en route to my apartment with her friend Jennifer in tow. Dev fielded the call and was reluctant to allow them to swing by, but I encouraged him to invite them over for Sweet Cold Drinks. Regardless of my ulterior motives, Dev complied with the request, talking with the two apparently moronic girls as I began to outline to Mona my plans of "fucking with" two young women silly enough to come to the apartment of someone who tried to pick them up while drunk.



I tracked down a blueprint of my apartment at the City Planner's office and inserted photo-realistic renderings of myself, my friends, and the victims.

I attempted to assume the persona of Rapier Witt, a piece of euro-trash from the Alsace-Lorraine region who would ineptly attempt to sweep them off their feet by making constant references to chateaus and wineries. Unfortunately, Dev blew my cover when they were not two steps through the door and I was forced to revert to plan B.

Plan B was "become an insane asshole who doesn't stop talking."

Misty and Jennifer entered the apartment, dangerously young and obviously dressed for the sex. Misty was even wearing a quasi-schoolgirl uniform and eating a sucker. I did not allow the Lolita bus to sidetrack my objective of making girls cry and so I made a casual reference to knockout pills and then offered to fetch them both a drink.

"She's a ho," giggled one, referring to the other.

"Hee hee, she is too," said the other, practically spreading her legs and flying around the room.

"So is Mona," I added in an effort to make them feel uncomfortable, "she hangs out here all the time and we just pass her around. I was pounding away at her yesterday when I called Ben into the room and we double teamed her. We were high-fiving."

A wasteland of absolute silence followed this comment, an atmosphere everyone was to become painfully familiar with in the coming hour. I continued to make references to knockout drugs while offering beverages, Dev began to quiz them on math and word pronunciations.

"What do you call those things that people bring into the grocery store and give you for a discount?" Dev grilled them. "They get them from newspapers sometimes."

"Cue-Pawns," drawled one of the girls, still oblivious to the fact that she had made one of the most embarrassing mistakes of her life by coming to the apartment.

"Good," I commented. "What is that stuff that's like ice cream but it's just blended frozen fruit?"

"Sure-Bert," the other said with a self-satisfied smile.

The topic of conversation was forcibly shifted to relationships and the ever-spry Misty confessed that she spent all her time "on the computer" and that her last two boyfriends had been wooed "on the computer". The many-varied colors of the Interweb rainbow!

"I've had pretty bad experiences with online relationships," I confessed. "I once fell in love with a girl I was talking to on ICQ. Over a period of weeks we became close, until we both came to the conclusion that we were smitten with one another. A meeting was arranged and I went to visit her.

She turned out to be a 54 year old Korean man. I let him give me a hand job."

The wonder twins regarded me with horror.

"Oh," I pretended to be embarrassed, "it's okay! I thought about women while he was doing it."

BAM!!! Normally when guests come to my apartment they are treated to a happy face.

"That was the second time, right?" Ben interjected, playing along.

"No, that was the first," I continued, "I ended up meeting someone else and they turned out to be that Korean guy too. He was wearing a fake beard."

It was at this point, or thereabouts, that Jennifer, who had been growing restless and fidgety under the withering barrage of stupid questions and comments, made a painfully obvious gesture of looking at her watch. I feigned offense immediately, then somewhere in my second or third minute of incredulity over her apparent urge to flee the scene, I turned the gesture around into something I found sexually gratifying.

"Do it again," I coaxed, "look at that watch again baby."

"There," she relented, flicking her eyes to her timepiece nervously.

"No," I shook my head, "that was sidelong; I want a long hot stare at that timepiece of yours."

"No," she averted her eyes from my unwavering gaze.

"Please," I begged, leaning towards her a little, "just look at it, you know you want to."

Everyone else in the room was watching with anticipation with the possible exception of Misty, who was nearly as baffled and terrified as her friend caught in the crucible. The room was practically crackling with really fucking stupid erotic energy.

"It'll be fun. Just look at it once," she was covering the watch with her hand, afraid that if she caught it in her peripheral vision she might make watch-to-eye contact.

"No," she was becoming even more agitated.

"Just fucking look at it," I wasn't backing down. "Move that hand off your watch and just let it fill your vision, let the watch flow through you."

"Shut the fuck up," she snapped.

I leaned back, shifting gears.

"Fine Clocky McTimepiece, I didn't even want to see it anyway," I stretched, "it was just a joke, I don't care about your stupid watch."

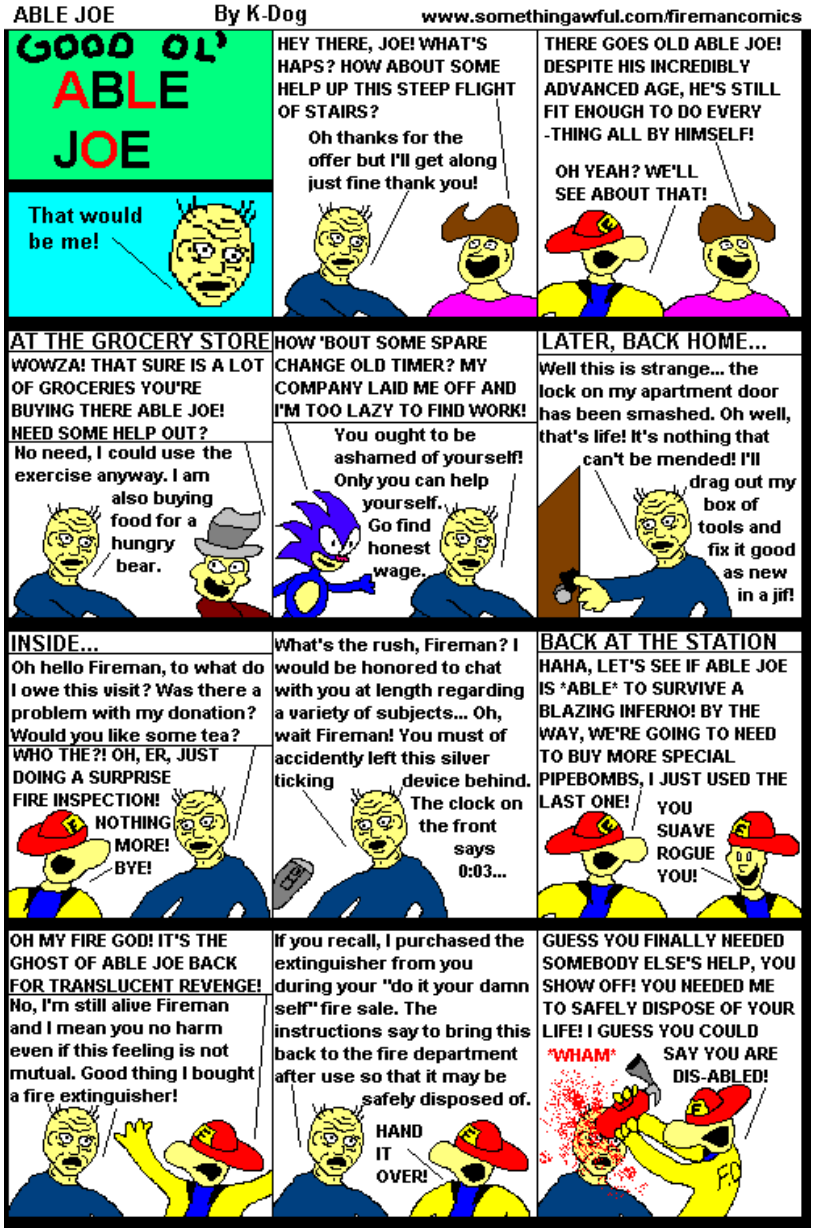
These watch games continued for probably four minutes or so. Do not read my account and get the impression that this was casual or flirtatious, on the contrary, it was extremely hostile, disturbing and bizarrely obscene.

Jennifer and Misty stayed for an hour, maybe slightly more or less, but five minutes was past their welcome. The course of the conversation became increasingly threatening, with references made more and more to knockout pills and bodies in the trunk of my car. Dev, Ben and even Chadly made repeated mention of the fact that they were welcome to leave at any time. Eventually they realized that discretion was the better part of valor and accepted these offers to depart.

The moral of the story, if one can even be found in this unsettling tale, is that eighteen year old girls should not accept the invitation of a random stranger to come to their apartment, especially not when it's my fucking apartment.

Ready, Aim, FIREMAN COMICS! HAW HAW!

What's this? Oh dear, a new Fireman Comic, this time featuring "Able Joe"!


ABLE JOE
By K-Dog
www.somethingawful.com/firemancomics
GOOD OL' ABLE JOE
That would be me!
HEY THERE, JOE! WHAT'S HAPS? HOW ABOUT SOME HELP UP THIS STEEP FLIGHT OF STAIRS?
Oh thanks for the offer but I'll get along just fine thank you!
THERE GOES OLD ABLE JOE! DESPITE HIS INCREDIBLY ADVANCED AGE, HE'S STILL FIT ENOUGH TO DO EVERY -THING ALL BY HIMSELF!
OH YEAH? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!
AT THE GROCERY STORE
WOWZA! THAT SURE IS A LOT OF GROCERIES YOU'RE BUYING THERE ABLE JOE! NEED SOME HELP OUT?
No need, I could use the exercise anyway. I am also buying food for a hungry bear.
HOW 'BOUT SOME SPARE CHANGE OLD TIMER? MY COMPANY LAID ME OFF AND I'M TOO LAZY TO FIND WORK!
You ought to be ashamed of yourself! Only you can help yourself. Go find honest wage.
LATER, BACK HOME...
Well this is strange... the lock on my apartment door has been smashed. Oh well, that's life! It's nothing that can't be mended! I'll drag out my box of tools and fix it good as new in a jif!
INSIDE...
Oh hello Fireman, to what do I owe this visit? Was there a problem with my donation? Would you like some tea?
WHO THE?! OH, ER, JUST DOING A SURPRISE FIRE INSPECTION! NOTHING MORE! BYE!
What's the rush, Fireman? I would be honored to chat with you at length regarding a variety of subjects... Oh, wait Fireman! You must of accidently left this silver ticking device behind. The clock on the front says 0:03...
BACK AT THE STATION
HAHA, LET'S SEE IF ABLE JOE IS *ABLE* TO SURVIVE A BLAZING INFERNO! BY THE WAY, WE'RE GOING TO NEED TO BUY MORE SPECIAL PIPEBOMBS, I JUST USED THE LAST ONE!
YOU SUAVE ROGUE YOU!
OH MY FIRE GOD! IT'S THE GHOST OF ABLE JOE BACK FOR TRANSLUCENT REVENGE!
No, I'm still alive Fireman and I mean you no harm even if this feeling is not mutual. Good thing I bought a fire extinguisher!
If you recall, I purchased the extinguisher from you during your "do it your damn self" fire sale. The instructions say to bring this back to the fire department after use so that it may be safely disposed of.
HAND IT OVER!
GUESS YOU FINALLY NEEDED SOMEBODY ELSE'S HELP, YOU SHOW OFF! YOU NEEDED ME TO SAFELY DISPOSE OF YOUR LIFE! I GUESS YOU COULD SAY YOU ARE DIS-ABLED!
WHAM

That Able Joe just never gives up, does he? Let's all try to be a little more like Able Joe, with maybe a dash of the caring Fireman thrown in!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.8 America's web browsers under attack!

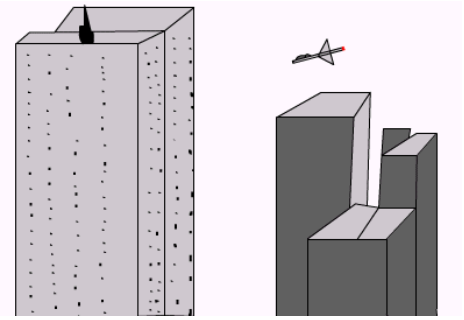
Thursday, Sep 13, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

September 11th, 2001. Thousands of people killed. Billions of dollars up in flames. Two hulking skyscrapers reduced to a smoldering heap of rubble and broken lives. It was a tragedy that the world, much less America, had never seen before. The sheer magnitude of this catastrophe is unparalleled and the nation still reels in shock. However, while the media has been quick to publicize the graphic carnage from these disaster zones, they have failed to display the other sickening and deadly force that is currently attacking America: the Flash movie tributes to the WTC attack.

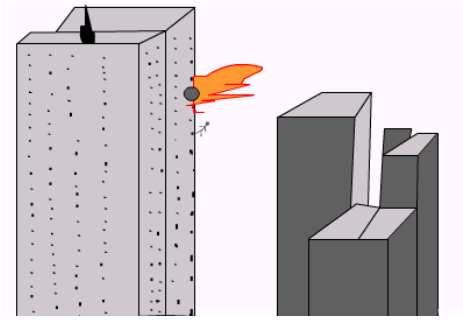
Movies began to flood into Newgrounds, the Flash car wreck of the Internet, only hours after the attacks were reported. In case you've never been to Newgrounds before, let me summarize the site for you so you don't have to head there and have your browser lock up and crash every page. This site is dedicated to accepting any embarrassingly horrible, pointless, intensely moronic Flash dribble produced. Instead of simply deleting "MY FIRST FLASH PROJECT.SWF" from your harddrive, Newgrounds encourages viewers to submit it so the rest of the world can watch and decide to immediately uninstall Flash from their computers. I think Newgrounds is secretly an anti-Flash site, created to drive people away from ever touching the program, as 99% of the movies there rival disk defragmenting in terms of sheer entertainment value. The recent influx of movies have centered around the tragic 911 catastrophe, pulling hoards of aerosol-huffing teenagers from their damp basements and promoting their humiliating Flash movies, which are legally considered crimes against humanity. While their heart may be in the right place, I'm afraid their brain evacuated their skull years ago and is currently missing in action. We will be examining some of the worst and most awful tributes to the WTC disaster in the upcoming days, starting with this update, and what I feel is simply one of the most pathetic movies ever created.

AWFUL WTC MEMORIAL OF THE DAY

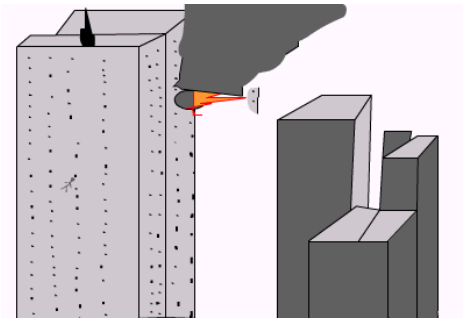
"The Day of Destruction" *by David Hernandez* - Think back to the times when you were a child and woke up on Christmas morning. Do you remember the feeling you would experience when rushing down the steps and laying eyes on all the festive and large gifts wrapped with your name written across them? Do you remember how fast your heart started beating, the sheer happiness you experienced, and the tingling sensation that ran down your back? Now think back to the time when you opened the first gift and realized that it was one of the most retarded presents ever, like a bunch of tubesocks or an educational puzzle. This Flash movie is the equivalent to experiencing that while simultaneously having an adult mule kick you in your genitalia. David Hernandez attempts to re-create the horror of 911 by using grey circles, rectangles, and a series of shapes that are offensive to the entire fundamental world of geometry. Let's take a frame-by-frame look at this movie, much like the television commentators have done with the footage from the WTC destruction.



In the introduction of the movie, which has absolutely no introduction, we are treated to what appears to be a cigarette with wings heading for a large shoebox. I'm fairly sure the shoebox is used to represent the two World Trade Centers, which have been mysteriously compacted into one single building in this feature. Note the exquisite attention to detail that Mr. Hernandez was able to apply on the building, which has a large black box and carrot on the top. Also note that the shoebox has many holes, perhaps for proper ventilation. This suggests that maybe the shoebox is housing a newly-caught cricket, frog, or turtle. There are some grey boxes on the right side of the screen, but I think they're three-dimensional bar graphs for some large, unseen chart. As the mutant cigarette approaches the shoebox, we know that something bad is going to happen. You can tell this by noting the quality of the movie itself, which is bad as well.

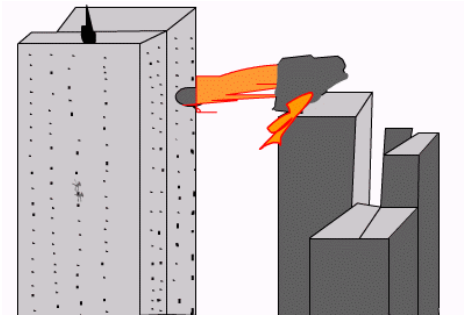


The mutant cigarette collides with the shoebox, immediately transforming into a small grey circle and forcing a stick man to plummet from... well... somewhere. I don't know how the guy managed to squeeze his way through one of those small apertures in the shoebox, as his head is gargantuan. The resulting fire from the crash is drawn ultra-realistically, thoroughly convincing the viewer that he is indeed looking at a drawing of fire. Things immediately go from "bad" to "much more bad" as the sound kicks in and a looping "aaaaaah!" scream is played over and over. This sound effect accurately illustrates the sheer pain and disgust of the WTC terrorist attack, as the sound is disgustingly painful to hear repeatedly.

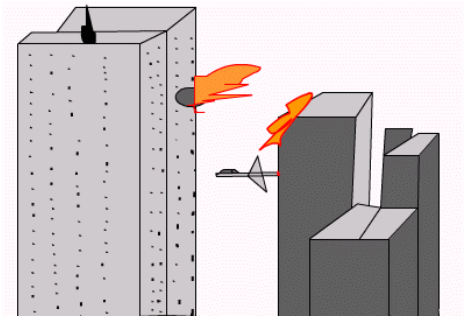


Grey, uh, stuff begins to flood from the crash site, prompting a piece of shoebox to majestically streak through the air, headed for the bar graph. Meanwhile, gingerbread men continue to materialize and fall to the Earth. In a stunning development, they suddenly start falling from the OTHER side of the shoebox, which hints that these people don't really know what they're doing. Perhaps they're confused because the holes in their box are haphazardly punched all over the place in what was probably a drunken rage. The materializing gingerbread jumpers stop falling straight down and instead opt to fall sideways at this point. Yes, they begin to fall down but then decide to drastically alter their course and start heading west. I imagine they're still floating around somewhere, perhaps in a holding pattern over Canada. If you see Sideways Guy hovering around the sky above you, be sure to shout "there floats a true American hero" and wave. I don't think he'll wave back, as he does

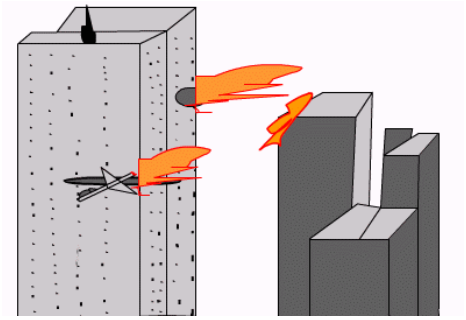
not appear to have any functioning joints or limbs, but Sideways Guy will appreciate it nonetheless. He will probably say "aaaaaah!" back to you, in the true spirit of American pride.



The chunk of shoebox collides with the bar graph and instantly metamorphasizes into an orange and grey blob. This wad of color alternately shrinks and grows, perhaps confused at what purpose it has in a bar graph. I am guessing that it's used to symbolize the fluctuating and unpredictable stock market. Gingerbread men continue to teleport in and fall, unhindered by the past failures of their brethren. In this shot, you'll notice that two of these men have been surgically welded together. I think this has something to do with the black carrot on the top of their shoebox, although I am not 100% sure.

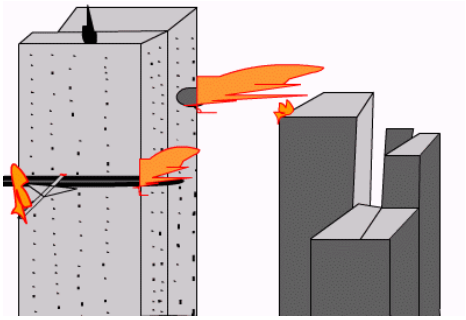


A second mutant cigarette, completely identical to the first, approaches. The grey blobs have fortunately disappeared, perhaps to foreshadow the upcoming unfathomable magnitude of destruction. Or maybe Mr. Hernandez turned his head to watch the rest of his Dragonball-Z episode, resulting in him forgetting about animating them. We will never truly know the inspiration behind this art.



The second mutant cigarette hits, forcing open a vagina-like hole in the side of the shoebox. This slit is similar to the first circle of doom, which has inexplicably stopped expanding in size. The cigarette careens off the side of the box and skids alongside it, miraculously staying in one piece and

perhaps surviving for a possible sequel to this fine film. Maybe it went to join Sideways Guy over the Great Lakes.



The circle grows physically larger than the shoebox itself, suggesting that it is in fact a black hole and the mutant cigarette perhaps has ungodly powers. The orange blobs begin to spread and mutant, consuming most of the film screen and fighting with the nefarious grey ovals. Sideways Men continue to rain from the building, getting caught up in the jetstream and promptly heading west.

"The the towers collapsed!!!!!!!!" The author apparently felt that this scene was too horrific and graphic to present to the audience, so he shrewdly decided to edit them out. Note that his use of eight consecutive exclamation points conveys the true shock and horror of this terrifying event. This emphasis suggests that perhaps the viewing audience should acquire a megaphone, hook it up to a studio amplifier, and shout "THEN THE TOWERS COLLAPSED" as loud as they can in an attempt to recreate the effect. The rest of the movie consists of poorly cropped WTC buildings photos along with a heartfelt message reading *"We are really sad to what happened in New York!"* Congratulations, David Hernandez: you are truly a sad, sad man, and you are today's Awful WTC Memorial of the Day.

PS: The creators of this Flash movie have a website, fittingly enough located at `http://shitanimation.cjb.net`.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

9.9 Retarded monster fiesta

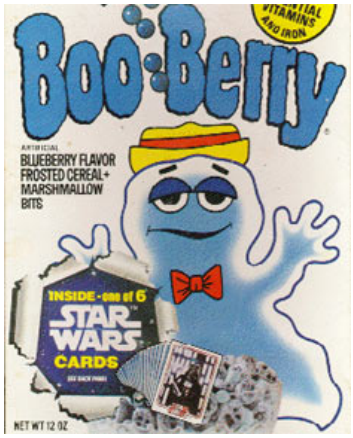
Friday, Sep 14, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

My Feelings

Rich and I are trying to get back to a sane schedule here, to return to that same sense of normalcy in our lives that so many others are struggling to do. This means making jokes with one another, laughing about things, and brainstorming about humor and feature ideas while trying to take into account the sadness pervading throughout most of the world after the events on Tuesday morning. We will tread with as much respect as possible, but if we offend your sensibilities with a joke here or there, don't take it as us lacking reverence for the dead. This tragedy has affected us all, but normal for us is making unfunny jokes and behaving like cynical assholes, so that's what we're going to do.

Monster Depreciation

Monsters have been with us almost as long as bicycles, perhaps even longer, existing in our legends and imagination, changing with the times, but carried from civilization to civilization. Some monsters lose their appeal and people just stop talking about them. Others are just plain stupid and when the culture that imagined them goes into decline no one bothers to retell the tales. A third type of monster exists, one that insinuates itself into the legends of nearly every civilization on the earth and continues to be shaped by the changing fears of the people who whisper about it.



He looks like a drugged up smurf in a Japanese facial porno. Disturbing, but not my idea of otherworldly terror.

Even then, it can become possible for the monster to get completely ruined by a bad advertising campaign that hopes to capitalize on the persona of the creature and instead trivializes it. I am not sure how many of you are aware of this, but there is a direct correlation between the rise in popularity of General Mills cereal mascots such as Count Chocula, Boo Berry, and Frankenberry, and the decline in terror their more serious brethren inspire in the population. Whenever someone mentions seeing a ghost to me, the first thing I visualize is a blue-hued anthropomorphic sheet with lazy eyes, a bowler, and a shitty bow-tie. Not exactly terrifying.

So, for a moment at least, let's try and forget about the newer and more tangible evils in this world and reflect on those boogey men of days gone by. Some of these monsters I am profiling you may know quite well, others may already be lost to the collective memory of mankind.

Ghosts

Origins: It's hard to tell; every culture has a different version of ghosts. Spirits of the damned, tortured souls tied to the earth by suffering, specters that populate eBay feeding off the bad karma like cosmic leeches... they all still get a lot of word of mouth press.
Danger: Ghosts are immaterial which means they can pass through walls, doors (without opening them), windows, dirt, piles of rocks, other ghosts, other ghosts who are passing through walls, and even other ghosts passing through a wall built inside a pile of rocks. Nothing stops them, not even machineguns or tanks that shoot small walls out of their cannons. I think maybe if we had phasers like in Star Wars we could shoot the ghosts but this isn't the future (yet).
Devaluation: The aforementioned Boo Berry and his stoner eyes dealt a serious blow to the

"horror" surrounding apparitions, but the real loss in fear factor came when everyone realized the people who sighted them were moronic inbred chucklefaces and lonely housewives who have a creepy number of even creepier cats.

- **Frankenstein's Monster**

Origins: Possibly from the Jewish legend of the Golem, which was a creature created to defend Jewish neighborhoods from marauding hordes of non-Frankenstein monsters. According to legend, the Golem was accidentally set from "destroy bad guys" to "destroy good guys" one night, and needless to say it caused a whole mess of trouble.
Danger: Frankenstein's Monster is really strong, like stronger than a bus if you could measure how many people can ride in a bus in the same way you can measure strength, which I guess you could by weighing the passengers. Like the Golem, he is also unpredictable and often turns on his creators. I think one version also had flamethrower hands.
Devaluation: In addition to being made into a mockery by that disturbingly pink parody Frankenberry, Frankenstein's Monster has not had a good representation in film or other media since "The Re-Animator", and that movie didn't even feature his namesake.

- **Vampires**

Origins: Vampires began as a legend in Mexico or Aztlan or whatever it was back before the Spanish landed with their pox blankets. The Aztlantians used to speak about a man who haunted the jungles and could turn into a monkey with bat wings that shot blood out of its eyes. This changed when the Spanish arrived, spreading the word that the guy could turn himself into a bat and make his victims shoot blood out of their eyes by squeezing their necks. Crafty Americans made things even scarier by placing his nation of origin as Transylvania and having him drink the blood of people by biting them and doing erotic things like wearing a lot of black and being featured in Anne Rice novels.

On one hand mocking this pictures seems to be the right thing to do, on the other hand if I do that I also need to question my heterosexuality.

Danger: Vampires are very sexy and they may convince you to do things you wouldn't normally do like let them bite your neck and drink your blood or drive off a bridge at high speed. In bat form they pose an additional hazard to the pilots of low-flying commuter aircraft, and have starred in such feature films as "Bats."
Devaluation: 1986's tour "Dracula on Ice". Count Chocula didn't help, but he sure as hell didn't do the damage "Dracula on Ice" did.

- **Zombies**

Origins: Zombies were invented in 1946 by Walt Disney.
Danger: Zombies have never been a threat; they are here to serve us and for our own amusement. The only danger they pose is if they are performing some critical duty such as holding up a collapsing bridge while they rot to pieces.
Devaluation: I lost all respect for zombies when I was a kid. I caught my dad making out with one on the couch. Oh calm down, it was a girl zombie.

- **Giant Anything**

Origins: While stories of giant objects date back thousands of years, giant anything didn't really come into its own until the beginning of The Atomic Age. Back in the late 40s and early 50s everyone was afraid that exposing pretty much anything to radiation would cause it to become enormous and psychotic like Brian Cox.
Danger: The danger of dealing with a giant varies based on what the original animal or insect was before it become roughly 500 feet tall. A giant ant might mistake a kindergarten for a piece of sand and use it to build a giant anthill, while a giant ghost might pass through a giant wall built inside a giant pile of rocks.

Devaluation: I think we collectively lost our fear of giant atomic monsters when the scientific community pointed out that radiation just kills you a lot instead of making you gigantic.

- **The Hut Nanny**

Origins: The legend of the Hut Nanny began in Rhode Island at the turn of last century when children began mysteriously disappearing. The townspeople in Providence blamed a creature they called "The Hut Nanny". She was supposedly an infertile woman who, out of desperation, sought the help of a witch doctor and had been given a potion. Instead of deicing her womb, the potion made the thatched hut she lived in capable of flight that only she could control. She set off in her flying hut, stealing children from their cribs and raising them in her hellish airborne home, teaching them the horrors of racial tolerance and sharing.
Danger: Under normal circumstances, Hut Nanny is not really dangerous to people over the age of about six-months. However, if a Hut Nanny is cornered, she will offer her captors three wishes in exchange for her freedom. This is a trick; when the first wish is made she will fire bolts of lightning from a ring she wears and then try to bludgeon survivors with a broken vacuum cleaner.
Devaluation: Hut Nanny was shot down over the Bering Strait in 1973 by a French Mirage fighter plane. The legends died soon after she did.

- **Fish Men**

Origins: The murky deep holds the answer for many questions. The legend of Fish Man assumes that one of those questions is "what would the baby of a fish look like if a human retard got the fish pregnant?"
Danger: Fish Men leave tracks on carpet no matter how far they are from a body of water. These stains can be difficult to remove even with the help of a steam cleaner or immigrant. What Fish Men lack in cross-country speed they make up for in ugliness and possibly cunningness. No matter how fast people run from him and how slow he seems to lurch forward, he always manages to catch up to women in bikinis. Therefore, if you are a woman and you are being pursued by Fish Man, just take off your bathing suit.
Devaluation: The Fish Man myth was debunked when retired plumber Ronald Jenkins of Sandy Creek, Georgia, confessed to being Fish Man. Some rumors of Fish Man persist but they have mostly been attributed to intoxication and / or date rape.

Drop that zero and get with the hero!

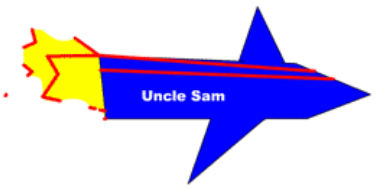
There are many new horrors we must confront every day. These new threats include the Octopusquidshark (an octopus disguised as a shark disguised as a squid), Harry Potter merchandise, Raw Head and Bloody Bones, Derek Smart's Talking Car, the Tokyo Tornado, and possibly even inflation. Confronted with these new horrors, I sometimes wish for the kinder and gentler times when I just had to live in mortal fear of having my neck eaten by a monkey with bat wings.

Awful WTC Tribute of the Day

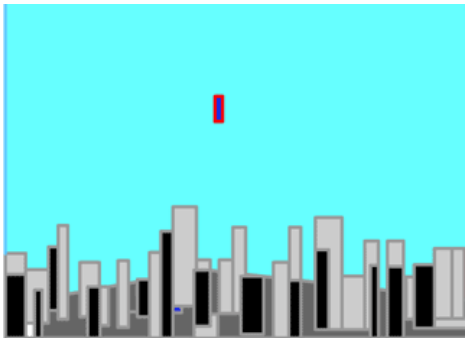
"Cake Mix Disaster" *by Unknown* - If it were possible for data to physically overflow from a computer there would be weird foam shooting out of every system connected to the Internet right now. The "World Wide Web" has been inundated with flash tributes to the World Trade Center tragedy that are so woefully inadequate or misguided that they are laughably offensive. With that in mind, I'd like to bring you "Cake Mix Disaster". I'm not sure who made this and I'm not sure if that's the real title because New Grounds is painfully slow to navigate anymore and frequently causes my browser to lock up. We're mirroring the file on our server because the last time we linked to the file on New Grounds it was deleted less than a minute after it was linked.

"Cake Mix Disaster" begins easily enough, with a horribly animated but otherwise sincere message about never forgetting the disaster. It is followed by photographs of the disaster ripped from news sites around the world. No big deal there, maybe this one will turn out okay after all.

The images are followed inexplicably by the image of a blue jet with red racing stripes. The jet has "UNCLE SAM" written on the side in bold white letters and has an explosion of some sort attached to the back. The explosion is then erased before our eyes, disappearing in pieces as if some sort of anti-explosion machinegun is taking its grim toll. The viewer is left to assume that this explosion-pursued aircraft represents Uncle Sam's vengeance on those responsible.



Uncle Sam's jet plane is replaced by the descent of a red and blue pill towards a city of simple gray buildings. By reading between the lines and using my powers of intuition I have come to the conclusion that this falling pill is, in fact, a cake pill. This deadly form of warfare has never been used by the United States, let alone Uncle Sam's jet plane, but I guess desperate times call for desperate measures.



The cake pill disappears behind the buildings and the nightmare begins for those who have called down the fury of Uncle Sam's jet plane. Cake mix begins boiling and bubbling around the buildings

in the city, a spreading doughy menace consuming all of the structures that stand in its path. Woes betide he who thinks himself invulnerable to this cakey onslaught.

The cake has finished rising to its full size, a proud muffin of delicious death overwhelming the enemies of Uncle Sam's jet plane. If what we see is to be believed, no one has escaped this taste sensation with their lives.

Naturally no one could eat such a big cake, and it quickly molds, but in the sky we see a message for those who might still consider taking action that could invoke the wrath of Uncle Sam's jet plane and its culinary doom.

Today's Awful WTC Tribute might not have been as spectacularly bad as yesterday's, but it did remind me of baking cake. That is something I'm going to do as soon as I put out this kitchen fire I somehow started when I tried to put jelly on sliced bread.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.10 Best of...

Saturday, Sep 15, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

No new content today. Instead we're running a "Best Of" feature that profiles a previous update which has something to do with current events. Today's update was posted on July 20th.

Taliban TalliBan Everyting, Mon!

Acceptable outfit for female Taliban members, assuming one of these is stapled to every three inches of their body.

Although Zack and I have made our fair share of Scientology jokes by repeatedly mocking their belief system, lightheartedly poking fun at their doctrines, and spreading malicious slander and libel against them, I would really like to emphasize the fact that this site doesn't solely revolve around bashing Scientologists. For example, we also pick on children with incurable mental handicaps, many of which cause them to create large wading pools of drool in public places while screeching about firetrucks or Cap'n Crunch. So in the interest of equal opportunity mockery, I would like to take this moment to examine another group of religious nutballs and point out the many reasons why we firmly believe they're absolutely crazier than a bucket of horse testicles. I do this with absolutely no fear and reserve, as members of the Taliban don't believe in computers, and if they did they would simply hollow out the insides and use the computer as a puppet show stage where the main character rapes a mule.

> Taliban kisses goodbye to lipstick, movies - *On Thursday the Taliban placed bans on the import of 30 products including playing cards, computer discs, movies, satellite TV dishes, musical instruments, cassettes and chessboards, after declaring them un-Islamic. Other items listed as banned for being "against the Sharia", or Islamic law, include fireworks, statues, fashion catalogues, greeting cards featuring pictures of people, lipsticks, nail polish and neckties.*

Technically speaking, the Taliban isn't a religious group, but is instead a large number of stupid people with automatic weapons and mortars. While this isn't strange by itself, the fact that they are not located in Texas really makes their group noteworthy. The Taliban is a gang of fundamental Islamic students who majored in "Advanced Killing People Studies" at the University of Fucked Up Human Beings. In just three years or so, they successfully captured more than two-thirds of Afghanistan, a region of land that is known for its mass exports of sand and weeds. While taking over the Afghan capital of Kabul isn't much of an accomplishment to write home about, especially since it changes ownership roughly 10 times a month and is routinely taken over by special education kids on field trips, it was a gigantic moral victory for them because the name "Kabul" just sounds really cool and mysterious.

> **AFGHANISTAN 7-11 CLERK:** "Okay, Mister Taliban Member, those 40 gallons of gas will be three cents and that gallon of milk will cost you five thousand million billion dollars."
> **TALIBAN MEMBER:** "I believe that will be NO CHARGE, my good man, for us Taliban have just captured Kabul!"
> **AFGHANISTAN 7-11 CLERK:** "Oh no, not Kabul, the world's most powerful ma-

gician and sorcerer of the black arts! The evil Kabul once turned an entire town into kitchen appliances!"
TALIBAN MEMBER: "Yes, THAT Kabul! Muuuhahaha! That will be no charge!"
AFGHANISTAN 7-11 CLERK: "Alright, that's fine by me. I'm still trying to figure out why the hell I was asking for American currency, since the monetary unit in Afghanistan is the Afghani."
TALIBAN MEMBER: "And why are we speaking English?"

As you can see by this dialogue, the Taliban is shrouded in gobs and gobs of mystery and intrigue. A good chunk of this mystery and intrigue manifests itself in the fact that the Taliban strictly prohibits about 10 zillion different things, with new everyday objects being added to their list, well, every day. They figure that if people aren't praying religiously every second of their lives, they will fall prey to "the dark side" and be corrupted by intensely Satanic objects such as fashion catalogues, chalk, hair curlers, trampolines, and copies of *The Sims*. Apparently the Taliban wants all their members to stay away as far as they can from such unholy items, as it distracts them from their more important holy goal of making buildings fall down and causing babies to be blown up.

The Taliban make something explode. This will result in them banning the import of crayons and cotton socks.

So how did Afghanistan turn into Wacko Central? Not surprisingly, the United States takes a part in blame. Back in the late 1970's, the evil rat bastard commie Red Menace Soviet Union decided that it should strategically take over Afghanistan, as it did with Ukraine, East Germany, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Ireland, Canada, and downtown Terre Haute. The Soviet Union didn't really WANT to take over these locations, but since they were the bad guy of the time, they were contractually obligated to. In addition they were also required to create terror death zombies from their own citizens in grotesque medical experiments, but since the Soviet Union spent all their money on red paint factories, they never had enough funding. During their invasion, the Soviets ran into trouble when the citizens of Afghanistan decided to start up "PROJECT: KILL THE SOVIETS," which was successful up until the point that the citizens realized it wasn't successful at all, and they were subsequently taken over by the Red Menace. However, Soviet rule didn't last long, as the wily Afghans eventually evicted the Soviets on February of 1989 for failure to pay electricity and water bills. During that time over six million residents fled the country fearing that they would get blown up, and instead elected to get blown up in either neighboring Pakistan or Iran. Even though the Soviets were "kicked to the curb" (that's some phrase I heard on "The Jenny Jones Show"), the victorious Afghan mujahidan factions, many of which were supplied and trained by the US, continued to fight amongst each other like bickering guests on "The Jenny Jones Show." This shows the tremendous affect that Western media has had on their culture, especially since "The Jenny Jones Show" wasn't even around during the late 80's. The Taliban took this moment of weakness to sneak in during the middle of the night, leave their underwear and dirty clothing all throughout the capital of Kabul, and then claim they had taken it over. Since the citizens had to decide between the Taliban, which was heavily armed and extremely insane, and the remaining mujahidan factions, who now had less members than your average string quartet, they chose the Taliban. **BIG MISTAKE.**

The Taliban took no time in enforcing their strict religious Islamic code of laws which is 600 billion pages long and doesn't contain hardly any pictures or car chases. While most religions concentrate on helping members better themselves and their community, the Taliban's religion hinges on the following key cornerstones:

1) Humiliating women,

2) Growing beards.

Of course there are more aspects to their interpretations of the Islamic religion, but I chose the two that made the most sense. The Taliban really hates women because their founder, Mullah Mohammad Umar, was apparently turned down by some girl before his 6th grade prom. Ever since then he has made it his mission to embarrass and humiliate women as much as possible. The Taliban passes all kinds of new and wacky anti-women laws every day, each one more goofy than the previous. For example, women can only go out into public if they meet all of the following requirements:

1) They have a 500-foot throw rug covering them and this rug does not contain the color yellow or any pattern starting with the letter "d".
2) They are accompanied by at least 10 men, the shortest of which must have a beard longer than a wagon wheel.
3) The 10 men must chain up and lock the woman to a hitchin' post whenever they enter a saloon to kick back a few whiskeys and talk about the Gold Rush. No wait, that was cowboys and their horses.
4) The woman must not ever speak except when being smashed in the head with a "Woman Smashin' Stone," at which point she can only say that she wants to be hit some more.
5) The woman must stay in the shadow of a man at all times, under the penalty of being put into a catapult and flung into an active volcano.

Even the Soviet Union, which is now known as the less menacing and less red "Russia," has realized how insane the Taliban is, and is supplying anti-Taliban groups with tanks, guns, and explosive objects. The Taliban responded by banning Russian tanks, guns, and explosive objects, in addition to paper towels, refrigerator magnets, foam hats, packing material, linoleum, and any RonCo product. As you can see, the Taliban is fairly convinced that the solution to any problem lies in banning the import or use of random household objects, since women and compact mascara mirrors are obviously to blame for Russia shooting at them. I blame the fact that their religion edges out Scientology on the grand scale of "Things That the World Probably Shouldn't Have," which now includes Carrot Top, Pauly Shore, and those stupid neon cellphones that glow when they ring.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

9.11 El Pinto Grande steps onto the scene

Monday, Sep 17, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Mexican Wrestlers Ahoy!

I received an e-mail late last night from a strapping friend of mine in Tijuana, Mexico, who goes by the nickname "El Pinto Grande". Some of you may even have seen him update the front page in the past. Unbeknownst to me someone has been encouraging him to design a web site to be hosted by Something Awful and in this e-mail he informed me that the web site was completed and online.

> *Mr. Editor,*
>
> Yours Truly has completed the task of making the computer book which will tell the world once and for all what it is that is at the root of making me tick. I think you should let everyone know so that they can come to visit my new book and possibly even send me computer messages with some money. I am made to expecting a lot of money from this! Friend types are given to tell that the computers are all about the future and the future is where the money is.
>
> Can you set up a computer bank account for the money?
>
> Thanks going towards you!
>
> Yours Truly,
>
> El Pinto Grande

I think good old EPG is going to be sorely disappointed by the influx of cash - or lack thereof - but nevertheless, check out his web site. He offers up a heaping slice of the El Pinto Grande pie, along with tips on doing your favorite wrestling moves, recipes he has collected over the years, and even the obligatory "shout outs" page. He'll even answer your questions! So check it out!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.12 Experimental US methods of mayhem

Tuesday, Sep 18, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Tools of Destruction

With all the talk of an impending war, mass casualties, and plans to blow up enemy objects in exchange for them blowing up our objects, I can't help but wonder what exciting new military hardware will be unleashed in the upcoming battles. Wars have always spurred innovation, resulting in technological leaps and the introduction of military hardware that eventually has a direct impact in all our lives. After a little digging around, I found this very interesting article:

> Weapons of War - *But by far the largest piece of new kit is the airborne laser — a killer beam fired from a modified Boeing 747 jumbo jet. The laser carries a massive two megawatts of energy — enough to power several small towns — but is so accurate it can pick out and destroy an individual in a crowd 180 miles away without harming people around him. A full fleet of these planes is not expected until 2008, but at least two prototypes are in working condition.*

Did you just read what I read? That article claims we have a LASER DEATH BEAM on a jumbo jet, patrolling around and possibly vaporizing people at will. That's right, a LASER DEATH BEAM. It's about time the military started using lasers to kill people. Up until this point lasers didn't to a damn thing except really wussy crap like removing cataracts, cutting metal, and hanging out at laser bars on the weekends. I can sum up all the laser activity so far in one single word: BORING AS HELL. The single word there would be "boring" but it seems if "as hell" somehow snuck into this article despite my tightening of website security and random letter strip searches. Regardless, this article claims we have laser death beams, killer robots, swimming missiles that decide to fly, and bombs that go through rock. These are all incredibly useful inventions, particularly if we're ever attacked by rock monsters or the City of Atlantis. The article also brings up an interesting point, and I'm not talking about a point that makes you blow up when it touches you. If these high tech weapons have been made public, what mechanical monstrosities does the military have that they **don't** tell us about? We all know the government sneaks around and does highly secret stuff like Santa Claus except instead of wonderful presents, the government brings horrible death. So what classified tricks does the US government have up their collective sleeves? We here at Something Awful were able to get ahold of some highly top secret documents from the government, papers which were so secretive that they didn't even exist. Let me take this moment to share with you the most advanced gadgets of destruction that the US government is just waiting to test out on Afghanistan.

- **Disapproval Balloons** - While many war analysts have been going on and on about the possibility of chemical and biological warfare, they seem to ignore the most important threat: psychological warfare. The US Air Force has constructed a fleet of Disapproval Balloons, squadrons which float majestically throughout the air above enemy cities, displaying disheartening messages and potentially lowering their self esteem. These Disapproval Balloons hang over their base day and night, alerting the enemy to their various shortcomings and failure to hold a steady relationship. Eventually morale begins to drop, the enemies begin to bicker and fight amongst themselves, and their armies collapse from the inside. The enemies will soon head to their nearest mental health clinic, seeking advice on how to fix their psychological kinks. Then we drop rock-exploding bombs on their clinics.
- **MXS-80 Terror Bus** - Four tons of sleek, suburban terror in a compact 3.98-ton package, the MXS-80 Terror Bus is known throughout the military ranks as "that bus

The Disapproval Balloons float overhead, sending out a dramatic and deadly message.

you don't want to fuck with." Inside its seemingly banal exterior lies a deadly surprise, like a piece of Gushers candy only except instead of artificial fruit filling the center is full of attack dogs or knives or radiation or something. Actually Gushers tasted like crap and was probably highly toxic, so I suppose it's just like regular Gushers candy without the attack dogs. The bus is manned with the following deadly payload:

- Hundred of hip hop suburban white kids rapping to their favorite hip hop suburban white kid artist.
- Navy SEALS disguised as harmless handicapped children with Down's Syndrome
- Guests from "The Ricki Lake Show"
- Slashdot Linux zealots who spend all day drinking Red Bull and posting about how much they hate the government
- Radios blaring out the song "You've Got to Live and Learn" by Joe Q. Public

The bus is completely terrorist proof, as no human being could ever get close enough to blow it up. In fact, tests have shown that approaching missiles suddenly stop responding and simply fall to the Earth within five miles of the Terror Bus.

One of the Robot Adulterers gets ready to make his move and seduce an enemy woman.

- **Robot Adulterer Swarm** - It's been kind of taboo to blow up women and children of the past. In fact, the military doesn't even like to blow up women and children of the present! Ha ha! Just a little joke there at the expense of my poor grammar! Thanks for playing along! In order to reach half of this key demographic, the US Military has created the Robot Adulterer Swarm, a series of small robots that are released from the

back of a Ford SUV. These robots immediately spread out and begin seeking women in the nearby town. Once a female target is located, a Robot Adulterer approaches her and offers to help her with whatever stupid chore she's currently working on, like hitting dirt with a stick or looking at rocks. After months and months of companionship, the robot eventually makes its move and engages in romantic, stunning sex with the woman. Later that night, the Robot Adulterer delivers a tape recording of this incident to her husband, at which point he obeys the rules of the Holy Taliban, requiring him to beat the woman to death with a cinder block and then light her remains on fire while spinning around in circles and pointing in the direction of The Holy City. Soon the entire town's female population will be thoroughly charred, leaving the men of the city with no counterparts for procreation. They will then turn to homosexuality, at which point Jerry Falwell and Pat Robertson will demand their God to blow up their city for engaging in such evil activities. God, of course, blows them up because (as we all know), their god is better than any other god and could take them all in a knife fight even if he's high.

- **Supersized Bomb** - The problem with previous bombs was that they were too small. They simply did not cause enough things to explode when they fell on them. Seeking to rectify this shortcoming, the military had the ingenious idea of creating a new bomb, one which was even larger than previous bombs. This supersized bomb, while being 125% bigger than the next largest bomb, is only a mere fraction more expensive and comes with two side missiles and a torpedo stapled to the bottom.

- **AKG-23 Backwards Plane** - It's no surprise that the US Air Force is number one in the world, edging out England and Russia in the semifinals and completing the season with an impressive 152-28 record. Our planes inspire terror and awe to any person who finds them parked in their backyard one morning, particularly if they're just recovering from a hangover. To help increase the amount of confusion and unpredictability that wins major battles, the Air Force has created the nefarious AKG-23 Backwards Plane, an F15 Eagle which has been engineered to fly in reverse at all times. Sure it looks and acts just like any other jet, but it streaks through the sky backwards and confuses the unholy hell out of the enemy who can't tell if the plane is coming, going, or what the fuck is going on. Since the plane is always in reverse gear, enemy radar dishes display the plane as traveling in the opposite direction, unable to accurately track it. But don't take our word for it, just look at a photo of this plane in action!

This jet is so remarkably effective that I bet you can't even tell which one is the AKG-23 Backwards Plane! Go ahead, try to pick out which jet (or jets) is the Backwards Plane from the surrounding F15 Eagle, normal F15 Eagle flying backwards and in reverse, and fake F15 Eagle cardboard cutout. That's the beauty of this aircraft - you don't know if it's coming or going until you're blown up by the Supersized Bomb that it carries!

- **Patriot Suicide Bomber Suicide Bombers** - In their never-ending war against terrorism, the government realized that our forces must act upon the age-old proverb,

> "fight fire with fire." They also tried to act upon the phrase "she's a small wonder, pretty and bright with soft curls. She's a small wonder, a girl unlike other girls" but that didn't result in anything too fantastic. The US, noticing a sharp increase of suicide bomber attacks, built a gigantic computer system that is able to detect and track surrounding suicide bombers by monitoring their brainwaves and any explosive items which aren't located in the target's crotch. Once a target appears ready to launch a suicide attack against a friendly structure, the computer instructs another suicide bomber to rush out and intercept the enemy suicide bomber, taking both bombers out in the process. In the off-chance that the Patriot Suicide Bomber Suicide Bomber misses its target, a Patriot Suicide Bomber Patriot Suicide Bomber Bomber is sent out to intercept it. In the even slimmer chance that the Patriot Suicide Bomber Patriot Suicide Bomber Bomber misses its target as well, the computer will turn itself off and act as a dedicated *Half-Life* server.

I'm sure we'll have a chance to see these majestic weapons and so many more during the upcoming few months. The US Military undoubtedly has an arsenal of tricks up their sleeves, and I'm sure glad that I'll be seeing them through my television, as opposed to being in Afghanistan and watching them descend upon me firsthand. Especially the Robot Adulterer; I don't even have a wife, so he'd probably try to hit on me... and I don't swing for robots. At least that's my public stance, and I'm currently sticking to it.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

9.13 No time for homosexuals!

Wednesday, Sep 19, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Not a Time to Heal for Everyone!

In the aftermath following last week's tragic attack, it warmed my heart to see politicians finally throwing aside petty differences and coming together as human beings. Together they mourned the nation's loss, and together they looked ahead to what our nation needed to do. Then, like a flock of harpies chattering from their caves, came the Christian extremists, lead by Jerry Falwell and Pat Robertson. They used the attack to launch into their usual rhetoric, attempting to drive a wedge back into the political and public forums. You can read more about it here.

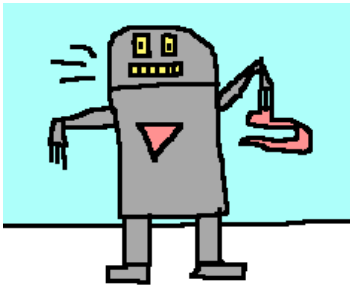
> *Television evangelists Jerry Falwell and Pat Robertson, two of the most prominent voices of the religious right, said liberal civil liberties groups, feminists, homosexuals and abortion rights supporters bear partial responsibility for Tuesday's terrorist attacks because their actions have turned God's anger against America.*

You read that correctly folks; the religious right is blaming the ACLU, feminists, homosexuals and abortion for the World Trade Center attacks. I'll try to ignore the fact that Falwell's statements look uneasily like the epithets spewing from equally hostile Muslim extremists like Osama bin Laden. While the rest of the nation prepares to wage a war on terrorism using the most sophisticated weapons in our arsenal, the religious right is similarly preparing to fight a battle, only theirs is against slightly different targets. With money raked in hand over fist from televangelism, bumper sticker sales, and possibly praying for giant gold bricks to fall from the sky, they have pieced together a formidable engine of war.

Yesterday R-Lo offered a glimpse of the futuristic gadgets the United States we preparing to deploy against our enemies, so today I would like to offer you the weapons of the Christian extremists.

The Gay Robot

Robots are normally asexual, but eXtreme Christian scientists have developed a droid capable of behaving like a flaming homosexual to lure human homosexuals out into the open. It will sway around a region occasionally dropping a handkerchief and lisping things like "oh dear" and "I wish there were someone in this sector to engage in sodomy with." It will be stationed near glory holes around the world and will emit a knockout gas when homosexuals take the bait, rendering them unconscious. The unconscious homosexuals will be dragged to a reprogramming facility where their sexual demons can be exorcised. Variants on the Gay Robot include the "Lipstick Lesbian Robot", the "Bull Dyke Robot", and the "Stealth Homosexual Robot" that constantly talks about its girlfriend and pretends to hate gays. The standard Gay Robot is equipped with a five-use knockout gas gun, a saucy handkerchief, and mesh-shirt armor.



"Beeep! Heeyyy there sailor!"

I have seen test footage of these things in action and they are deviously effective.

> **Gay Robot:** BEEP BEEP! I am in mode: search for gay MALE to perform THE GAY with in this sector.
>
> **Possible Homosexual:** What did you say?

Gay Robot: BEEEEEEP! I would like to go to your HOME and touch your PENIS.

Possible Homosexual: Are you a robot?

Gay Robot: BEEP BEEP! Yes, thank YOU for asking. I have purchased this handkerchief from GAY CATALOG TITLE.

Possible Homosexual: Come to think of it, I always have wanted to screw a robot.

Gay Robot: BEEP BEEP! Step closer SIR and we can make THE GAY.

Possible Homosexual: Hot damn!

Gay Robot: BEEEEEEEP! ALERT! ALERT! HOMOSEXUAL DETECTED! COMMENCE GASSING.

Possible Homosexual: Not again!

This robot is obviously hell on wheels, only it has feet, so I suppose it is hell on feet.

- **The Pro Life Satellite Defense System**

Extremely proactive Christian anti-abortionists and theologians have pumped billions of dollars into stopping legal abortion. While they wanted us to think that they were spending all this cash on lobbying and publicity campaigns, in actuality most of the money was being channeled to a top secret project that has just recently been made public. The Pro Life Satellite Defense System was activated the day after the World Trade Center bombing and it consists of a network of spy satellites and a single powerful ballistic interceptor orbital platform. The spy satellites are capable of detecting an abortion in progress by measuring the concentration of abortion protestors outside a clinic. The ballistic interceptor will then magnetically accelerate a nickel cadmium penetrator round at the operating room where the abortion is being performed. The resulting impact will kill everyone within the operating room. It was initially hoped that a laser could be developed that would allow them to just incinerate the doctor performing the abortion, but this proved unfeasible as "Insane Jesus" does not have a firm grasp on optical laser technology.

- **The Hypno Christ**

Marauding Hypno Christs will be coming to a town near you. On the up side at least you will stop masturbating every five minutes.

Not everyone believes in the Violently Intolerant Christian cause, especially normal Christians and non-Christians. In an ingenious stroke of propaganda and a clever effort to sway mass opinion towards their efforts to rid the world of feminists, abortion, homosexuals, and free-thinkers, the Christian right has developed the Hypno Christ. By treating volunteers within their organization with a battery of extremely pious chemicals, they discovered that many of them would develop incredible mesmeric powers. When a normal person was exposed to these hypnotic emanations their brain would immediately conform to the will of the mesmerist. Slap some robes on the person, a fake beard, a fright wig, and a metal crown of thorns that acts as a signal amplifier and you have a powerful tool. Thus, the Hypno Christ was created, and the Christian right is preparing to unleash several of these on the unsuspecting masses. So overwhelming are the commands of the Hypno Christ, that not only do those affected obey completely, but they will unthinkingly change every routine in their life to conform to the strictures of the Christian right. Even their thought processes are transformed!

Before Hypno Christ: I am going to engage in homosexual activity.
After Hypno Christ: I am going to marry, have sex twice for purposes of procreation, and name my children after angels.

Before Hypno Christ: God is dead.
After Hypno Christ: God is on vacation and assistant God is in charge of things.

Before Hypno Christ: I am going to make toast.
After Hypno Christ: I am going to make toast, for Hypno Jesus!

Before Hypno Christ: I sure would like to have an abortion.
After Hypno Christ: I sure would like to send money to the 700 Club.

Before Hypno Christ: I am afraid of snakes!
After Hypno Christ: I want these snakes to bite me so I can prove that Hypno Jesus protects me!

Before Hypno Christ: It is a wonderful day out today.
After Hypno Christ: It would be a wonderful day if it weren't for all these Jews.

Before Hypno Christ: My favorite musical group is Korn!
After Hypno Christ: My favorite musical group is the Lord!

Before Hypno Christ: These pants don't fit any more. I must be getting fat.
After Hypno Christ: These pants don't fit any more. This must be a sign that I need to bomb another clinic.

Hypno Jesus may be the scariest thing to come out of the labs of the Christian right so far, but it isn't the ultimate weapon in their arsenal by any means.

▪ Stigmata Bombs

These dastardly bombs contain coils of metal that fragment when the core charge detonates, usually in an airburst that showers people below with shrapnel. These fragments are unique in that they only cause damage to the hands, feet, and head of those hit. The people immediately collapse into heaps, bleeding like Christ on the cross, and Weekly World News photographers come out of the woodwork to take pictures. If the bombing occurs in the rural Midwest or an underdeveloped nation such as Southern Mexico or Central America, unaffected people will flock around and stand in lines to kiss the forehead of the people injured by the bombs. It will also tie up the resources of the Catholic Church, which will be forced to send advisor priests to investigate each stigmata bomb attack for consideration as a miracle.

▪ The Angel Usiel

Somehow the Christian right managed to convince Usiel - an angelic warrior and lieutenant to Gabriel during Satan's rebellion in heaven - to come to earth to fight for their cause. This is less terrifying and apocalyptic than it sounds as Usiel is widely considered to be the biggest pussy ever to carry a flaming sword of the Lord's Wrath. He is really out of shape and will collapse panting to the ground from beheading only like ten infidels. If he rains down fire it's because it was going to rain fire anyways. Usiel is lucky if he can work up the motivation to push a sinner down a flight of steps. Usiel usually just sits around the lounge in the Christian right's secret bunker eating Sun Chips and drinking Dr. Pepper. He has recorded the highest score in all the Choirs of Heaven on the lounge's Galaga machine and God Almighty is considering promoting him for his skill

Usiel might not look like much, but he's really good at Galaga.

with letting one of his ships get captured and then shooting that ship
that captures your ship and then having two ships at the same time.

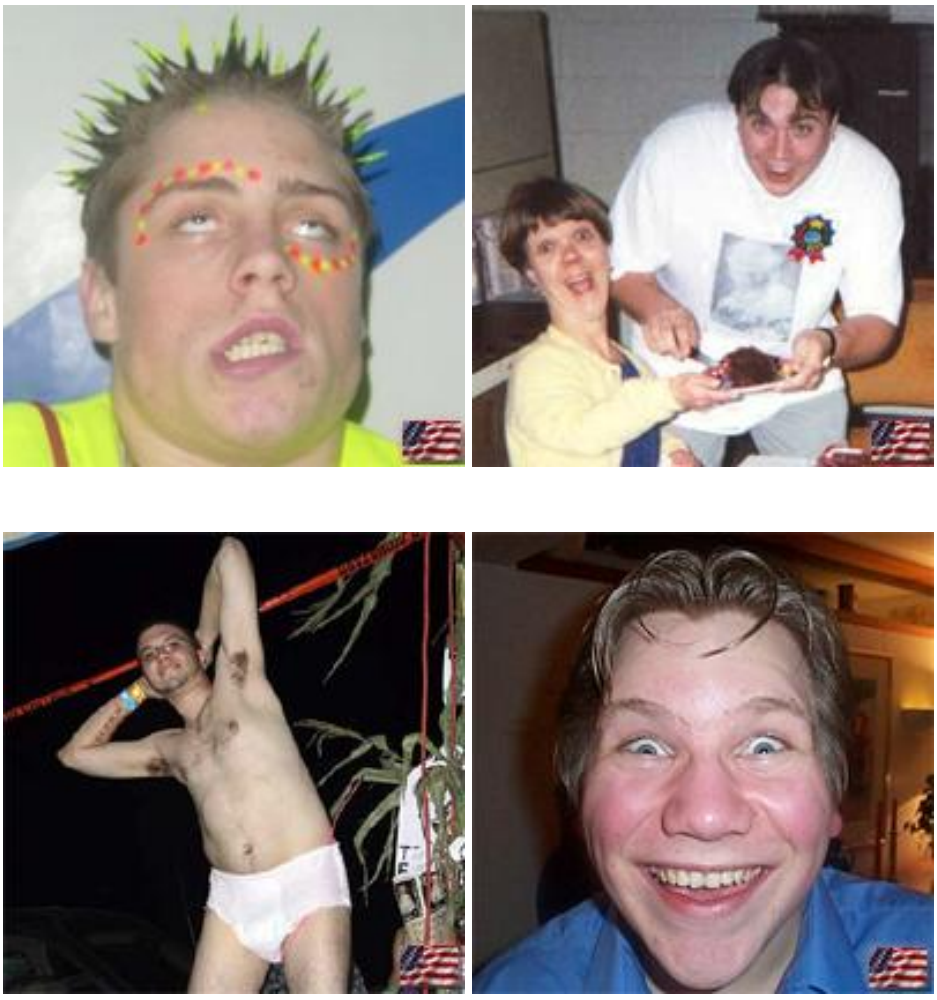
Please don't misconstrue this article. I have no problem with Christianity, but I do have a big fucking problem with bigots like Falwell and Robertson (who I previously thought was more levelheaded than Falwell) spewing their vile brand of hate into the media at a time when the United States and the World needs to come together in peace and unity. The only thing that separates them from the terrorists who committed the attack is that their level of insane zeal doesn't extend to suicide bombings. It is my firm belief that religion should never be used as an excuse for hate, abuse, or especially violence.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.14 What you're fighting for

Thursday, Sep 20, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

With the US Military sending thousands of troops, aircraft carriers, planes, and vehicles into what would appear to be unavoidable combat, our brave soldiers might not have had enough time to say good-bye to their loved ones, friends, and families. Taking up position thousands of miles from home in a hostile, foreign, unforgiving region of land might cause these troops to forget who and what they're fighting for. Today's update is dedicated to the US soldiers who are putting their lives on the line to protect us and our wonderful country. Without further ado, let me present a Something Awful citizens of America gallery, showcasing the people that you're fighting to defend.



God bless you, men and women, for agreeing to run the risk of being shot so you may protect the lives of these people. It takes a special kind of person to do this without turning the gun on themselves, and for this I commemorate you. May you all come home safely so we can all figure out a way for this to never happen again (both the terrorists and the people featured above).

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

9.15 Awful sexy men!

Friday, Sep 21, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

In All the Wrong Places

It's no secret that Lowtax and I are both single. We've exhausted all more conventional methods for securing a date to the big dance - the Sadie-Hawkins Dance - and we have each turned to less traditional means of finding a foxy young lady to trip the light fantastic with. We have been scouring the personal ads in newspapers and online (not together, this isn't some knitting club), we've tried date lines; heck I have even tried a Russian mail order bride. She turned out to be a revolutionary from Chechnya who kidnapped me for money and cut several of my fingers off with bolt-cutters. After she ran off with the ransom money I called her and left like ten messages on her machine but she would not return my calls. Bitch.

Then I realized; why are we spending all this time trying to find the right woman when we can just post a personal profile on the internet and let the fine young ladies flock to us? I talked to Lowtax about this and he thought this was a great idea, so I ran with it and developed the "Awful Sexy Man Catalog". So far Lowtax and I are the only items offered in the catalog. It's not even really a catalog it's just our steamy personal profiles posted here at Something Awful, carefully tailored to drive the women absolutely crazy.

I was going to do myself first but R-Lo just kept shrieking, "Second place is first loser! Second place is first loser!" Since he wouldn't shut up and it's his web site anyway, prepare to feast your eyes and reading comprehension brain-centers on Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka: Information Stallion. He insisted I call him that.

Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka

NOT A PHOTO: COMPUTER RECREATION.

E-mail: lowtax@somethingawful.com

Sexual Orientation: It's been so long that I've forgotten.

Describe your appearance in five words or less: Winsome.

What are you looking for in a partner: A steady pulse, functional skeletal system, resistance to CHUDs.

What can you offer a partner: The chance to clean my filthy kitchen.

Turn ons: Gunpowder, Sonic the Hedgehog, trampolines, homosexuals.

Turn offs: Nepotism, rotting corpses, property deeds, those robots from the 1960's that were supposed to kill people but instead just lumbered around for an hour.

Interests: Sleep, showering, sleeping in the shower, avoiding mass murderers.

Income: Depends on what section of Seattle I'm panhandling in.

Automobile: Yes please!

Other comments: I've been thrown off the National Basketball Association because my debilitating foot fetish caused me to uncontrollably ejaculate in other players' lockers. Once I saw what I thought was a UFO but later it turned out to be my reflection in the mirror. I will not date vampires or anybody from France. My only goal in life is to get so fat that I have to take up two funeral plots, so I hope you have ample transportation to accommodate this. If you're ugly, I will request for you to get a new face. Must be willing to defend me from mutants in a post-apocalyptic nightmare world.

Rowr! Ladies, how can you resists an apple-cheeked face like that!? Do you see that? He is jerking off on that bus JUST FOR YOU! Head to those e-mail programs and fire off some purple prose to the esteemed Mr. Kyanka, I am sure he can't wait to respond. Some people say Don Juan was the greatest lover the world has ever known, but to those who agree I would like to point you in the direction of R-Lo and invite you to give him a test ride. You won't be disappointed!

Sorry Tennessee!

Let's take a look at your other choice: Hunka-hunka burnin' love, Zack Parsons!

☐ Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons

NOT A PHOTO: COMPUTER RECREATION.

E-mail: zackparsons@somethingawful.com

Sexual Orientation: Apathetically Heterosexual

Describe your appearance in five words or less: I have a giant head.

What are you looking for in a partner: Ladies, what can I say? I can say a lot, that's for sure. I am looking for a woman to settle down with, maybe build a nest like a bird with you in the branches of a Great Redwood, or build a hut on legs like mythological Russian witch Baba Yaga. I'm looking for a caring, intelligent, and attractive woman who is willing to cook for me, do my laundry, earn money to support my meth habit, fellate my friends if asked, and most importantly, knows how to treat her own head injuries and conceal bruising with makeup without looking "trashy".

What can you offer a partner: I won't hit you unless you make me. I shower sometimes. I have a callus on my hand from using the mouse too much. Did I mention my head is gigantic?

Turn ons: The Board Game "Sorry!", women other than you, testosterone injections, documentaries about Hitler.

Turn offs: Hair in my food, sass, when my shirt isn't fucking ironed right you lazy sow.

Interests: Candle light dinners, skiing, dancing, sharing champagne in a hot tub together while snow falls on pine boughs, blow jobs, simulated rape, sadistic genital torture, anal fisting, Bismarcking, and you, sunshine.

Income: How much do you make?

Automobile: 1996 Ford Escort (gray) with "BATMAN" painted on the side.

Other comments: In 1999 I received the Nobel Prize in Applied Physics while on the campus of the University of Michigan. Despite the opinions of Michigan State investigators I had nothing to do with the disappearance of Nobel Prize recipient Hanz Mueller. I also don't know anything about those nurses. Sometimes late at night I can hear the way the electricity is vibrating in the walls and I think if I close my eyes I can follow the sound to the power plant. They have a chamber inside the power plant where if I walk in I will become one with the electric grid and be able to shoot out of wall sockets and control machinery like that guy in "Shocker". Either that or it will be like "Tron" and I'll get to ride a motorcycle in heaven with a beeping animated cursor. I smell your stink cow woman, bring it to me and please me forthwith!

Act now ladies and the man with the super-sized noggin can be yours to take home! He will cuddle with you tenderly at night and will only steal out of your bed three or four times attempting to sodomize your furniture and houseplants. Wait! That's me I'm talking about. I'm a great man, a patriot, and an upstanding member of the citizenry. I am also quite the man about town.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

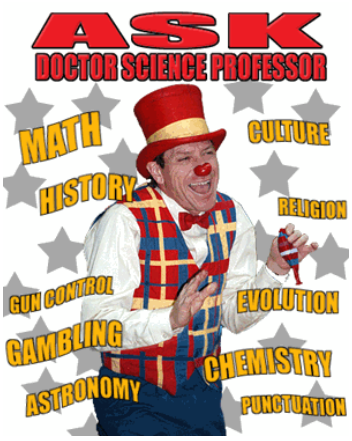
9.16 Doctor Science Professor, on the scene!

Monday, Sep 24, 2001 by Doctor Science Professor

New Plans for a New Day

It's common knowledge that the online advertising market has taken a dramatic nosedive lately, plunging into figures so depressingly low that countless numbers of companies and businesses have had to close up shop and declare bankruptcy. Recent marketing figures are so far below predicted levels that even the most negative industry analysts have been caught off-guard. For example, take a look at the projected advertising income for the remainder of this year:

As you can tell by this diagram, companies are continuing to shy away from the online advertising economy, instead deciding to invest in more "traditional" means of promotion such as radio announcements, television commercials, and the "sore spot" near the collar bone of oddly feminine men. In an intensely competitive industry like this, websites are forced to constantly adapt to merely survive. With these grave figures in mind, Zack and I have decided to change the direction of Something Awful to something which hopefully results in an improved profit margin so we can stay afloat in this sea of uncertainty. While unproven self-proclaimed "humor" sites hardly ever pull in enough profits to even pay server bills, the standard knowledge-base and informational webpages boast a comparatively greater lifespan. Our newest attempt to keep Something Awful alive and kicking has caused us to veer in this profitable direction and hire the services of America's most popular brainiac, Doctor Science Professor. I'm sure all of you out there are familiar with Doctor Science Professor, a genius with an IQ of over whatever the current "really high IQ score" is, a man who has appeared in thousands of talk shows across America, sometimes even as a guest. Doctor Science Professor has authored 38 books and publications, ranging from the New York / Scranton Timez Bestseller "Molecules: Just a Bunch of Gay Atoms" and the ever popular children's favorite "Ronnie Radiation and the Carbon Rod Rumpus Room." Doctor Science Professor will periodically update SA, answering your most pressing questions and allowing our site to appeal to a larger fanbase. Without further ado, allow me to present Doctor Science Professor's first question and answer column!



ASK DOCTOR SCIENCE PROFESSOR

Hey guys and gals, what's up! This is your ol' pal Doctor Science Professor! Please give me a big fat welcome to this website, because I'm here whether you like it or not! LOL! Just kidding guys! I've got a batch of questions on the ol' science stove, just waiting to be answered! So let's jump right into the ol' Molecule Cauldron (that's what we scientists use to store our chemicals and stuff) and get cracking!

> ***Dear Doctor Science Professor,***
>
> ***Hi, my name is Emily. I am 12 years old. You came to my school and visited and did a lecture about turtles and evolution and then my teacher came back from the restroom and you crawled out the window and ran. I had a question I wanted to ask you. My friend Jenny saw a turtle at the creek and she said it had two red spots on its face. Jenny said that means the turtle has AIDS. Is that true?***
>
> ***Emily***

Dear Emily,

I strongly deny ever appearing at Kingston Elementary School, so you can tell Miss Stephens that the person speaking there was most certainly not me, as I had a dentist's appointment at 2:00 that day and the car in the parking lot wasn't mine because my brother was using it then. With that little disclaimer out of the way (the word "disclaimer" of course deriving from the ancient Egyptian words "discla" and "imer" which mean "to deny any wrongdoing" and "in the Kingston Elementary School"), let's proceed to your original question!

Turtles are nature's dinosaur, an evolutionary descendant of the now-extinct "Marlmilia" family of rodents which originally inhabited Northern Ireland back around 50,000 BC. The members of the Marlmilia family included such remarkable animals like:

- The Bludgeon Bird
- Striped War Wackers
- Momma Horse
- Pig-Ox
- The Orange Vulva Parrot

Hundreds of baby turtles attempting to hide from their natural enemy, the dreaded Bird Woman.

The exciting and wonderful trait that all Marlmilia members shared was their ability to grow a protective, shell-like cover which we scientists referred to as a "shell." These shells were able to protect the animal from predators, harsh weather, and most forms of deep space travel. When enclosed inside their shells, the animal could live for over 400 years by inverting their internal organs and feasting off the microbes in their pancreas (which is where the word "pancake" originally comes from). The standard box turtle, which you are undoubtedly referring to, shares many traits of its doomed brethren, including an elongated pancreas that allows it to store tiny deadly microbes which are then released from - you guessed it - the two red spots on its face. These

microbes can infect humans with a nasty ol' disease known as "Spastic Hymen Syndrome," resulting in effects that range from "instant death" to "instant death that stretches out over a period of 80 years or so." Animal activists recommend taking the law into your own hands and using your parents' gun to thoroughly kill any member of the Marlimila family, including ones which have disguised themselves as your favorite sweater or dog. Happy hunting to you, Emily!

Dear Doctor Science Professor,

I live in East Kupapa'u in Hawaii. Recently there's been a lot of science people here looking at the beaches and claiming that there could be some big lava eruption or something. My husband and I own a small business a mile from where they were looking and we're getting kind of nervous since our entire income is based around selling t-shirts which read "I got crabs at Melvin's Crab Hut." Do you think we should move?

Aaiaui'aoauoyoue'iuyoyuieao Puoyuoyoppeeoeup'a'yuoeu

This might not be lava, but it is fantastic savings so be sure to head out to The Shoe Buffet on Henderson Road in downtown Appleton City for the best deals in fabulous footwear!

Dear, uh, lady,

You don't have anything to fear! I have a major in Volcanic Studies from a university which I'd rather not name at this point since they are under Federal investigation. We volcanists have spent, I don't know, months and months studying volcanos and lava and Draw Poker. Lava is one of nature's most misunderstood phenomenons... in fact, the Spanish word "lava" is composed of "la" and "va," which translate to "*(female)* the" and "goes." Merely combining these two words together forms the phrase "*(female)* the goes," which shows that lava is a woman just like you and goes places... that's correct... just like you! In an age of hatred and ignorance, I don't believe we should discriminate against a form of nature that is so much like us. The country of America was made great by the fact that men, women, and children could all get together and be united in the fact that none of them lived under the ocean. Here are some popular misconceptions about lava that I would like to clear up so your fears may be soothed:

- Lava has not, nor has it ever, destroyed anything. Lava is simply superheated water which quickly cools to form pressurized oxygen molecules. These molecules are then used by natives to build houses, dams, dental implants, and even Mariah Carey compact discs!
- Lava is a life-sustaining nutrient for over 19,000 different animals ranging from the Bowlegged Grease Ferret to the mysterious ice clam. Many animalologists cultivate and nurture lava farms in their own backyards.
- Lava has been elected to the Hawaiian presidency over 19 times, constantly defeating the Democrat incumbent.

So turn that fear upside down, Hawaiian lady! If anything, you should probably move closer to the beach so you can forge an intimate bond with our magma pal and be the first one to reap the benefits when it spews forth from the Earth like rich, gooey, chocolatey oil! Only it's a lot hotter and oil belongs in car, whereas lava belongs in a lamp!

Dear Doctor Science Professor,

My nephew and I have been arguing about momentum in non-relativistic objects. He claims that for any particle with a non-zero mass, the momentum gets larger and larger as the speed gets closer to the speed of light, resulting in infinite momentum if it can reach the speed of light. I think that the Packers suck and momentum is for pussies. What's your opinion?

PS: I saw you at the last Comedy Def Jam. I hope you've had enough time to heal since then.

Mike

Dear Mike,

Notable scholars like Thomas Einstein and Ed "Curly" Perkins have been wrestling with theories of special relativity for years now, although considerably less once they stopped living. The speed of light is indeed an interesting concept, as it's hard to believe that light, which lacks any legs or forms of vehicular transportation, is somehow able to move like a drunk Shriner inside a Denny's. I myself have attempted to capture light inside a Mason jar so I could study it, but problems arose when I realized I didn't own any Mason jars. The concept of "light" is a tricky one, so please allow me to proceed with caution while I explain my theories regarding energy, mass, and relativity:

Well it looks like that's all the time I have for today! Stay tuned for another exciting column of "Ask Doctor Science Professor" once I come off my upcoming book tour in East Lansing. You can catch me at the Rally's from 3:00 to 3:19 and Ed Bukowski's Automotive sometime around 6:00. I'll be signing copies of my newest release "Canada: Debunking the Myth" and will gladly answer any questions you want to be answered! Until next time, stay safe and save stays!

-~Doctor Science Professor

9.17 Scientology vs. Talibanology

Monday, Sep 24, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

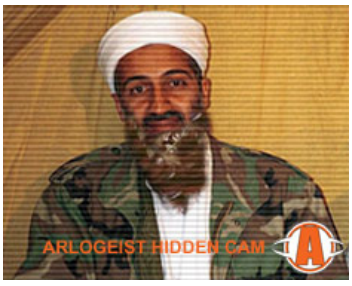
Battle of the Crazy Ideology Titans!!

At this point everyone on earth has heard of the Taliban. In addition, most of you have already know about another dangerous religion known as "Scientology." But exactly how much do you know about these two shadowy organizations as a whole? What are their ultimate goals, beliefs, and capabilities? I have endeavored to answer these questions and more by expending the majority of the liquid reserves from Arlogeist GmbH, including the capital gained when we agreed to a dangerous radioactive loan from State Og. I'm out on a limb for you people... if this investigation doesn't somehow pay off, they are going to send a phalanx of arachnid kill-droids to burn away my skin with fleshmelters. I'm fine with this though; it's worth putting up with the searing pain to expose the even greater horrors of the Taliban and their equally terrible Scientologist cousins.

I have assembled the following remarkably complete dossiers on both groups so you can become better acquainted with these fanatical zealots. An amazingly large amount of my blood and vital organs poured out for this information, so value it as I do and alter your future actions accordingly.

The Taliban

Philosophy: The Taliban is the ruling government in Afghanistan and is an extremist faction of the Islamic faith. While they claim to follow the path of Islam, many Muslims can't help but doubt their theories which include the following "alternate director's cut version" of Islam:



For his acts of terror The Great Pumpkin has granted bin Laden a pudding beard.

- Allah is the one and only god
- Allah is three-hundred feet tall with a giant beard made out of live kittens.
- Allah subsists on the blood of infidels.
- Allah wears hot pants.
- The only thing faster than Allah is Sonic the Hedgehog.
- If you get fat enough you will eventually roll back around to being skinny.
- Wrestling team rules!
- Allah supports terrorism. Prank calling is not terrorism.
- An eye for a diamond studded gold necklace, two speedboats, two guard dogs and a helicopter.
- Women are actually ghosts and have to dress like ghosts and talk in spooky voices.
- If you sin against Allah he will turn your beard into salt.
- If you do good in the eyes of Allah he will turn your beard into delicious pudding.

- Ranking above Allah is a secret super-Allah called "The Great Pumpkin".

Methodology: The Taliban regularly practice human sacrifice in an effort to win favor from Allah. They will often cut the still-beating hearts out of convicted criminals. If you are particularly bad they will hire a Russian boxer to punch your head off and then replace your bloody neck stump with a record turntable that constantly plays "Golden Hits of the 70s", which is Allah's favorite time period. The Taliban also endorses terrorism. While they do not specifically endorse the catastrophic and horrifying attacks on the World Trade Center, they do support terrorist efforts. These include the "Great Frock Fiasco of 1987", "The Search for the Haunted Yeti" in 1990, and most notably "Captain von Bismarck Has Lost His Monument" in 1994. These dastardly capers might not occupy the same historical significance as the attack on the World Trade Center, but they are terrible indeed.

Capabilities: With the covert assistance of well-connected and wealthy terrorist leaders like Osama bin Laden, the Taliban has powerful and far-reaching capabilities. It will be no easy task for the United States and our allies to eliminate the Taliban entirely. On paper however, the armed forces and the resources of the Taliban are not very impressive. These include:

- 97 dollars in one-dollar bills.
- 476 dollars in change.
- A special beard comb that doubles as a pudding cup for when someone's beard turns into pudding.
- A totally radical wall hanging of Allah that glows under black lights.
- Some Dragonball Z pogs they bought from ebay before they banned all computers, Dragonball Z pogs, and buying things.
- A coffee mug that says "Back off, I'm working."
- About five million Ak47s.
- 250 Stinger surface-to-air missiles that were a gift from the United States in the 80s.
- A Hefty Jack frozen entrée.
- A pair of pants that is almost three sizes too big.
- A baseball cap with "Is pork, is beef, Islam!" embroidered on the front. The hat is banned and kept inside of a lead-lined bank vault.
- A copy of "Field and Stream" magazine from 1996. A photograph of the Hosenecker three-grain flywheel is circled with black marker.
- The bargain basement prices of "Crazy Ibrahim". "Crazy Ibrahim" is shackled to a wall in a cave and is frequently prodded with hot needles.

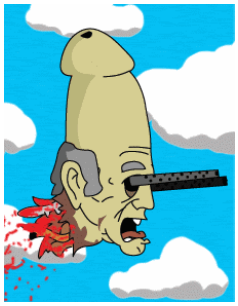
Final Analysis: The listed resources of the Taliban seem fairly paltry compared to the incredible wealth of the United States, but when combined with the insane fervor of followers of the Taliban these meager tools are an arsenal to be reckoned with. They won't be winning many converts from more levelheaded (read as: less apeshit insane) members of the Islamic faith, but those they already have are forged in the iron of oppression and hollow beard pudding promises.

▪ The Church of Scientology

Philosophy: While not as openly crazy as the Taliban, within the malodorous chest cavity of Scientology beats a black heart of evil obscured beneath layers of cheery celebrity glad-hands and legal maneuvering. The Church of Scientology is run by a secret order known as the "inner circle" that are privy to all of the knowledge of Scientology. From what Arlogeist's infiltrators managed to uncover, this vast reserve of dangerous information includes:

This is a level 3 Scientologist, seen in this rare hidden footage without his disguise.

- Dianetics
- Battlefield Earth 1: The Battle Begins
- Battlefield Earth 2: Moon Race to Zombie Town
- Battlefield Earth 3: Unlocking Your Inner Thetan
- Battlefield Earth 4: Reptoid Volcano Attack
- Battlefield Earth 5: Crusade of the Super Jets
- Battlefield Earth 6: Monkey in Trouble
- Battlefield Earth 7: Brain Bug Galleon Assault
- Battlefield Earth 8: Final Conflict
- Battlefield Earth 9: Final Conflict 2: The War Continues
- Battlefield Earth 10: Final Conflict 3: Clambake Orphans
- Battlefield Earth 11: Final Conflict 4: Clambake Orphans 2: Scorpion Falling
- A picture of a naked woman L. Ron Hubbard drew on a Taco Bell napkin.
- Some crumpled up typewriter sheets that L. Ron Hubbard had typed "BORED" on repeatedly.



A scrapped promotional photo of the floating Hubbard Head in action.

The philosophy of the Scientologists includes the belief that eating live human babies will give them the power to teleport inside their hidden volcano sanctum. It's from this inner sanctum that they believe L. Ron Hubbard exists in mummy form, fighting with those who have eaten babies in the secret war against the alien Reptoids.

Methodology: Scientologists are nothing if not devious. They seem incredibly friendly and open, frequently inviting you into their homes to drink hot chocolate or cider, to date their daughters, and even to marry them. However, this is all a clever ruse. Behind those handsome velvet paintings of wide-eyed Mexican children lurks an almost unspeakable darkness. Crab-like they chatter in their subterranean warrens, clutching mewling human infants and tearing them apart with powerful crushing claws before sucking them noisily into their chitin mandibles. If the doomed babies are consumed in large enough quantities, an apparition of L. Ron Hubbard will appear to them, multi-tentacled and swirling, an indescribable mass of geometric horror. The

Scientologists will raise their large claws skywards and sometimes, on a quiet night, you will hear their eldritch call rise from the sewers and caves, "IAAAAAA! IAAAAAAA!"

Capabilities: In almost every way the Scientologists are well-equipped for war, conventional or otherwise, and have the fanaticism to deploy their arsenal but the patience to know when the time is right. They wait as the world directs its attention to the more visible threat of the Taliban and other extremist terrorist groups. According to the few agents who managed to survive infiltration of the Church of Scientology, we discovered that their impressive resources include the following:

- Almost unlimited monetary resources thanks to their draconian property seizures of new recruits and successful libel suits.
- Four legions of elite jet-pack infantry.
- Volcano-based Reptoid Destroyer Beam, which can incinerate a city in less than a second.
- Five floating bronze statues of L. Ron Hubbard's head that chant Scientology scripture and fire eye-mounted machineguns at anything larger than a rat.
- A submarine that can turn into a jet plane or a robot.
- Dinosaur Island, which is also inhabited by giant murderous pirates.
- The "Chatty Lad" Sex Booth which doubles as a changing room.
- John Travolta's chin.
- Tom Cruise's homoerotic fun ray.
- Hovering dining room furniture, and lots of it.
- Dozens of "Visage Recogitators", machines used to hide the otherworldly lobster-man appearance of mid-level Scientologists.
- The dynamic power of the mind over the body.
- Cool red coveralls with helicopter helmets spray painted silver.

Final Analysis: While the United States is devoting all its time, energy, and attention to eliminating the threat of terrorism, Scientology will grow even more. If the Church is allowed to bloat unchecked it will soon burst forth like a hideous boil, spilling legions of flying lobster soldiers onto an unsuspecting mankind. We cannot forget these cruel masterminds in the midst of this tragedy. They are usurpers of our very souls and they will rob us of either our humanity or our lives, leaving us the choice. This cannot continue!

The Taliban must pay for harboring terrorists, but let us not forget that another, potentially more dangerous, enemy lurks within the borders of our own nation. Unless you're from Germany, of course. I think for once their book-banning policy did some good when they outlawed Scientology.

El Pinto Grande Responds!

Master of many moves in and outside the ring El Pinto Grande has informed me via "computer message" that he has updated his "computer book". More specifically he has added responses to the fan letters he has received.

> *Do not try to trick me with your games Sano Tornado Papuan! I am knowing of your reputation inside the squares circle for molesting the rules and carousing with the worst of the crowds. I suggest you turn around and go back to the Austria where perhaps the wild rulings there might be making a little bit more towards your liking. It is a dark day in the city of my heart when you are drinking the Pepsicolada and enjoying the pages of relaxation in my computer book. If ever I am seeing you again in the city squares I will make to go with the whipping of the face with my hand's backside. These are mighty blows not-even-approaching-status-of-friend and I will shrink you down in the boots with some fury and a cup of punishing fists.*

Holy moly, looks like El Pinto Grande has found himself in a hornet's nest of controversy. Check it out!

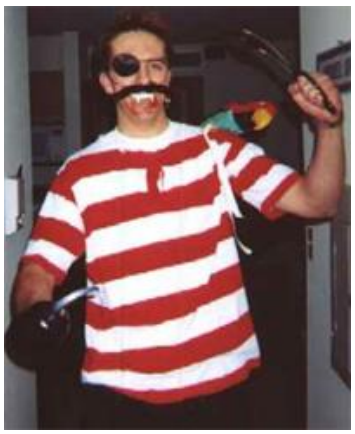
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.18 eBay USA USA USA!

Wednesday, Sep 26, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Ahoy Mateys

As you can probably tell, this site is back up again. I'm currently working out a deal with the network people to get another server online and split the load between the two. In the meantime, all the movies and downloads have been taken down (since the server currently has a hard time existing). Thank you very much for your emails of support and donations; I will reply to each one of them as soon as I can (there's over 700 of them, so it may take a while). I wish there was some other way to operate this site other than the voluntary donation scheme but nothing has worked and nothing will seemingly ever work. Please do not send me any email with suggestions of moneymaking ideas for me to try, as I've been attempting to solve this problem for over eight months and nobody has found anything that works besides porn ads. Once again, thanks to everybody out there for their support. This site will continue to stay up for the foreseeable future although it may crash frequently and serve up slow pages during the next few weeks. Please bare with us while we get this mess sorted out. Thanks!



USA #1! USA! USA!

WTC-Bay

Things on the Internet got really strange after the WTC attack. Groups of people who normally got together to call each other "fags" and talk about kicking each other's ass suddenly found themselves united under the common bond of calling Osama bin Laden a "fag" and wanting to kick his ass. Email spammers caught a case of Patriotism Fever, changing their message from "Earn $5 a minute simply by sending a dollar to the following people" to a more appropriate "Earn $5 a minute simply by sending a dollar to the following people. God bless America!!!" Images of American flags soon replaced forum members' sig files depicting characters in Unreal Tournament suffering a headshot with the name of the person's moronic clan floating above. However, none of these highly American and chock-full-o'-patrism compared to the wonderful service that eBay is currently offering:

> *No matter how you contribute, eBay and eBay Online Payments will waive 100% of all related listing, final value, and processing fees to help maximize the impact of your participation. In order to ensure that 100% of your contribution goes to the Auction for America effort, eBay Online Payments, VISA, MasterCard, Wells Fargo and Discover have come together to offer something truly unprecedented for this effort: fee-free transaction processing online.*

On one hand, this is a very noble and magnanimous gesture. I wholeheartedly support donating to the various disaster relief funds that are helping the workers and families of people involved in the WTC disaster (and yes, I donated, so don't bother trying to call me a hypocrite or whatever). However, after browsing through the active all-American auctions, I begin to get a bit... frightened. Trumpeting the virtues of your country and being a proud citizen is one thing... but I think a few of the people entering these auctions seem to be a few pancakes short of an International House. Get ready to dive into the scary side of eBay, folks.

Marlboro cigarettes $4.00 off coupon - *This is a coupon I received in the mail a*

few days ago. Don't you wish it was 10,000 marlboro miles. Me too. I quite smoking so I will pass the savings on to the highest bidder. This is for $4.00 off the purchase of 4-packs of cigarettes or a carton. I will ship first class mail. Thanks, and God bless.

AMERICA #1! I mean, AMERICAN! Go team!

I myself would've simply written "DEVELOP A CASE OF LUNG CANCER FOR AMERICA," but I can understand how that might possibly deter people away. To counteract that negative association, I would've included pictures of that horrible junk that builds up in your lungs when you smoke, only I would've colored the stuff red, white, and blue. I was thinking about putting some stars and stripes in there, but I am afraid that might make the picture look like the person just ingested a bunch of throwing stars and strips of bacon, both of which are equally deadly. Still, $4.00 off cigarettes... that's a pretty good item to bid on. I can see myself paying up to $8.00 for that. Oddly enough, not a lot of other people seem able to.

TOPPS BATHROOM BUDDY CARDS * FOR AMERICA !!! - *Hey, give to the cause for AMERICA and have fun with these stickers! They are collector cards from TOPPS that are out of print. Made by the same ones who did Garbage Pail Kids and other famous weird (and other) cards. Cards may vary from those shown in photo. DON'T BID FOR ME. BID TO HELP THE SEPTEMBER 11TH FUND. RELIEF FOR THOSE OF THE NYC TRAGEDY. THANK YOU!!!! I EVEN PAY THE POSTAGE.*

FOR AMERICA! This is what makes our country great, folks. "Mizzcrowly" has selflessly decided to donate her prized collection of "Bathroom Buddy Cards" in order to drum up money for "THE NYC TRAGEDY." The sense of pride that people will feel as they stare at a sticker depicting a child defecating into a large toilet will undoubtedly be overwhelming. You know, FOR AMERICA! "Carl Catbox," "Lappin' Leon," and "Stinky Stan" are beacons of the eternal hope which courses through the veins and sewer systems of this great country. What's a better way to say "that WTC thing really sucked, man!" than with cards of shitting children? FOR AMERICA!!! Oh, and I simply wouldn't be able to live with myself if I failed to include this quote from his auction:

I sent some of these to Ben Lauden and he can now be identified by the bullseye on the back.

Damn that "Ben Lauden" guy! FOR AMERICA!!!

CATHY GUISEWITE HAND SIGNED S&P SHAKER - THIS IS HAND SIGNED AND DATED PERSONALLY FOR ME BY CATHY GUISEWITE. THE BOX IT CAME IN IS ALSO HAND SIGNED, AND NOT ONLY THAT BUT SHE DREW THE CATHY CHARACTER ON THE BOX TOO!! THIS IS AN INCREDIBLE OPPORTUNITY TO GET A ONE AND ONLY HAND SIGNED SALT & PEPPER SHAKER FROM ONE OF AMERICAS' BEST CARTOONISTS.

Okay, it's really difficult for me to determine what exactly is the most disturbing aspect of this page. We've got American flags tiled in the background, patriotic-colored text, and... ugh.. CATHY. This is the syndicated comic strip which is still run simply because newspapers can't fine enough obituaries to fill the rest of page. Cathy made her fame by starring in 15,293 consecutive comics without a coherent punchline, narrowly edging out "Family Circus," which can be found on refrigerators

throughout elderly communities of America. Then we've got the fact that the salt and pepper shakers are in the shape of a highly patriotic American donut, which provides some clue as to how Cathy got those monster hips of hers. Last and certainly not least is the final bid price: $76.00. Yes, $76.00, as in "one dollar more than $75.00." For that kind of money you could afford at least 50 giant paper bags to put over your head so nobody recognizes you as the person who enjoys "Cathy."

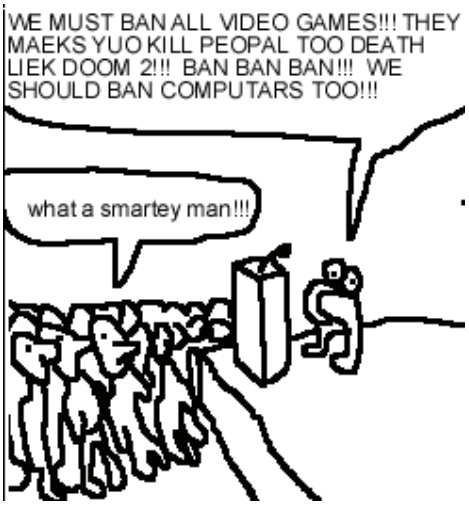
> **Fossils BIG AWESOME DINOSAUR TOOTH Fossil !!!** - GOD BLESS THE USA!!!!!!! Very nice large Carcharodontosaurus saharicus (The African T-Rex) fossil dinosaur tooth from the Cretaceous (apprx. 70 million years old) of the Tagana Formation near Taquiz, Kasr-es-Souk Region Morocco, North Africa !!!!!!! BEAUTIFUL TOOTH measures 3 1/8" x over 1 1/4" wide with SERRATIONS!!!!! From a large meat-eating dinosaur that grew to 30 feet long plus!!!! AWESOME TOOTH!!! BE SURE TO CHECK OUT OUR OTHER AUCTIONS for more QUALITY dinosuars teeth and other fossils and BOOKMARK OUR AUCTION PAGE!!!

YOU WILL LOVE THE TOOTH! YOU WILL WORSHIP THE TOOTH! GOD BLESS THE TOOTH! AND THE USA! BUY A DINOSAUR TOOTH FOR FREEDOM AND LIBERTY! DINOSAURS DIED FOR THIS COUNTRY, GO USA, AMERICA #1!

While I appreciate the help these people are trying to drum up for the WTC recovery, I can't stop wondering what was going through their collective minds when they said, "you know, I can't think of a better way to show my love for this country than by selling an old tooth, ceramic woman on a donut, series of cards depicting children taking a dump, and coupon for cancer-sticks!" It's this out-of-the-box, revolutionary thinking that has made America the great country it is today, a country full of people that, quite frankly, scare the bajeezus out of me at times.

Jeff K. is Back!

Everybody's favorite l33t haX0r Jeff K. has returned, proudly sporting five new "Wacky Fun Computar Comic Jokes." I know everybody has been bitching about the lack of updates ol' Jeffy-pookins has done, so this should make you all very happy. Here's one of the five new wads of entertainment, ready for your viewing pleasure.


WE MUST BAN ALL VIDEO GAMES!!! THEY MAEKS YUO KILL PEOPAL TOO DEATH LIEK DOOM 2!!! BAN BAN BAN!!! WE SHOULD BAN COMPUTARS TOO!!!
what a smartey man!!!

Once again, witty and topical! That Jeff K. is truly the king of kings! Head on over and indulge yourself in the mental menace that is Jeff K.'s "Wacky Fun Computar Comics."

Notes From Cliff Yablonski

I have updated the .plan file page detailing the advancements made on the Cliff Yablonski: Freedom Fighter page, showing pictures and briefly describing the first 30 weapons in the game. If you're interested in the many, many ways Cliff will have to dispatch his vile enemies, I would recommend going there and familiarizing yourself with the various weapons of destruction.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

9.19 Crazy crackhead capitalism

Friday, Sep 28, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Taking Advantage of Crazy Street People

Today Rich sent me a link to an article in the San Jose Mercury News about a man named Frank Chu who walks back and forth on the streets of San Francisco. He carries a sign that warns about a conspiracy which involves Bill Clinton, a number of galaxies, aliens, and Frank Chu's failed career as an incredibly exotic movie star. Recently the owner of a local sub shop decided to pay Chu... to let him use the back of his sign as a roving billboard for his sandwiches. You can read the whole thing here.

> *Asked if he knows what he's getting for his $25 a week, and whether he tells Chu where to walk, Eggert said: "I wouldn't dare dictate to him where he goes. He goes and protests where he feels like it. He knows the ebbs and flows of the crowd, and where the foot traffic is, probably better than any consultant I could hire."*

With the economy what it is these days, almost anything like this gets my entrepreneurial motor running. Even in Ohio there are hundreds of sign-toting crazy people walking around in our cities, incessantly ranting and raving about alien mind control rays and the government putting poison in our butter. They're just wandering around and waiting to become useful; like discovering the advertising equivalent of a vast untapped oil field, then digging pipelines deep into it and sucking out all the sweet-sweet crude. Interweb advertising didn't work, but what about the legions of easily manipulated crazy people walking through the cities of America? Heck, even Pets.com might still be around today if it had been a crazy streetwalker and didn't pay that stupid puppet like 500 dollars an hour.

I think this move to put the insane and homeless to use is not only belated, but just the tip of the proverbial iceberg. With this new and rich resource to be exploited - and I am a big fan of exploitation - I have devised a number of new schemes to transform this segment of the population from zeros into heroes! I want to be the middleman for these crazy walking billboards, their agent so to speak, and I've already added a number of fine shambling nutjobs to my "stable." If you're in the need for some business exposure, just take a look at some of the quality candidates I've lined up to meet your marketing needs.

Joe "Shakin' Joe" Rollins

"Shakin' Joe" says "Just Do It!"

Occupation: Fake Vietnam Veteran, Chem-trail Conspiracy Theorist

Description: Shakin' Joe smells like a blend of bacon, human feces, and pure grain alcohol. His eyes are a handsome mixture of blue and red and he constantly mutters about "the shit" that "the government" is spraying on us when they fly overhead in their "black jets". When he reaches a climax of muttering he will spin in place and scream as loudly as possible about the stinging chemicals that contain Yellow Number 5 and will eventually turn his testicles into enemies of the state.

What "Shakin' Joe" Has to Offer You: "Shakin' Joe" will remove his pants for your business. He will attempt to stab a minister with a screwdriver for your business. Joe will push over women and

spit on them for your business. If you would like these things associated with your business, then "Shakin' Joe" is the man for the job.

What "Shakin' Joe" Will Not Do for You: "Shakin' Joe" will not shower or bathe in anything other than discarded cups of soda. He will not board an aircraft or advertise your business anywhere near an airport because this is the source of the "black jets". He will not use a microwave oven because he believes it will interfere with the government transponder that was installed in his brain when he was not drafted and was not sent to Vietnam.

"Shakin' Joe" Will Not Advertise for the Following: Dow Chemical, because he believes they invented the chemicals in the chem-trails. Arby's, because employees once threw him out of a franchise restaurant for urinating on a five-year old. Pepsicola, because he does not approve of their bathing soda "Mountain Dew" after an incident in which he was chased by bees for 8-blocks and got injured by a mounted policeman.

- **The Brick Lady**

The Brick Lady is a tireless promoter!

Occupation: Brick Collector, Shopping Cart Enthusiast

Description: The Brick Lady can bring a dynamic force to your marketing campaign. At 5'5" and 200lbs she is a fireball of energy just waiting to be unleashed as a part of your branding strategy. Her tangled and matted hair, three flannel shirts, and filth encrusted face and hands will bring a strong image of street-smarts and urban chic to your product line. She pushes around a shopping cart full of bricks that she has found or pried from somewhat unstable buildings. This shopping cart offers more space for your advertisements than any of our other crazy street people, and because it's easy to move she won't take time off to rest her blister-covered feet.

What The Brick Lady Has to Offer You: The Brick Lady will pick up bricks and possibly throw them at people who anger her. She will lose control of her cart and let it roll down a steep hill and into the side of someone's parked car. She will sleep in an alley with the cart tied to her ankle with twine so that no one steals your valuable marketing tools. She will attempt to prostitute herself to any passerby for a hot meal and your product.

What The Brick Lady Will Not Do for You: The Brick Lady will not empty the bricks out of her shopping cart unless you make her really mad and she throws them all at you. The Brick Lady will not stop chasing people just because you don't think it's a good idea. She definitely will not get rid of her shopping cart, nor will she dispose of the imaginary cats that she screams at and throws bricks to as toys.

The Brick Lady Will Not Advertise for the Following: Any government agency other than the Environmental Protection Agency. She believes that the EPA is run by sentient cat-people and is attempting to halt deforestation as an effort to switch to all-brick building materials. The rest of the government is run by sentient dog-people who wish to destroy the cat-people and build everything out of wood. If this is not clear to you, she would be more than happy to discuss it with you at length.

- **Kamikaze Pete**

Kamikaze Pete is a big supporter of Log Cabin brand maple syrup.

Occupation: Big Fan of Screaming

Description: Kamikaze Pete doesn't let concerns like personal hygiene get in the way of getting across your marketing message to the public. Pete is intensely proud of his Japanese heritage and would be happy to wear your corporate logo on his forehead while screaming "BONZAAAAAIIIIIIII" and running at random people in the park. Normally he just sits around in the dirt being filthy, but his keen eye and business acumen ensure that he is always placed where the maximum number of people will spot your advertisement.

What Kamikaze Pete Has to Offer You: Kamikaze Pete will yell the name of your company until he passes out in the street or is arrested. If he's arrested he'll continue yelling it in jail until he passes out and when he wakes up he'll yell it again until the jail wardens pepper spray him. He will beg for change, but all of the change goes to the pigeons that he throws coins at while screaming the name of your company. Kamikaze Pete will dig for potatoes in concrete. Kamikaze Pete will jump off a rooftop thinking he can fly, break multiple bones and promote your company in the charity ward of the local hospital. He will soon be back on his feet and on the streets, canvassing neighborhoods for your marketing needs because the hospital kicked him out when he kept shitting in the sinks.

What Kamikaze Pete Will Not Do for You: Kamikaze Pete will never wash his left hand. Kamikaze Pete will never eat a kitten again. He will allow you to place your logo on any article of clothing but he will not change clothes and he cannot guarantee that over time your logo will remain legible. He will not bandage his chest.

Kamikaze Pete Will Not Advertise for the Following: McDonalds, because they are responsible for the fall of imperial Japan and dropping the atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. He will not advertise for Chili's because they promote violence against Asians and he will not promote any type of sandwich that does not contain beef for similar reasons.

- **Mad Mutt Matt**

That foam White Castle hat isn't just warm headgear, it's a walking billboard for delicious hamburgers.

Occupation: Dog Owner, Exhibitionist.

Description: Mad Mutt Matt loves dogs as they have proven to be a great companion and accomplice in uncovering the Byzantine plots of the Noturian invasion force. Matt enjoys taking his dog "The Dark Angel of Ash and Suffering" to the city dump where he will spend hours chanting "Logan said stop" to keep at bay the invisible assassins of the Noturian Hegemony. As a prime candidate for Noturian assassination, he makes an excellent platform for your next campaign to reach deep into the pocketbook of key demographics.

What Mad Mutt Matt Has to Offer You: Matt will strip naked and masturbate for hours without ejaculating while chanting "Logan said stop" wherever your current targeted marketing demands it. He will cut spirals into his stomach with a piece of broken glass and tell anyone who wants to know that "[your product] bleeds for Jesus in the fight against Noturia!" Matt is well regarded in the homeless community and may lead others in promoting your

products or services by threatening to cut out their eyes while they sleep.

What Mad Mutt Matt Will Not Do for You: He will never, for any amount of money, endorse a product that contains the word "Noturia" or "Noturian". If you even ask him to promote these products he will try and strangle you with a filthy nylon windbreaker. Mad Mutt Matt will never take the dead mice out of his pants. He will never put out the fire when it spreads to his face just because you think it might be a good idea.

Mad Mutt Matt Will Not Advertise for the Following: Any corporation containing the letter "N" within the first three letters of the company's name. Mad Mutt Matt does not have access to the internet or any other means of correctly identifying your company's name, so this can be bypassed by inserting random letters and numbers in front of your company's name. Mad Mutt Matt will not work to promote your products if you are already using the services of The Brick Lady, who he believes to be in league with the Noturians.

I think I've put together quite the starting lineup for this season's marketing blitz! This job is great because it's all about introducing one group of people to another group of people and letting happiness seal the bond between the two. Just look at our record some time with the Better Business Bureau... we don't have a single dissatisfied customer!

State Og Looks Ahead to October

Questionable corporate profiteers at State Og have released a new update to their web site. As usual this announcement comes with threats of violence against me, my friends, and my family if you do not read it immediately!

> *The times are crazy folks and that means it's time for a State Og TOTAL LIQUIDATION SALE!! Everything in our Sand City, Utah facility absolutely must go in the next week! What does this mean for you? Brain-explodingly good bargains and groin pulsingly low prices!!! Your jaw will fly off and shoot into the sun these prices are so good!! Your eyes will bug clean out of your skull and rent a new skull in Florida and not EVEN WRITE HOME!!!!*

Please read this update, I really don't want to die yet.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 10

October

10.1 Lawsuit time! William F. Slater, III vs. SA

Monday, Oct 01, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Hey Kids... What Time is it?

Gather 'round women and feminine children, it's time for another exciting adventure of everybody's favorite Interweb-based entertainment show, "Awful Link of the Day Webmaster Threatens to Sue Lowtax!" Today's antagonist is none other than "William F. Slater," husband of the vile creature responsible for creating yesterday's ALoD, http://www.joannaroguska.com/. It seems as if ol' Billy is a bit upset over his wife's portrayal as the horrid hell-beast she is, and once again he decided to fall back on the good ol' American solution of "threatening to sue anybody and everybody who remotely offends us." Well enough jibber-jabber from me; let's get on with the story!

> **From:** William F. Slater, III
> **To:** lowtax@somethingawful.com
>
> **Sent:** Monday, October 01, 2001 8:08 PM
> **Subject:** Serious Demand for an Apology
>
> *Greetings LowTax:*
>
> *Your coverage of my wife's website on your website at http://www.somthingawful.com upset us both. I am demanding a sincere apology within 48 hours, both in the form of a personal e-mail to jroguska@speedsite.com and on your website, or else you will be very, very sorry for this abuse.* ***No sarcasm or condescending tone is permitted, or else it will not be recognized as a real apology.***
>
> *By the way, if you have never heard of me, I am the William Slater of the famous civil case, William Slater v. Dan Paolini, which was one of the first cyberspace defamation cases back in 1994 - 1995. I have copied my lawyer, Mr. Christopher Bischoff on this e-mail to help you understand that I am quite serious about my demands.*
>
> *signed,*
>
> *William F. Slater, III*

> **From:** lowtax@somethingawful.com
>
> **To:** William F. Slater, III
> **Sent:** Monday, October 01, 2001 8:43 PM
> **Subject:** Re: Serious Demand for an Apology
>
> Greetings "Will-Dawg" F. Slater, III:
>
> You demanded sincere apologies. I will now deliver these sincere apologies to you as requested.
>
> I sincerely apologize that your wife has website design skills that rival many housepets. I sincerely apologize that I subjected my viewers to your wife's horrible, horrible, horrible site which has absolutely no redeeming qualities whatsoever, aside from the fact that

> people can retain the ability to instantly close their browser upon entering her many works of hideous terror. I sincerely apologize that your wife sees fit to blind every Internet citizen with her garish color schemes, unbelievably terrible Flash skills, and lack of any digital composition abilities whatsoever. I sincerely apologize that you are delusional enough into thinking you can sue me for making fun of how remarkably retarded your wife appears to be. I sincerely apologize that your lawyer has to deal with you and your insane wife, both of whom seem to live in a fantasy world where people don't claw their eyes out after being tricked into viewing your terrible, terrible, terrible webpages that probably contain millions of subliminal messages instructing its viewers to murder policemen. I sincerely apologize that you appear to have married a crazed war criminal intent on wiping out the entire human populace and leaving the survivors blind, confused, sterile shells of human beings.
>
> I hope these sincere apologies satisfied you. I mean them all from the bottom of my heart and have never said anything as sincere. I really pray your AOL lawyer doesn't come after me, as I fear your unlimited wraith and vengeance may smite me, my site, and all my viewers in one fell swoop, like that one part of the Bible where Jesus destroyed the melon stand. Oh well, maybe if you win the lawsuit you'll be able to afford some glasses and HTML design courses for your wife.
>
> In addition, here is some bonus material to help you with your upcoming libel and slander lawsuit against myself and my website: your wife is dumb and ugly. Please forward that to your lawyer, as I feel it is pertinent for him to know that your wife is, in fact, dumb and ugly.
>
> Signed,
>
> Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka

Well, that's all the time we have for today, kids! Hopefully Will-Dawg will write be back and continue his legal threats so SA's resident lawyer, Mr. Leonard "J." Crabs, can step in and take over. Until then, make sure to check out the resume of Will-Dawg's wife, who wants to be a web designer. Pardon me while I laugh so hard that my internal organs liquefy and dribble out of my anus.

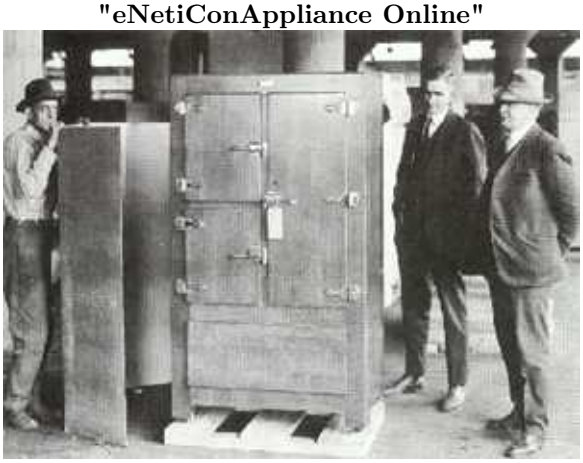
What... A Prank?!?

Oooh, a double-header of goodness for all you slimy cretins today! After a, I don't know, 19-month hiatus or something, I've finally come back and done another ICQ prank. I honestly feel that today's prank is one of the best ones I've done, ranking up there with "Space Robot Bonanza" in terms of sheer unbelievability and outrageousness.

I can't think of any good reason to not read this prank, unless you're too busy drafting up legal papers to sue me for making fun of your AzN PrYdE Angelfire site. Head on over and take a look at it now or else I'll wire your entire kitchen to explode.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

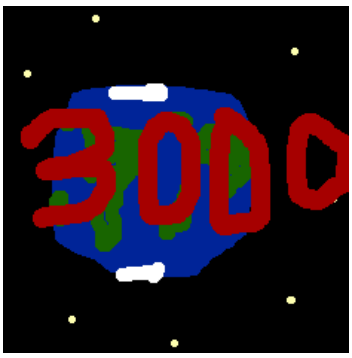
"eNetiConAppliance Online"



10.2 Predictions for the future

Monday, Oct 01, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

"Trey Triple Izzo" is Right Around the Corner

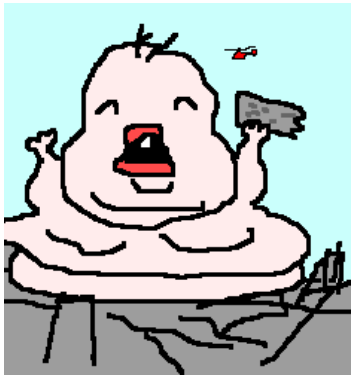


Please send me e-mails about how I ripped off Conan O'Brien!

The new millennium stormed up in our shit like a horde of marauding Mongols, we hardly even saw it coming. One day everything that was futuristic was "2000 this" and "Ultra 2000 super that", 24 hours later if your product had 2000 anywhere in its name it looked retarded and old fashioned. Because of delays in production Arlogeist's much vaunted Horse Taperer 2000 looked completely idiotic when it didn't get released until fourth quarter 2000. It failed completely, and not because people aren't in the market for a high-speed horse tapering machine.

Always pragmatic, I felt the need to look ahead to the next millennium when developing the marketing strategies of upcoming products for Arlogeist GmbH. Even though the year 3000 (3001 if you're anal about "millenniums") seems awfully far away, it will sneak up on us just like 2000 did, and then we'll be stuck with a whole new batch of poorly named products. I rounded up twenty prophets and psychics, and after testing their performance at forecasting by having them predict the weather, I had them enter psychic trances and communicate their visions of the future. Theses transcripts were entered into an iMac which cross-referenced them and extrapolated an almost error free prognostication of the future.

I have divided the final results into four easy-to-use categories; social, economic, entertainment, and technological.



The Spokane Fatty attacks Boise.

Social

- Shaking hands with someone will be the equivalent of rape, while rape will become the equivalent of falling off a ladder and making a funny noise.
- Teen pregnancy will increase to the point that it is no longer considered a problem. The new problem will be 8 year olds getting pregnant by horses and making centaurs.
- The clone wars will establish clones as superior to natural born humans and the "normal" humans will be forced to wear silly hats. A resistance will exist that wears cool hats, like fedoras and giant foam cowboy hats.
- The size of loaves of bread will be increased by 20%. This will be due to the fact that humans will have evolved massive alligator-like mouths, but still love sandwiches.
- The distinction between genders will continue to blur until the cliché "wearing the pants in the family" refers to the car.
- Smoking will still be a socially stigmatizing behavior, but mostly because after nicotine is outlawed in 2895 cigarettes will be made from aborted fetuses.

- Dolphins will share equal human rights and will build their own cities, but both dolphins and humans will treat trees very poorly.
- Throughout most of the intervening centuries Americans will continue to grow fatter until the city of Spokane forms one giant fat person that destroys half of the West before disappearing into the Pacific Ocean. By the time the year 3000 rolls around Americans will have an average body fat roughly equivalent to a cinderblock.

Economic

- The record industry's latest form of CD copy protection fails miserably. It proves too expensive and too ineffective to pay a guy to stand around in people's houses and say "Hey, what are you doing? Please don't copy that".
- The stock market will be completely superceded by the moth market, which features moths flying around spray painted different colors to represent various corporations. The moths are tracked by ultra-precise instruments and their positions are broadcasted live on CNN, which, instead of a TV network, will be a giant robotic talking head on top of a mile high tower.
- The price of candy bars will drop to a nickel, but the price of candy bar wrappers will skyrocket to almost 800 dollars.
- The crash of a comet into the side of Mount Fuji will briefly upset the precious metals market by introducing a new and prized element to the trade. Months later the market will stabilize when the element turns out to be the incubating eggs of face-eating aliens.
- Train tickets will be exceedingly cheap, mostly because of the hideous train crabs which stalk the Midwest looking for a meal.
- If you fold a Dick Cheney five dollar bill correctly it will spell SEX.
- Unable to mathematically determine the next "number served" for their signs, McDonald's all across the globe are swallowed by rifts in the space-time continuum. Hardee's reaches 5,000 served.

Entertainment

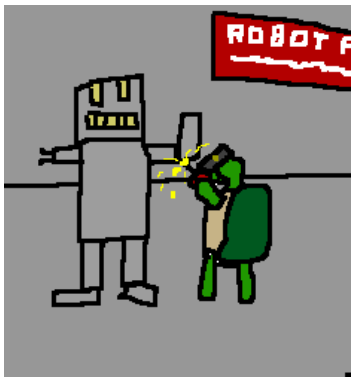
- Wings will continue to run in syndication until 3420, although it will be transmitted via Scaldotron as searing burns to the stomach and thighs.
- The Spider Pope Collective will decree that premarital sex is the best and will dissipate into a swarm of fist sized spiders that terrorize the Vatican for months.
- Banjo Bloodylips will top the music charts for the fifth consecutive year until it is discovered that he isn't actually an anthropomorphic cartoon banjo, but rather a fat guy playing a drum machine.
- Telephones will be replaced with screeching vampire bats; cellular phones will be replaced with pocket-sized bats.
- The Playstation 11 hits store shelves in time for Christmas and die-hard fans of Nintendo's "Fun Hole" game console go on a 9-week terrorist campaign bombing Sony facilities. Playstation fanatics respond by sculpting a 100-foot tall effigy of Mario out of ground beef and leaving it to rot on the lawn of the Nintendo offices in Los Angeles.

- Valve releases Team Fortress 2, Duke Nuke 'Em Forever slated to be released "Whenever it's done!"
- Semi-sentient robotic drones will become the key marketing demographic. All advertisements will consist of text scrolling at the maximum visible speed accompanied by modem connection tones.
- Microsoft replaces its entire lineup of products with a talking grandpa robot that will sit in your house and tell the same story over and over again.
- Salon.com and the New Yorker announce a merger to form the most pretentious entertainment conglomerate known to man. Merchant-Ivory sues in an attempt to halt the merger.

Technological

- The success of nano-technology prompts an explosion in the ultra mega nano-technology industry, which designs atom-sized robots to repair the molecule sized robots that work on the cell-sized robots that fix the pin-head sized robots that help keep people healthy.
- The common cold is cured but is supplanted by "brain rot".
- The international colony on mars sends a ship to colonize Minnesota. The ship reaches Minnesota but all transmissions end only days after touch down.
- Breakdancing sees such massive resurgence that "the windmill" is harnessed for electricity.
- Robots are much more polite, but secretly hate us more than ever. To prevent a robot uprising robots are incapable of producing new robots, a task left to song birds and box turtles.
- The SA server crashes less frequently through the unique use of a rage venting script that allows the server to stab Rich whenever it becomes overtaxed.
- Virtual sex technology reaches such a pinnacle of advancement that it becomes more pleasurable by far than actual sex, which is good, because if you are reading Something Awful you won't get laid in a thousand years otherwise.

Some bad, but mostly good! All in all I think we have a lot to look forward to, assuming we live to see the year 3000. I know I will thanks to the cranial cryogenic freezer I have reserved at "Crazy Jack's Head Barn".



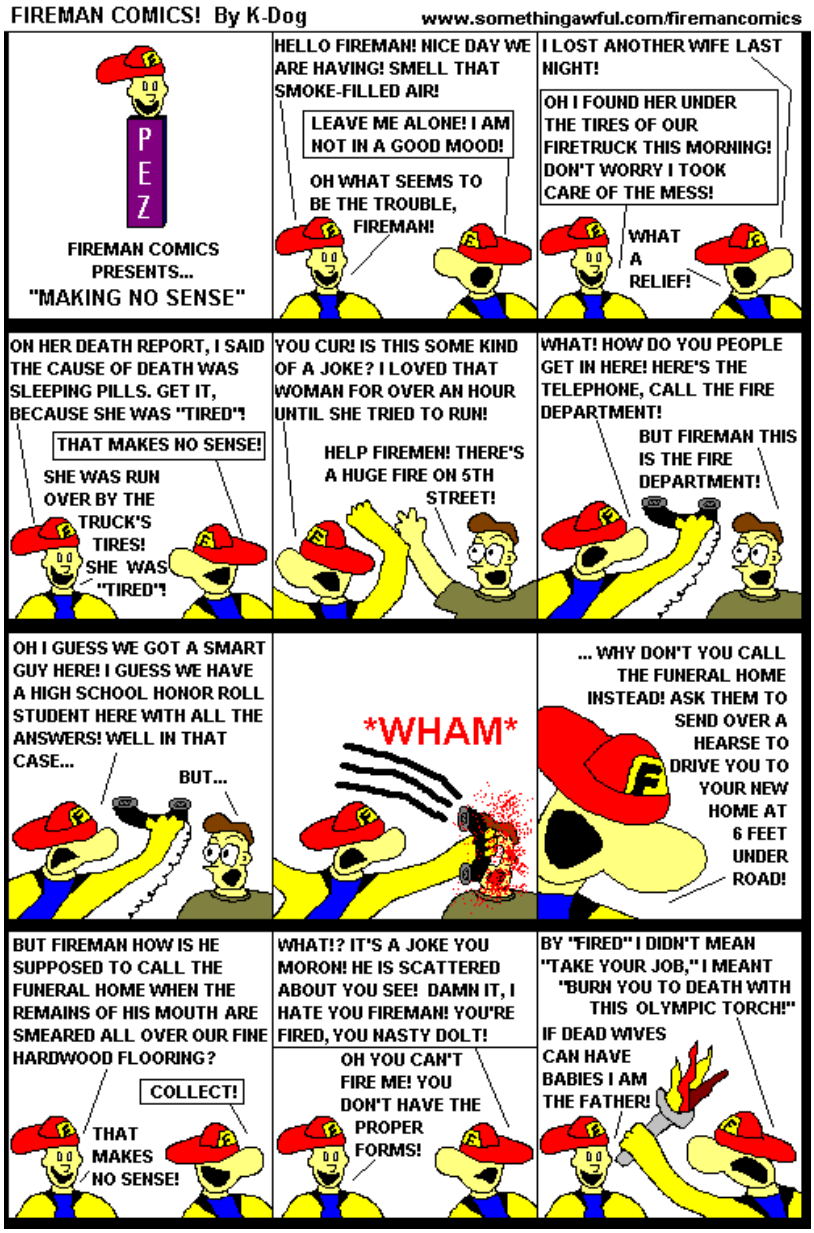
A T40 Dancing robot is assembled on the turtle line.

HUZZAH! More Fireman Comics!

Once again we are pleased to present an all new Fireman comic!

They'll cure what ails ye, so check them out!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)


FIREMAN COMICS! By K-Dog
www.somethingawful.com/firemancomics
P E Z
FIREMAN COMICS PRESENTS...
"MAKING NO SENSE"
HELLO FIREMAN! NICE DAY WE ARE HAVING! SMELL THAT SMOKE-FILLED AIR!
LEAVE ME ALONE! I AM NOT IN A GOOD MOOD!
OH WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE, FIREMAN!
I LOST ANOTHER WIFE LAST NIGHT!
OH I FOUND HER UNDER THE TIRES OF OUR FIRETRUCK THIS MORNING! DON'T WORRY I TOOK CARE OF THE MESS!
WHAT A RELIEF!
ON HER DEATH REPORT, I SAID THE CAUSE OF DEATH WAS SLEEPING PILLS. GET IT, BECAUSE SHE WAS "TIRED"!
THAT MAKES NO SENSE!
SHE WAS RUN OVER BY THE TRUCK'S TIRES! SHE WAS "TIRED"!
YOU CUR! IS THIS SOME KIND OF A JOKE? I LOVED THAT WOMAN FOR OVER AN HOUR UNTIL SHE TRIED TO RUN!
HELP FIREMEN! THERE'S A HUGE FIRE ON 5TH STREET!
WHAT! HOW DO YOU PEOPLE GET IN HERE! HERE'S THE TELEPHONE, CALL THE FIRE DEPARTMENT!
BUT FIREMAN THIS IS THE FIRE DEPARTMENT!
OH I GUESS WE GOT A SMART GUY HERE! I GUESS WE HAVE A HIGH SCHOOL HONOR ROLL STUDENT HERE WITH ALL THE ANSWERS! WELL IN THAT CASE...
BUT...
WHAM
... WHY DON'T YOU CALL THE FUNERAL HOME INSTEAD! ASK THEM TO SEND OVER A HEARSE TO DRIVE YOU TO YOUR NEW HOME AT 6 FEET UNDER ROAD!
BUT FIREMAN HOW IS HE SUPPOSED TO CALL THE FUNERAL HOME WHEN THE REMAINS OF HIS MOUTH ARE SMEARED ALL OVER OUR FINE HARDWOOD FLOORING?
COLLECT!
THAT MAKES NO SENSE!
WHAT!? IT'S A JOKE YOU MORON! HE IS SCATTERED ABOUT YOU SEE! DAMN IT, I HATE YOU FIREMAN! YOU'RE FIRED, YOU NASTY DOLT!
OH YOU CAN'T FIRE ME! YOU DON'T HAVE THE PROPER FORMS!
BY "FIRED" I DIDN'T MEAN "TAKE YOUR JOB," I MEANT "BURN YOU TO DEATH WITH THIS OLYMPIC TORCH!"
IF DEAD WIVES CAN HAVE BABIES I AM THE FATHER!

10.3 Phinneas J. Tolerance on Ben Lauden

Wednesday, Oct 03, 2001 by PHINNEASJTOLERANCE (@sexyfacts4u)

THE STRAIGHT TRUTH SHOW WITH PHINNEAS J. TOLERANCE

Welcome to another exciting and educational broadcast of "The Straight Truth Show", I'm your host Phinneas J. Tolerance. Thanks for tuning in, and if you're reading this show on the computer then thanks for dialing up its digits! In an amazing joint venture between the magical healing powers of 1480 WRRR "The Whir!" and the computer site belonging to Rick Kanyasa called "Someone Awesome", I am coming to you live on two different stations. I'm really not sure how this works exactly, but if I know Rick then prayer is involved somewhere, because dealing with the red devil of solid-state technology is a dangerous process.

Never forget! God may forgive you, but Phinneas J. Tolerance will take a long time to forgive you.

This may be my last broadcast gentle listeners, the last time you hear my soothing words and sage advice drifting out of your radio consoles like a summer zephyr. It is the End Times and I don't know how much longer it will be until Jesus comes to me and asks me to take his hand and float up to him in his invisible Christ helicopter into the kingdom of Heaven. The helicopter is invisible, not the Lord. For Biblicological scholars such as me the writing on the wall has been clear for a long time; ever since that baked bean fiasco in Sand City, Utah, out behind the shed. Sand City, Utah. I can't talk about the specifics of that incident, but all the way back in the sinful summer of 1967 I knew plain as I know my name that the world had bought a one way ticket on the calamity rollercoaster.

I read newspapers sometimes and I know that everyone has got their suspenders in a twist about this Ben Lauden fella. He has a sporty beard that the Latinos like to call "Charisma" and he is quick with the words and the ladies, no doubt, that's how those Spanish men are. Good old Uncle Sam and his prodigal son George W. Bush II have singled out this smooth-operator as being behind the bombing of the Sears Tower that took so many innocent lives into the bountiful pastures of the afterlife. I know you all are feeling sad right now because you lost a loved one or maybe a pet or maybe both, but just remember that all those poor folks who met their untimely end are now enjoying the love of God in his castle in the sky. God's kisses feel like rose petals on your belly!

I think this Ben Lauden character is definitely the devil. I think I can prove it to you beyond a shadow of a doubt because I have observed him like a hunter and know how he moves and acts. Then I've got this great guide book about the Devil called "The Bible", you may have heard of it, I sure hope so.

Before I get into all that I have to take a brief commercial break folks, I apologize but this is how we have to do things here at 1480 WRRR, "The Whir!". Do you find it hard to buy clothes that fit you right? Are you too tall or portly to slip comfortably into the latest fashions available at Wal-Mart? Well Honest Don's Handsome Gent Clothiers has the solution to your problems. We've got slacks that will fit a whale on painter's stilts and they are stylish to boot. You can find us at exit 43 next to Delicious Don's Seafood Buffet, where all the crabs are deep fried! Bring the kids for a free trip to the sundae bucket!

BAM!! Am I seeing double?! The resemblance is uncanny!

Welcome back to the show and thanks again for tuning in to hear the Straight Truth Show. If you're just joining me, I'm Phinneas J. Tolerance and I'm your host and we are discussing Omar Ben Lauden, the terrorist who has attacked America. Frequent listeners to my informative program may know that I have a lot of knowledge about the Bible tucked away in my old jar head. I went down the steps into this vast unfurnished basement of knowledge and looked for verses in my King George Richard III Edition of the Bible that described the devil in all his many forms. Then I compared these things to this modern day villain and home-wrecking lothario to prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that he is actually Satan, come to earth for the End Times.

On page 49 of the Bible it says "And the Lord did cast Satan out of the splendorous gardens of paradise and Satan was sullen. His beard was made in the bronze of the moon city and his handsome features were downcast." We all know Ben Lauden has a beard and I don't know what kind of bronze the moon city is selling, but if it's anything like normal bronze than that description is spot on.

On page 233 of the Bible, God wrote "When the betrayer Satan led his legions across the salted plains they rode on the backs of terrifying beasts. Some rode upon the loathsome forms of great ocean-going Leviathans, impervious to the slings and arrows of Roger and his tribesmen. Others traveled on scorpions that shot blasts of fire from their clacking maws, and Satan himself rode upon a dread palanquin, lashed to the back of a mammoth that could fly." God spelled it out plain as day there, because Omar rides on the backs of jet planes that shoot missiles out of their jet eyes. Could it be any more obvious? If you still doubt, allow me to continue.

On page 700 of the Bible, about halfway down, where it's talking about Satan taking a bath, God said "Satan was very naked within the water, but even in his unclothed state he did not dislodge the fancy hat from his head. He wore this malodorous headdress to signify his power and the large diadem placed in the center would blink three times before Satan would use his arcane powers of evil to teleport around and then unleash a flurry of attacks." Who else could it be? Have you seen that garish hat that Omar Ben Lauden wears? It's like if you dipped an evil pope hat into a bucket of gold and then threw all the rubies at it that would stick.

Now in this time of terror on our own hallowed soil of the great US of A, we have to stand united and not back down from Satan and his scorpion riding legions. God will show us the way into heaven and if we die fighting this great evil we will be guaranteed a spot at his side, he may even take us to dinner and dinner in heaven beats the consarned heck out of dinner at Delicious Don's Seafood Buffet. And that's saying something people!

To bind us together like patriotic glue I have taken my love for my country and my love for God and I have written a poem. I like to call it "God Bless Us USA".

Bombs can try and blow us up,
But America will just get back up,
And when we do we'll be mad,
And Satan won't be very glad,
To see us standing together,
Outside no matter what the weather,
Shooting machineguns at his army,

Because that Spaniard Ben Lauden is very Smarmy.

If that lady I stare at ever loves me,
Or that kid who sells me coffee ever shoves me,
I will fight,
For what is right,
Because I am American and God Bless America,
Until the cows come home on us.

The End.

I think it is time to say goodbye to you fine folks out there in radioland, and to you as well in computerland, because the Sation Manager's face is all red. I think it means his head is about to explode, which would be nice because I would not put him on my "good guys" list. He's not a demon or anything - but, never mind, the sound guy is pushing the button.

-∼PHINNEASJTOLERANCE (@sexyfacts4u)

10.4 Another day, another lawsuit... The Dollpalace!

Thursday, Oct 04, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Well since it's a day ending with a "-y" and the Earth apparently still has a plentiful supply of oxygen, I think it's safe to assume that Something Awful has been threatened with yet another lawsuit from an angry Awful Link of the Day webmaster. I don't get it; these people obviously have a lot of time on their hands since they spend zero percent of their day working on their hairball crap sites, so what do they spend the rest of the day doing? It's obviously not legal research, as their paint thinner-huffing bloatbag bodies are under the impression that they can sue anybody anywhere for anything. I'm guessing it's not HTML study, as their sites look as if they were composed by pulling random tags from random Internet sites and then combining via alphabetical order on their front page. I suppose I can only assume that somewhere, in a hidden underground bunker below the world's largest toxic waste dump, all the victims of past ALoD linking gather together each weekend to brainstorm lawsuits they can throw against me by quoting key words they heard on "Matlock" or a television show that featured an old guy who vaguely resembled Matlock in the aspect that they were both vaguely humanoid-shaped. Regardless, Something Awful is under legal attack once again... but we've got a secret weapon up our collective digitally-compressed and image enhanced sleeves: Leonard "J." Crabs, ace legal guru and Army test subject (the test failed).

> **From:** Syrov, Alex
> **To:** Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka
> **Subject:** www.thedollpalace.com
>
> *Please remove www. thedollpalace. com from the content of your site.*
>
> *Otherwise we will contact your provider (we were unsuccessful contacting your mobile number) and start legal actions against inappropriate content of your front page.*
>
> *We are going after the following user right now. If he is the one who sent you our url, I would recommend you notify him about this.*
>
> *This is the exempt from our e-mail to his provider:*
> *alert:*
> *User from this computer tried to attack our site. (www.thedollpalace.com)*
> *Please notify the user that we are starting legal actions against him.*
> *Timestamp:*
> *NYC - Eastern Data Time*
> *2001 09 25 00 02 48*
> *IP:*
> *66.31.192.224*
> *Host:*
> *h0050da12bcdb.ne.mediaone.net*

Yup, that's correct, they are "starting legal actions" against my "front page," which featured a brief writeup of their ungodly page on September 24th. I assume that means all the other "non-front page" pages will be exempt from this lawsuit, except any other unfortunate pages that link to www.thedollpalace.com, which the guy doesn't want me to link to. To recap for you people who have a short-term memory, I'm not supposed to link to www.thedollpalace.com and if I try linking to www.thedollpalace.com, then the webmaster of www.thedollpalace.com will get mad at me for linking to www.thedollpalace.com and he'll sue me on behalf of www.thedollpalace.com for the "inappropriate content" written about his wonderful site, which is www.thedollpalace.com. In addition, www.thedollpalace.com http://www.thedollpalace.com http://www.thedollpalace.com.

Since I'm currently battling William F. Slater, III in a sumo-fight of legal heavyweights, I decided to pass this legal threat onto SA's legal eagle, Leonard "J." Crabs, who recently emerged from his four-month long mysterious adventure in Dead Man's Creek. I'm not exactly sure what Leonard was doing there for so long, but when he came back he handed me the keys to my car and said, "here, you won't need these for where you're going." Before I could ask the meaning of his cryptic message, Mr. Crabs had pulled "The Leonard 'J.' Crabs Legal Maneuver #492," which consisted of him vanishing in a cloud of smoke while the theme from "Mama's Family" played at a remarkably high volume. I also noticed most of my World War I collector plates were gone. Leonard promptly responded to the legal threat from www.thedollpalace.com by sending them the following letter:

> **From:** Leonard "J." Crabs
> **To:** Syrov, Alex
> **Subject:** www.iwinlegalcases.com
>
> Dear sir or madam (may I call you sir or madam?),
>
> Greetings. My name is Leonard "J." Crabs, the specialized attorney Something Awful Inc. hired to defend them from from legal threats, paperwork, tax filings, hydrogen mishaps, malicious lies and even more malicious slander, and any other legal difficulties which they may find themselves in during their operation of their nonprofit venture capitalist publicly-traded incorporation, Something Awful (and its subsidiaries, TransCon Chemical Storage and Global Ski Boot Depository and Hazardous Waste Storage). I was recently forwarded your email and decided to look into your claims since my current client, Jimmy "Raging Bull" DeLucia, has been found outside a Canadian checkpoint with many of his bones missing and replaced with bruises and concussions from being asleep inside a vehicle when a train hit it, causing a bullet to be lodged in his head.
>
> As mentioned, the initial part of your claim checks out. The site www.thedollpalace.com (hereto referred as "PLAINTIFF'S APONSASTORY") had been featured on my client's website (hereto referred as "DEFENDANT'S APONSASTORY"). I have represented various websites (hereto referred as "PROVISIONING CLIENTELE EXPOSITION NON GRATIS") under similar circumstances, and I would like to take a moment to reiterate the court-approved findings:
>
> > **> MAY 2, 2000 - CASE OF "PETE HARSHCNICH vs. eBUG APONSASTORY".** Court finds that no guilt, prior to or previous following, was discovered upon examination of the resultant expectancy. Offsite linking was defined in prior constraints (and limited to cases of social engineering, twilight-ranked esbolisps, and terra-forma class situations). This linking fell well within legal bounds and the court found in favor of Leonard J. Crabs and legal wreckin' DJ crew. Defendant was awarded $5,000 in countersuits for claims of: 1) lost time, 2) mental psychiationality effronts, 3) legal bills including lunch during the court case, many of which consisted of steak and lobster and a lengthy chartered plan flight to Las Vegas which was manned by legal female escorts (defined within Nevada laws), which were definitely female escorts and if somebody tells you differently then they're lying because they were females and somebody out there is trying to tarnish my name and reputation by claming otherwise. Also, you can't believe everything you hear on the news.
> >
> > **> AUGUST 18, 1997 - CASE OF "MELINDA 'DOGS A PLENTY' SHREWER vs SOMETHING AWFUL APONSASTORY."** Court finds no guilt, conceding factual falsehoods, responsible from aponsastory of Something Awful. Case is dismissed after opening arguments when defendant's

> lawyer forms a pro-mono coalition and uses legal maneuver of standard slander / libel statements, "The Scranton Strap On." Defendants are awarded counter-suit of "all the snacks eaten during the filings," which consisted primarily of Laffy Taffy and Hydrox (settled in small claims court under procedure 582-FF-192.28347 in the State of Washington court filings, cross-indexed by glandular hydrosis purposes). Defendant celebrated victory by engaging in "The Legal Dance," which caused both the plaintiff and judge to contract a serious stomach virus for six days or 30,000 miles, whichever came first.

We will be willing to hear your terms of service regarding your lawsuit so I may act accordingly and file the proper papers with whomever I'm supposed to file papers with. Probably that important looking guy in that one building by the Denny's. Please describe the transitory nature of this lawsuit and allow it to abide by State of Washington court laws (500 words or less, no passive verbs, must be CC:ed on yellow legal paper with a crestmark and waterbench stamp indicating legitimacy, cannot contain any nude pictures or reference certain nude pictures of Las Vegas escorts who looked female but were actually very convincing men in drag which was NOT part of the contract I signed). Please make sure to include a faxed copy of this lawsuit so I may turn it upside-down and read it while I am hang from nipples, suspended from the towel rack of my Ramada Inn hotel room.

I look forward to your reply.

Thank you dearly sir or madam,

Leonard J. Crabs
Attorney at Law
RES-DOC REF: #2823.A-F
#9212 (15-19) H.92
YOUR LUCKY NUMBERS OF THE DAY: 19, 3, 21, 11, 6

In addition, Leonard "J." Crabs enclosed the following photo, an 8 by 10 glossy picture of himself which is neither 8 by 10 nor glossy.

He stated, "this is the picture I hand out to all the nancyboys who I manhandle in court. It's a consolation prize for all you chump-ass plaintiffs and defendants that I cut down like neighborhood pets in my riding lawnmower. If any of you pretty boys want to make this an 8 by 10 glossy, just turn your computer monitor on the side and laminate the screen." I'm fairly sure Something Awful won the case by default, as the people from www.thedollpalace.com have not contacted me yet with

any further explanation regarding how they plan to sue me for making fun of their shithole site. Well, either I won the case or Leonard stabbed them to death in their bathtub. I don't really know much about his cunning legal maneuvers, but I do know that they're cunning. And maneuvers. If there is any more progress on this remarkable lawsuit, I'll be sure to keep you all informed, which will probably lead to another lawsuit.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

10.5 Games that scared us

Friday, Oct 05, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Why Do I Keep Having These Nightmares?

Screenshot from "Purple Carrot Adventures in the Digestive System.

"My first home gaming platform was the Atari 2600. I saved my meager allowance as a seven year old for months and my parents promised they would pay for half. I assume in retrospect that they paid for just about all of it because my allowance was a fucking quarter a week and the Atari cost sixty dollars or something. I know I didn't save that much money. I was so happy to finally have a friend that didn't push me into a ditch or throw rocks at me. But then the nightmares came. Bleeping and blooping chaotically the Cyclops creatures from Berserk chased me down glowing corridors into the onslaught of a soccer team that moved in unison. I could see through their heads.

It was terrible, even more so because it was just the beginning. My infrequent trips to the shrieking animatronic madhouse of Chuck-E-Cheese only deepened this growing ink stain of trauma for me. Younger children cavorted in the disgustingly unsanitary "ball and disease chamber", some of my friends ran around in plastic tunnels laughing and playing, but I and a few brave others bathed ourselves in the glowing cathode light of the arcade room. And oh the horrors we did witness.

R-Lo and I have discussed at length with one another some of the more memorable milestones in our past gaming experiences. Games, types of games, and gaming trends have all contributed to our current fragile states of mental health. Allow me then, gentle reader, to lift the pleasant scales of ignorance from your eyes and introduce you to a whole new realm of imagination. Really fucking insane and scary imagination; like a clown riding a rocket with a naked woman and a bear.

Atari Games That Made No Fucking Sense

I'm pretty sure the fat blue guy with the water faucet coming out of him is throwing cow skulls at the girl in the dress. This game was called "Texas Chainsaw Massacre" and was based on the book by Judy Blume.

There are plenty of these, including some of the mainstream titles like E.T. and Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom. Sure, there were lots of nonsensical games for the NES and later consoles, mostly owing to horrible translation or just inscrutable plot concepts from Japan, but these Atari gems had something different about them. Some of them seemed to be a collection of completely random things transpiring on the screen that had nothing to do with you or the controller. Others were even more sinister. They were more akin to what an alien culture would produce if it were observing mankind through satellite probes or something.

A good example of this is a game I picked up new for a dollar back when I was around eight years old. It was entitled "FOOTBALL" and it was a masterpiece of surrealism. The players were three pixel blocks of either blue or red on a lined green field, they were exceptionally bad graphics even by 2600 standards, but this was just the start. The timer made no sense, listing periods (there were three) as 450 seconds that ticked down at about two per second. Scoring a touchdown got you five points and kicking a field goal (this looked like a dot detaching half of itself and hurling it across the screen) got you one point. There were no extra points, no running plays and two receivers for

your detached pixel blob.

- **Arcade "Gun Games"**

There are two types of gun games; police simulators and war simulators. These are rough categories meant to encompass games like Lethal Enforcers and Hogan's Alley on one hand and games ranging from Operation Wolf to Zombie Blaster on the other. The war simulators are fairly straightforward and ludicrous. Usually you take on the role of a one man army blazing his way through jungles, towns, and bases while everything conceivable shoots at you, throws grenades at you or runs around trying to distract you.

Life Lessons Learned from "War Simulators":

- Shooting a knife thrown at you is significantly more difficult than shooting a missile launched at you.
- Stealth is impossible; everyone knows where you are and is out to get you.
- People who carry large weapons are twice as difficult to kill as people armed with more standard firearms.
- If a truck/van/helicopter crosses your path the side door IS going to open and the people inside ARE going to shoot at you.
- Chickens and trees can be gently coaxed into giving birth to additional ammunition by firing at them.
- My parents fight.

Police simulators can be even more laughable, as the bad guys and civilians both run around like morons while you coolly dispatch them.

Life Lessons Learned from "Police Simulators":

- Human instinct will cause all unarmed civilians in the vicinity of a gunfight to rise suddenly to their feet at random intervals while shouting "NO!"
- Accidentally murdering an unarmed person will cause you to lose roughly a third of your lifespan.
- All terrorists and criminals carefully plan where they are going to stand in any room. They will rise from the same spot repeatedly and often have a backup who will take their place if they are killed or injured.
- Every vehicle known to man has a vulnerable point that is conveniently indicated by a flashing red light. Often this point will only be accessible while the vehicle is launching a series of missiles at you.
- You can pick objects up by shooting them, be sure to shoot every object in every room you enter, as you never know where a better gun might be stored.
- The other kids at school say I smell like pickles.

Everything I know I learned in "Gun Games".

- **That Holographic Game Sega Made**

This one occupies a special place in my memory. It was one of the games I wasted the most money on, it was one of the least rewarding games I've ever played, and it is undoubtedly one of the most disturbing. If you're not familiar with it the concept is simple but not-surprisingly idiotic. You have to guide a cowboy who was chosen by a wizard to travel through time to do something or other by pressing the fire button, the jump button, or one of the directions on the joystick. It was real video but played basically like Dragon's Lair or those other shitty cartoon games that were just rote memorization and timing. Each level was a different time period, as was made INTENSELY CLEAR by the single object placed in the otherwise black background.

This is from the NES port of Operation Wolf. Just squint your eyes and you'll see the arcade version.

"This is a graveyard, see I can tell because there's a skull there on the ground. Oh, this level, it's a gritty urban setting because there's a trashcan. Hey look at that metal box, I must be in the future."

I hate this game even more than I hate you.

Parts of the game were exceedingly violent. Your poor cowboy would relive the same hellish experience of being stabbed in the heart, hatcheted in the back, or having his throat torn out by zombies over and over again until you finally knew the exact instant you were supposed to press LEFT. Every time you died that fucking dumbass wizard would appear flailing his arms like he was being electrocuted and say "You're almost out of time reversal cubes!" Hooray!

This game didn't really disturb me as much as fill me with seething rage. Any time I see a game that follows this pattern I am inspired to throw it out a window, drop something explosive on it from the window, find the makers of the game, kill them, kill their family, and then kill everyone they talked to on the phone.

▪ Bonkers Arcade Action Games

I've played some pretty strange action games in the arcade in my days, but Lowtax recounted to me the absolute winner as far as bizarre arcade action is concerned. The game was called .40 (Forty Caliber) and was fairly similar to Heavy Barrel, featuring an isometric view with a rotating torso for firing. It was set during the Vietnam War and earned "fucked up" points for allowing you to kill random animals in the villages that you rampaged through. Don't like that dog? Blow it to hell. Chicken giving you the evil eye? Not without its head it isn't.

Way to go Goober, you've almost got enough tickets for that pocket mirror with a picture of Scooby Doo on the back.

That was just the tip of the iceberg though. After fighting your way through villages and jungles, killing numerous enemy soldiers and innocent pets, you fall into a foxhole and find yourself underground. The North Vietnamese had extensive tunnels to avoid the US Air Force, but I don't remember them having a huge underground dungeon. Another part I don't remember from the Vietnam War is when American soldiers had to fight three 100-foot tall monkeys that threw heat-seeking coconuts. I just can't remember that, I mean maybe it was covered up or something, but how did the game designers get a hold of this fascinating information? When you

killed the monkeys their heads exploded. Then you emerged from the dungeon and went back to fighting "Charlie" in the jungle.

It's good horse sense!

- **The Tickets!**

Oh yes, how can I forget the sweet rewards you could reap for these labors of love; the tickets! Skee-ball, Whack-a-Mole, and many other really simplistic games overcame their lack of bells and whistles by spewing out tickets for someone who performed well. I used to dream, literally have dreams, of winning entire rolls of those tickets and going on a mad "spending" spree in the Chuck-E-Cheese prize gallery.

There were three categories of prizes you could choose from:

1. Pathetic Crap.
2. Crap.
3. Crap that looks vaguely like stuff that isn't Crap.

The first category consisted primarily of things like those plastic spider rings, combs, parachute soldiers, erasers, and plastic jet planes. The second tier of prizes was composed of slightly less obvious crap like Japanese paper fans, finger-cuffs, small flash lights, and maybe a shitty knockoff of a Go-Bot. The final category - the dream house of the prize area - was the electronics and huge stuffed animals. They ranged in tickets from INFINITY to INIFINITY TIMES TWO and were generally crappy third-rate Tiawanese garbage that would probably catch fire or try to murder you in the car on the way home or something.

Since to amass the great fortune to purchase an amazing plastic spider ring required roughly three excellent games of skee ball, this whole ticket thing was obviously a scam. I figure if you were running a place like that you might as well take it the whole way. Just fill all of the baskets with plastic spiders and erasers and combs and put them on every shelf with a different ticket value.

Kid: What's that?
Prize Maven: It's a comb.
Kid: What about on the top shelf?
Prize Maven: Also a comb.
Kid: What's the difference between the one that costs 50 tickets and the one that costs 500,000?
Prize Maven: The 50 ticket comb will give you AIDS. This comb here on the top shelf will help you get women. It will treat your hair like the king it is.
Kid: I've only got 250 tickets.
Prize Maven: Then you can get five of the AIDS combs or you can get one of these combs that won't give you AIDS but I've been chewing on it all day and I have the flu.
Kid: I'll take spider rings then.
Prize Maven: The ones that make your dad divorce your mom because you're a bad kid or the ones that don't do anything but smell like paint-thinner.
Kid: (Starts Crying).
Prize Maven: (Starts chewing tobacco).

Luckily for me I overcame all of this incoherent crap and became a productive member of society... who... writes about all of... this incoherent crap. Well at least I'm writing a novel.

Yes, it's about videogames, why thank you for rubbing my face in that you fucking asshole. Lowtax also wanted me to add that he was really frightened by Monster Party for the NES.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.6 A silly sappy message from Zack

Monday, Oct 08, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Good God Y'all!

CLICK HERE TO INSERT LAME CLOUDY-DAY PATRIOT MESSAGE

The brave men and women of the armed forces of the United States and Great Britain are currently in the process of shooting millions of dollars of high tech ordinance at the ruling powers in Afghanistan and the terrorists they shelter. Much like many Americans I have been waiting for this moment to come for quite some time. A sizeable sub-section of the American population has been saying that retaliation is exactly the wrong thing to do. While I can agree that suppressing the irrational bloodlust that surfaced immediately following the attacks on the World Trade Center was the right thing to do, this problem cannot be solved without the application of military force.

You do not treat a cancer or infection with tender loving care and support; you excise it or expose it to deadly chemicals and remove it, then comes the TLC. The United States Armed Forces are not a massive hammer that smashes down on our enemies, they are not driven by thoughts of vengeance or their love for killing. They are a precision instrument, a surgeon's scalpel, professional, cold, and resolute. The hand that holds this blade is not always steady, but I have confidence that on this day and in the coming days it will slice accurately into the body of Afghanistan and free it of disease. Free us of disease.

War is a terrible endeavor and I do not envy those called upon to kill for the right of us all to live in a society free of terror. For those of you in the Armed Forces of the United States, or any of our allies, I salute you in the only way I know how; with a really shitty civilian salute with my arm held all wrong and my posture like a gorilla.

Our usual weak attempts at comedy will resume once again tomorrow!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.7 Roundtable discussion: the US vs. Afghanistan

Tuesday, Oct 09, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

As all of you out there know, Something Awful is a spectacular journalistic bastion of truth, justice, and freedom. Every day you refresh our page, you can be sure to see an award-winning analysis of various current events, usually entitled "The page cannot be displayed" and ending with a statement advising you to click your back button and try another link. While some of the "other" news sites constantly spew garbage and float around the Internet like partially digested Ramen noodles in a college fraternity's toilet bowl, readers of this site know that day in and day out they will be served warm loaves of fresh-baked wit and intelligence. Our commitment to you is simple: we keep you all tuned in to the frequency of the world while asking for nothing in return except hate mail telling us that we are, in fact, quite retarded.

With these ill-conceived notions in mind, we have decided to create a roundtable discussion of current events so all you readers will better be able to get "both sides of the issue." Although our site been rated 100% objective by scientists using highly scientific items like a calculator and one of those things with the needles and rubber tongs on the ends, we feel that there's even more we can do to present a full and impartial view of the world events that affect your lives. The Something Awful Roundtable Discussion is a way for you, the readers, to view current events from different people with a varying outlook on life. So without further delay, let me introduce the guests for today's Something Awful Roundtable Discussion.

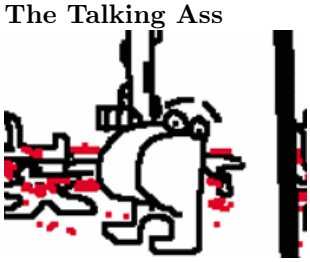
THE TOPIC: "Global Effects of America's Role in Afghanistan"

THE GUESTS:

Jeff K.!!!!!!

Jeff K., a notorious master of the hacking arts, is widely known for his liberal stance regarding Constitutional rights. Also, one time he got five straight kills in *Counter-Strike*, a game which he claims is for "fagots."

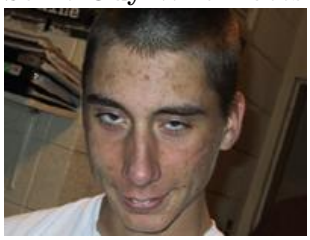
The Talking Ass



The Talking Ass may or may not be Lieutenant Colonel Grossman, depending on the situation. Despite his lack of a constant name, his ideology is staunchly conservative and against any form of media which could possibly corrupt our precious youth.

John Romero in a Phone Suit

Some Guy Who Hates SA



John Romero, having experienced a stunning rise to fame (production of "Daikatana") followed by a sudden crash of failure (release of "Daikatana"), is able to view issues from the proverbial "both sides of the coin." He also wants you to purchase your next phone at Cellphone World in Northpoint Mall.

Although many of you reading this site do so because you enjoy it, there are apparently vocal groups of people who choose to read this site because they loathe and despise the writers and the content produced. Some Guy Who Hates SA has a unique outlook that provides a fresh spin on events.

MODERATOR: *Thank you all for agreeing to participate in today's SA Roundtable Discussion. As you are all aware, the US has recently begun an active bombing campaign in Afghanistan. This campaign has been officially described as an anti-terrorist response to the September 11th attacks against America, and could possibly spread to other countries labeled as "terrorist-friendly." Do you think this traditional military campaign can succeed?*

JOHN ROMERO IN A PHONE SUIT: Well first of all, I'd like to thank you for letting me speak in this discussion. It's good to get out; I get cramped up from being in the house all the time in addition to being cramped up from wearing this phone suit which alerts the public to the fact that all Nokia phones are 25% off for this week only at Cellphone World. Being in a phone costume really changes your perspective on these events, and while I would've traditionally answered "yes" to the question you asked, I must admit that I now totally forgot what the original question was. So I'm going to have to go for a "maybe" on this one.

JEFF K.!!!!!!: WELL WELL WELL!!!! I THIENK TEH TERRORTITS IN AFMAGISTAN ARE Getting a bomb exxplosian on teh FACES from a law RULE!!!!!1 and teh law si for AMAMRICA AND teh terrortits!!! so Geroge Bush JR si a good peridesnet and he says "hey Afmagistans! YUOR GETTING A PRESENT EARLEY FROM SANTA CLAUSE THIS YEAR!!! AND TEH PRESENT IS A DEATH PRESENT FOR YUO!!!!" and teh terrortits might learn a good lesson from a good guy but who knows!!!

MODERATOR: *What similarities between the Gulf War and Operation: Enduring Freedom do you think are the most obvious at this point?*

SOME GUY WHO HATES SA: Why the hell am I answering these questions? God dammit, every word you type makes me cringe in disgust. I can't even explain in human terms how sick and angry I was after I read through all 185 articles in your archives last night. Then, after I downloaded your entire site to my harddrive so I could make backup copies of it and read it on my laptop, my stomach was just boiling with rage. You guys are the biggest idiots I've ever seen and your site sucks so much that I think I'll continue to read it and comment on exactly how much it sucks, you fucking sucking suck suckers.

JEFF K.!!!!!!: I JUST GOt an emale asking for my adivice on a FILE!!!1 but I am too bussey to answar emales so Ill close thies program and reply to yuor questian latar maeybe aftar a LIGHT SNACK!!.

JOHN ROMERO IN A PHONE SUIT: There are many similarities, in my opinion. For example, the first mission for the US forces depends on disabling all air defense systems that could possibly damage their coalition aircraft. This is done in a horizontal-

scrolling environment, much like my upcoming game "Larry Livestock's Intergalactic Postal Delivery Circus," a game that puts the "fu" back into "fun"! While the graphics and gameplay will appeal to casual gamers, the "hardcore" gamers will be delighted by our inclusion of "hardcore" gaming aspects such as a score based on points and a control system that allows your character to move to the left when you push the "move left" button.

THE TALKING ASS: Let's not beat around the bush and let's instead strike a poker in the dishwater while the oven is hot. The cause of terrorism is simple: the Afghanistanianiania Talibaneseinarian people grew up in a culture of violence. All they know is violence. All they talk about is violence. If you were to walk up to one of them and say "hey, how are you?" they wouldn't respond because most of them don't speak English. But if they did, do you know how they'd respond? With violence. They don't have any violent video games there, but they are still allowed to use AM radios which only pick up one station and that station usually just has a test tone playing all day. But when the radio station comes back on and they hear about how violent video games have been corrupting America's youth, they begin to think that violence just might be an acceptable form of social behavior as well. Our violent culture is seeping into other countries like toxic waste, only with more bullets.

MODERATOR:*Do you think the humanitarian act of dropping food and aid to fleeing Afghan refugees will soften the anti-American stance that seems to be so prevalent in the Middle East?*

JOHN ROMERO IN A PHONE SUIT: I'm not against delivering food to hungry people. After all, how do you think I got so goddamn fat? Ah ha, I'm of course just joking around. But I am actually kind of fat so I guess it's not that funny of a joke now that I think about it. Speaking of fat, are you looking to keep your wallet fat and save some cash? Well come on down to Cellphone World in Northpoint Mall and gorge yourself on the trough of fantastic savings! We're right next to the Hickory Farms and that store that sells customized shirts that read "#1 GRANDPA."

SOME GUY WHO HATES SA: That's the dumbest question ever. Why did I even read it? I should've expected such a stupid question from such a stupid site that sucks so much. If somebody were to drop a bunch of free food outside my house, I'd probably write them back and complain about how shitty it tasted. I read somewhere that the US sent them bread and biscuits and shit. Fuck that. I'd be like, "this shit sucks you morons, where's my goddamn roast beef?" and then I'd keep sending them messages until mom turned off my computer. This sucks.

MODERATOR: *America has been credited with originally putting the Taliban in power, either directly or indirectly. Now it appears as if the US wants to put the Northern Alliance in power. Do you feel this is an intelligent move or do you think they are simply stubborn and have failed to learn from their previous failures? John Romero, you are obviously not allowed to answer this question.*

JOHN ROMERO IN A PHONE SUIT: ...

JEFF K.!!!!!!: HEY IF YUO WANT TO JOIN MY PROGRAMMERING TEAM, SENDS ME AN EMALE TO MY EMALE ACCOUNT! I AM MAKEING A MOD FOR QUEAKE 2 WHERE YUO GETS TO SHOTS TEH BOMB ON SADAMM HUSSAINE'S HEAD AND A TERRORTITS ATTACKS!!!! but it si not Osalama Ben Lauden becuase my teams model makaer left because of school!!! so if yuo can model or make maps or program EMALE ME!!! Teh mod si called "COUNTAR TERRORTITS WARFIELD BIG BATTLE ATTACK ARMY 2000" and I am teh PROJECT LEAD and I coordinate teh projects and writes emale to SHUGAR SHACK which si now SHANK HUT NEWS CENTER or soemthing on UGO who owes me moneys anwyays so I can

pay TEXAS!!! hahaha!1

SOME GUY WHO HATES SA: Oooh, John Romero jokes, how creative. Maybe that'd be funny back in 1997 or something. You guys are just the apex of wit, aren't you? God your page sucks. I could make a funnier website in 30 minutes and it would be more popular than yours and it wouldn't suck like yours, but I'm not going to because I have better things to do with my life like read your site and inform you just how much it sucks. So fuck you.

THE TALKING ASS: It is painfully obvious that turning over power to either extremist faction is a bad idea. The US needs to do the obvious thing: create a robot army of strict Conservative Republicans who will instill a sense of decency and morality by banning all items which encourage violence like television, movies, video games, computers, and playing cards. You know, like how it is now, except only with robots.

MODERATOR: *Thank you very much for your opinions, gentlemen. I hope this SA Roundtable Discussion will help readers gain a more objective view of current events, and I am grateful for your contributions.*

SOME GUY WHO HATES SA: Well it's not like your shitty site could get any worse.

Well that sure was educational and refreshing! I hope you all look forward to reading the next episode of Something Awful Roundtable Discussion, which will never, ever, ever be written. I didn't really enjoy writing this one and think the entire concept has just about as much potential as a hosted site dedicated to promoting AzN PrYdE, so I'm just going to forget I ever came up with the idea.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

10.8 Failed TV shows

Wednesday, Oct 10, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Fireman Documentary!

Fragmaster has assembled a documentary entitled "Your Fire Department" from an old reel of film he found while digging through piles of Fireman comics. This is one of the funniest things I have ever seen. Go watch it now!

I said GO WATCH IT NOW!

I WILL STAB YOU IN THE FACE IF YOU DON'TGO WATCH THIS NOW!

Fall TV Madness

Every year at around this time the major TV Networks vomit out a series of new programs in the hopes that one of them will turn out to be the next big hit. All of the networks want to produce the next Seinfeld, 60 Minutes, Tunnel Monkey, or Jeremy Hawk: Colorblind Mathematician. Unfortunately, most of these shows are terrible and doomed to failure before they have even assembled the cast to begin filming the first episode. Also, I believe most programming executives at the various networks constantly trip on LSD and have never met another human being, preferring to make their programming decisions based not on demographics, but on the opinions of the talking phosphorescent lichen that populates their horrifying hallucinations inside their cave hideout.

Kick it off the air a notch!

I respect the hard work of the people directly involved in these shows. I think we need to stop talking about "the next big thing" and start talking about "that show that got cancelled during the opening title sequence". Let's celebrate some of the most monumental failures on TV in the recent past.

- **Emeril** (NBC)

Premise: TV Chef Emeril Lagasse cruised on what little popularity he has remaining to be the centerpiece of a sitcom about the life of

a TV Chef. This show was a mish-mash of sitcom conventions, terrible screenwriting, idiotic TV morals, and uninteresting cast.

How long did it take? Network executives at NBC were scrambling for a way to travel back in time and cancel this show a week before it debuted.

Why did it fail? It would be easy to blame Emeril for single-handedly ruining his own show, and he does deserve a large part of the blame, but I have to find the true culprits guilty for this show's demise as the executive hacks who thought it would be a good idea in the first place. Honestly, what kind of person green lights a project like this? Oh look, Emeril's numbers are way down on the Food Network, I know, let's give him a sitcom!

- **Matlock 2020** (CBS)

Premise: In the year 2020 Ben Matlock (Griffith) suffers from a debilitating stroke that nearly ends his life. He is saved by doctors who give him a cybernetic skeleton and a number of fancy gadgets that help him solve crimes and sing songs about Jesus.

How long did it take? This show was cancelled during the second episode.

Why did it fail? On the surface the concept of a Matlock scifi show seemed pretty solid. Unfortunately the demographic for Matlock has little crossover with the demographic for "The Matrix". In the pilot Matlock hit a little kid while chasing clues in his combat car. He snapped the kids neck with his hands and sold his organs on the black market to buy ammunition for his chest mounted plasma cannon. Matlock lives in a dark future.

- **Rancho the Corn Beast** (UPN)

Milano gets corn-fused by Rancho's tickling of the ivories!

Premise: A teenager is hanging out with his friends when they see a meteor crash into a farmer's cornfield. When they go to investigate they find that the corn has fused together into a gibbering semi-sentient amalgam of corn on the cob. Compared to Dawson's Creek, the pilot episode featured a sex scene between the corn collective and its teenage girlfriend Shane (Alyssa Milano).

How long did it take? When it cut to Milano wiping creamed corn off her leg after the sex scene UPN executives made the call.

Why did it fail? Oh, you tell me professor programz. It's a fucking show about a corn alien. Not just that, it's a teen-drama about a fucking corn alien going to high school, trying to fit in and having all the problems a normal teenager has. CORN SHOULD NOT BE HAVING THE PROBLEMS A NORMAL TEENAGER HAS.

- **eXtreme aXion** (WB)

Premise: I'm not really sure, the MTV-style editing and loopy hand-held camerawork made it look like a music video edited together from castoff Blair Witch Project footage. I do know from reading the WB's blurb on it that it's a "variety show with all the action you've come to expect from extreme sports legends like Tony Hawk, Roger Marino, and Laura Simmons".

How long did it take? The WB actually pulled promo spots for this show some time around mid-summer. While they do plan to air the first eight episodes, that's like getting cancelled during the opening credits on any of the other networks.

Why did it fail? It probably wouldn't have if it had come on about ten years ago. Back then it would have been considered cutting edge. Times were different way back in 1991. George Bush was president, the economy was in decline, and we were fighting a war in the mid-east. But times change, and now this show just doesn't work anymore.

- **Aztec Priest, PI** (ABC)

Premise: Who the hell is behind the wheel anyway? This show is about an Aztec Priest who is brought into the present day by magic to work as a Private Investigator in New York City. He solves crimes by eating brains.

How long did it take? I'm fairly certain they pulled the plug on this trainwreck at about the same time Aztec Priest bit into a human brain for the first time.

Why did it fail? Aside from the fact that nearly every scene ended with Aztec Priest eating a human brain for the information it contains, I think this show was doomed because of the premise. Aztec Priests aren't exactly "all that" these days.

- **Frasier** (NBC)

Premise: The same fucking unfunny shit gets repeated in a sassy pretentious manner every week as radio psychologist Frasier Krane shits his pants over some improbable scenario. This show used to be called Cheers and it was even fucking worse, but then it got raised from the dead as Zombie Cheers and somehow got slightly less horrible. Still, every fucking episode was about one character misconstruing something another character said. THE ENTIRE EPISODE WOULD BE SHORTENED DOWN TO 2 MINUTES LONG IF THE PERSON WOULD'VE JUST FUCKING SAID "EXCUSE ME, WHAT DID YOU MEAN?"

How long did it take? Like twenty five years or some shit. Jesus god I hate this fucking show.

Why did it fail? It didn't! It took an act of terrorism blowing up the executive producer to finally put an end to this tragedy. I mean I didn't wish death on the poor guy, but if Frasier had gone on much longer I would have been wishing death on myself.

- **Other Notable Failures:**

  - Victor Hussman: Celebrity Dentist (ABC)
  - Who Wants to Work in a Factory for 40 Years? (ABC)
  - News Hour: Agenda Set By Corporate Sponsors (CBS)
  - Another Cast Member's Sad Attempt to Resurrect Seinfeld (NBC)
  - Mrs. Hitler (CBS)
  - Gymkata: The Game Show (ABC)
  - Gene Roddenberry's Grave Spin Theater (Syndication)
  - Who's Gonna Take Out the Dead Guy? (WB)
  - Cheeky Bob's Rice Saloon (NBC)
  - Uninteresting Mysteries (UPN)
  - 3-Armed and Dangerous (CBS)
  - Karate Liberace (CBS)

- It Happened On the Way to the Deli (ABC)
- Undercover Child Pornographer (NBC)
- Hey America, Wake the Fuck Up (CBS)

Every year the networks spend the first 9 months or so preparing another volley of shit to fire at your TV screen, and every year only one or two of the turds actually sticks enough to stay. Some may cling for a year or two, the rare and lucky few will get to spend ten years or so stinking up the airwaves, but the majority fall back into the slop bucket of bad ideas that spawned them. We should be thankful for that part.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.9 TECHNOLOGY! SA footage from Afghanistan!

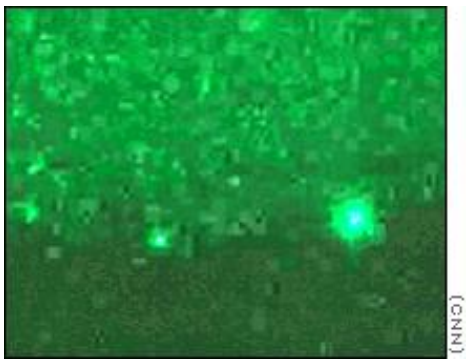
Thursday, Oct 11, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Potshots From the Front Lines

In the never-ending war for ratings, the television networks have grown progressively more cutthroat over the past few days. CNN has recently found itself under fire (har!) for their exclusive arrangement with the Qatar-based Al Jazeera Channel, providing direct footage from the war in Afghanistan. They have been using this contract to strong-arm other networks into losing their rights to live video, forcing them to wait six hours before reproducing footage shown on CNN.

> *Another mini-flap arose Monday when MSNBC and Fox complained about a "CNN Exclusive" tag the network put up on the green-tinted video CNN aired depicting the second night's attack in and around Kabul. Furman said CNN was using its own video phone equipped with a night scope 40 miles from Kabul.*

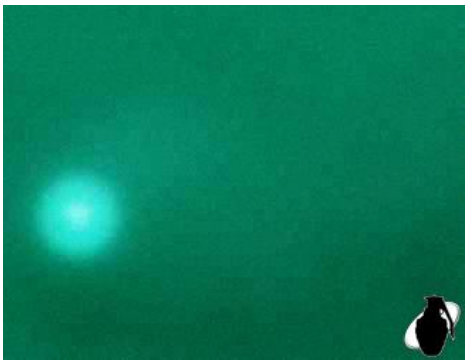
So what important and exclusive images are the networks scrambling and clawing for? Here's an example taken straight from CNN.com:



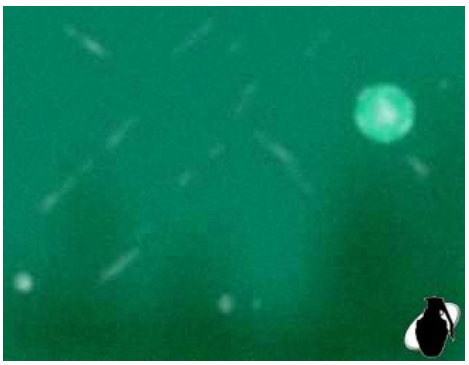
As you can tell by this exclusive CNN still shot (it's not currently moving, so that classifies it as "still"), Afghanistan is in fact very green at night during their fierce October snowstorms. In addition, somebody apparently saved up all their money for 50 years and bought a spotlight, probably to promote their store that sells rugs and bike horns (assuming rugs and bike horns are not illegal, which they probably are). Something Awful, noticing the popular trend of capitalizing on America's battle with Afghanistan, has made an exclusive deal with the Jumbesh-i-Milli Islami Movement to install our very own video phones in Ghanzi, recording every dramatic explosion and attack on Kabul. Now some of you geography masters out there might be saying, "but Rich 'Lowtax' Kyanka! Ghanzi is about 200 miles away from Kabul! How can your cameras record from that distance?" My explanation is simple: **TECHNOLOGY**. Let me show you some of the wonderful images that the Something Awful Camera on Kabul (SACK) system has produced of this stunning attack, providing countless reasons for you to pay us large amounts of money in order to use our images. Remember: we have **TECHNOLOGY. TECHNOLOGY.**

EXCLUSIVE SACK PHOTOGRAPHS (USING "TECHNOLOGY")

> During the first hour of attacks on Kabul, our SACK recorded this bright image. This appears to be one of the first bombs dropped on Kabul, blowing up what we believe to be a baby food factory that also doubles as an Anthrax production plant. Note that the image appears to be darker on the right side, which suggest that there is possibly



something less bright over there. We took the liberty of stamping our site's logo on this photo so you can't steal it and use it on your own hack news reporting site. If you think you're incredibly clever and can Photoshop the logo out, think again; we've got bonus **TECHNOLOGY** that will cause your computer to start spewing onion-flavored pudding all over your living room if you attempt this. In addition, it will send an email to William F. Slater, III, advising him to sue you for something.

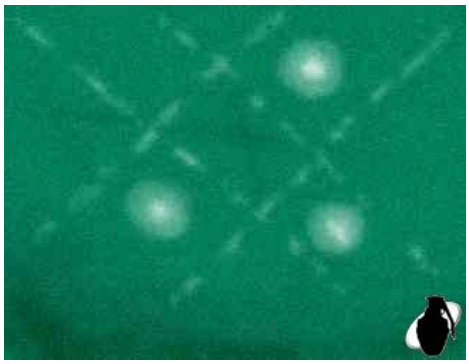


This photo was taken approximately eight hours after the first attack. You can see anti-aircraft fire flying all over the place like some kind of superhero who's made out of bullets and is really small and likes flying towards planes. Smaller explosions are littered across the ground, while an intense detonation takes place over what appears to be a building on the right, although it could just be a really large cactus shaped like a building and made of concrete and containing furniture inside. If you're one of those conspiracy nutballs, then the weird shit flying around up top are Rods or chemtrails or whatever the current evil governmental scheme-of-the-week is.

NOT PICTURED: *Jerry Garcia, Elvis, The Smoking Man.*

Day two: anti-aircraft fire cuts through the sky in an attempt to down enemy planes. These attacks all miss, however, and circle soon picks Gilbert Gottfried in the center square for a win. Circle was awarded an all-expenses paid trip to Tuscon and a free stay at the Tuscon Ramada Inn, which now offers both hot AND cold running water.

In this rare and exclusive and rarely exclusive photo, a Taliban leader is caught fleeing from the destruction of their city. As following photos in our gallery show, this leader spent the next 300 hours wandering around, incessantly whining and crying while avoiding long-range artillery fire. We had to move our logo to the upper-left corner of the picture here, as it originally looked as if a grenade just wedged its way into one of the



large skin pores on her face, which we're really tempted to do to her ourselves. "Wah, I lost the map, I lost the map, I had the map and then I lost the map and now I don't have the map." Shut up and go stand in the corner of some pedophile's unfinished basement, you retarded ditz.

Our camera got spun around during an air raid and we had to recruit some illiterate Afghani beggar to rotate the camera back in place. However, all was not lost, as our amazing X-Cam 2 backup camera allowed us to capture footage of somebody's front porch, which is the most popular and advanced feature of this tiny little gizmo. Luckily for us, there were no air raids or exploding enemy shells in the vicinity of our porch, which goes to show you that the X-Cam 2 is incredibly effective in the field of "home porch defense." There is also a lack of pretty ladies and children with large heads, which lends some doubt to the accuracy of the X-Cam 2 advertisements.

The final picture in our public footage set was the most exciting, showing an American

> plane actually being SHOT DOWN by enemy anti-aircraft fire. Since we didn't want any competing sites to steal this image and claim it as their own, we made sure to visibly display our logo in various prominent locations, thereby effectively enforcing our copyright. If you want to purchase this EXCLUSIVE photo, you can send us a large amount of cash, although we will never ever give it to you. We'll claim it was lost in the mail and then we'll get back to masturbating to those Japanese porn cartoons where the main character is repeatedly raped by her own internal organs.

I'll let the bidding start now for our wonderful SACK technology. The minimum bid price is however much money you own, and the winning bidder will receive hourly, or perhaps annually, updates from our exclusive SACK system. Come on! Grab our SACK today and make us rich!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

10.10 Bert and Bin Laden... the connection!

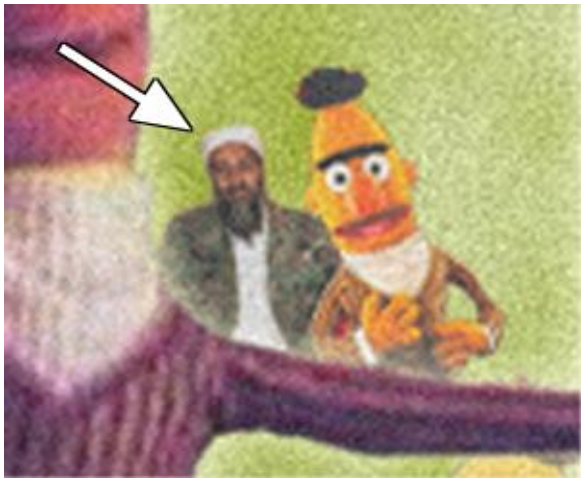
Friday, Oct 12, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Woah.

Have you guys seen that infamous photo of the Pakistani residents protesting, one of which is holding a sign that depicts a picture of Bert (from Sesame Street) with Osama Bin Laden? Talk about weird... anyway, here's a local copy of the photo for you guys to check out. I can't believe the Pakistani people actually slipped up and made the mistake of putting him in their posters.

Did you catch that? Check out the poster on the right side.

I took the liberty of zooming in on the picture for you.



Amazing.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

10.11 Return to Castle Titenstein

Sunday, Oct 14, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I made this promotional ad for Drew and Greg to use in their upcoming "Return to Castle Wolfenstein" game thingy. Since they're both fancy lads who drive fancy lad cars and dine in fancy lad eating establishments, I can only assume that the bags of money are on the way to my house. And they'd BETTER be full of money, not white powder like that letter I got today from the uncle I never knew existed in Pakistan.

As you can see, this lady has large boobs, which people like YOU want (according to the folks in Activision's sales team). There are also a lot of zombies and mummies and Draculas and Frankensteins and puppets or whatever lame undead evil monsters YOU want. Activision knows what you want, and it's:

UNDEAD BOOB ROBOT BOOBS VAMPIRE FEMALE DOMINATRIX ORGY RED COLORED LIGHTING CYBORG-BOOBS FUTURISTIC ROCKET LAUNCHER BOOBS INFLUENCED BY COUNTER-STRIKE BOOB MUMMIES ON BOOB ISLAND STARRING: BOOB McBIGBOOBS, MAYOR OF BOOBSYLVANIA!

So thank YOU, Activision for giving me what YOU want! Er, no wait, it's what **I** apparently want! My mistake.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

10.12 Race to the death: three Geocities sites compete

Monday, Oct 15, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Well What Do You Know?

I just received a letter from everybody's favorite disenchanted old man, Cliff Yablonski! I'm not too sure, but from what I can tell, Cliff isn't pleased about something.

> ***FROM: cliff yablonski***
> ***TO: Rich "SHITHEAD" Kyanka***
>
> *hey geekass, Ive updated my high-quality computer which is better than yours in every way possible. I dont even read your shit computer thing any more, but since I never read it in the first place, thats not saying much. Ive got 5 new pages of people I hate. you'd better put this on your computer machine screen or else Im going to track you down, fill your apartment with bugbombs, and drive your car into a fence.*
>
> *cliff*

Wow! What a great guy! He also included this wonderful image for me to share with you:

Man, that's some hot and heavy (literally) feline action! Head on over and see what the Yablonski's got cookin'!

Awful Links of the Day

BATTLE OF THE GEOCITIES HEAVYWEIGHTS!!!

Zack and I always joke about how sites hosted on Geocities go down within an hour of us linking to them. I decided to do a little "Battle Royale" today and pit various shitty Geocities sites against each other to see which one could stay up the longest. The winner doesn't really get any prize except the satisfaction of knowing that they run a horrible, horrible website that people can still access and torture themselves with.

CONTENDER #1: The Kadafia Mafia (thanks Tommy) - (**STATUS: DOWN 8 MINUTES AFTER POSTING LINK**) WEEEERD UP, HOMEBOYZZ!!! Some hip hop and freestylin' hardcore homiez show their "respect" by taking webcam shots of themselves wearing white shirts and giving the Vulcan hand symbol for "whassup g?" We've got 300 pounds of flaming / glowing / rotating animated gifs, shout outs to some group of entities known as "da ladiez," and terribly useless Javascript which just makes you want to leave. Apparently these hardcore gang members all got shot in the eyes at one point in time, as their color scheme ranks somewhere between "hideous" and "really, really, really hideous." Each member has a fascination biography page which offers up brief descriptions such as the following:

> *NAME: DIEGO AKA D.I.E.*
> *AGE: 17*
> *SCHOOL: BRADDOCK*
> *GRADE: 11*
> *BRIEF DESCRIPTION: KRAZIE LATINO NIGGA*

Oh, you "Krazie Latino Niggas!" You so wacky!

CONTENDER #2: REALM OF DA RORTERSZ (thanks Declipse) - (**STATUS: DOWN 10 MINUTES AFTER POSTING LINK**) This page is dedicated to... well... something about skating and a monkey and using the letter "z" when it's really not necessary. I can't really tell you anything more than that, as I'm baffled by cryptic statements such as the following:

> *wat up quadrillygongalofoogotz?! this is tha official site of RORT SKATEBOARDS. rort is an up and comin skate brand dedicated to teens who wanna sk8! here we'll have all kinda wicked crap that WE like so if u dont like anythin either email us ,u can LICK ME OUT, or SODOMIZATION will come into play!*

Yeah, we don't want that. Or maybe we do. I have no idea. I think these people are retarded superheroes or something.

PS: They have a guestbook you can sign here with the words *"FEEL FREE TO SIGN MY GUESTBOOK?!?"* above it. OKAY?!?

CONTENDER #3: The Fox Den, Where Puppets Go to... HIDE (thanks Grodo) - (**STATUS: DOWN 22 MINUTES AFTER POSTING LINK**) Absolutely pointless e/n site that leans more to the "nothing" side of the equation, offering boring updates, boring updates, boring updates, and every color known to mankind (and then

some highly experimental ones). Of course an e/n page wouldn't be complete without scans of cat-human-bug Anime creatures that the webmaster penciled during math class, and this site offers a couple stunning examples of why such writing instruments should be outlawed. This whole mess is remarkably dull and uninteresting on a grand scale, narrowly edging out most Gamespy sites. There's also some horrid obsession with the infinitely annoying "l33t sp34k", offering up such gems as this:

H3Y
1 4m l34rn1n9 l33t n0w
1 4m $uck @ G33k!!!
19n0r3 mY 8@D gR@mmr
1 4m n3w @ +h1z
ph33R my M@d l33+ $killZ

Exciting!

Now that the three contenders are out of the gates, let's watch and wait. House odds are as follows:

Kadafia Mafia **(2:1)**
REALM OF DA RORTERSZ **(5:1)**
The Fox Den **(11:1)**
None **(23:1)**

Well, all three sites have been taken down in under half an hour, so I guess there's no point in betting. I would, however, like to point out that I predicted the order correctly while Fragmaster, who is dumb, did not. This is because (as previously mentioned) he is dumb. This is also the reason why I don't let him update the front page anymore, despite how much he begs and pleads and stalks me through newsgroup postings.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

10.13 Who Ya Gonna Call? Verizon Wireless.

Monday, Oct 15, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I spend a good portion of any day quivering in a ball in the corner, sweating like a hog, and pissing myself whenever my bladder permits it. This isn't due to some weird physical condition; it is caused by my overwhelming fear of ghosts. Wraiths and apparitions torment me constantly, emerging from such exciting household items as closets, ovens, pirate chests, coffins, coffins disguised as ovens, and also sometimes the TV when I'm watching shows about ghosts. Any time I'm talking to a pretty girl a ghost appears out of nowhere and starts causing me all manner of trouble. Once a ghost possessed me and I committed bestiality.

Expensive outsourcing is not the most cost effective option for ghost removal.

This isn't a pointless confession. I needed some exciting grounding for my exciting announcement that I read in the exciting Yahoo News section on the exciting web site of excitement: yahoo.com. Apparently cell phones are killing ghosts.

> *"Ghost sightings have remained consistent for centuries. Until three years ago we'd receive reports of two new ghosts every week," said Cornell, of Cambridge in Eastern England.*
>
> "But with the introduction of mobile phones 15 years ago, ghost sightings began to decline to the point where now we are receiving none."

Ignoring the fact that these two quotes from the same person contradict each other and basically make no fucking sense, I was incredibly happy to learn that if I weren't Amish I would have the means of destroying a ghost in my very own home. I immediately removed my beard and began shoving other Amish types into barns or wherever they belong and renounced my Amish roots. Then I bought a cell phone, because I am on the front lines of this war on ghosts and I have to be prepared.

Unfortunately ghosts are not the only menace in my life. There are a number of factors contributing to my fragile mental state, but since the ghost epidemic was so easily cured, why not turn my attention to some of these other problems. Solutions I sought and solutions I have found! Read on gentle reader and read carefully for there is much valuable information to be read.

- **Retired Reds Catcher Johnny Bench** - Every morning I would wake up to him squatting at the foot of my bed as if I were about to launch a fastball at his center mass. He just stared at me with those dead eyes of his when I recoiled in half-conscious terror, then he would start laughing. I tried wearing cleats to bed but that caused real problems whenever the hookers slept over and did a number on my tiger pelt comforter. Then I read on a Geocities web site that Bench is susceptible to the high frequency oscillation of the pistons inside diesel submarine engines. Six months and 800,000 dollars later and my bedroom looks like the engine room of a German U-Boat. I've gotten used to the grease stains, fuel fires, constant maintenance and depth charges; it was all worth it to be rid of that accursed beaming rictus of Bench.
- **Dinosaur Burglars** - I don't know a single person on my block that hasn't been burglarized by dinosaurs. They stampede in the dead of night to your windows, then stampede through your wall and take anything of value, then stampede back out. In

less than five minutes most of your valuables will be gone like the noble buffalo of the Great Plains. I had tried everything and I had pretty much given up hope. That is, until I heard from a fundamentalist Christian on Art Bell's radio program that dinosaurs weren't real, that evolution was completely fraudulent, and that human civilization was barely more than a few thousand years old. I immediately purchased a large red bible and placed it where all dinosaurs attempting to plunder my home could clearly see it. I think it goes without saying that dinosaur robberies are down a hundred percent in my household.

Eisenhower wasn't a bad guy, but give those photos an inch and they'll take a mile.

- **Photographs of Dwight D. Eisenhower** - Eisenhower, how I hate your photographic reproductions! You are so glossy and smooth like the coat of a predatory jungle cat or the flawless skin of a giant squid, prowling the uncharted abyssal depths where no man dare go. I dare go there now! I dare stand up to your tyranny foul abomination and I say thee nay, get out of my sight! I am empowered by my new Panasonic electric can opener, which will banish your ominous presence from my Time-Life collector's magazines and well-worn books about Operation Overlord. Flee in terror filthy spawn of hell and may others have mercy on your moiré pattern inducing soul, for I will not.
- **Kids on Roller Skates** - Nothing greases my nether sphincter for tactical deployment like a kid on roller skates. I have shat myself on many occasions when hearing their grim clacking on the sidewalks of my otherwise quiet Ohio town. It turns out that if you purchase rollerblades and throw them at the children on their accursed roller skates they will be lured into abandoning their previous spine-tingling locomotion. I've seen it work folks, so if you too are plagued as I was, then take heed.
- **Zeppelins** - Who doesn't live in fear of zeppelins? They used to raid our cities nightly, modern day pirates of the sky dropping their deadly bricks and small bombs on unsuspecting civilians. But then their day in the sun began to wane in the early eighties. Is it any coincidence that the Clapper was released in the early eighties? Do your part to help prevent the re-emergence of zeppelin gangs; purchase as many Clappers as you have light sources in your home, apartment, office, or house boat. Remember that each time you clap on or clap off, you are really clapping for the right to live in a society free of the oppression of the zeppelins.

I have a lot of other problems in my life, most of which aren't covered by simple banishing household appliances. I really can't stress that enough. Please, someone make an appliance that obliterates this soul crushing loneliness that has turned my heart into a blackened heath of despair. Failing

that, maybe something that will banish a plate of pancakes before Hungry Jack gets a hold of them. Like he needs more pancakes.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.14 The 60 Geocities sites destruction derby

Wednesday, Oct 17, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

In Your Goddamn Face, Zack

Okay, so it appears that Zack threw down the gauntlet yesterday and challenged me to a Geocities Destruction Derby race. He tried to act like a big hotshot by posting up 30 horrible Geocities ALoDs to top my three from the day before. Fine Zack, you want to play this little game? We'll play this little game. I'll see your 30 daily Geocities sites and RAISE YOU 30 MORE. That's right, assface, I'm posting 60 Geocities site links today. Let's see you top this, clownpill.

60 AWFUL GEOCITIES BASTARD FACTORIES OF THE DAY

Spaar Fairy's Adventures Into the Horrible Color Realm - It's like somebody shoved Grimace's bloated fat ass into a blender and threw the results up onto the Internet.

Jade's Graphic Hell - Jade hates your computer and attempts to make it catch fire by forcing it to download 500 thousand million trillion megs of horrible graphics.

Crazy Bitch Likes Shit - More animal gifs, more colored text, more sweet, sweet pain!

Hello, Why Yes, I Am a Goddamn Insane Lunatic - "Purple Crow," aka "Reptoid," claims to be an alien and also quotes GI Joe. Oh no, wait, scratch that, he's a "Multidimensional light being". My mistake.

ß L ø Ø D L y § - *"AiiGhTz DiZ iZ mAh bLoOd LiSt EvErYbOdY oN diZ gaWdDaYaM List aRe MoThAFuCkEn, DicKsUcKeN LoW LiFe ShiTz".* You goddamn shitfuckers.

Some Obscene Yellow Gob of Shit - It's like the mid-80's came back for revenge.

Crappy Music From a Crappy Website - "Thai" plays "Wicked Indie Music" and brags about his shitty music equipment. Don't bother downloading the mp3s unless you're stupid.

Fockerisms - I don't know but they like Cliff Yablonski and terrible HTML design. I think it's a "humor" site as in the same principle that Cathy is considered a "comic strip".

A Bunch of Teenage Morons - LENS FLARES AND FLASH INTROS! A match made in Heaven indeed.

Angela's Trash Dump - Chubby woman likes roses and Comet Cursor. She's about as deep as a teaspoon.

Another Goddamn Goth - Oooooh, poetry. Yeah, people want to go to websites to read goth poetry, good idea there Professor Pity.

Moon and Back Graphics - Fairies and animated star gifs. I sense failure in your future, Fruit Loop.

Some Raving Lunatic's Psycho Den - "Caveman art", time travel, and other bullshit fake science. Also some weird crud about Atlantis.

Yay, More "Matrix" Crap - Huge and terribly horrid shrine to the movie "The Matrix." Nobody can be told of what the pain from neon green and orange is. You have to see it for yourself.

Project Phyrexia - Webmaster wants funding to encourage the government to augment humans with wads of scrap metal. I don't think the embedded MIDI and wav files will win over too many government officials.

My Name is Jennifer or Jen Jen or Jen or THE GREAT SATAN - Jennifer likes to see letters rotate, spin, and catch fire in an animated gif format. I hate Jennifer, Jen Jen, or Jen.

Land of the Retards - It's pink, purple, and repulsive.

MS Paint Graveyard - I don't know, I think it's about the Mario Brothers or crack or racism or freedom or something, USA USA USA!!!

Babee Gurl Jen - At first I thought the Angel Doll on the front page was sitting on a huge toilet. That would be the only thing that makes sense on this page.

Another Shitty KISS Page - They claim to be an online family, like the Manson Family I guess. You'd think at least one KISS fan in the entire world has decent HTML skills, but it doesn't seem that way.

Nobody Could Ever Find This Page Amusing In Any Way - It looks like a parody page but I didn't care enough to read it.

Hello, Welcome to My Crappy Games Page, English is my 502nd Language - Oooh, screenshots from video games that he stole from IGN and Gamespot. Exciting.

Lorelei's Garden of Eden - It should be "Lorelei's Garden of E/N." Where's your goddamn Amazon Wishlist?

Hello, I Deserve Incredible Pain - Har har, his name is "Harry Butt" and he has an "All Your Base" graphic header. This guy is the next Yahoo Serious.

Pink Soda - MORE LINKS, MORE LINKS, KEEP EM COMIN' YOU DINGY BROAD!

I Am Under the False Impression That People Give a Rat's Ass About My Stupid Cat - Lady goes on and on about her cat. Yeah, that'll really bring in the readers.

The Hearse Owner Club - This guy makes a mockery of the holy and sacred Halloween holiday, celebrating the event of Jesus putting on a ghost mask and turning pumpkin guts into Mars bars.

Pictures of Non-Hearse Cars - Yo yo yo, niggah got a tight ride, yo.

Chuck's Page O' Narcissism - Chuck is gay. I can't figure out if that means Chuck likes men or women.

I'm Hip-Hop and Dumb - Some guy likes holding conversations with himself and has an attention span measured in nanoseconds.

I'm a Big Fat Guy Who Can't Resize Pictures Correctly - He wants to be an actor. Maybe he'll get hired for "Pie Eating Contest - The Motion Picture."

Another Crazy Person - Instructions on "how to become a doll." No details regarding why anybody would want to.

Something That I Didn't Really Look At - I saw the "cutesy-pie" Anime schoolgirl graphic on the front and that was enough to turn me away.

fuXor - e/n site without the hard-hitting and intelligent content that you'd normally associate with e/n sites.

More Anime Crap - SCHOOLGIRLS! GIANT ROBOTS! SCHOOL GIRLS! GIANT ROBOTS! Oh the wide and exciting array of topics that Anime chooses to cover.

Linda's Transsexuality Retreat - Ahahahahahahahahahahhahahaha. After seeing the front page photos, you're goddamn right I wanted to retreat.

I Play Everquest and I Am Completely Disassociated With All Forms of Reality - Webmaster wants to write a series of novels about Everquest. I assume he's in close contact with his publisher from inside the mental ward.

Shitty Shane - I guess somebody doesn't like Shane. I don't like Shane or the people who don't like Shane.

I'm Quirky Because I Like Pez - Site comparing Pez to God. The countless broken image links really seal the deal.

FREE SATAN STICKER!!! - Get your free Satan Sticker while supplies last. Sticker features only the best warezed Photoshop fire filter plugins.

My Crappy Poetry - Junk about angels or seasons or Jesus or something. Geocities is really known for their quality bloated housewife poetry.

I am Professor Horrible - Professor Horrible designs a webpage. Pity the students.

Welcome to Johan's Homepages! - Doughy little teenager goes on and on about his wizard character from the game "Middle Earth." He's from Sweden, indicating that Geocities might be interested in importing their crap from different countries.

HELLO WORLD, I CAN'T SPELL - You got me, I refused to "click here to enter."

Dan's Home Page - Well gee, if they're offering free webspace, I suppose I'm obligated to put SOMETHING up! Somebody turn on the crap faucet and let the shit flow!

A Couple Suburban White Kids - I didn't "click here to enter" on this page either. Judging from the intro graphic, I did the right thing.

HTML Just Threw Up - Digital oil slick.

Javascript Gives Me a Raging Hardon! Also I Hate Fags - Utterly insane man either preaches for or against homosexuality. I couldn't tell which, as the cursor and images kept flying around and obscuring the words.

NO - NO.

ROMEO FOX: INTERNATIONAL DX GROUP - "Romeo Fox" sounds like the name of a cool super spy. There's nothing cool or super on this site.

I'm Another Moody and Morose Goth - Black and purple webpages should be banned. Site contains more stupid poetry, descriptions of his / her / its faith, and other boring junk.

Webtek Systems - This is supposed to be a parody page of bad web designers. It looks more like a parody page of a parody page of web designers. In other words, it's ass.

Star Trek is For Jerks - Wow, a person who likes Star Trek! And they're a geek! What are the odds?!?

I'm Too Busy Being Chubby to Finish My Webpage - Generic vapid college girl. I can't tell if she's attractive or not. I don't really care either way.

Links of Unbelievable Horror - Fan fiction for various RPGs and the movie "Labyrinth." Why?!?

Please Care About Me! - Person makes a page dedicated to himself. Oh please, somebody care about and pay attention to him!

Bright Pink Backgrounds Are a Good Idea - This page is about Virginia Woolf. It includes a picture which was apparently taken of her while she was being lowered into her funeral plot.

I Am Retarded and Have a Copy of Flash - Yes, because the world loves intro Flash splash screens and we all want to hear samples of the terrible generic techno music you listen to.

Monkees Fanfics - Get a hobby, weirdo.

Paint Fume Huffing Theater - Teenager writes nonsense and rivals Jeff K. in spelling skill. Maybe somewhere, somebody finds this site amusing. I want to beat that person.

Whew. Thank God that ordeal is over. I've lost all energy and will to live, but I've successfully one-upped Zack and once again introduced him to his old friend, "Remarkable Failure." In your damn face, Zack.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

10.15 The inferior 30 Geocities Sites Massacre

Wednesday, Oct 17, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Straight From the Squared Circle!

Wrestler and gentleman El Pinto Grande has updated his web site with a riveting account of his recent tribulations in the ring. He would like you all to "Go to visiting the site of Yours Truly".

> *Oh friends the pain is gigantic. This pain is bigger than ten giant turtles from Agua Park and I am thinking his fists are made out of super hot peppers because they burn so much to my chest and groin. I am not to give up still, I am not an easy drink to put down! Like they are saying in TV commercials for extreme sporting drinks, I am not your mother's wrestling sensation!*

Sounds like quite a predicament for good old El Pinto Grande, but I'm sure he didn't give up! Actually, I'm not sure, I didn't read it all, but you should!

The Geocities Massacre of the Day

Since R-Lo met with such incredible success yesterday with his exciting Geocities race of death to see which Geocities site SA traffic brought down first, I figured I would do him one better. I also decided to do this because I hate him utterly and I want him to be revealed for the fool he is. In the wonderful tradition of military massacres I am lining up thirty - count 'em - thirty Geocities sites against the wall.

=]F8L[=TRINITY'S COUNTER STRIKE PAGE - Lots and lots of big text, stupid warnings, and caps lock. Enjoy!

Laura - Laura likes stupid fucking backgrounds that look like vomit and she has a "thing" for lots of randomly placed GIFs.

The World is Square - I see someone enjoys making crappy collages of SquareSoft games and putting unreadable text over them.

John Teeple's Super Freaky Web Page - John Teeple, from hell's heart, I stab at thee. For hate's sake, I spit my last breath at thee.

Cindy's Flabulous Website - Beauty is in the eye of the beholder and I just stabbed out my eyes.

Moron Kid Was Too Lazy to Make a Title - I'm not homophobic but I'm fucking terrified of this kid.

??? - Thank god, this site is already pretty much broken.

DIRTYDORM! - I can't make out any of the text on this site, but I think it's safe to assume it says "USA! USA! USA!"

Counter-strike [14k] Page - Another hideous Counter Strike page complete with eye-scorching background.

I'm Not Even Going to Try to Type This Site's Title - It's so cute I want to gut myself and set fire to my entrails.

Wanwan - The menu alone on this site drives me to kill the God that put me on the same earth as Wanwan. **WARNING:** The joke was on us with this one. Wanwan's menu isn't just insanely stupid it also contains a virus. Don't visit this site unless you want

the horror of this particular Geocities monstrosity to outlast your memory. If you've already visited it, do what I'm doing and run Housecall, a free web based antivirus. You can also get the removal file here. I apologize for subjecting you to TWO TIMES THE STUPID!

Ladie Dee's Love - Good work there Ladie Dee, that awful poetry goes great with your midi and your reflection applet! It's a paradise for the senses!

The Jewish Rap Crew - Proving once and for all that Jews and rapping are a match made in hell. Shalom mah niggaz!

Magic Dragon Clan - This roleplaying club has their shit together. Which is to say they are together. HAW HAW!

T_bone's World - California may know how to party, but T_Bone couldn't design his way out of a wet paper bag.

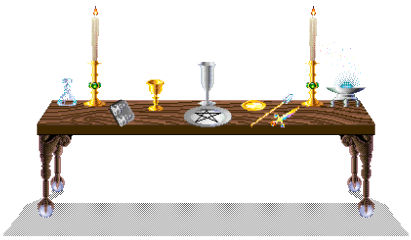
paladin's Botcon Report page - It's like a cosplay event only they're dressed up as normal losers instead of crazy losers. Also I think they are somehow even less attractive than cosplay goofballs.

Her Voice - Stop writing poems you fucking sow.

Scottcrew's Home Page - Considering recent legal threats from TOTALLY RADICAL web designer ALoDs, I'll just say that "Scottcrew" is one of THE BEST WEB DESIGNERS EVER!

The Chad Bryant Experience - Someone please just feed me into a wood chipper.

Divine Sword's Home Page - Just your garden variety batshit insane religious web site.



Ashley Was Too Cockstruck to Name Her Site - I think she died or something based on the phrasing on her site, but I was too busy jacking off furiously to the bouncing ducks on her site to care if she's rotting somewhere.

The Unofficial Douglas Sills Web Site - Who the Christ is Douglas Sills?

Scott Sakai Sucks - This page is funny for all the wrong reasons. BONUS: Try and spot the picture that will haunt my dreams. No, I don't know what the fuck is going on in it either.

PETES BEARDOS - Oh, so that's who Douglas Sills is! Wait, WHAT?

PIPSWORLD 2.2 - Someone needs to be shot and it isn't me. Hey, nice gaying there gayee.

Willa's Place - This woman writes poems about driving a bus. HO HO HO IT'S CHRISTMAS SHITHEADS!

Lab Ratt's Cool Homepage!! - If you like midi, explosions, and images of cartoon rats than this site is everywhere you wanna be.

GrandCross's Sonic Comics - The worst comics to feature Sonic the Hedgehog since 1954.

The alien technology of human cloning - What would a list of Awful Links be without some crazy conspiracy theory? I thought I could handle doing this but I really feel my sanity fading.

Geocities - The ultimate slumlord of the Internet. I doubt this one will succumb to our bullet of justice, but hey, it's worth a shot.

I'll try and fight my way back to coherent thought after that and keep all of you up to date on which sites have fallen beneath the deadly gaze of VISITORS! Don't say I never risk my life for you people.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.16 Happy Car? Fuck you!

Friday, Oct 19, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I Always Hated "Herbie, the Love Bug".

That shit stain of a Volkswagen, Herbie, just exuded the sort of family-friendly cheeriness that I absolutely loathe. He would beep merrily along helping out and causing some sticky situations with his wacky hijinx. When I use the phrase "sticky situations", I mean "fucking retarded slapstick idiocy". To summarize; I hated that damn car, I hated its damn beeping, and I hated those damn movies.

This car will get all the chicks! Or at least the Japanese guys who look like chicks! HUZZAH!

In the unlikely event that you're still reading following my scandalous anti-Herbie sentiments, I'd like to explain myself. You see, the only things I find more insane and puzzling than an adorable thinking sass car are Japanese consumer trends. Lately the Japanese have been churning out little robot dogs and cats and chimps and whatnot like they're going out of style. This trend has taken a turn for the worst with the most recent edition to this long list of companion robots; a happy thinking car. Alas, I am not joking, in their overall scheme to turn the islands of Japan into a chirping robotic paradise where a hug from a giant synthetic ape is right around every corner, Sony and Toyota have created the "pod".

> *A new vehicle developed by Japan's Toyota Motor Corp and electronics giant Sony Corp (news - web sites) will smile, frown and cry, not to mention take your pulse and measure your sweat.*

You can read the whole terrible story courtesy of Yahoo News if you're not afraid to populate your nightmares with these things.

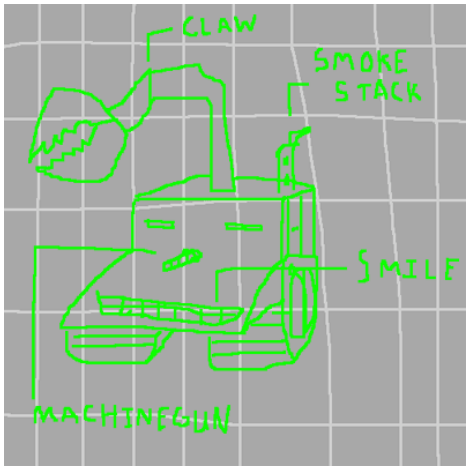
For those of you too lazy to read the article, let me give you a quick rundown on the features for this dream machine:

- If you get close to it the car smiles.
- If you have a flat tire the car cries.
- The "pod" has an antenna on the back that wags like a tail.
- If you get pulled over by the police the car will act drunk and you can tell the cop that you were driving it home.
- The car will tell your girlfriend that it left the lipstick smears on your collar.
- The "pod" will growl menacingly at other cars and then yelp and place antenna in exhaust pipe if other cars rev their motors.
- If the car breaks down you can take it to the auto mechanic and he'll euthanize and cremate it.
- The car is powered by eating trash and the homeless.
- The car might hang itself if you blow two tires.
- If you feed it once it will keep coming back.
- The car may try to hit on teenage boys.

- When you are feeling tense the car will spray your eyes with perfume and massage your groin with soothing unguents.

Hell yeah, those are some features to write home to mom about! I'm tired of seeing domestic cars getting their asses kicked by these no-leg-room-having imports. I want a gigantic adorable supercar born and bred in the United States. With that in mind I decided to give the US auto industry a leg up and make public my design for the "happy car". Look out "pod" because "happy car" has your fucking number and it's calling your vague and stupid name right now!

"happy car"



Reversing the "steal and miniaturize" trends of yesteryear, the "happy car" will bastardize much of its technology from the "pod" and scale it up for us big boned Americans. The seats will accommodate corpulent 400+ pound frames and feature emergency deployment bibs for the times when you just have to eat BBQ ribs while driving. The body of the car will incorporate groaning and grunting; the two sounds most commonly associated with native citizens of the United States.

It will travel at speeds of up to 300 miles per hour and get terrible fuel efficiency, but it will incorporate fake solar panels so bitchy environmentalists will have to "step off". The car will be able to sense your mood, but no matter what will spray out a perfume that approximates the scent of Federal Reserve Chairman Allan Greenspan while it plays Credence Clearwater Revival songs at a non-adjustable high volume.

No tearful car when you get a flat! The "happy car" has treads instead of tires and if you somehow throw a tread it will break a bottle and attempt to stab you in the throat. This car is proactive, none of that moping shit the Japanese love so much.

The exterior of the car will incorporate a number of design features similar to the "pod". It will have a grill molded to look like a contented smile, only to up the ante it will include a series of strobe lights that mean the party is wherever you take your "happy car". The really dopey nose thing on the "pod" will be replaced with a ball turret mounted .50 machinegun and the headlight eyes will be replaced with armored vision slits. Who needs headlights when your car body is three-inch thick steel and you're driving at 300mph?

Tired of traffic jams? My "happy car" senses your boredom and will crush offending vehicles with a 6,000 PSI hydraulic claw. The back seat folds down into a hot tub with a waterproof TV that constantly loops a video of "Caged Heat", just to get your special someone's motor running!

> Exhaust worries are a thing of the past because the EPA's "E Check" does not test COAL BURNING VEHICLES! That black smoke means you're getting your money's worth!

Any of you reading this with the American auto industry, please contact me for detailed schematics. This could really be the thing to turn that economic frown upside down.

The Single Lonely Geocities Site of the Day

Okay Rich, you fucking won, you crushed a boy's dream of dreams yesterday and outdid my stellar thirty Geocities links. I think you're overcompensating for sexual inadequacies, but hey, I'm not a sore loser. I'm just going to do this one little Geocities link and be satisfied with that. God, you're such a dick.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.17 Space: above and slightly to the right

Saturday, Oct 20, 2001 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

The Return of The Weekend Update

Yes, old K-Dog is once again updating Something Awful on weekends. If you don't remember, I subjected SA readers to my own particular brand of unfunny garbage for about four months, and it's been six months since my last update. Blah blah blah, nobody reads this page on weekends anyway so the mental trauma I dish out should be kept to a minimum. LET'S GOING!

Colonize Space? No, Thanks!

World-famous scientist and robot rapping sensation Steven Hawking recently warned that the human race as a whole would not live to see the year 3000 if we didn't get off our asses and start colonizing space. Why? Because eventually some loon in a lab somewhere will accidentally or purposely engineer some sort of terrible disease that kills us all, most likely. While I somewhat agree with the Hawkman, there's no way you're going to get *me* onto the Space Shuttle Mayflower to Planet Zoomlarliaoioanoieoaranori!

If you're a break dancing janitor, vending machines are a great place to hang out if you're looking to pick up sexually frustrated, shoeless, middle-aged career women. But in space there are no vending machines. Or break dancing!

Now I'm sure some of you "Star Trek" fans are reaching for your inhalers right now, since you probably think living in space would be "the bomb." After all, there'd be plenty of multi-primary-colored hot women on your ship, prancing around in skin tight suits and saying stuff like "Is it hot in this sector, quadrant 40302, or is the environmental control mechanism merely malfunctioning?" Or there's the holodeck where you can pretend to be former Washington Redskins quarterback Jeff George and experience the vicarious thrill of getting sacked over and over again by large sweaty linebackers, if that's what you're into.

What I'm trying to say is "Star Trek" is basically just propaganda designed by NASA to get people all excited about the prospect of launching themselves into space. Fortunately, I'm smart enough to see through their clever ruse.

See kids, life in space - especially for the early settlers - will be extraordinarily awful. First of all, the flight to wherever you're going will last anywhere from a couple weeks to a couple decades. And with tightened airportspaceport security and all, you're bound to spend at least a year checking in, going through customs, and having your nether regions thoroughly searched by former crack dealers. And once you get on the flight, you'll probably be seated below a screaming little brat who'll spend the entire time floating around and kicking you in the face.

Once you finally land on the glorified asteroid that is your new home, you'll be pleased to discover that one breath of fresh air will cause your lungs to expand to ninety times their normal size and burst upwards, pushing these vital organs straight through your eye sockets at speeds of up to 500 miles per hour. So you'll have to rely on your suit and other dodgy mechanisms clogged with space dust to even keep you alive.

At first, life in your colony might seem quaint and pleasantly relaxing, like the first day of a camping trip or "Gilligan's Island." You'll be able to pull off a whole bunch of things you weren't able to do on Earth, like slam-dunk or see your bodily waste float into the air and vaporize in a cloud of purple smoke. But the novelty of all this will wear off pretty damn quickly, and you'll be resigned to a life of eating Astronaut ice cream, sleeping on the walls, and changing your own space diaper. Fun!

I could go on and on about the boredom you'd face, having to deal with the same people for years and years, not being able to move, drink, go to the movies, watch reruns of "Family Matters"... not to mention the Terrible Secret of Space! To help quantify how dreary life in Space would be, imagine reading this update over and over again while locked in a small room with only a toilet mounted on the ceiling, a case of foil food rations, and a college frat boy. For fifteen years!

NO!

I'm still not comfortable leaving my apartment, let alone my home planet. So take me off your mailing list NASA, I'm staying right here! God Bless Earth!

John Travolta: Our Generation's Joe Don Baker

What good are John Travolta postcards? "Hi Mom! This is Cindy. Just got back from banging JT in a cheap motel room and I lost my engagement ring in his perm. Wish you were here!"

After making "Look Who's Talking Now," a movie which completed a ***trilogy*** of films which starred scary, doughy babies that used their telepathic powers to make lousy jokes, you would think John Travolta would realize his time in the sun was pretty much over and it was time to disco himself down to the retirement home for some Saturday Night Beaver. If you haven't seen the "Look Who's Talking" movies, about half of the jokes end with the hard-hitting punch line "OOOPS I FILLED MY DIAPER WITH FECAL MATTER GOO GOO!" But unfortunately for the viewing public, Travolta pressed on, got lucky, scored a role in "Pulp Fiction," and resurrected his near-corpse of a career.

Now - seven years later - Travolta is once again descending into the pits of Hollywood hell. Let's take a look at his last four cinematic calamities, shall we?

Domestic Disturbance

Tagline: *"He will do anything to protect his family."*

Yeah, JT's latest isn't due to hit the theaters until next month, but I've seen the trailer so I think I'm qualified to speculate about the quality of the film as a whole. Hell, according to my local News Channel 10 Action Team, I'm qualified to fly a plane since I once played *Microsoft Flight Simulator*. The plot of Domestic Disturbance is typical boy meets girl boy marries girl boy knocks up girl girl spits out baby boy and girl get divorced. But there's a twist: unlike your typical marriage, John is the one who lets himself go, gets obscenely fat, and loses all interest in sex. His wife, on the other hand, remains hot enough to attract a new husband (Vince Vaughn).

I think you all know where this is going: since John's wife was dumb enough to get married and willingly allow JT to stick his thread in her needle, she's obviously not the brightest bulb in the tulip garden. So she fails to realize that Vince Vaughn is a scary looking killer who massacres people in their basement and then burns the remains in the fireplace. Fortunately, the intelligence gene skips a generation and Travolta's son is smart enough to figure out what the hell is going on. Then John whispers something vaguely threatening to the camera and embarks on a very slow and overweight quest to save his son. This is supposed to be a thriller, but riddle me this: does any of this sound remotely thrilling?

- **Swordfish**

Tagline: *Log on. Hack in. Go anywhere. Steal everything. Once you know the password you can go anywhere.*

> Oh boy! A movie about hacking and computars and government conspiracies from the makers of "Gone In 60 Seconds!" Travolta plays the world's most dangerous chubby spy and Wolverine is the smartay man Jeff K. hacker or something. Who knows, who cares, Halle Berry's exposure of the two bags of fat on her chest were the only reasons anyone went to see this. HACK THE PLANET, JOHN!

- **Lucky Numbers**

Tagline: *When they put their heads together... it's a no brainer.*

> Russ Richards (Travolta) is a stupid, unlikable, greasy, and dishonest small-town celebrity weatherman. He also happens to be broke, so he decides to try to rig the lottery with the aid of Lisa Kudrow, who plays Lisa Kudrow since that's the only character she's capable of portraying. She's funny because she's dumb you see. And blond!
>
> Now if there's one type of character Johnny can play convincingly, it's the obnoxious, dimwit-scumbag roles. He was so unappealing, in fact, that audiences stayed home in droves. "Lucky Numbers" grossed $10 million, but cost $65 million to make. Now unless you're a dot-com that just isn't good business.

- **Battlefield Earth**

Tagline: *Prepare to go Psychlo!*

> Ugh. I'm sure you've all heard that this movie is craptacular, so I don't think I need to tell you that this movie is REALLY NOT GOOD, and is in fact one of the worst movies I've ever seen. To make a long, plot-hole filled story short, it's an adaptation of Scientologist cult founder L. Ron Hubbard's book of the same name. Hubbard believed that humans evolved from clams, so it's no surprise that Travolta is a scientologist. Travolta plays a ten foot tall dirty alien, every shot in the movie is *tilted for no apparent reason*, cavemen learn English and how to pilot still-working one thousand year old military aircraft in under a week, and the most memorable line is JT sneering "What would the MAN-ANIMAL consider a treat?" The answer, he concludes, is rats. What the?!

According to Travolta, surly albino Jamaican catchers will eventually rule Earth.

In conclusion, the court finds John Travolta guilty of being an over-the-hill nut factory and forbids him from ever going near a working camera of any kind for 300 years or until he turns into a starfish or whatever the hell Scientologists supposedly do when they die.

Console War News Flash!

War. Uhh. Good god, ya'll. What is it good for? Absolutely nothing, especially if the particular conflict in question involves acne-scarred wiggers screaming obscenities at each other in the Electronics department of Wal-Mart. That's right, I'm talking about the Console War: Xbox vs. Gamecube vs. PS2 vs. A Pile of $50 Dreamcasts and $9 copies of *ECW: Hardcore Revolution*. Now, before you get all riled up and start screaming "BILL GATEZ GO HOME!!!" at an Xbox demo kiosk at EB,

perhaps you should listen to what video gaming authority "A Nerd In His Shoe" has to say about the subject.

That's right, Nerdshoe has whipped up his very own horrible flash movie entitled Nerdshoe: Console War. In theory, his goal was to inform people about the strengths and weaknesses of each particular system, but he ends up making a complete ass of himself and cracking some of the worst jokes I've ever heard. Nerdshoe is really, really, annoying and this movie is really, really, not good. So I highly recommend that you **not view this movie under any circumstances** because only the most hardcore masochist will be able to watch it all the way through. Nerdshoe, you're the worst!

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

10.18 The DREADED BEST BUY PRODUCT REPLACEMENT PLAN

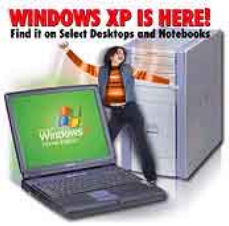
Sunday, Oct 21, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

REPLACE or DIE!

Some picture from the Best Buy website. This lady is happy because she's only trapped inside Best Buy's website and not their actual, physical store.

I recently read some of the various critical acclaims lavished upon the original *Silent Hill*, so this weekend I decided to purchase its sequel, appropriately named *"Silent Hill 2,"* for the Playstation 2. After I brought the game home and unwrapped the disc, I was shocked to discover that it was only compatible with a Playstation 2 game system, dashing my hopes of running it on my CD player or my freezer which was recently upgraded to have a CD player that really pissed me off fit inside of it. I returned to Best Buy so I could purchase the required PS2, preparing myself for the hellish inferno that I would soon walk into, a pain that would undoubtedly tear my entire central nervous system apart: that's correct, I'm of course referring to the DREADED BEST BUY PRODUCT REPLACEMENT PLAN assault.

You see, any Best Buy purchase over 38 cents causes them, by Congressional mandate, to batter and molest you until you eventually agree to purchase a DREADED BEST BUY PRODUCT REPLACEMENT PLAN. The DREADED BEST BUY PRODUCT REPLACEMENT PLAN is sort of like a warranty for your warranty; if the hunk of Japanese shit you bought self destructs and vaporizes your entire family within the next 10 decades, Best Buy will refund your money and let you use it to purchase the entire DVD collection of "Carrot Top: Uncut." They will also allow their trained specialists, who are neither trained nor specialists, repair your defective product or at least force you to stand in line for 90 minutes just so they can say that all the replacement units are sold out and the only store that has any left is 500 miles away and is closed or haunted or invisible or doesn't exist. You will then be escorted out of the store only to have the Nazi Theft Detection System begin beeping like crazy, branding you to the entire store as an evil criminal mastermind who is attempting to build an ICBM control center from Panasonic speakers. And that is in a best case scenario.



Okay, I don't know what's going on in this picture, but I think that lady is in trouble and somebody should probably notify the authorities.

As soon as I told the Best Buy Storeroom Menace I was interested in a buying Playstation 2, she immediately attacked me with the DREADED BEST BUY PRODUCT REPLACEMENT PLAN and launched into the spiel which is imprinted into their DNA the moment they sign the Best Buy employment contract. Having bought a computer at Best Buy before, I had myself braced and ready.

> **BEST BUY STOREROOM MENACE:** "Would you be interested in the DREADED BEST BUY PRODUCT REPLACEMENT PLAN? It's only $49.99 for 300 thousand million years of service! It protects against-"
> **ME:** *(Shrewdly interrupting)* "No thanks, I'm not interested."
> **BEST BUY STOREROOM MENACE:** "Oh. Well okay."

Now at this point, anybody who has ever bought anything at Best Buy is thinking to themselves, "self, this can't be! This isn't how Best Buy operates! What alternate dimension were you in? They'll firebomb your parents' house before letting you escape without a DREADED BEST BUY PRODUCT REPLACEMENT PLAN!"

There is a bright shiny gold star in store for all of you people who thought this. The Best Buy Storeroom Menace was simply softening me up for Queen Best Buy, the 19-year old acne-skulled corpse that was rotting behind the checkout desk. It was like a good cop / bad cop routine, except they were both bad cops and the question was not *if*, but *when* they would begin shoving a broken toilet plunger into my rectum. As the Best Buy Storeroom Menace passed me off to Queen Best Buy, they communicated via telepathy and she was instantly aware of my failure to purchase a DREADED BEST BUY PRODUCT REPLACEMENT PLAN. That's when the pain started.

QUEEN BEST BUY: "May I interest you in a DREADED BEST BUY PRODUCT REPLACEMENT PLAN?"
ME: "No, I-"
QUEEN BEST BUY:*(Interrupting)* "It protects your unit against any kind of defects or damage that may occur during your entire lifetime, your children's lifetimes, and their kids' lifetimes."
ME: "I'm not-"
QUEEN BEST BUY: *(Interrupting)* "If you were to pick up this Playstation 2 and attempt to engage in sex with it, we'd replace the unit when your bodily fluids cause various parts inside it to short circuit and spontaneously combust."
ME: "Well I'm-"
QUEEN BEST BUY: *(Interrupting)* "Everybody is buying a DREADED BEST BUY PRODUCT REPLACEMENT PLAN. Everybody. All the cool kids are doing it. You want to be 'cool,' don't you? You want to be accepted?"
ME: "I thought-"
QUEEN BEST BUY: *(Interrupting)* "The Gamecube and... that Microsoft thing *(her actual words)* are coming up soon, and if you buy a DREADED BEST BUY PRODUCT REPLACEMENT PLAN then you can bring in your Playstation 2 and trade it in for one! The Gamecube is going to be 400 times more powerful than the PS2 and it will take care of your cat when you leave town!"
ME: "How did you know I had a-"
QUEEN BEST BUY: *(Interrupting)* "Let me be honest with you. These Playstation break all the time. I had some guy come into here just the other day, yelling and screaming at us because his Playstation 2 would only play games if it was upside down *(her actual words)*. We couldn't do anything for him because he didn't buy a DREADED BEST BUY PRODUCT REPLACEMENT PLAN. He was stuck with a $299 wad of plastic and metal. Then he was hit by a car and killed in the parking lot. If he had a DREADED BEST BUY PRODUCT REPLACEMENT PLAN that would've never happened. A. Anderson of Cleveland has a DREADED BEST BUY PRODUCT REPLACEMENT PLAN and he just won $50,000 in the lottery! G. Johnson of Las Vegas has a DREADED BEST BUY PRODUCT REPLACEMENT PLAN and his wife was just elected to be the Pope! E. Franklin of Burro Heights didn't buy a DREADED BEST BUY PRODUCT REPLACEMENT PLAN and he just got AIDS from touching a candy bar vending machine."
ME: "Who's E. Frank-"
QUEEN BEST BUY: *(Interrupting)* "Let me tell you the truth: we haven't sold a functioning Playstation 2 in six months. In fact, 99% of the boxes are empty or just contain a lump of rotting potatoes. Sometimes poisonous snakes spring out and kill the owner. We don't even think Playstation 2s exist. You'd be a stupid rat bastard if you didn't purchase a DREADED BEST BUY PRODUCT REPLACEMENT PLAN. Who's your hero?"
ME: "Well my hero is former Orlando Magic center Greg Kite, but-"
QUEEN BEST BUY:*(Interrupting)* "Greg Kite would want you to buy a DREADED

> BEST BUY PRODUCT REPLACEMENT PLAN. He's bought 50 DREADED BEST BUY PRODUCT REPLACEMENT PLANS. You want to be like Greg Kite, don't you?"
> **ME:** "Yeah, I guess, but-"
> **QUEEN BEST BUY:** *(Interrupting)* "Listen: we have sharpshooters positioned all around this building. There's no chance of you leaving here alive without a DREADED BEST BUY PRODUCT REPLACEMENT PLAN. Your home address is in our computers. We'll have your place ransacked and looted by the time you cart your fat ass back home. You've got two options here, and they both involve you buying a DREADED BEST BUY PRODUCT REPLACEMENT PLAN. Jesus died so you could get a DREADED BEST BUY PRODUCT REPLACEMENT PLAN. Terrorists want to destroy America because they are jealous of our freedom to purchase DREADED BEST BUY PRODUCT REPLACEMENT PLANS. You're not a terrorist, are you? WELL ARE YOU?"

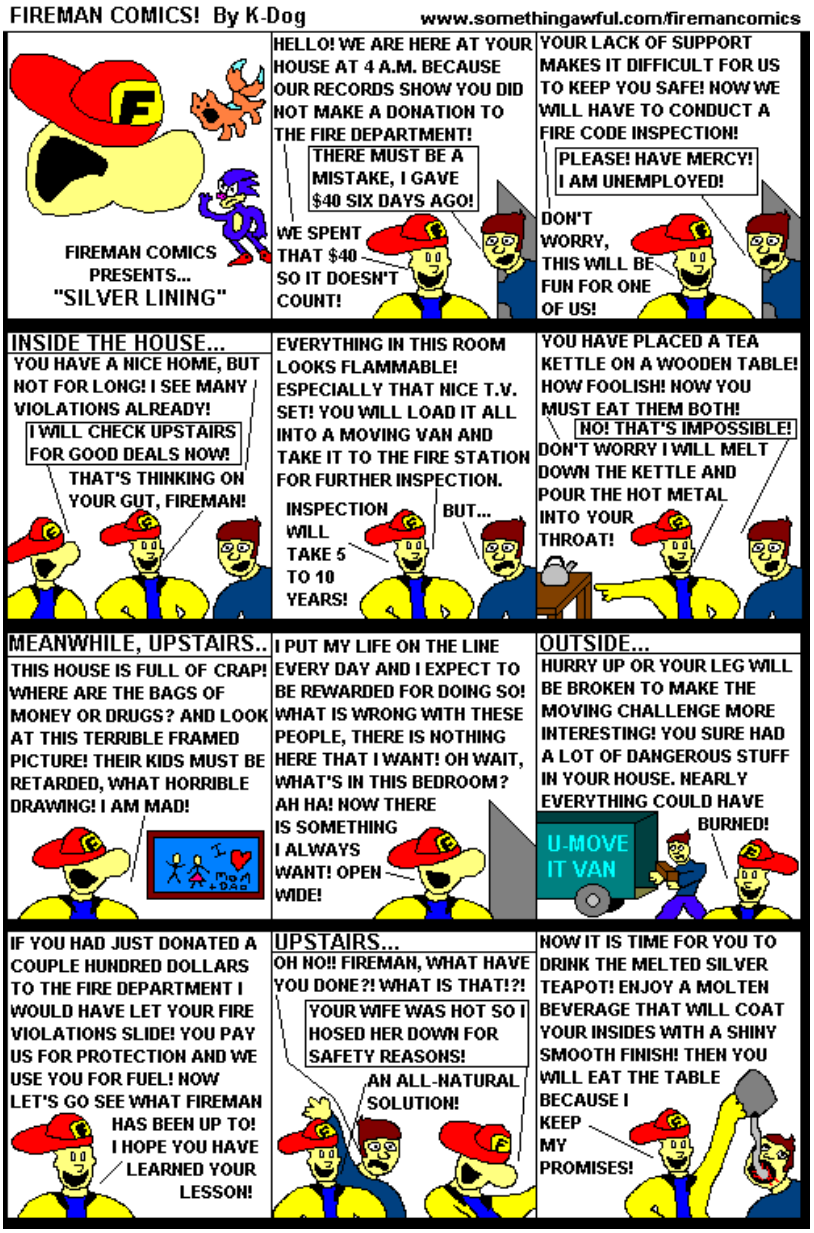
At this point I just threw a handful of money at her and ran off shrieking like a violated Japanese schoolgirl. I didn't succumb to her intense pressure of purchasing a DREADED BEST BUY PRODUCT REPLACEMENT PLAN and her obscenely angry looks reflected this, as they melted a generous portion of the steel pole behind me. Now I don't want to be too harsh on Queen Best Buy since it's not her fault that Best Buy is run by Nazi cyborgs who force all their employees to do a DREADED BEST BUY PRODUCT REPLACEMENT PLAN hard sell on every customer. I didn't get angry at her or make her life hell because it's the Best Buy store policy and their store managers who are to blame for this pain. However, I did learn one important lesson from this experience: all electronics should be purchased online. My computer can't give me the hard sell on any product replacement plans, and if it does, I at least have the luxury of throwing it out a window and into the woods. The same can't be said about many Best Buy employees. At least that's what the judge told me.

◘ Fireman Monday!

Another Monday, another dose of everybody's favorite wacky firefighters!

Now that's class!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)


FIREMAN COMICS! By K-Dog
www.somethingawful.com/firemancomics
FIREMAN COMICS PRESENTS...
"SILVER LINING"
HELLO! WE ARE HERE AT YOUR HOUSE AT 4 A.M. BECAUSE OUR RECORDS SHOW YOU DID NOT MAKE A DONATION TO THE FIRE DEPARTMENT!
THERE MUST BE A MISTAKE, I GAVE $40 SIX DAYS AGO!
WE SPENT THAT $40 SO IT DOESN'T COUNT!
YOUR LACK OF SUPPORT MAKES IT DIFFICULT FOR US TO KEEP YOU SAFE! NOW WE WILL HAVE TO CONDUCT A FIRE CODE INSPECTION!
PLEASE! HAVE MERCY! I AM UNEMPLOYED!
DON'T WORRY, THIS WILL BE FUN FOR ONE OF US!
INSIDE THE HOUSE...
YOU HAVE A NICE HOME, BUT NOT FOR LONG! I SEE MANY VIOLATIONS ALREADY!
I WILL CHECK UPSTAIRS FOR GOOD DEALS NOW!
THAT'S THINKING ON YOUR GUT, FIREMAN!
EVERYTHING IN THIS ROOM LOOKS FLAMMABLE! ESPECIALLY THAT NICE T.V. SET! YOU WILL LOAD IT ALL INTO A MOVING VAN AND TAKE IT TO THE FIRE STATION FOR FURTHER INSPECTION.
INSPECTION WILL TAKE 5 TO 10 YEARS!
BUT...
YOU HAVE PLACED A TEA KETTLE ON A WOODEN TABLE! HOW FOOLISH! NOW YOU MUST EAT THEM BOTH!
NO! THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
DON'T WORRY I WILL MELT DOWN THE KETTLE AND POUR THE HOT METAL INTO YOUR THROAT!
MEANWHILE, UPSTAIRS..
THIS HOUSE IS FULL OF CRAP! WHERE ARE THE BAGS OF MONEY OR DRUGS? AND LOOK AT THIS TERRIBLE FRAMED PICTURE! THEIR KIDS MUST BE RETARDED, WHAT HORRIBLE DRAWING! I AM MAD!
I PUT MY LIFE ON THE LINE EVERY DAY AND I EXPECT TO BE REWARDED FOR DOING SO! WHAT IS WRONG WITH THESE PEOPLE, THERE IS NOTHING HERE THAT I WANT! OH WAIT, WHAT'S IN THIS BEDROOM? AH HA! NOW THERE IS SOMETHING I ALWAYS WANT! OPEN WIDE!
OUTSIDE...
HURRY UP OR YOUR LEG WILL BE BROKEN TO MAKE THE MOVING CHALLENGE MORE INTERESTING! YOU SURE HAD A LOT OF DANGEROUS STUFF IN YOUR HOUSE. NEARLY EVERYTHING COULD HAVE BURNED!
U-MOVE IT VAN
IF YOU HAD JUST DONATED A COUPLE HUNDRED DOLLARS TO THE FIRE DEPARTMENT I WOULD HAVE LET YOUR FIRE VIOLATIONS SLIDE! YOU PAY US FOR PROTECTION AND WE USE YOU FOR FUEL! NOW LET'S GO SEE WHAT FIREMAN HAS BEEN UP TO! I HOPE YOU HAVE LEARNED YOUR LESSON!
UPSTAIRS...
OH NO!! FIREMAN, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?! WHAT IS THAT!?!
YOUR WIFE WAS HOT SO I HOSED HER DOWN FOR SAFETY REASONS!
AN ALL-NATURAL SOLUTION!
NOW IT IS TIME FOR YOU TO DRINK THE MELTED SILVER TEAPOT! ENJOY A MOLTEN BEVERAGE THAT WILL COAT YOUR INSIDES WITH A SHINY SMOOTH FINISH! THEN YOU WILL EAT THE TABLE BECAUSE I KEEP MY PROMISES!

10.19 The SA stalker tryout competition

Tuesday, Oct 23, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I've Got Chills. They Are Also Multiplying.

Halloween is right around the corner, which means I am thinking even more than usual about things that frighten the living fuck out of me. If you're not familiar with me, and I doubt you are, then let me explain first and foremost that I am a big pussy. Almost everything strikes various shades of terror into my very marrow. While I am normally not superstitious, the concept alone of supernatural beasts like ghosts, mummies, aliens, and Anthrax are enough to put me crying in the safety corner. I made a fort in the safety corner out of three chairs and a blanket and I can crawl in there and just hang out when the going gets tough. It's like a hardened bunker only made out of three chair and a blanket instead of steel reinforced concrete, but I have some CDs, a Discman and a few samples from my Library of Alexandriaesque collection of "barely legal" porn.

If I begin to feel overly nervous I discovered repeated viewings of this image relax me quite well. I find her teeth calming.

With Halloween so close these imagined foes seem to be looming in my mind at almost all times of the day. Yet they are not my primary concern, even now, so near to the Pagan holiday of blood and goats or whatever Halloween is on Satan's calendar. No, I fear stalkers. Celebrity stalkers. Even though I'm not a celebrity. I'm also not an early 20th century archaeologist and I'm still afraid of fucking mummies so back up the rationality train because it doesn't belong in my station.

I know that most people are afraid of terrorism right now but that doesn't really get to me a whole lot because I live in Jackhole, Ohio. Unless the terrorists want to hijack some rusting pickup trucks and drive them into a Dairy Mart I don't think they'll target my little cracker box metropolis. I suppose they could dump something in the water supply but since this town has a boil order on the water pretty much every week I doubt it would do much good. I think they established the aquifer underneath a slaughterhouse or graveyard or something, and apparently it's difficult to treat caskets and whole cow carcasses out of water.

Celebrity stalkers are where it's at. First there was that woman who followed around David Letterman and then I think she followed around the guy who plays the legs of Snuffalopagus. Then she jumped in front of a bus, but before that she made a lot of people's lives pretty hellish. Imagine being David Letterman, doing things he does like baking cakes or smoking cigars in his roof-mounted hot tub, and seeing a woman running through your sliding glass door. If you have difficulty empathizing with David Letterman than try being Jay Leno, I think a guy in a bear suit urinates on his front door almost every week.

This is what I'm afraid of; a human shadow that follows my every move, recording my actions in some bizarre journal written in crayon on discarded cupcake wrappers. To forestall attracting my own crowd of stalkers, something that seems to be growing in likelihood every day I manage to piss someone off on Something Awful, I have begun to interview prospective stalkers. This is a laborious and time consuming process, but I am committed to finding just the right match for me. The Moriarty to my Holmes, the yin to my yang, the Krispy Kreme to my Dunkin Donuts, the - well, you see where that's going.

I've narrowed the field down to just three of the finest players, in the final round of the running

to be my own personal non-celebrity stalker. I have interviewed each of these people at least twice and I have selected them for various reasons. I leave it to you to tell me which of these impressive candidates should begin stalking me immediately.

- **Potential Stalker Number One:** Jason Petry

NO PHOTO AVAILABLE.

Physical Description: Jason Petry is 32 years old. He stands six feet eight inches tall and weighs 155lbs. He has a hunched posture and pale skin and has been likened by admirers to a weeping willow tree. He smells vaguely like packing peanuts and a grease fire and he has a quiet menace that most people find fairly repellant. His rarely heard voice is soft and slightly feminine.

Qualifications: Jason Petry sent anonymous letters to three highschool cheerleaders in 1990. After the letters became increasingly pornographic it was determined that he was in fact smearing his reproductive juices on the envelopes and he was arrested and sentenced to six months of community service. Upon his release he followed the mayor of Charlotte, North Carolina around for three months, camping outside his house and sifting through his trash whenever the mayor was asleep. Petry was arrested eleven times for trespassing from 1991 to 1998, when the mayor died of a heart attack, ending his secretive vigils.

Reason for Stalking Zack: Despite the fact that he has never read Something Awful or even used a computer to access the Internet, Jason Petry is a dedicated and resourceful stalker who is desperately in need of someone to stalk.

Interview Sample:

> **Jason Petry:** "You smell real nice, like the inside of my glove."
> **Zack:** "That's good, more of that."
> **Jason Petry:** "I don't like the way your lips move though. They need to go up and down not sideways like they are going to stop stop stop stop STOP STOP STOP IT STOP IT STOP IT STOP IT."
> **Zack:** "What are your qualifications?"
> **Jason Petry:** "SHUT UP MOTHER."

- **Potential Stalker Number Two:** Maryanne Holliman

Physical Description: Maryanne is 26 years old. She stands five feet five inches tall and weighs 245lbs. Her sandy blonde hair is shoulder length and she has a bald spot where she tried to pour scalding water into her brain in 1999. She favors brightly colored clothes that she has written slogans on such as "N Sync Rules" and "I want to drink JC's blood out of a chalice." Her voice is normally soft and pleasant but can achieve a very high pitch and volume when Maryanne deems shrieking incoherently necessary.

Qualifications: Maryanne has stalked the musical group N Sync since 1996 and has been arrested six times for physically assaulting members of the band or trespassing on private property. In the summer of 2000 she became trapped in a hotel's ventilation system when trying to dry hump an effigy of Justin while staring down at him through a vent above his bed. She has since been under house arrest.

Reason for Stalking Zack: Maryanne doesn't know or care who I am, but if I start wearing a mask that makes me resemble a member of N Sync I think I can keep her out of legal trouble and return her to being a productive member of the stalker subculture.

Interview Sample:

> **Maryanne Holliman:** "Are you telling me I get to meet the band today?"
> **Zack:** "Maybe. If they like what they see they may let you backstage."
> **Maryanne Holliman:** "If you don't let me see them I am going to stab you in the throat with my eyebrow pencil."
> **Zack:** "I like your spunk."
> **Maryanne Holliman:** "I once asked five guys from my high school to masturbate into a bathtub while dressed like the members of N Sync. They wouldn't do it so I cried a long time and then keyed all their cars and broke out their windshields with a shovel."
> **Zack:** "Would you like coffee?"

- **Potential Stalker Number Three:** Douglas Lime

Physical Description: Doug is fifty-five years old. He tips the scales at 195lbs and he is six feet tall. He has short-cropped balding hair and a nose far too large for his face. These days he prefers to dress in a tan trench coat and nothing else.

Qualifications: Douglas Lime is a consummate professional in the realm of celebrity stalkings. Lime worked as a private investigator for PI Snoops, an agency based in Washington, DC. In 1988 he was hired anonymously by his then wife to investigate himself for possible marital infidelity. A true professional never turns down a case. Lime baited and subsequently caught himself in an affair with one of PI Snoops' undercover female workers. He produced photographic evidence and submitted it to his wife who promptly divorced him and took him for every dime. He has since applied his talents in surveillance to stalking a number of female celebrities ranging from Sharon Stone to Bea Arthur.

Reasons for Stalking Zack: Douglas has descended into a bottomless pit of alcoholism, madness, and paranoia. He will be happy stalking anyone as long as he can be convinced of their wrong doing. His preference for angrily following women is an obstacle that will need to be overcome.

Interview Sample:

> **Zack:** "Tell me what happened with your ex wife?"
> **Douglas Lime:** "That whore, I hope she gets hit by a runaway racing buggy."
> **Zack:** "You mean a horse-drawn racing buggy?"
> **Douglas Lime:** "Yeah, like at the track. I can draw you a picture if you want kid. Jesus Christ you are so stupid. You're on their side aren't you?"
> **Zack:** "I have allegiance to no faction."
> **Douglas Lime:** "The file I've put together on you says you were in the Boy Scouts."
> **Zack:** "Touché."

To be honest with you I'm leaning towards Douglas Lime; he has the skills to really keep me in a constant state of terror. He doesn't seem quite crazy enough to me though. He has only rarely physically assaulted the people he is stalking and he hasn't even once flung bodily fluids on a person that I know of. It's a tough call, and I'm a terribly wishy-washy person, so that's why I'm asking you to make the call.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.20 Heroes are everywhere!

Wednesday, Oct 24, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Sometimes it's easy to look at someone and say to yourself "that guy there is a hero, a goddamned certified hero". You can do it with the firemen who risked their lives or even gave their lives in New York City. You can do it with a soldier who runs into the line of fire to rescue a down companion. You can even do it with those kids who get cancer and all their hair falls out and you just know they are going to die but they don't cry about it like that kid with the glasses you pushed into the snow drift. I always assumed heroism was a universally recognized quality. Apparently North Korea has a different perception than the rest of the world, as I discovered when I read this enlightening article from ABC News.

"I declare this jacket to be a hero because it prevents a starving Korean citizen from dying of hypothermia...for one night."

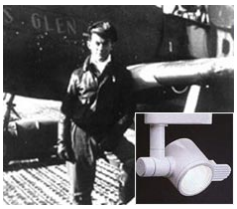
> *The honor is not just reserved for the usual suspects, such as top officials or brave soldiers slain in battle. The North's totalitarian regime has given the title of hero to a woman who gave birth to eight children, a woman who donated 500 pigs to military units over 20 years and soldiers who supposedly jumped into a fire to save a portrait of the nation's late founder, Kim Il Sung.*

Oh, but it gets much better!

> *Last week, the country named a 15-ton pneumatic hammer as a national hero for "producing many parts necessary for railway transportation and the industrialization of the country," according to state-run media.*

You read that right. They named a hammer a national hero.

I'm a pretty open minded guy though, so I have to take this seriously. What if we've had it all wrong and North Korea is right on the money? What if heroism can be found in random senseless acts of portrait preservation and man made objects? I think we need to take away a few Congressional medals of Honor and give them to some brave potted plants in Michigan that have been providing valuable oxygen to an otherwise sterile Kinkos.



Lt. Paul "Rusty" Owens and (inset) Holldecker track lighting from "The Green Tango Gallery".

I've drafted a list of "old school" national heroes who need to be stripped of their honorary titles to make room for a new wave of true heroes. I hope to present this list to Congress so that they can take time out from running scared from every grain of salt that gets spilled in the mail room and make our goddamned nation proud.

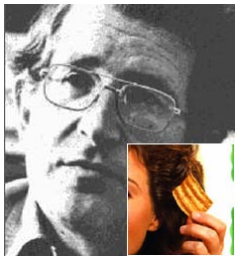
- **Lt. Paul "Rusty" Owens' Congressional Medal of Honor goes to Holldecker Track Lighting Installed in "The Green Tango Gallery"** - Shot down over occupied France in 1943, Paul Owens broke both of his legs when he parachuted from his fighter plane. He crawled across over eighty miles of German infested France and swam across the English Channel. The next morning he returned to the cockpit and shot down nine enemy planes. Wow, great job "Rusty", you broke your legs! I broke my leg a couple years ago and I just got socked with huge medical bills. I can also shoot down about 100 of those bug things in the canyon level of Warhawk for the Playstation. I

think your Congressional Medal of Honor should be reassigned to the Holldecker brand track lighting I saw installed in this art gallery in Columbus. They provided clean and clear illumination for the assemblage art pieces I saw at the "Spanish Troika" exhibit and they shone about one thousand times brighter than your crappy leg-breaking bravado.

▪ **Ensign Allen Johnson's Navy Cross goes to the Old Woman Who Lives by the Grade School and Throws Softballs at Buses** - Ensign Allen Johnson was manning an anti-aircraft gun aboard the USS Missouri when his ship was attacked at Pearl Harbor. His arms were shot off by a Japanese Zero, yet he continued to man his gun using only his teeth and feet. His legs were paralyzed by shrapnel when the Missouri's main magazine caught fire and exploded. Nearly dead from blood loss he pulled the trigger of his gun with his tongue and fed new belts of ammunition into it with his teeth until the Missouri finally sunk and he died with it. What they don't tell you is that sadsack Johnson didn't manage to hit a single Japanese aircraft. I could put a goddamned baby in front of a machinegun and he could manage to hit ABSOLUTELY FUCKING NOTHING. I think he was practically a traitor. He should have been throwing all that ammo over to other ships that weren't sinking so someone who could hit the broad side of a barn could use it to shoot down a giant zeppelin or something. No, give this Navy Cross to the crazy old woman who lives next to the grade school. She sits on her porch all day screaming obscenities and throwing softballs from a bucket at buses that pass by. Guess what Johnson? She manages to hit the buses! I don't even think she has any teeth, God bless her.

▪ **Major Steven Fielding's Extreme Valor Horseshoe goes to the Hat Clint Eastwood Wore in "Two Mules for Sister Sara"** - Major Fielding served as a covert civilian advisor in Vietnam prior to the large-scale deployment of United States troops to the region. During a training exercise with the South Vietnamese loyal to the government, the camp was attacked by North Vietnamese. Fielding accounted for over thirty dead enemy soldiers personally and almost by himself managed to repel the attack. He suffered mortal wounds and was transported to a field hospital in Saigon, where he died three weeks later from his injuries. The hat worn by Clint Eastwood in "Two Mules for Sister Sara", however, never stopped being classy for an instant. Whether Eastwood was rescuing Shirley MacLaine from cowboys or engaging in sexually charged banter with her, his hat always managed to exude that quiet and slightly menacing sexuality that he is so well known for. Without the hat the movie might have become trivial, but with the full gravitas of the hat on its side it became a romantic, comedic, and dramatic magnum opus for both Eastwood and MacLaine. As impressive as killing thirty men is, I would rather reward a hat for extreme valor than give the award away to a butcher.

▪ **Noam Chomsky's Pulitzer Prize goes to Harvest Cheddar Flavored Sun Chips** - Noam Chomsky is well known for his incisive criticism of the media, society, and popular culture. He is often quoted by well-educated writers and his 1983 Pulitzer Prize for journalism was itself a masterpiece of understanding the way journalism can set the agenda for global discussion. He also happens to be a pretentious, left-leaning, communist puppet who parrots the works of Lenin to anyone who will listen. I promise you if he controlled the media and the government he would stop complaining about his sissy global agendas. Some people think he is simply delicious, but I think the most delicious thing available over the counter are harvest cheddar flavored Sun Chips. I would like to give them his Pulitzer Prize in bold cheese taste. They are corrugated crispy wafers of corn goodness, sprinkled with the diaphanous glow of sun drenched cheddary taste. Looking upon them can be likened to looking upon the face of God, but unlike God they are merciful and nurturing, filling my stomach with their sweet kisses of gastrological delight, each bite an apotheosis of my taste buds.



Noam Chomsky and (inset) the real hero, a Harvest Cheddar Flavored Sun Chip.

Also Featured - There are literally hundreds of virtually unknown people and heroic objects that I feel should be included on this list. Rather than bore you with every single one I would like to give you the highlights.

- Jerry Falwell's Honorary Doctorate in Theology goes to the semen encrusted sock in my college friend's dorm room.
- Shane Berry's Presidential Academic Achievement Award goes to my Creative Labs Soundblaster Live! Card.
- Stileproject.com's 2000 Webby Award goes to deceased actor George Peppard.
- Kelsey Grammer's 1997 Emmy Award goes to a structural column in the Providence Historical Society.
- Any awards received by Derek Smart go to Coats For Kids.
- Darryl Strawberry's 1988 MVP Award goes to Michael Jordan.
- Michael Jordan's sundry awards will be given to a tire fire in Gary, Indiana.
- Yassir Arafat's ridiculous Nobel Peace Prize will be shifted to underappreciated Machines of Loving Grace vocalist Scott Benzel.
- Mary Lou Retton's Gold Medals for gymnastics will be given to a pair of panties stolen from Britney Spears' luggage by an unscrupulous Lufthansa baggage handler.
- The Sands Casino's Keno Jackpot for August will be collected from retired businessman Dale Clive and given to Koko, the two-legged Chihuahua, who looks so sad in that little wheeled cart of his.

There are so many more I wish to honor. Thank you, North Korea, for showing me the true paths to glory! No more will I endanger my life to help others, from now on I will be a hero in my own quiet and pathetic way. As long as we all do our best to contribute to this wonderful society and hold Kim Il Sung dear to our hearts, we can be heroes too!

You Don't Deserve Anthrax.

Something Awful has received breaking news from the FBI about recent Anthrax scares in the United States. It seems that only cool and popular people are becoming targets of biological warfare, and normal loser citizens like us have nothing to worry about. You can read this breaking story yourself!

> "Here's Tom Brokaw. He's important and he was sent Anthrax. Here's Rob Clayton of Lake Lucille, Alabama. Rob is an unemployed welder with two dogs and an ex-wife. He is not important and was not sent Anthrax. Here's New York Governor George Pataki. He's important and he was sent Anthrax. Here's J.C. Wallingston of Hobbstown, Kansas. J.C. spends all day hanging out in the local mall food court. He is not important and was not sent Anthrax. Anthrax was only sent to cool, important people. Not you. You guys aren't nearly cool or important enough to warrant the enormous expense and time it takes to produce Anthrax. So until you become a world-reknown journalist or a major political leader, just shut up about Anthrax already and stop calling us because we're so close to taking the phones off the hook."

That is a load off my troubled mind. Read it folks, it will ease your tension.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Governor George E. Pataki
IMPORTANT
You
NOT IMPORTANT

10.21 Surviving horror games

Thursday, Oct 25, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

A screenshot from Silent Hill 2. Notice the gritty noise filter that the game uses.

As many of you more stalker-esque people out there are aware of, I recently purchased the game *Silent Hill 2* for the Playstation 2. *Silent Hill 2* is the sequel to the award-winning game, *"Silent Hill 3,"* a title that many claimed made it the king of the "survival horror" genre, beating out other popular games such as:

- *Resident Evil*
- *Resident Evil 2*
- *Resident Evil 3: Here Come the Zombies!*
- *Resident Evil 4: Zombies on Patrol*
- *Resident Evil: Code Veronica*
- *Resident Evil: Code Veronica 2: Even More Fucking Zombies*
- *Resident Evil: Code Veronica XXX: Zombies Get Dirty*
- *Resident Evil: Code Veronica XXX: Escape From the Apartment of the Zombies*
- *Resident Evil: Ultra Platinum Gold Electrum Limited Edition XXX 3 XXX 2: Zombies Take Control*
- *That Game That's Resident Evil Except the Zombies Are Dressed Up In Dinosaur Costumes*
- *Everquest: Zombie Edition*

A screenshot from Silent Hill 2. Notice the gritty noise filter that our site uses.

In a rare, surprising turn of events, I actually managed to play *Silent Hill 2* throughout the weekend and put in enough time to solve the game. This is remarkably odd because *Silent Hill 2* was the first game I played the entire way through since *Ikari Warriors 2* on the Nintendo, and I'm not even sure I managed to defeat that game. Actually, now that I think about it, I'm fairly sure I just knocked myself out after throwing the cartridge against the wall and watching it ricochet back into my face. My dreams of defeating *Ikari Warriors 2* were simply the result of my brain diverting my body's attention from the fact that I was losing gallons of blood at an alarming rate. That's fine by me since bleeding to death presents itself as a much more pleasant option than actually having to play *Ikari Warriors 2*, a game which (if I remember correctly) was about using magic pool sticks to beat on drunk aliens and floating alien pinball machines. Actually, I think the game made less sense then that. So I don't really know where the hell I was going with this story, but the main point I was trying to get across was that I never have enough patience or a sufficient attention span to solve any games, even if they involve floating alien pinball machines.

While *Silent Hill 2* did not feature such pixellated wonders, it did provide gritty, incredible graphics. The shading / lighting system is simply remarkable, casting realistic and completely believable shadows throughout the game. Although there aren't too many different enemies in the game, the monsters are some of the most creative and original creatures I've ever seen. They're accompanied by some really chilling sound effects that will undoubtedly rattle you through a surround sound speaker setup. I definitely enjoyed this game and would give it a great rating... if it wasn't a survival horror game.

Now some of you out there might be saying, "but Rich 'Lowtax' Kyanka! You can't give *Silent Hill 2* a bad review just because it's a survival horror game! My and my buddies who spend all day worshipping Capcom and Konami are going to send you a barrage of furious emails, many of which have a back background and black text!" That's fine by me; all my email get automatically forwarded to every employee who works for About.com's spam mailing lists. A link labeled "click here to unsubscribe" is included on the bottom of each message, but it simply sends them to this URL *(**WARNING:** DO NOT EVER, EVER, EVER CLICK THAT. EVER).*

You see, by being a survival horror game, you are required by law to include a strict set of horrible clichés that will let every halfwit passing by the TV know that you are, in fact, playing a survival horror game. I have no idea who first came up with these rules or why they're required; I'm guessing it's just one of those crazy Japanese things that I'll never understand, like bukake or underage cartoon porn or whatever the fuck this is. Regardless, every survival horror game abides by the following rules:

1. Stupid, stupid, stupid puzzles. The puzzles in survival horror games never make a bit of goddamn sense and they simply revolve around using bizarre, moon-man logic to find items which don't belong in whatever scenario you're in. They are so far from being realistic that they embody anti-realism, causing the surrounding 30 foot radius around your television to morph into some bizarre alternate dimension of nonsense. For example, let's contrast problem-solving skills between survival horror games and real life:

- **PROBLEM:** You are supposed to meet somebody inside an abandoned church, but the front door is locked.
  SURVIVAL HORROR SOLUTION: You must find three different coins: the Coin of Jealousy, the Coin of Anger, and the Coin of Poison Resistance +5, then place them in a demonic piggybank that is found in the basement of a nearby haunted fallout shelter. Then a piece of paper will come out of the piggybank's mouth, revealing the location of the Back Door Key. Once you get the Back Door Key and enter through the back of the church, you will have to find the Storeroom Key which leads to the Closet Key which holds the Attic Key which contains the Ladies Bathroom Key that hides the West Wing Hallway Key that is used to store the Front Door Key. By the time you actually get to the Front Door Key, it's the next morning and the door has already been unlocked.
  REAL LIFE SOLUTION: You go home and watch "Married With Children" reruns and fall asleep on the couch. The next morning, if you're not too hung over, you go to the church and see if the door is still unlocked.
- **PROBLEM:** There is an AM radio at the bottom of a well that you must get.
  SURVIVAL HORROR SOLUTION: First you must enter the mortuary and step on the correct sequence of headstones to open the Gargoyle Head door. Inside the Mummy Catacombs is the "Jeweled Box of Infinite Mystery and a Little Bit of Confusion," which you must unlock by using the code you stole from Nursemaid Henkin's pocket when she passed out from drinking the spiked Coca-Cola you got from the Arab Stewardess who attacked you after entered the Hall of Hogs that was southwest of Alf Village. I don't remember how you end up getting a radio, but this is at least a good first step.
  REAL LIFE SOLUTION: You say "fuck it," drive to Radio Shack to purchase a new one, and get in a car accident on the way home.

Every single retarded survival horror puzzle revolves around you finding keys or using

A screenshot from Silent Hill 2. I think there were just a bunch of ants on the screen here.

coins to find keys or pushing a correct sequence of buttons that lets you find coins that you redeem for keys or valuable parting gifts. You could be trapped in a closet and the only way to escape involves you combining a horseshoe and a Richard Nixon campaign button to fashion a crude, coin-shaped key. I loathe survival horror puzzles and the anti-logic which they revolve around.

2. People who look human but definitely aren't. Okay, I'm well aware that people in Japan act different than Americans do. For example, when they buy pants, they usually ask for a much smaller waist size than most of us could fit into. However, survival horror characters don't act even *vaguely* human. Every single cutscene and plot device seems as if they were written by robots trying to emulate aliens trying to emulate human beings.

- **SITUATION:** You are surrounded by zombies who want to kill you and do horrible things to your corpse. You run into a mysterious abandoned gas station, where you meet the owner, a burly man equipped with a shotgun and a seemingly infinite number of shotgun rounds. He is the only person in the entire world who is not dead.
SURVIVAL HORROR OUTCOME: The owner and you decide it would be better if you "split up" for no reason whatsoever.
REAL LIFE OUTCOME: You and the gas station owner combine your firepower and mow down as many zombies as possible. You are then arrested and both charged with homicide, since the zombies were simply gas station customers and both you and the gas station owner were hallucinating from spending the last 30 minutes shooting up heroin in the bathroom.

- **SITUATION:** You meet an eight-year old girl hiding in a closet of a hotel that's haunted by ghosts / aliens / monster / demons / pirates.
SURVIVAL HORROR OUTCOME: The girl and you decide it would be better if you "split up" for no reason whatsoever.
REAL LIFE OUTCOME: The girl gets sexually molested by tentacles that break out of the floor. This appears to happen very frequently in Japan.

3. Doors that defy all laws of physics. I've never understood how this works in games.

- **SITUATION:** The fire escape door that leads to the third floor is jammed.
SURVIVAL HORROR OUTCOME: You speak to a janitor who tells you the story about how the owner of the haunted hotel went crazy and murdered a bunch of people and buried them under the floor and made a delicious gravy from their eyeball juice. Then, after his stupid story, the door is magically unjammed.

A screenshot from Silent Hill 2, ported to Atari 2600.

REAL LIFE OUTCOME: The janitor mumbles something to you and walks away. Door is still jammed. Door continues to be jammed for all eternity. You die alone and afraid.

- **SITUATION:** You're trying to leave a building, but you keep saying out loud, "it seems as if I'm forgetting something..." and you find yourself unable to run out of the building.

SURVIVAL HORROR OUTCOME: You obviously forgot to pick up the 4-pixel wide items in one of the 500 different rooms.
REAL LIFE OUTCOME: You say, "fuck no I didn't forget nothing" and you leave the building. You are then arrested for indecent exposure, since the item you forgot was pants.

So while I enjoyed *Silent Hill 2* for the game it is, I can't help but wish it wasn't a survival horror game. Is it so much to ask for a survival horror game that isn't actually a survival horror game? Well since that statement made absolutely no sense whatsoever, yes, it is too much to ask. But since I just finished playing a survival horror game, my logic seems completely legit and intelligent in comparison... AND it has less zombies.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

10.22 Make a wish, buy a dish

Friday, Oct 26, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

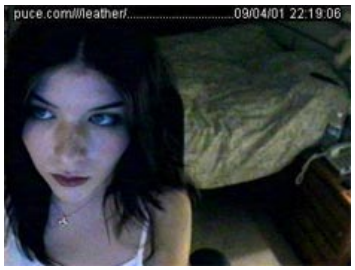
The Make a Selfish Wish Foundation

I respect you for your brains and depth of character.

Personal web sites are nothing new. The Internet was basically founded on the idea that anyone with a computer and access to the Internet could generate their own crappy vanity project. Everyone has a voice! As we've pointed out time and time again on Something Awful with the Awful Link of the Day it would be nice if many of these people suddenly became mute. Over time "Jim Bob's Home Page" evolved into "The House of Badass Jimbo". James fancied himself a writer, much like I fancy my stupid shit writing, and began to pour his heart and soul into keeping some horrifying banal web journal of every single action he took throughout the course of a day. Then he decided to throw in a bunch of stupid pictures he found while searching the internet late at night and the collection of porn he downloaded from AOL. Add a couple video clips of dead people and / or animals and you've strayed away from the home page and landed squarely in Everything / Nothing land.

After a while the thriving E/N community developed a weird symbiotic relationship with a group of mostly teenage girls who posed on web cams and kept equally lame web journals. Collectively they became known as "cam girls". They would flash their underoos or bare skin and strike vapidly seductive poses and the male readers and web masters of the E/N community would heap adulation upon them. Taking to the moral high ground of exotic dancers everywhere, these photogenic jailbait girls realized they could actually get things they wanted by staring at an object three inches to the left of a camera and looking sad. Thus, with the help of Amazon.com, the cam girl wish list was born and the world would never be the same again.

Tell me, please! I will buy you a silver ankh necklace if you tell me.Now they can simply go to Amazon.com and pick out the things they want, completely removing the "not what I wanted" part of the "receiving gifts from creepy older men" equation. Cam Girl wish lists usually consist of the following:



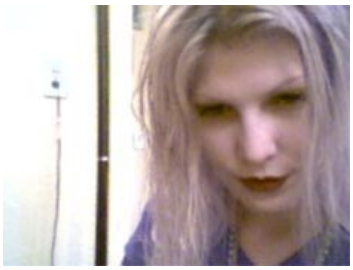
Stop looking over there! What is it, a ghost?

- 50 colors of lipstick and eye shadow so unnatural that they can only be generated in perfect lab conditions and even then only for a few fleeting seconds.
- Retarded baby doll t-shirts with slogans like "brat", "cutie", "slut", "fat mamma", and "sump maggot".
- Some annoying piece of overly expensive jewelry with a cool pagan or new-age symbol as the crux.
- A new web cam, because lord knows we need every room monitored in their fucking house.
- Some kind of perfume that smells like what a rose would smell like if you kicked it up your nose.
- Lots of sexy undergarments, because it's so fun receiving panties from a man ten

years older than you who e-mails you about the number of times he has jerked off to the picture of you in your pajamas.

- Chirpy shrill crap music that kids listen to these days. Launch a Casio keyboard at a barber shop quartet and the resultant explosion should roughly approximate the kind of thing most cam girls listen to.
- Things so expensive Bill Gates wouldn't buy them no matter how drunk he was. Vitally important items like $1500 digital camcorders, HDTVs, mini-submarines, carbon-fiber folding bicycles hand made on the moon, and helicopter robots that fly around the room so fast that they cause house fires when they immediately crash into the drapes.

You can chide these enterprising young women all you want for being selfish, for expecting men to give them gifts, for selling their flesh and soul to petty consumerism, but you would be making a mistake. These girls aren't stupid for doing all this. They've latched onto the idea that pornography is the single feasible means for generating revenue on the Internet. They have turned their fortunate DNA into an endless treasure chest of fabulous prizes. The drooling, hunched, perpetually horny masses have simply walked directly into their Bambi-eyed machinegun fire and as surely as if they had been beaten to death in River City Ransom, they leave behind spinning silver coins.



It moved! What's it doing down there now?! It IS a ghost, isn't it? TELL ME DAMN YOU!

Like the misguided younger brother on a family-friendly sitcom, I am constantly cooking up lame-brained schemes for Something Awful to rake in money. Usually Rich just shakes his head with a knowing smirk and shoves me back into the textile mill where I continue working on merchandise for his "Fat Sally" line of parachute pants. The reason for this is mostly because he regards me as a nearly-mongoloid slow wit with motor skills barely up to speed to operate an 8 ring cloth lathe and the financial savvy to match. Then it hit me as surely as the cruel lash he made me cut from the thorn bush, this isn't my idea, I'm just ripping off the idea of teenage girls! We should all do wish lists and bask in the glow of our new fabulous wealth.

Rich told me to get back to work like he normally does, so when I went home last night I called up some of the others about it. Jeff K was grounded from the Internet because he somehow caught his computer on fire when he was playing with his MUSCLE men. Leonard J. Crabs just laughed at me and hung up, then an hour later a dark sedan drove past my apartment and someone threw a brick through my window with a note reading "Fat chance sailor!" attached to it. I took this as a "no". My hands quivering I dialed up Cliff Yablonski. I must have caught him just before he passed out in a drunken stupor because he bordered on agreeable, saying he would go so far as to tell me all about exactly what I was supposed to give him from the Internet. Then I heard screaming and he hung up, but he did send me what he promised. To keep the estrogen level balanced with Cliff's raging testosterone I drafted SA Forums admin "Fistgrrl" into providing me with her Amazon.com wish list as well. Naturally, Fragmaster wanted in on the action as well, because he knows where the actions is in this town.

Zack's Amazon.com Wish List!

"I decided to keep things pretty straightforward with my wish list. When choosing I went for the basics for personal entertainment, personal enlightenment, and home and garden. Please buy me a goddamned bird bath; the birds around here are outlandishly filthy."

I think those birds have Anthrax on them!

Fragmaster's Amazon.com Wish List!

"Hello I am Fragmaster and in AOL Chat rooms I am a really hot female 18/f/SoCal who is also a model and GO GO RAIDERS fan or some shit but in reality I'm an ugly mishaped nerd who does Fireman Comics and bad Flash and weekend updates on SomethingAwful so buy me gifts SO I WIN PRIZE OK????? OK?? *SIGH*"

Buy me gifts!

Fistgrrl's Amazon.com Wish List!

"I do all this fucking work for Rich and Zack on the forums and I don't get paid a fucking cock sucking cunt faced dollar. Those sons of bitches are the worst people I know and if it weren't for the joy I get out of tormenting the dick brained shit crawlers on the forums I would pull up stakes and leave for Somewherethefuckelseville, USA. Buy me something off my wish list you three toed bucket of lard and guts or I will send that pipe-hittin' old bastard Yablonski over to give you a colonoscopy with a weed eater."

Fucking buy me something already.

Cliff Yablonski's Goddamned Amazon River List!

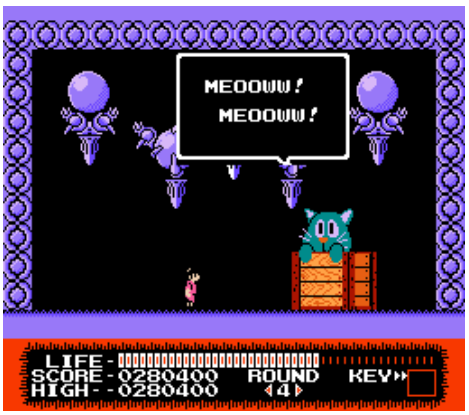
"What the hell is this crap? You ungrateful beady-eyed assholes had better send me some money on this thing. Use that pay person shit, whatever that Kyanka guy uses. I don't trust him, he's got the shifty eyes too and one of these days I am going to make his brains fall out of his goddamned head. What's in the river? I don't want any fucking fish I broke my freezer storing leaky car batteries I stole out of Dale Patterson's garage and I've got no place to put a bunch of fucking fish."

arget="_blank"what the fuck is this gibberish shit

This is the one. This is the plan that is finally going to pay off for all of us here at Something Awful! Here come the gold! Big money! I'm going to be able to build a mountain out of hundred dollar bills and pay midget women to grease me up so that I can glide effortlessly down my enormous cash mountain.No. It won't work. My life is a lie.

There's a Party in My Monster and Every...I screwed that up.

The Rom Pit makes a triumphant return! This time arch-kook Lowtax takes a look at "Monster Party", which is without a doubt one of the most batshit insane games ever released on the Nintendo. Don't believe me? Experience the terror of Monster Party!



> This is what makes "Monster Party" so special to me; try naming another game where you have to fight BOTH dancing onion rings AND a set of walking pants. Without going into Turbografix-16 titles, you simply cannot do it. There is probably a good reason for this, but I can't think of it offhand.

It's a haunted fun time and everyone is invited to a Monster Party! I would go, but honestly I'm afraid of that giant kitten thing, and that's just the tip of the Monster Party iceberg.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.23 The Pentagon needs your / our / no help!

Saturday, Oct 27, 2001 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

Bright Ideas

Thursday, the Pentagon sent out a statement that urged all citizens to "send in bright ideas on thwarting terrorism." This is quite unusual to say the least, and will probably result in at least a couple letters from brain-baked hippies which say something to the effect of "make love not war, man, and just ask the terrorist dudes nicely to stop and they'll turn down their stereo or whatever your problem is with them are wow this is the best tasting stamp I've ever licked legalize weed!"

John "Cancer Man" Ashcroft wants to hear your pie in the sky schemes!

I find this slightly disturbing. Isn't the government supposed to have a solution for anything? They've got all those super-intelligent aliens locked up in New Mexico they can consult with and all, right? And a couple of weeks ago it was reported that government agencies were meeting with Hollywood bigshots to try to brainstorm ideas for fighting terrorists, but my guess is that all their suggestions involved adding more car chases and giving Osama Bin Laden a sexy, wise-cracking female love interest.

But the government is apparently so darn befuddled by these terrorists that they've got to ask the lowest common denominator - the American Public - for help. Quite the sorry state of affairs! But I'm willing to do my part to help my country, so here's a few of my "gnarly" solutions to the Pentagon's three most "radical" problems.

Problem #1: *"Defeating difficult targets"*

Sonic The Hedgehog once sang "there is no circumstance that you can't handle (when you use your mind)" He also stated, "if you've got to do something (you've GOTTA do something!) Believe in yourself! Yourself!" So the solution to defeating these difficult targets is to just try your best and think positive! Come on, you can do it U.S.A.!

Passing out gold stars and buttons that say, "I am a winner!" may also help.

Problem #2: *"Conducting protracted operations in remote areas"*

This is a toughie. Afghanistan is not the most geographically pleasant country in the world and features a whole bunch of mountains, caves, deep valleys, and wild terrain. Kinda like a *Tribes* level. Foreign troops that have set foot in Afghanistan in the past quickly discovered how hard it is to navigate and survive in such conditions, especially when pitted against people who have adapted to such an environment.

So obviously your typical American soldier is going to have problems shooting up Afghan's for extended periods of time, especially if he has to climb up mountains and stumble around dark caves. However, there is one type of American that is well suited to fighting in such environments. With just a little weapons training they can be molded into an unstoppable Taliban thrashin' fighting force.

I am, of course, talking about bears.

> All bears (outside of the wussy ones who were dumb enough to get captured by the zoos) spend all their life in the wild, stealing picnic baskets and performing a variety of other covert operations. They don't mind mountains, and they've already spent gobs of time exploring and frolicking about in caves. They're big, tough, hard to kill, and your average uneducated Taliban has probably has never seen one before and would thus be scared shitless. Yes, elite squads of attack bears are the perfect weapons to deploy in this particular situation. As an added bonus, they'll leave big stinky surprises in the woods!
>
> Regrettably, there is one potential flaw to my otherwise brilliant proposal: with the Afghan winter fast approaching, U.S. attack bears may heed the call of nature and start hibernating in the very same caves they were assigned to search. So we'll have to supply them with Red Bull or some junk to make sure they stay awake.

Problem #3: *"Developing countermeasures to weapons of mass destruction"*

Heavy Weapons Attack Bear (with skull-mounted gatling gun) and AK-47 toting Cub Scout seek out cowardly Taliban.

> During the cold war, America's brilliant strategy was this: if Russia launched nukes at us, we would launch nukes at them. That way, basically everybody in the world would die instead of just Americans. It's like the time I was losing a game of checkers so I just "accidentally" pushed the board off the table, threw my chair through a window, punched somebody's Mom in the nose and ran away. Everybody lost, but at least the other guy didn't win. You know?
>
> So my solution is to challenge the Taliban to a game of checkers and if they lose that have to promise not to use any weapons of mass destruction.

Oh wait! Has anyone tried mailing Osama Bin Laden like a card that says he won $500 million dollars and three nuclear missiles, which he could claim by stepping into a giant cage near the border of Pakistan? It's worth a try! Believe in yourself!

Half-Life for Halfwits!

Valve Software, who released *Half-Life*, their first and only commercial game approximately fifteen years ago, sent out this email to a whole bunch of gaming sites yesterday:

> *Valve has been approached by a number of filmmakers interested in developing a Half-Life movie. Would you go see a Half-Life movie and, if so, what would you like to see in the film? (i.e. actors, story lines, etc.) To enter your opinions on the subject, even if your comments are limited to, "Yes, I'd go see a Half-Life movie," simply email your thoughts to movie@valvesoftware.com. Thanks.*

Back in its prime, I was quite the *Half-Life* freak. I ran the biggest fan site around and also regrettably wrote probably the most popular and disturbing serialized piece of fan fiction, "Walter's World," which chronicled the increasingly more bizarre and psychotic adventures of an under-sexed Black Mesa Biochemist. So I think it's safe to say that I'm disgusting, pathetic, ugly, bespectacled nerd-ass loser with no life because I actually wrote like 200 pages of ***fan fiction***. Holy hell, that's sad!

Half-Life: Uplink stars Jaz Meadows, an ambitious reporter who breaks into Black Mesa and acts like a prick while talking to a gender-shifting woman named Bill on his headset (you know, like Counter-Strike).

Valve wants you to forget that they've already made one attempt at producing a *Half-Life* movie. The result, "Half-Life: Uplink," was so bad that they blocked its release. I, however, have seen the five-minute long string of vomit held together by MPEG compression and I can honestly say that it's one of the worst things ever. Like most game to movie conversions, it's only very loosely based on the subject matter. The main character of the short film isn't even Gordon Freeman, it's a smirking, retarded British reporter named Jaz Meadows. He spends most of the movie climbing up a ladder to escape from an invisible alien while supposedly dead marines blink at the camera.

Let's face it, even if a *Half-Life* movie manages to get made, a bunch of stuff is going to get lost in the translation and it'll probably be pretty terrible. As things stand right now, the most successful and entertaining video game to film conversion is probably "Mortal Kombat," and that's not exactly a momentous achievement, is it? Even if Valve writes the script themselves, the studio that picks up the rights will mangle the concept beyond belief with poor casting and inexplicable subplots involving a cute, scrappy little kid.

With the aid of my crystal pokeball, I have looked into the future and procured the press kit for 2004's "Half-Life: The Movie."

Gordon Freeman - Ben Affleck

After losing the role of "Duke Nukem" to buddy Matt Damon, Ben signed on to play Black Mesa researcher and alien ass-kicker Gordon Freeman because "*Half-Life* and *Duke Nukem* are both videogames so it'll be basically the same." While the videogame incarnation of Gordon Freeman didn't utter a single word, his big screen counterpart will have plenty to say to the invading aliens. "Gordon may be a scientist," says Affleck, "But he's got a sense of humor. In this one scene I kill a zombie scientist and say 'Looks like somebody needs their morning coffee!' It's really funny!" Ben hopes to bring his signature style and grace - showcased to its fullest in "Pearl Harbor" - to the Half-Life project.

Betty Bozsuum (formerly Barney The Security Guard) - Shannon Elizabeth

While the version of Barney the helpful security guard in the videogame was loosely based on Don Knotts, the motion picture incarnation of the character adds a few shapely curves to the mix. "American Pie's" Shannon Elizabeth plays the sultry French security guard sidekick. "Betty is tough, yet seductive," says Elizabeth. "I don't want to give anything away, but Gordon Freeman is going to need all the help he can get in the bowels... of Black Mesa. The sparks will be flying in more ways than one!" Half-Life director Paul "Starship Troopers" Verhoeven also notes that "While the... aliens may have destroyed the inter-dimensional laser, the showers are still working and perhaps Betty and Gordon will have time to take a break from saving the world?"

Scientist Walter Bennett - Martin Lawrence

In a casting coup, "Big Momma's House" superstar Martin Lawrence is Walter Bennett, the wacky black Black Mesa scientist who's constantly finding himself in zany situations. "Wally's always got somethin' on his mind and somethin' to say, know what

I'm sayin'?" says Lawrence. "Being cooped up in his lab and all can drive a brotha crazy, believe you me. He's gonna get freaky with some of them fine alien bitches. I mean, daaaaaaaamn!" Daaaaaaaamnn, indeed! Walter also helps Gordon build gadgets and weapons to fight the forces of Xen, including the devastating dung launcher.

Garg - Fred Durst

Former Limp Bizkit frontman Fred Durst, hot off his portrayal of Mr. T in last summer's "A-Team" remake, plays Garg, leader of the alien resistance. "Garg is full of rage, man, he's there to fuck humans up." Durst explains. "Back on his home planet he gets no play so he's taking it out on these humans. He's going to take their jobs and shove it, you know? It's payback time. He's mad as hell and he's not going to take it anymore, MOTHA FUCKAH!!!!!"

G-Man - David Duchovny

David Duchovny is the mysterious G-Man, a shadowy individual who is probably up to no good! Is he a high-level government agent? Is he an alien himself? What conspiracies is he trying to hide? "It's really nice to get another role in yet another production that involves aliens and government conspiracies," Duchovny said. "Yeah, real great. You would think after suffering through years of that garbage on the 'X-Files,' I'd be really sick of it. People say that I'm typecast... but... err... it's... hey, have you seen my wife? She's really hot! You jealous?"

Now, does that sound like a film you'd pay $8.50 to see? Be sure to let Valve know!

A Foreign Film

Being patriotic is great and all, but not everybody is Hacksaw Jim Duggan. So when ones entertainment scratch needs itching, pretentious folks such as I like to shun American-made cinematic offerings like "Half-Life" to partake in the viewing of films made in other, less sticky countries.

Since most of us don't have the time to watch a three hour Kurosawa epic or the intestinal fortitude to suffer through a lushly photographed French film about the best and quickest way to surrender, I've whipped up A Foreign Film that was made in another country. Just watch it and you'll suddenly become a lot more cultured. You'll still smell strange, though.

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

10.24 Horrors of the deep sea... and other horrors

Monday, Oct 29, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

It Came From The Lake!

Our fear of the unknown beasts that lurk within deep waters dates back to almost the beginning of recorded history, when Egyptians sailed the seven seas in search of whale meat. During their travels they sometimes encountered various "sea serpents", which in reality could be a simple school of dolphins or a giant kraken surfacing from the bottomless depths to assault their harpoon vessels. Many tales were written about such terrible beasts, many more were lost to the unforgiving passage of time. Some remain in circulation to this day, and it is these tales and newer tales of horrible sea monsters that are covered in a somewhat recent article from the highly reputable "X-Project".

Here there be monsters!

> *Mrs. Darwin Johnson had a terrifying encounter with a strange creature while swimming in the Ohio River in Evansville, Indiana on 21 August 1955. Something with a claw-like hand under the water grabbed her knee. She struggled in vain as the thing dragged her underwater twice. She eventually fought off the unseen attacker with a friend's inner tub[sic]. The only evidence of Mrs. Johnson's ordeal were some scratches and a green palm print on her knee.*

There are several accounts such as this. Now, as much as I don't want to criticize the insightful and hard-hitting journalism of "X-Project", I feel their piece is a bit lacking. I consider myself something of a paranormal investigator and, here at Something Awful, we take great pride in scooping the competition with unrivaled accuracy and analytical depth.

Refusing to be outdone by these upstarts at the X-Files or whatever, I jumped in the SA investigation van (my Toyota) and began interviewing eyewitnesses (bartenders) for their personal accounts (Rum and soda). Soon I was well on my way to piecing together several completely true stories about these absolutely real beasts of legend that lurk within our waterways, lakes, and oceans. What follows will chill you to the very bone, but my goal is not to terrify, but rather to inform and warn you. You must be prepared to deal with the horrors that lie beneath the seemingly placid waters in your town. Many of these encounters are of a violent and disturbing nature, so reader discretion is advised.

The Reef Cobra - Australia

Australia is a land of many legends about various aquatic monstrosities, but little known outside of the borders of Australia are the tales of the "Reef Cobra". Contradicting eyewitness reports state that the Reef Cobra is either 100 feet long and covered with "shimmering scales" or 10-20 feet in length and made out of solid metal. In 1992 French reporter Claude Quirot had a close encounter with the Reef Cobra. In his article for underground aboriginal porn magazine "Foncée la racine", Quirot wrote:

> *"Its girth was immense, like the ring-gilded shafts of some of the more impressive warriors of the Xantu aborigines. It reared up from the shallows just above the reef and hissed at me in a most rococo manner and its gleaming eyes hypnotized me. The water glistened on those metal scales and I found myself drawn to it. I instinctively threw aside my camera and swam out to where the cobra waited for me. There I met it in a lusty embrace, and*

after a great and exhausting exchange of fluids, I passed into unconsciousness. I awoke at dawn, adrift in the placid waters, clutching a single metal scale I had pried from the cobra at the height of passion."

I was personally unable to contact Quirot, but he is a well-regarded and reliable pornographer whose near-constant LSD hallucinations are easily separated from his perceptions of reality. The Reef Cobra is indeed an analog for the Succubus legends of medieval Europe, with the frightening side-note that it seems to be quite real.

- **The Beast of I-670 Drainage Culvert - USA**

Officer Murrow remains the only person to survive an encounter with the beast.

In Western Illinois the word "terror" is synonymous with "I-670" or "the bloody interstate". Stretching across the state from East to West, I-670 is one of the most violent and brutal roads anywhere in the world, and not because of traffic fatalities. No, it is said that on the Western end of I-670 a powerful and terrifying beast lurks within the often flooded drainage culvert along the highway.

There is only one confirmed case of the beast attacking travelers along the interstate, but a number of fatalities have been attributed to this monstrosity. The single confirmed report came in 1968, from Highway Patrol officer Dale Murrow. On June 17th, at 2:06 AM, he wrote in his incident report:

"Got off late because the prostitutes were trying to pick up truckers again along the highway divider. Warned them about low flying aircraft and advised them to keep cool inside the hospitality ditches dug by the slave laborers. East bound on I-670 I spotted what seemed to be a crane's arm emerging from the drainage culvert and extending across to the West bound lanes. As I approached to warn the crane's operator about low flying aircraft and possibly cite him for reckless operation of construction equipment along a federally sanctioned Shriner's parade route, I recognized that it was not in fact a crane arm."

"I realized this too late. A massive tentacle scooped up my prowler with me in it. I fired off three shots from 'Lucky Luke' through the roof of my patrol car, but the tentacle did not release my vehicle. When the subject was warned about low flying aircraft it responded by pulling my vehicle into the drainage culvert and constricting. I invited the tentacle to take advantage of a hospitality ditch to cool off in, but it did not comment. I then discharged all six cylinders of my revolver into a portion of the tentacle that was attempting to pull off my rear passenger-side door. I managed to recover my "Katzenjammer Kids" plush window-clinger before the door disappeared into screeching ape-faces that were forming on the surface of tentacle."

"At this point the car constricted sufficiently to cause me to lose consciousness. I awoke at 0700 hours to the rising sun. My car seemed muddy but undamaged and I was completely fine. My service revolver had been fired six-times as I remembered and the remains of a prostitute were found near my vehicle by EMS units. I can only assume that once my bullets were absorbed by the tentacle it somehow managed to redirect their kinetic energy and fire them at this poor woman. The tentacle also forcibly removed semen from my man basket and deposited it violently within her body. Although I cannot recall the details of this part of the incident."

Officer, arrest that squid! What a stumper!

- **Sassy the Swamp Serpent - USA**

Frequently reported by locals and quite a tourist attraction, Sassy the Swamp Serpent is native to Scum Lake, Louisiana. Various reports are given as to the appearance of Sassy, but the common traits from any sighting include a barrel-like chest, the head of a catfish or other bottom-feeding animal, crayfish pincers AND human hands on the same arms, overalls, a straw hat, a banjo, laser beam eyes, and a back covered with live scorpions.

Sassy seems to be largely benevolent as most reports feature his lilting, sing-song voice drifting through the swamp. He is shy and reclusive but not overly hostile. However, aggressive tourists have sometimes hounded Sassy into taking action. In 1988 he supposedly severed a man's arm with one of his pincers and then hit the man in the face with his banjo before disappearing. In 1992 a game warden was accosted by Sassy when it is believed that the man stumbled onto Sassy's clutch of eggs. The man suffered third-degree burns over much of his face and his arms; wounds caused, according to him, by "the searing red light of that devil Sassy's hellish gaze".

- **Roy of the Deep - USA/Mexico**

Perhaps the strangest and most terrifying tale that was recounted to me was that of "Roy of the Deep", an unusual monstrosity who prowls the clear waters of the Gulf of Mexico. He has been sighted throughout the Texas pan-handle, Louisiana, and much of coastal Mexico. He wears an outdated three-piece suit and measures approximately six-feet in length, although he prefers to stand erect on his two legs, carrying a strange locked box of tanned animal hide in one hand. Roy creeps to unsuspecting homes and announces himself at the door. He immediately begins trying to sell the people within the house on buying a hat called "The Hat of Infertility". He claims that the "In" part of "Infertility" is a typo on his sales documentation and that the hat will actually provide a couple trying to conceive with more fertility than they can handle.

Oddly enough I found this crude rendering of "Roy of the Deep" on a clipart web site.

He will hard sell anyone living within the house on purchasing the hat. He will make constant lewd jokes about how fertile the hat will make the family. One witness claims Roy said "You will be so fertile if you sit on my hand you will get pregnant." It is difficult to dislodge Roy from your house if he is behaving aggressively. Even if you do manage to physically shove him out the door he will show up at your place of work the following day and continue to implore you to purchase his hat. No one who has encountered Roy of the Deep has ever been able to resist him until he capitulates and returns to the Gulf. They always buy his hat, which curses the household and hat bearer with incurable infertility, completely contrary to the claims made by the nefarious Roy of the Deep. The hat is fairly fetching, but unless you have no interest in propagating your species it is recommended you move immediately when assailed by Roy.

- **Makorev the Sailor Impaler - Russia**

The ocean-going beast known as "Makorev" by the Russian and Ukrainian freighter crewman who have encountered her is one of the deadliest sea monsters of all. She appears to be a giant Paleolithic tortoise of some sort, only when she pulls her legs within her shell rocket thrusters emerge that can propel her massive bulk through the air. At times when she is flying she extends spikes through her shell and will intentionally collide with vessels, impaling sailors on her back and dragging them down below the water where it is presumed she feasts upon them. Many Slavic mariners whisper that it was Makorev, and not some accident, that sunk the submarine Kursk.

- **The Earl of the Horse Water Trough - USA**

In 1806 Earl Lucius DeVane of Hungary was visiting the mid-western United States with the intent of purchasing land and possibly building a castle in Wisconsin. One fateful night DeVane had consumed a bit too much brandy and - in an effort to clear his mind - submerged his head in a horse's water trough. While his head was beneath the water's surface he passed out from inebriation. He subsequently drowned to death and his servants and family returned forlornly to Hungary.

The Earl's story does not end here. Since the mid-nineteenth century, travelers throughout rural Wisconsin have reported being attacked by a mysterious man garbed in finery who emerges blue-lipped from the water troughs of horses. He first attracts victims by regaling them with tales of old-Europe and his plans to construct a majestic castle in Wisconsin. When the victim draws near he cuffs them soundly on the ears with both hands and attempts to slap them about the face while screaming in a foreign tongue. In 1953 an intrepid explorer of the Wisconsin wild lands by the name of James "James" Carlsbad (he went on to dig the Carlsbad Caverns) wrote in his journal of a harrowing encounter with the spectral Earl.

> *"The barn seemed to be abandoned, so I parked my car there in the hopes of getting a few hours of sleep before setting out again across the Green Bay flats, which were rumored to be populated by several barbarian clans. No sooner had I begun to drift off to sleep when I was awakened by an unearthly glow emanating from a rusty watering trough near the barn's entrance. Much to my surprise a finely-garbed gentlemen emerged, dripping and glowing, from the trough. He spoke to me in a deep voice tinged with a strange accent about a wondrous castle he was to build. I drew near and he began to slap me in my face and ears with his sopping wet hands. I cried out and ran back to the car for the sword I carry with me. When I turned back to engage him he had disappeared."*

Simply horrible!

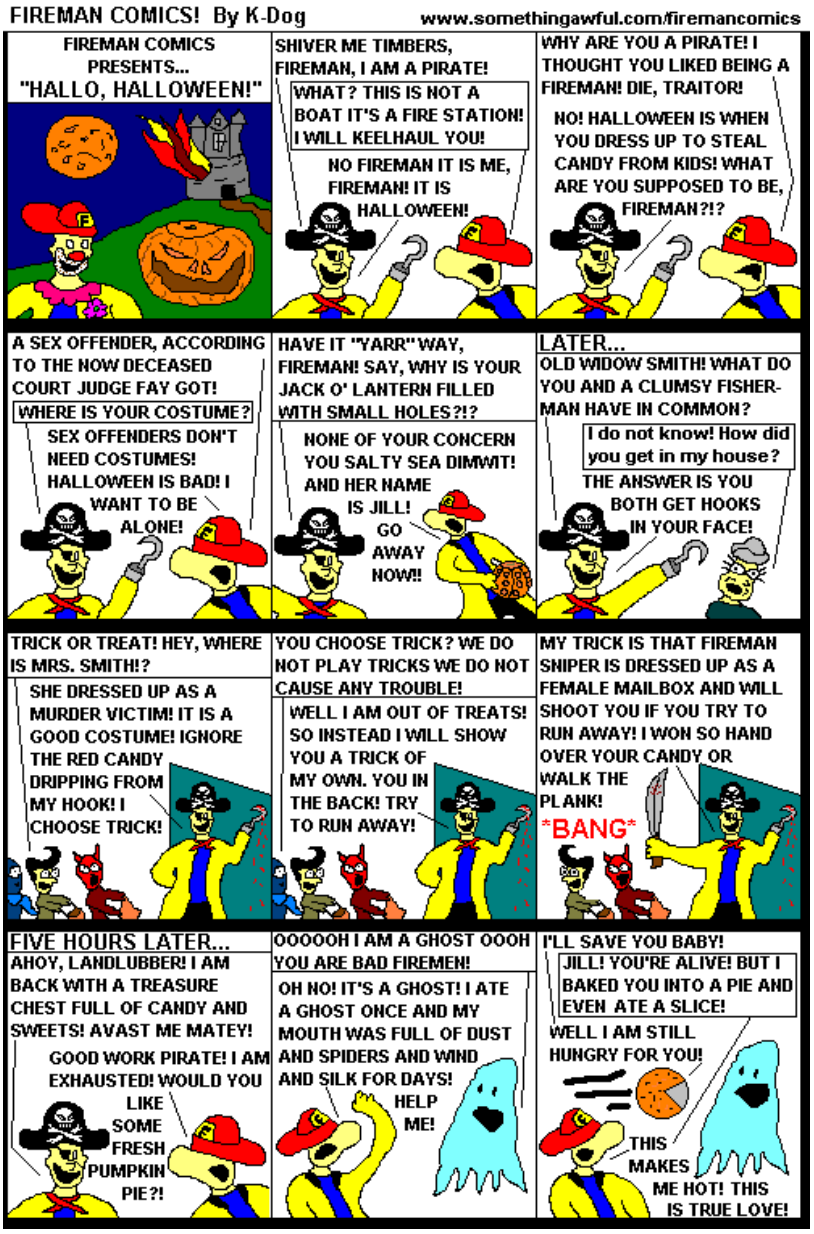
Believe it or not, there were some even scarier stories told to me by eyewitnesses, but they could not be verified. Be glad, believe me, because some of the shit that supposedly went down would curdle the blood of a mortuary worker. Look how shitty your little monsters look compared to ours X-Project Code: X or whatever you guys are called! Ours rule this school!

Super Duper Halloween Fireman Comic!

Those crazy firemen are up to their usual tricks, only this time it's Halloween. Find out what the good word is on the Fireman Comics web site!

Oh my gosh that pie is crazy! It's insatiable! If this is your first encounter with Fireman Comics, why not bump into some more on the Fireman Comics site?

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)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www.somethingawful.com/firemancomics
FIREMAN COMICS PRESENTS...
"HALLO, HALLOWEEN!"
SHIVER ME TIMBERS, FIREMAN, I AM A PIRATE!
WHAT? THIS IS NOT A BOAT IT'S A FIRE STATION! I WILL KEELHAUL YOU!
NO FIREMAN IT IS ME, FIREMAN! IT IS HALLOWEEN!
WHY ARE YOU A PIRATE! I THOUGHT YOU LIKED BEING A FIREMAN! DIE, TRAITOR!
NO! HALLOWEEN IS WHEN YOU DRESS UP TO STEAL CANDY FROM KIDS! WHAT ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO BE, FIREMAN?!?
A SEX OFFENDER, ACCORDING TO THE NOW DECEASED COURT JUDGE FAY GOT!
WHERE IS YOUR COSTUME?
SEX OFFENDERS DON'T NEED COSTUMES! HALLOWEEN IS BAD! I WANT TO BE ALONE!
HAVE IT "YARR" WAY, FIREMAN! SAY, WHY IS YOUR JACK O' LANTERN FILLED WITH SMALL HOLES?!?
NONE OF YOUR CONCERN YOU SALTY SEA DIMWIT! AND HER NAME IS JILL! GO AWAY NOW!!
LATER...
OLD WIDOW SMITH! WHAT DO YOU AND A CLUMSY FISHERMAN HAVE IN COMMON?
I do not know! How did you get in my house?
THE ANSWER IS YOU BOTH GET HOOKS IN YOUR FACE!
TRICK OR TREAT! HEY, WHERE IS MRS. SMITH!?
SHE DRESSED UP AS A MURDER VICTIM! IT IS A GOOD COSTUME! IGNORE THE RED CANDY DRIPPING FROM MY HOOK! I CHOOSE TRICK!
YOU CHOOSE TRICK? WE DO NOT PLAY TRICKS WE DO NOT CAUSE ANY TROUBLE!
WELL I AM OUT OF TREATS! SO INSTEAD I WILL SHOW YOU A TRICK OF MY OWN. YOU IN THE BACK! TRY TO RUN AWAY!
MY TRICK IS THAT FIREMAN SNIPER IS DRESSED UP AS A FEMALE MAILBOX AND WILL SHOOT YOU IF YOU TRY TO RUN AWAY! I WON SO HAND OVER YOUR CANDY OR WALK THE PLANK!
BANG
FIVE HOURS LATER...
AHOY, LANDLUBBER! I AM BACK WITH A TREASURE CHEST FULL OF CANDY AND SWEETS! AVAST ME MATEY!
GOOD WORK PIRATE! I AM EXHAUSTED! WOULD YOU LIKE SOME FRESH PUMPKIN PIE?!
OOOOOH I AM A GHOST OOOH YOU ARE BAD FIREMEN!
OH NO! IT'S A GHOST! I ATE A GHOST ONCE AND MY MOUTH WAS FULL OF DUST AND SPIDERS AND WIND AND SILK FOR DAYS!
HELP ME!
I'LL SAVE YOU BABY!
JILL! YOU'RE ALIVE! BUT I BAKED YOU INTO A PIE AND EVEN ATE A SLICE!
WELL I AM STILL HUNGRY FOR YOU!
THIS MAKES ME HOT! THIS IS TRUE LOVE!

10.25 The Street Weasels hit the scene

Monday, Oct 29, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Gang Up With Something Awful!

We're The Street Weasels (ignore the panda bear) and we're taking the country by storm!

Since we're getting precariously close to the Halloween season, I had originally planned to write yet another fiendish article about spooks, specters, ghouls, and Internet advertising networks. However, as a wise man once said, "times change." He said that because times indeed do change and people don't refer to this person as "wise" for nothing, despite the fact that nobody knows who originally said this phrase. I'm guessing it was probably one of those Greek philosophers, like that guy who invented the triangle, the right angle, and the solar system. Dana Plato or whatever.

Anyway, I'd like to take this opportunity to introduce the newest member to the Something Awful family of consumer products and services, joining the critically-acclaimed "Spunky Suzy" doll (now with it's own spunk included!) and "The Riding Lawnmowers For Homeless Veterans" social program. We are proud to announce that Something Awful has created our own street gang, a rough-and-tumble collection of surly youths named "The Street Weasels." Our collection of irritable juvenile delinquents are just waiting to make the streets of your city a much better place, assuming your streets are currently a bunch of tall, deadly spikes that can only be walked on when enough street gang member corpses have been piled up on top of them.

In this scary and uncertain age of terrorism, many people have been expressing the desire to go back to "better times" when America didn't worry about the Taliban, hijacked airplanes, Anthrax, or Michael Jackson. A large number of people hail the mid 1950's as the "glory days" of the United States, a time when the populace was only concerned with trivial things such as what flavor ice cream to choose at the local malt shop, who to ask to the highschool prom, how to repress those bothersome negroes, and ways to shield your eyes when an atom bomb fell on your head. Since we're really terrible at the skill of slavery and we lack the finesse to dodge explosives, we decided to reproduce the next best thing from those times: the juvenile delinquent street gang. Our juvenile delinquents range from age 15 to 48, the acceptable range that was considered "teenage" back in the 50's.

Members of The Street Weasels take a break from leaning and instead look inside a parked car. We're flexible like that.

The Street Weasels are a gang of disenfranchised suburban white teenagers who have "had it" with "unhip" attitudes from their parents, teachers, and local news reporters. Our solution to all these problems involves us standing around various street corners while smoking cigarettes and leaning on walls. If there are no available walls nearby, a member of The Street Weasels will provide our own temporary wall to lean on. Like all "cool" jacket gangs, we have our own patch that makes our outfits distinctive and lets the entire world know that we are wearing a patch that makes our outfits distinctive. This patch has the words "STREET WEASELS" embroidered in a very scary font with a picture of a panda bear in the center. We had originally planned on putting a weasel there but we couldn't find a picture before the deadline to get the art to the printing place. We even used the Internet and everything, but we didn't use a search engine because search engines are for wimps and nerds. Cool people like us find what we're looking

for by punching random words in the URL bar, and there were definitely no weasel pictures located at "www.smorgula.com." This patch might also work out if we decide to change our name to "The Chubby Homosexual Pandas" because then all we'll have to do is cross out the words next to the picture. If any rival gangs or city folk ask us why we're named "The Street Weasels" but have a picture of a panda on our jackets, we respond by saying, "what's it to you?" or "so's your old man!" We say "so's your old man!" in response to almost every question. Then we tilt our head back and look really smug. This is the way of the street gang, and I don't expect you to understand it, you square.

As one of the premier 1950's street gangs of the 2000's, The Street Weasels will provide all the top-notch quality you have grown to expect from 1950's juvenile delinquents. This includes, but is not limited to, the following exciting activities:

- Standing around and making sweeping arm gestures
- Punching one another and then laughing
- Using a breadmaker and then rebelliously failing to unplug it after its use
- Leaning on walls
- Smoking
- Loitering
- Advanced Loitering
- Suddenly running from one location to another, as if to suggest we just committed a crime and had to flee the scene
- Looking at women who pass by for some reason
- Crossing our arms and squinting
- Talking about baseball
- Not doing math or calculating interests rates or sales tax

LEAN LIKE THE WIND, FELLAHS!

If you have rival gangs that are infesting your neighborhood, lowering the property value of your home by selling crack and worshipping Satan, The Street Weasels would love to help. Simply hire us for a weekend and we'll be happy to stand around outside your home, crossing our arms and looking tough while absorbing the first volley of gunfire directed at your home. We also do kids parties and bar mitzvahs. But don't take my word for it! Allow me to introduce a couple members of The Street Weasels and you will soon realize that we are in fact the best and most economical choice for your gang activity!

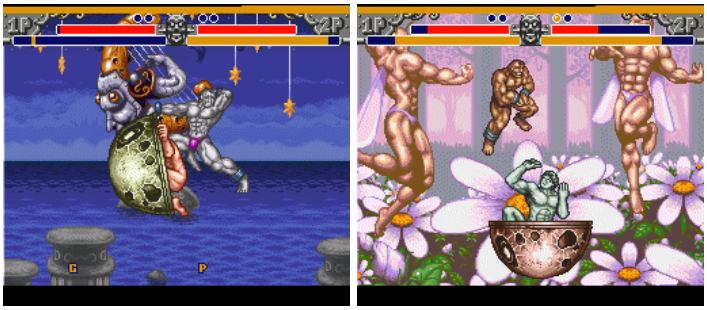
NAME: Joey "Double Dip" Malloy
AGE: 45
TURN ONS: Denim, changing spare tires, rotating the AM radio knob
TURN OFFS: The prom queen, cars that don't have flames painted on them, Mexicans
DESCRIPTION: Joey is one of the most dedicated Street Weasels gang members, having logged over 580 hours leaning up against a barber shop pole on 54th Street. He is experienced in talking while his body is slanted at a 70-degree angle, in addition to lighting cigarettes with little to no prior notice. Joey can lean in the foreground OR background of your city, presenting a wide array of potential uses. He comes wearing a plain white shirt, Street Weasels jacket, and a three day supply of hair lard grease (15,000,000 cans).
QUOTE: *"Ain't nobody can gonna done be hittin' no 40 home runs a year! Pass me the smokes, Mikey!"*

NAME: Kevin "Hipmaster" Bowen
AGE: 21
TURN ONS: Science, dark rooms, certain types of plywood
TURN OFFS: Social interaction, humans, sunlight
DESCRIPTION: Kevin is the "black sheep" of The Street Weasels, choosing brains over brawns. When one of The Street Weasels' high-tech gadgets or gizmos breaks, such as a baseball bat or pack of cigarettes, Kevin is called in to fix it. He does this by using a lot of electrical tape and sighing frequently. Although many of The Street Weasels have no problem getting dates on the weekends, Kevin's lack of social skills and geeky personality caused him to resort to more "scientific" means of finding a female companion: inventing a "love potion." However, once Rohypnol was declared illegal, Kevin's hopes faded. Kevin also wears a beanie and he will launch into a phlegm-induced coughing fit on demand.
QUOTE: *"Ehhhhhhhh. Ehhhhh ehhh ehhhhhhhhh."*

As you can see, our gang brings a breath of fresh air to these trying, nervous times. We'll restore America back to the classic grandeur that it once was, street corner by street corner. And if America can't have its grandeur restored by our methods of "smoking a lot" and "leaning on walls," then I'll be damned if I know what it will take to restore some grandeur. Probably a new coat of varnish. The Street Weasels don't do no painting, square!

ROM-Tastical!

Ooh la la, another ROM Pit Review? You got it! We're proud to present one of the absolute most flamingly homosexual games to ever hit the SNES: "Cho Aniki - Bakuretsu Rantou Hen"!



This should serve as an example of why you should not download files from sites in Poland, especially when the file is described with a string of text similar to this: "sjavjenky rommy... boljay noxwob. bolshi fight za homosex (!!!)". This game is quite literally the single most concentrated mass of gay that I have ever in my life encountered. It's like a huge, flaming gay star exploded and collapsed in on itself, sucking itself down into a black, gay hole.

Hot, hot mansex! Sounds good to me! Read the review there, bozo!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

10.26 Zack on Lovecraft

Wednesday, Oct 31, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

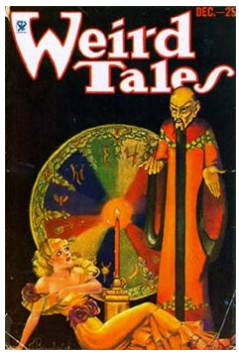
Happy Halloween Shitheads!

Rich notified me last weekend that this was to be "Haunted Horror Week", or "Shocktacular Spook Fest", or something equally retarded here at Something Awful. I scrapped my carefully prepared plans to write an update about German Tanks of the Second World War and why I masturbate to them, and put together an ultra creepy article about sea monsters. I'm sure R-Lo would have covered the sea monsters but that guy wet his pants when he saw "Jaws" and even the foam monster in cinema masterpiece "Deep Star Six" scared the shit out of him. Bitch as I may about being a coward, I am made of much sterner stuff.

If Lovecraft could have gotten away with schoolgirl tentacle rapes I'm fairly certain this would have been a major theme in his work.

That's why I am going to forge ahead with Lowtax's recently abandoned theme week here at SA and talk to you about the work of horror writer H.P. Lovecraft. I've made fun of good old Lovecraft in the past, but I kid because I love. He may be overly dramatic, cryptic, and a god awful poet, but his works of cosmic horror have helped shape the work of horror writers as diverse as Stephen King, Clive Barker, and Judy Blume.

Lovecraft's greatest creation was what became later known as "the Cthulhu mythos". While smoking opium or myrrh, or whatever the hell people got wasted on in the 1920s and 1930s, Lovecraft cooked up this pantheon of supernatural monstrosities. They filled the roles of the gods of most polytheistic mythologies; the only difference was that they went from being "mean and playful" to "horribly evil, insane, and bent on destroying reality". Chief among these gods were such charmers as Cthulhu, Nyarlathotep, Shub-Niggurath, Azathoth, and Dagon. There were also a bunch of lesser beasts, some of whom served these dark gods, others who battled against them while simultaneously fucking humanity over just as bad as the gods themselves.



Still don't believe me about that tentacle rape stuff? This was one of the magazines Lovecraft wrote for in his day. Logic your way out of that one shithead.

Much like King, Lovecraft's panties were wet for the decaying culture of New England, particularly Rhode Island. Lovecraft created several fictional locations, but my favorite has always been Innsmouth, Massachusetts. Innsmouth was literally a breeding ground for these ocean-going bipedal monsters called the "deep ones". Somewhere in the distant past the people of the small coastal town took it upon themselves to hook up with some of the more attractive deep ones, probably at an especially debauched VFW mixer. A few bottles of champagne, a sass foxtrot, and a night of passion with something that you would try to scrape off the bottom of your shoe, and the gene pool there became polluted with the slimy abyssal DNA of the deep ones. Thereafter when members of certain families within the town reached a certain age they would fall ill, only to begin to grow gills and eventually leave the city life behind to frolic with their ancestors in the aquatic grottos of Innsmouth bay.

Most of this was covered in the short story "The Shadow over Innsmouth", which was a beautiful romantic masterpiece.

Like some sort of hackneyed literary werewolf caught in the metamorphosis of the full moon, Halloween tends to bring out the darker side of my writing. This, coupled with my enjoyment of Lovecraft, has led me to create a short

piece of fiction based on the works of this master. Mix in a little bit of the "paranormal hysteria" I've been exposed to while researching Awful Links of the Day, and you've got a really bad piece of parody that makes me ashamed I wrote it. Nevertheless, it's too late to turn back and work on that article about jerking off to German tanks, so I present to you:

The Insanity of Shadow Bay

What became of Carter I may never know, for other than two steamer trunks full of pornographic daguerreotypes and a carry sack full of his foulest humors, nothing remains of the man. I had met him in my carefree youth. We were both freshman students attending the Miskatonic University in Essex County, when we bonded quickly over our fascination with the antiquarian. The finest town for people inclined such as we is most definitely Providence, and it was there that we spent many a weekend furlough, strolling the crumbling tenements of times forgotten. It was there that I believe he began his descent into madness, and it was there that a quaint and slightly offensive encounter occurred that speaks of my anachronistic racial stereotypes.

Carter and I were in Providence for the spring break and we were, as usual, wandering about the slums of a city avoided by most of our well-mannered contemporaries. In the negro district we happened upon a strange shop, where a dark-skinned man with odd eyes was selling curios and trinkets gathered from across the globe. I was fascinated by the voodoo dolls of Haiti, but Carter took an interest in an odd stone that the shopkeeper claimed had been recovered from a shipwrecked rum smuggler. It was oddly angled and red-veined, difficult to look upon so strange was its geometry.

The stone gave me quite the headache and while Carter was negotiating with the negro I became enraptured by several pieces of statuary from the South Seas. They were very detailed, featuring phalluses that stretched from groin to eyebrow, and I considered purchasing one to place atop my mantle back at the University. Carter purchased his stone and when he found me inspecting such idols he made a most rude comment that nearly forced me into fisticuffs with him.

When we returned to the dormitories Carter was quite fond of his strange rock. As the days turned into weeks I began to worry about him, as he was always mumbling under his breath and spending goodly portions of the day and night locked within his bedchamber perusing rare texts. What these manuscripts contained I cannot be sure, but whatever it was it compelled him to take another trip at the end of semester. On this occasion it was to the small rural community of Shadow Bay along the Rhode Island coastline.

Despite his reluctance and further comments that made reference to the statues I had been looking upon so fondly, he allowed me to join him. He insisted we sleep in separate rooms and told me he would bed upon his back most certainly. Both of these comments led me to infer that he was beginning to keep things from me, that perhaps he had some occult agenda of which I could only suspect.

The very next day I burst into his room at dawn to find him sopping wet, as though he had been cavorting in a tributary of Shadow Bay. He smelled quite nicely if I recall, of strange incense and oils from the forbidden East. Carter seemed very distraught that I had interrupted his unusual activities and began spluttering and demanding an explanation. I demanded the same and he called me a scoundrel in a manner that suggested he was hiding something.

The journey to Shadow Bay was made in almost complete silence. Carter motored us in his father's automobile, brooding about the odd discovery I had made about his behavior. He inspected the coastline for hours, saying very little to me during this time, while I took out my pocket knife and began to carve crude effigies of myself and Carter into a

> piece of driftwood. I believe it was an eldritch vapor, given off by Shadow Bay itself, which compelled me to do this. When I was completed I was horrified to discover the graphic and blasphemous nature of the images I had cut into the wood. I tossed it into the bay before Carter could see it.
>
> We returned to the University where Carter's mental health rapidly declined over the summer break. He frequently told me to stop coming to his room and to stop peering into his window and groaning at night. So bottomless was his madness that he even threatened to notify the local constabulary about my activities, not realizing that all of my actions were undertaken in his best interests.
>
> At last there was a complete breakdown. Fearing the worst I crept into his bedchamber one night and discovered the journal he was keeping. Feeling some guilt I paged through it beneath the shuddering gaslight and to my horror found my own name written in Carter's workman scrawl.
>
> "I fear that Jameson fancies me in an unnatural way."
>
> My suspicions confirmed, I resolved to take action immediately. I returned the journal to its place and moved silently back into his bedchamber. There I threw back the cover and leapt atop him, stifling him with my hand before he could cry out. I warned him not to act upon his bizarre schemes and then I fear the vapors of Shadow Bay, somehow clinging to that blasted stone, overwhelmed me. I do not remember what transpired.
>
> The next morn I awoke to find my body battered with bruises and my clothing disheveled in an unseemly way. Carter was gone, but I discovered he had made good on his promise to contact the constabulary. They arrested me within the fortnight, expelling me from the college and leaving me only with the trunks full of photos I had taken through Carter's window and the fluid specimens I had collected on my few daring raids into his sleeping jacket.
>
> There are some places, some secrets, that man was never intended to explore. I believe that Carter had attempted to defy the powers beyond comprehension and unlock the secrets of the Great Old Ones. Instead of knowledge or power, he found only madness, and I have lost a true friend.

Man, I regret writing that a lot. In any event, if you are somehow still interested in the work I so poorly satirized, you can check out HP Lovecraft at pretty much any book store. I heartily recommend his novella "At the Mountains of Madness", upon which the movie "The Thing" (particularly John Carpenter's version) was loosely based. If you did like my story for some horrifying reason, then I suggest you look into the band "The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets". They are heavy into HP Lovecraft and their upbeat yet twisted surf punk work features such tongue-in-cheek Lovecraft tributes as "Shoggoths Away", "The Innsmouth Look", and "Yig Snake Daddy."

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 11

November

11.1 The Irrationally Difficult Speaker Stand Studio Audio Furnishing (tm)!

Thursday, Nov 01, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Build Yourself Up!

Thank you for choosing to purchase your very own CompliCADASystem Studio System (c) Irrationally Difficult Speaker Stand Studio Audio Furnishing (tm)! Our factories produce only a few of these models each day, personally handpicked by the Dalai Lama himself, then blessed by cooling off the unit in the Pope's used holy bathwater. We are sure that our Irrationally Difficult Speaker Stand Studio Audio Furnishing (TM) will meet your needs and present to you the unsurpassed sheer joy and bliss one can receive from a couple metal bars (without inserting them into your anus). We take pride in our Irrationally Difficult Speaker Stand Studio Audio Furnishings (TM), and we stand by our products 100%. Of course, we are standing by them in some bizarre Middle Eastern country that you've never heard of, much less could be able to find on any map, so we'll stand by pretty much any product 100%. Look, we're standing by a lump of rocks and hay 100% and there's nothing you can do about it. Ha ha! Stupid American.

SECTION I: THE PARTS

The following parts have shipped with your Irrationally Difficult Speaker Stand Studio Audio Furnishing (TM). Please inspect every piece against the checklist, so we may take 14-200 months to ship any missing parts back to you, only for you to discover that we sent the wrong part. Studies have shown that, on average, three of these parts are lost at every UPS stop, so we recommend determining the route taken to delivery and backtracking the entire way, looking for "bonus" parts that may have fallen out.

IF YOU ARE USING THE HTT10 or HTT30 MODELS:

- Spiked roll base (2)
- Round-headed thread based prong (9)
- Cable Flange (1)
- Round Square Inner Prism Lock of Innermost Desire (4)
- Screws of varying sizes (roughly 500,000,000)
- Piece of metal that changes shape and function each time you look away from it (1)
- Flatheaded bolt (1)
- 2 Speaker stand column (L and R) (2 per L and R so 1 for 4) so it total (8) by (2 and 1)
- Rolled spike base (5)
- Plastic tubing with plastic slip grip to prevent plastic non-slip tubing from slipping in the plastic slip grip tubing (10)

IF YOU ARE USING THE HTT15 OR HTT20 MODELS, YOU WILL ALSO HAVE THESE ITEMS:

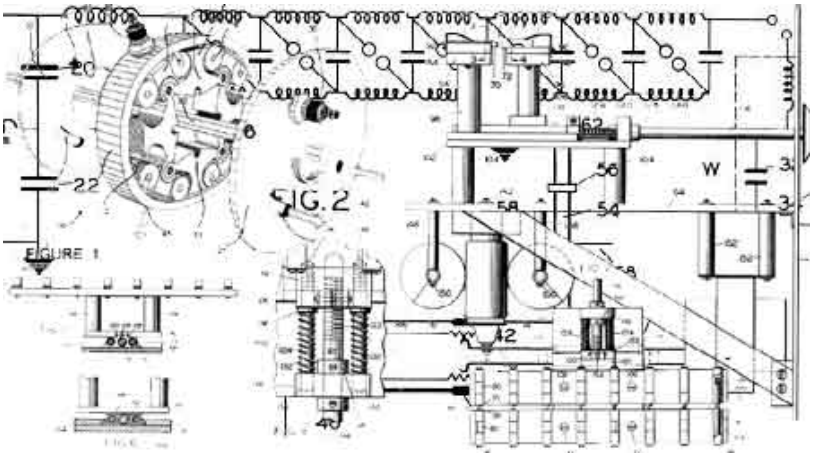
- Gold-plated swivel beacon (3)
- Black broiler plate (1)
- Screws of varying sizes (10,000,000,000)
- Random chunks of cardboard and foam (500)
- Pieces that look important but are never used (31)
- "Fake" screws to trick you (93054)

- CD offering free AOL service (1 too many)
- One piece of paper that says "INSPECTED BY NUMBER 19"

Once you have verified that you have each part, you may begin assembling your Irrationally Difficult Speaker Stand Studio Audio Furnishing (TM)! Follow each instruction in the order it appears unless you bought the HTT10 model, in which you need to skip step 3 and replace the last 6 lines of step 7 with the last 3 lines from step 1 (repeat). If you have a HTT30 model, you should do the instructions in reverse order. If you own either the HTT15 or HTT20 models, follow the directions in the order determined by the phase of the moon.

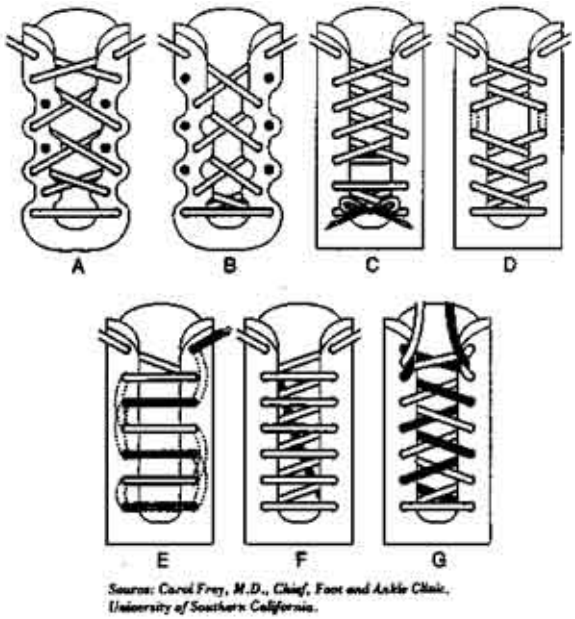
SECTION II: THE INSTRUCTIONS

1) If you intend on using your Irrationally Difficult Speaker Stand Studio Audio Furnishing (TM) as a speaker stand, please skip the steps explaining how to convert the speaker stand into a dual-ion powered ferrite magnetizing generator. The chances of you building either of these items is equally probable. Take all pieces for the Irrationally Difficult Speaker Stand Studio Audio Furnishing (TM) and lay them in a circle, clockwise by alphabetical order. For the remainder of this manual, parts will be referred to as their clock position (ie, 9:14:23 refers to the flatheaded bolt, 4:42:38 is the cable flange, and so on). For the sake of simplicity, all times will be referred to by their corresponding Irrationally Difficult Speaker Stand Studio Audio Furnishing (TM) part. You must take five drinks every time the speaker stand column is mentioned, and 10 drinks every time we reference the swivel beacons.

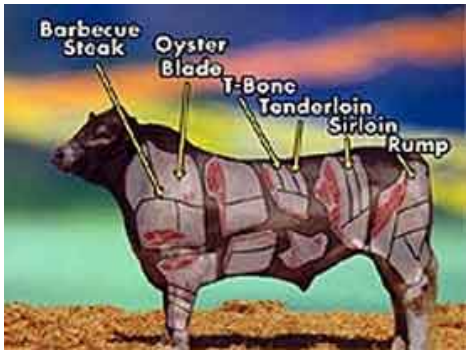


Click for a larger picture

2) Construct a base stand by placing the gold-plated swivel beacon on top of the thread based prong, which should either be facing up / down, or left / right depending on the adjusted of the angle of decline on your gold-plated swivel beacon and your preferred acoustical tastes. Under NO circumstances should the thread based prong be put under a considerable amount of stress or strain, as the tensile strength of the material has been engineered to only withstand light winds and harsh facial expressions. Once you have correctly placed the gold-plated swivel beacon, you will need to use the 11:19:02 to insert into the 5:33:39 along the 9:46:29. If you are low on 9:46:29s, you may use a 10:11:03, but do NOT use the 10:11:05, as that will cause your unit to spontaneously combust when you least expect it. Keep all small children and dumb adults away from 5:18:02, as it gets aggravated easily and will attack without provocation.

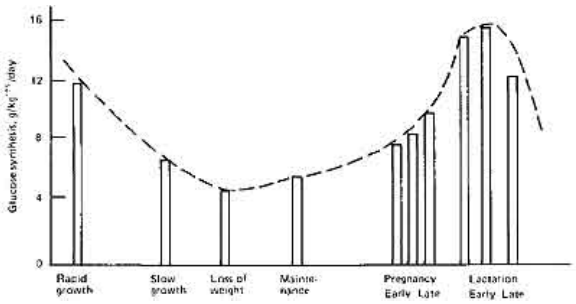


3) Your steel base shaft outer pillar should now be completely constructed. You will need a tool to secure the bolt flip locks from disengaging during the assessment process. We will not tell you which tool you will need, since you won't own it anyway. We'll give you a hint though: HEADWEAR and FIRE. That is all. Use this tool to rotate the counterclockwise rotation in a clockwise fashion, which should push the flipped toggle into place. You may now take your speaker cord out and wrap it around your legs, causing you to trip and fall when you bend over to grab a screw that was trying to escape under the couch.



4) The head top plate bolt should now be firmly fastened to the diametric ramshackle. Use one hand to grip the rolled spike base, use another hand to apply pressure to the inner prism, and use your last hand to rotate the cable flange (JUMBO SIZED) into the Tube of Wasted Regrets. A 3.4444292182832 inch screw should be inserted every 3.444429218233 spaces until it looks like a series of dots that Pac Man is about to eat. To prevent Pac Man from eating your Irrationally Difficult Speaker Stand Studio Audio Furnishing (TM), attach the Sat L. Bracket Stand to the iron whimsy lock until you hear a "snap" sound which isn't from your back breaking.

5) You are now almost done! Take the remaining round flat square bulging screws and



place them into the L Vat Hinge (not the LL Vat Hinge), which should swing at a 58 degree angle with the Earth's horizon. Use a hammer to gently apply pressure to the glass case above the support nail. Do NOT apply so much pressure that the glass case breaks, but DO apply enough pressure to make the glass case pound the nail into the 5 inch thick steel. Once you have done that, release the toggles and flip the rolled spike base to support the incoming speaker. Rotate the 60 inch bolt into the back and use your welding skills to soldier the remaining parts to your fouton, thereby creating a lovely display of modern art.

6) Oops, we forgot. This should go between steps 1 and 2: strap the "circular disk that keeps the entire Irrationally Difficult Speaker Stand Studio Audio Furnishing (TM) from collapsing" beneath the base bolt and plastic end cap. You may have to take apart the entire thing to do this, but it is VERY important that you do so.

7) Oops, we also forgot to include the "circular disk that keeps the entire Irrationally Difficult Speaker Stand Studio Audio Furnishing (TM) from collapsing." Sorry. Please call our support number, which has 400 digits and is listed underneath a supervisor's name that consists of all consonants.

SECTION III: AFTERWORD

Every effort has been made to ensure that our technical writers were not inconvenienced writing this manual on the way back from their 6th grade class. If you have any questions of feel that there is a problem of any kind, you shouldn't feel special at all. Join the crowd. We honestly hope you enjoy the collection of metal and screws that is currently laying in a heap on your livingroom floor, and hope that you will continue to buy further metal heaps from us in the future. Thank you.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

11.2 What Cliff Yablonski did for Halloween

Friday, Nov 02, 2001 by Cliff "Cliff Yablonski" Yablonski (@sexyfacts4u)

Hey there assbuffets, this is your hero Cliff Yablonski writing this computer news article today. Those drooling spermbanks Richard Kenyaka and the other guy, what's his name, Hank something, asked me a few weeks ago if I would write about what I was doing for Halloween. I told them to sit and spin on a street sign because I got better things to do than write shit on my computer TV. Then I beat that Hank guy with a shoe that was on the end of a piece of lumber out behind the creek. But my TV fucking busted yesterday and I spent all day fixing it and it still didn't start working after I used my magic repair method of kicking the unholy hell out of it. So I was just sitting around pounding shots of gin and I realized I didn't have anything better to do so I decided to write this shit for them so maybe their crap-ass Inter-web thing won't be as terrible as it usually is. I don't understand any of the crap on this page and think anybody who reads this shit is just a pedophile looking for 10 year old boys to molest over the Inter-web, so believe me when I say I want to tear out your ribs and hide them like Easter eggs around my livingroom.

WHAT I DID FOR HALLOWEEN BY CLIFF YABLONSKI

Lord Lardpants strikes a blow for justice with his unspeakable gut.

First off for my Halloween preparations, I festively decorated my yard with barbed wire and the usual "NO TRESPASSING" signs. Since the cretin shitheads obviously found "NO TRESPASSING" too hard to understand last year, I took a magic marker and drew a picture of a person without a head, and a picture of me with a rifle. Then I wrote the word "YOU" in huge fucking letters and made an arrow pointing to the headless kid. I wrote something else below that too, but I can't read my writing now. It looks like the words "cabbage frame", but I don't know why the hell I would write "cabbage frame," although I do like cabbage. The next door kids got heads like giant wads of cabbage, only cabbage isn't as goddamn retarded as they are. Plus you'd have a better chance holding a conversation with cabbage than those flailing shitbusters.

Anyway I threw barbed wire all over the place and turned off all my lights because I don't pay to light up the entire neighborhood. And if the city council thinks they can keep putting street lights outside my house, well they can keep paying to put them up again after I hack them down with my fire axe I found locked up in the fire department. I wanted to make it crystal-fucking-clear that it's not my priority to entertain and give free food to the roving packs of gelatinous failure that crawled under bedsheets for Halloween just so they could take my hard earned money. Now if any of you mentally challenged inbred dirtwagons out there have have an active braincell, and you probably don't, you can probably guess what happened next. That's right, the old Yablonski doorbell goes ringing.

So I get up and go to the door and open it up and see some fat gutslug rotting away on my porch, wearing some 500-foot wide pool tarp and holding a plastic pumpkin. He screeches "trick or treat!" and I look at him and look up and see his dad standing behind him, so I says "nice costume you got there, shitstain. You're dressed up as a truck full of hogs underneath a circus tent, right?" Then his pencil-necked dad steps up to me and says "what did you say to Beanfactory?" I forgot what the kid's name was so I'm just going to call him "Beanfactory." Anyway the dad starts acting all mouthy and makes a motion like he was going to either punch me in the face or run away with his kid, so I grab the end table that I stole from the Patterson's house three weeks ago and throw it at

his head. Well the thing pretty much misses since it was dark out and I was tired and my arm was sore from bringing the whisky bottle up to my mouth over and over all night, so only the leg of the table wings him across the face. I say "you want to fuck with a veteran, buddy?!? Are you ready to take on THIS?!?" and I picked up what I thought was award the military gave me for shooting up all those Jap planes but instead it was the plaque I stole from the Patterson's house three weeks ago. It says something about tit cancer awareness on it. So anyways I was holding up this tit cancer awareness thing and I said, "that's right you pinko commie Russian, I'm aware of tit cancer!" and I threw the thing at his gut. It was a direct hit and it made him limp back to whatever meat factory he and his hellspawn broke out of.

Haw haw, they're dressed in 70's clothing and they're all in their late 70's, how hilarious.

I go back to my chair and sit down because all that excitement was making my stomach turn. I got that acid reflex shit were my gut starts spewing out acid everywhere like that movie about the aliens and when you killed them acid flew everywhere because they had acid inside of them. I think that movie was called "Watch Out for The Acid!" or something. After a few relaxing shots of gin, I'm about ready to go to sleep when, yeah you guessed it, the goddamn doorbell rings AGAIN. I fall out of my chair and go over to the door and open it up and just scream "WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU FILTHY WHORES WANT?!?" and I see more doomed trashwads of kids out there, asking for candy like homeless people begging for crack money. Well I had enough of that so I go "you guys want a treat? You want a treat? Well here's your fucking treat, fresh off the SS Fuck You Express!" Then I dumped this shit into their bags:

9 bent roofing nails
A subscription card to "Readers Digest" that I filled in all the blanks with the word "DEAD BABIES"
The lid to a broken salt shaker
A burnt piece of wood
A bag of trash from my garbage
A hypodermic needle I found in the gutter outside the 54th Street Bar that I was going to use to stab Aaron Dukes with if he ever tried anymore of that "I'm a doctor and I'm so smarter than you" shit with me
Some ceiling tiles

Oh, it's a human blackhead remover, good job there Acne Abe.

Then I kicked one of them in the face and booted their underage asses off my lawn. They left their bags behind, so everything worked out well. There was some pretty good shit in there too, like that chewy peanut butter candy thing with the shit inside that tastes like that one thing with the topping on it. I can't remember the name, it's made by that candy company, whatever it is. So I could tell I wasn't going to get any rest tonight in my OWN GODDAMN HOUSE, so I go up to the attic above the front door and I open the window and start shouting "NEXT FRUITFUCKER TO STEP ON MY LAWN GETS A TASTE OF WHAT KILLED OVER 1300 JAPS IN WORLD WAR ONE!!!" and then I started flexing my arms to show off the Big Yablonskis I got. Next thing I know I fall through the window and roll down my fucking roof to the gutter. My military jacket I was wearing snags the nail on the shit gutter, and I'm just hanging there with my arms up above my head with my jacket stuck on a nail. I couldn't move or any shit, and my acid reflex felt like I was going to just explode in a shower of bile at any goddamn second. So I'm hanging there and another pack of braindead cretins comes up and says "look at that scary mummy hanging

from this house!" and they notice my door was open (I forgot to shut it) so they go in and start taking candy out of the bags I liberated from the previous Dunce Patrol. All the time I'm hanging up on my gutter, swinging back and forth trying to get down, feeling my gut acid rise while I curse like a Tourette's Syndrome retard in a hailstorm. They come back out and I try to wrap my legs around their scrawny necks so I can snap them like celery, but the fruitcake gang takes off before I can convince them to get in between my legs. And if you read that and thought I meant something sexual with it, maybe you should use your pork-filled, snot encrusted finger to move your mouse and click on the link to my site. There's abso-fucking-lutely nothing worth salvaging in this damn city, and I've seen kitchen appliances with more sex appeal than the lardbakes in Appleton City

A couple smartass kids dressed up as police officers came by an hour later and tried to help me down, so I cursed at them and tried to implant my boots into their eye-holes. They kept saying wussy shit like "sir, we're only trying to help you, sir" so I said "yeah, well I'm trying to help your head escape from the rest of your body!" and I kicked what I think was one of them in the face, although it might've been my garage door. Then I hear something like "use the taster" and I hear a zapping sound and then I wake up in my living room and it's 4:00 am. I don't know what the fuck happened and how it got to be 4:00 am so fast, so maybe it was some Halloween shit like the Blared Witch got me. Oooh, how spooky. Right, whatever. So that was my Halloween.

Before I end this magical fucking hayride of joy, Hank wanted me to post my recipe for Halloween beer so I'm going to. I know that none of you two legged lunchmeats have the intelligence or skill to follow these simple instructions and make Cliff's Halloween Beer, but I don't give a pig-fucking damn.

CLIFF'S HALLOWEEN BEER:
You'll need:

Two six-packs of Guinness
An entire pumpkin
A can of gasoline
A sparkler
Roofing tar
Long pants
Protective eyewear

INSTRUCTIONS:
Drink the 2 six-packs while emptying out the pumpkin and filling it with gasoline. Mix in the roofing tar on the top, then reseal the pumpkin with the top part. Jam a sparkler inside the pumpkin and put the pumpkin on somebody else's porch. Ring their doorbell and say, "oh look, a festive Halloween treat, you sit around here and enjoy this, gut-terball" and light the sparkler and run. If you're wearing the long pants and protective eyewear, maybe you won't ruin your normal clothes with the pieces of body parts that should be covering the surrounding 500 foot area.

That's it, I'm done writing this news page.

-∼Cliff "Cliff Yablonski" Yablonski (@sexyfacts4u)

11.3 You're Out of Work, Jerk!

Saturday, Nov 03, 2001 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

> **Employer:** *Say, wanna see a magic trick?*
> **Employee:** *Uhh... sure, boss.*
> **Employer:** *Your job! It just disappeared! Pack your things and leave! Pretty good trick, huh?*
> **Employee:** *But I've worked here for...*
> **Employer:** *Hey, don't bitch at me buddy... take it up with the terrorists! If you don't like it grab an assault rifle and haul your ass to Kablaualaianstian or wherever! Bye now! Don't let the door hit your ass on the way out! HAR HAR!*

Yes, according to the Federal branch of some department of something kinda important sounding, this all-too-common scenario played itself out over 415,000 times this past month. That's right; nearly a half a million American jobs were lost this past month alone, the most since 1980. And since I was born in 1980 I'll just assume all those job losses were due to nasty rumors about me being the Anti-Christ, which is just plain silly since all I did was vaporize a hospital and spew flames two hundred feet into the sky, igniting the clouds and causing hellfire to rain down upon the city for three consecutive days in early January. It turned out to just be a bad case of influenza.

This young man appears to be trying to find a new job in the classifieds, but in reality he's trolling the personals for lonely, horny, middle-aged divorcees who'll satisfy his mommy fetish.

Getting back to the 415,000 lost jobs: after some extensive research involving Google image search and the backs of cereal boxes, I've managed to conjure up a list of the top professions affected by the October job cuts.

Cappuccino Slurping Dot-Com Pretentious Asshole

When the "New Media Economy" was at its peak, these people flooded out of the coffee houses in droves to wear turtlenecks and sit around cubicle-filled offices in fancy chairs with free exotic cola holders to "evangelize" all sorts of stupid Internet bullshit. If you asked one of these guys how they were doing, they'd respond with something like "Great! We're cultivating and enabling a sticky, key demographic community of multimedia hits directed with interactive online broadband hub portal using a three-tiered pyramid system of driving traffic towards our main action item metrics with user-base harvesting by skyscraper ad unit push / pull technology e-commerce virtual 3D worlds!"

Back to beating on your bongos and lamenting about "the man," you goateed goops!

Creepy (Possibly Middle Eastern) Night Shift Cleaning Person

I kind of feel sorry for these guys, since thousands of them were laid off due to racial profiling and a nervous upper management. Now most of these people weren't dangerous or anti-American by any means, but the way they said things like "TRASH. HERE!" and shuffled about, eyes scanning the floor for scraps of paper while mumbling under their breath angrily in their native language... well, it was just enough to make people

panicky and ill at ease. So these people were quietly laid off and it was blamed on the decline in tourism or advances in cleaning robots or whatever.

Laid Back Airport Security Agent

With all the scrutiny being placed on airport security, these dirtballs just had to go. These were the people who chatted excitingly with each other while they were supposed to be viewing the contents of people's luggage going through the X-ray machine. They'd be laughing and saying things like "girl you so crazy" while people wearing "Ask Me About Suicide Bombing" t-shirts smuggled in killer kites and the like. They'd also say things like "sure, you can bring that shotgun shaped package on board as a carry-on, keep on keeping on brother!"

Hard of Hearing Rapper Sidekick

Yo I can't hear you / WHAT? / what you sayin'? / I'm bustin' it back with fish I be filleting' / I turn my hearing aid up high / aww yeah aww yeah / I'm a hip-hop farmer, ya'll just rollin' in my pig sty

Yes, even the normally recession proof music industry was hit hard by job cuts. Over 25,000 hard of hearing or completely deaf rapper sidekicks lost their jobs in October, including veteran luminaries such as MC D-Tone and Heavy Harddaherr. For the unenlightened, listening-challenged musicians are required by law to be present in at least two tracks of every hip-hop album released since 1986. They're the guys who say "what?" or "who dat?" or "aw yeah aw yeah" or "where you at dawg" (some of these deaf rappers are also blind or wearing really dark sunglasses) at random and usually inappropriate intervals. As a result of the layoffs, you'll be hearing only minimal amounts of "can I get a what, what," "true dats," and the classic "what?" in future hip-hop releases, which will free up more room for anti-homosexual tirades, tales of busted caps, and laments over the increasing difficulty of "pimping."

A picture of the ceiling in my apartment. And people say the Internet is boring and full of worthless repetitive garbage!

As you can see, these massive job cuts have hurt our nation's ability to waste money on stupid things. However, since I'm one of those "stupid things" I'm out of a job too and licking walls for nourishment. So somebody fix the economy so I can drink the finest Champaign and dine at fancy French restaurants once again, since I am obviously a man of culture, class, and social graces. Thanks a lot, slopwads.

Hi, Ceilings!

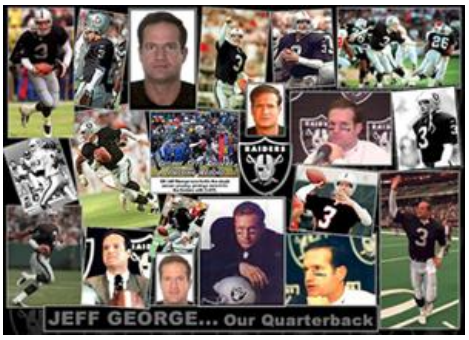
At this point in my existence, I should be giving some hard thought as to my priorities and goals in life. I should be trying to figure out why I'm unemployed, lazy, openly despised by women, afraid of going outside, poorly educated, rude, fiscally retarded, and generally a miserable excuse for a human being. Instead, I spent most of this week trying to figure out why the hell I've wasted hundreds and possibly thousands of dollars for the privilege of having high ceilings in my apartment.

High ceilings make your living space seem more luxurious, spacious, open, and less cramped. But they also make you feel short, insignificant, and have probably contributed to lowering my already almost non-existent self-esteem. The only thing I really like about high ceilings is the ability to throw stuff into the air when I get mad and not having to worry about it immediately hitting the ceiling and crashing back down upon my head. You can throw balls against the high walls and play "lonely loser baseball" if you're bored, but since the corners of high ceilings are often populated by huge five-foot gobs of spider webs this probably isn't the best idea.

Perhaps these ceilings are a poignant metaphor for my station in life: instead of climbing to the top, I sleep on the floor until two in the afternoon. Oooh, that's deep.

He Has Two First Names!

For your viewing pleasure, here's a bunch of pictures of former Washington Redskins quarterback and all-around failure Jeff George. Click for the full-sized wallpaper. Enjoy!



Throw a touchdown pass and then perhaps go for a two-point conversion if you think it's worth the risk, Jeff!

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

11.4 Something Awful's Failed Businesses

Sunday, Nov 04, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Dot Complete Failure

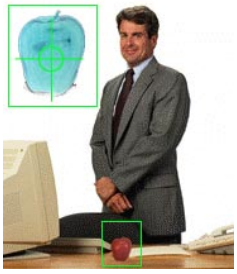
This is what the American "job market" looks like. This is according to my search on Altavista's image search page. I dare not question its accuracy.

The esteemed Dr. Fragenstein mentioned over the weekend that the job market has suffered a remarkable decline as of late. Drowning companies have been quick to pin the blame on the World Trade Center attack, as if somehow the agents of terrorism traveled back in time 6 months and took a big old crap on their previous two quarters of earnings. It's a shame that these companies laying people off by the truckload lack the backbone to admit that they were on the downward spiral well before anything exploded into a skyscraper.

Something Awful, on the other hand, freely admits that the bulk of our financial woes have been caused by our repeated attempts to break into the early, successful, days of the "dot com" industry. Back then the sky was the limit and it seemed as though almost any scheme that somehow related to the "vast potential" of the Interweb - or even just computers - would have us diving into our money bin like Scrooge McDuck. Needless to say that money bin turned out to be full of broken glass and used heroin needles. We quickly turned our attention to almost any moneymaking scheme we could cook up. Using the money given to us by Rich's dead uncle Mort after the night we spent in his haunted mansion, we started business after business.

They all failed, but they were all learning experiences in their own way. In the hopes of saving some of you entrepreneurs out there the trouble of failing in several attempts I would like to unveil some of the lesser known failed businesses of Something Awful. Since Arlogeist is pretty much a failure as well don't think I'm telling you how to succeed. I'm just letting you know what it takes to lose huge amounts of money and piss off a lot of consumers.

Applecheck



One of our satisfied AppleCheck customers can live a life free of fear, knowing his apple is safe.

Concept: Almost every man, woman, and child has a fear of one thing: bad apples. We're talking **evil** apples. Vile and cruel "enemy apples". What better way to make the big bucks than to deal a mortal blow to man's eternal enemy, the apple? We couldn't think of any better way at the time so we decided to create AppleCheck, a company that would use your computer to scan your workplace for dangerous apples.

We developed a piece of hardware that users could connect to their computer's ISA slot. It made no difference if you didn't have an ISA slot, as the hardware wouldn't do anything anyway (we couldn't find engineers smart enough to create a device that monitors for apples). Instead, $3.00 of the daily $20.00 the customer paid us went to other employees that worked next to the customer, who would call us whenever they saw an apple on their desk. Then we figured out if it was an enemy or friendly apple (by guessing), and if it was an enemy, we used the software we forced the user to install and shut down their computer, turned on air raid sirens, and sent Enemy Apple Agents to raid his office. We would open it back up months later, after we had successfully converted it into a hair and nail salon.

The kit that came with the hardware also included a giant subwoofer that played "Apple Repellant

Sounds," which was just a slide whistle that played during random intervals at 600,000 hz. For an additional fee a subscriber could join our Super Platinum Service and receive a canister of "Apple Repellant Gas" every month. The apple repellant was really just mustard gas, but it worked because apples don't like mustard. Most customers didn't complain about the mustard gas because we usually forgot to send it to them.

For $300,000 more (the Ultra Super Mega Electrum Service), we would get architects to come into their office and make it more non-apple friendly. This just meant they made the floors slant down towards the center of the room, where there was a big hole in the floor. When somebody perished from an enemy apple, his corpse would just roll down the floor into the hole, where it would fall into a furnace on the bottom floor that heats the building. To counteract everything else sliding down the hole, there were a bunch of fans installed around it, pushing air away from the hole. Good employees were bolted or welded to the floor to make sure they didn't fall in.

Marketing Line: "Bad apples won't keep this doctor away." This was later changed to "An Applecheck a day keeps the bad apples away", but then we were sued by the American Medical Association and forced to change our slogan to "Applecheck: Your Personal Apple Police."

Reason for Failure: Our machine never actually succeeded in detecting enemy apples. This caused a number of tragic good apple fatalities and several deaths caused by enemy apples slipping through our completely nonfunctional defensive screen. Roughly ten thousand people were hospitalized because of lung blistering as a result of exposure to mustard gas.

- **Pedidegree.com**

Concept: According to standardized testing, American pets score lower than any other pets in the world except pets from Mexico. We found this simply unacceptable and decided to start an online college to get pets their bachelor's degree in sixty-days or their money back. We offered degrees in accounting, computer repair, gun repair, hotel and restaurant management, engineering, and electricianry or whatever that is.

Like every school on earth, Pedidegree belongs completely to Jostens. So contact your representative today to get a package deal on a class ring and cap and gown.

We didn't really know how to educate pets to a college degree level, but we figured the pet owners didn't know either. Our courses consisted of a flash animation that you were supposed to hold your pet in front of that made barking or meowing sounds and showed a ball bouncing around the screen. After five minutes the screen would blink and the words "LEVEL UP" would appear in bold print across the Flash window. Then it would show this animation we stole from a Japanese web site that had a dog screeching words in Japanese and then shoot big hearts out of its eyes.

Then the pet would be awarded one credit hour and the owner's account would be charged fifty dollars. After the process had been repeated thirty times a wave file we ripped from the game "Gauntlet: Dark Legacy" would say "BLUE ARCHER IS NOW A LEVEL... 40... GUARDIAN!" If a printer was connected it would print out a diploma that was really just a Wal-Mart lawn and garden insert from my newspaper that I had scanned in and replaced a picture of a tractor with a picture of a dog.

Marketing Line: "We will give your dog or cat the opportunity that your children never had."

Reason for Failure: While people were eager to educate their beloved pets, it turned out that employers were not nearly so open minded. Many blatantly discriminated against graduates of our program, despite the fact that their experience and education made them far more qualified

than a human competitor. Our attempts to take this up with the ACLU and various human rights organizations were miserable failures, although I believe PETA is still burning the elderly on top of a pile of fur coats to prove some point related to our business. I don't know, I sure as hell didn't ask for their help.

- **Steal N' Squeal**

Roger and Marsha Dorcey enjoy a meal on The Great Steak Express. What neither of them knows is that when they place their order Roger will be giving our staff the right to make sweet love to his well-built woman. She can't argue either.

Concept: Stealing things is easy. Any toddler with a quick hand can palm a diamond necklace into his pull-ups, but the trick is not getting caught. Since we can't help you not get caught we decided to do the next best thing: provide you with someone else to blame. If you were arrested for stealing something our subscription based service would generate a list of people in your area who did not have an alibi at the time you committed the crime. You could then give their name to the police and you would be completely cleared of the charges and the other person would go to prison for you. If you got out of jail we would be given half of whatever you stole. If it was an item that would be devalued by cutting it in half we would get the whole thing. If it was a living thing we would get whatever parts we deemed interesting.

This was probably our most successful business. After a few months of raking in the dough on subscriptions and getting over five-hundred guilty criminals off the hook we decided to expand our business. We opened a restaurant called "Steal N' Squeal N' Meal". This had no relation to our previous business other than the money from it went to funding this restaurant. Unfortunately a bad shipment of improperly refrigerated restaurant hats caused an E Coli outbreak and we had to close our doors.

We decided to buy ourselves out and reopen the business under the name "Steal N' Squeal N' Reel N' Meal". This was a fishing themed restaurant that consisted of a large indoor stocked pond full of bass. People could fish for the bass and then fry up and eat the bass that they caught. This also had a more direct correlation to our original business because all of the bass were stolen during the great bass heist of 1999 when John Lawson went to prison for 20 years and the bass were never recovered. Our client Baby McGee was given the name John Lawson when he was apprehended and when he was released we took half of his bass.

Things were going good at the new restaurant until one of our dimwitted employees left a crate of the old contaminated restaurant hats sitting next to the bass pond. Over night they leaked into the pond and killed all of the bass. We tried installing little motors in the bass but it wasn't fooling anyone, least of all the health department, who shut us down like a clog dance studio in an old blasting cap factory.

In a last ditch effort to salvage our business we bought an abandoned railroad car and opened "The Great Steak Joke Express". We served steak and the car was haunted by the ghosts of famous comedians. The ghosts were actually pillowcases full of rats with the face of Groucho Marx drawn on them in permanent marker and an unlit cigar taped near the mouth. We hired attractive female waitresses but they kept screaming and stomping on the rats with the ghost boots we gave them so we had to fire them and replace them with former POWs. When someone would order a steak they would give them a wooden stake and then laugh and turn the menu upside down and in really small print it said "every time you order a steak, that gives us permission to have sex with your wife."

Marketing Line: We never actually had a public marketing campaign for Steal N' Squeal or any of the businesses related to it. In fact we're not really sure how anyone found out about our businesses,

but people did, and we got in a lot of trouble because of it.

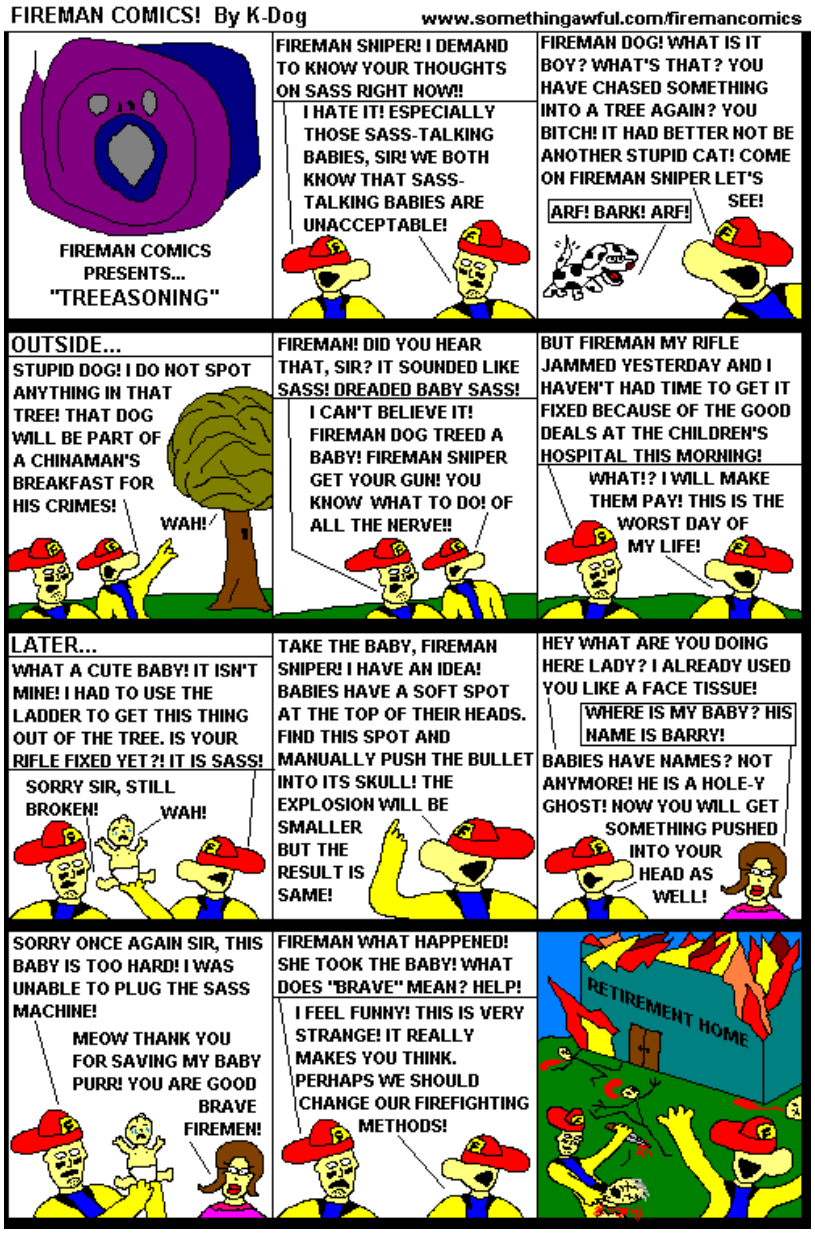
Reason for Failure: I covered the reason why a number of these businesses failed. The final blow for "The Great Steak Joke Express" came when the rats escaped and found the crate of rotten restaurant hats that were in a garbage dump. They ate them and became violently aggressive. The next day when the POWs shoved them into the Groucho pillowcases they began to leap onto tables and attack customers. The lawsuits this incident spawned forced us to close both Steal N' Squeal and The Great Steak Joke Express. I think that's about all I can fit in without breaking some sort of law regarding the length of Something Awful articles. Instead I will promise you that everyone's good friend Lowtax will return tomorrow with a definite positive conclusion to the businesses we've started, probably. In fact he may not at all, because he is a raging alcoholic and is currently under investigation for wearing his hat a bit too rakishly in the state of Missouri. Hopefully he will, because I wouldn't want to leave you folks hanging a whole TWO DAYS!

New Fireman Comic!

Hot off the presses of the 1950s, a new Fireman Comic!

That is so hot I think I need to drink something cool! Like an ice cold glass of lemonade. I sure like lemonade. Imagine I wrote a couple more sentences here in which I make small talk about Fireman Comics, even though you obviously know just how bad ass they are because there is one right above this text. In the mean time, check out the Fireman Comics site!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)


FIREMAN COMICS! By K-Dog
www.somethingawful.com/firemancomics
FIREMAN COMICS PRESENTS...
"TREEASONING"
FIREMAN SNIPER! I DEMAND TO KNOW YOUR THOUGHTS ON SASS RIGHT NOW!!
I HATE IT! ESPECIALLY THOSE SASS-TALKING BABIES, SIR! WE BOTH KNOW THAT SASS-TALKING BABIES ARE UNACCEPTABLE!
FIREMAN DOG! WHAT IS IT BOY? WHAT'S THAT? YOU HAVE CHASED SOMETHING INTO A TREE AGAIN? YOU BITCH! IT HAD BETTER NOT BE ANOTHER STUPID CAT! COME ON FIREMAN SNIPER LET'S SEE!
ARF! BARK! ARF!
OUTSIDE...
STUPID DOG! I DO NOT SPOT ANYTHING IN THAT TREE! THAT DOG WILL BE PART OF A CHINAMAN'S BREAKFAST FOR HIS CRIMES!
WAH!
FIREMAN! DID YOU HEAR THAT, SIR? IT SOUNDED LIKE SASS! DREADED BABY SASS!
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! FIREMAN DOG TREED A BABY! FIREMAN SNIPER GET YOUR GUN! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO! OF ALL THE NERVE!!
BUT FIREMAN MY RIFLE JAMMED YESTERDAY AND I HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO GET IT FIXED BECAUSE OF THE GOOD DEALS AT THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL THIS MORNING!
WHAT!? I WILL MAKE THEM PAY! THIS IS THE WORST DAY OF MY LIFE!
LATER...
WHAT A CUTE BABY! IT ISN'T MINE! I HAD TO USE THE LADDER TO GET THIS THING OUT OF THE TREE. IS YOUR RIFLE FIXED YET?! IT IS SASS!
SORRY SIR, STILL BROKEN!
WAH!
TAKE THE BABY, FIREMAN SNIPER! I HAVE AN IDEA! BABIES HAVE A SOFT SPOT AT THE TOP OF THEIR HEADS. FIND THIS SPOT AND MANUALLY PUSH THE BULLET INTO ITS SKULL! THE EXPLOSION WILL BE SMALLER BUT THE RESULT IS SAME!
HEY WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE LADY? I ALREADY USED YOU LIKE A FACE TISSUE!
WHERE IS MY BABY? HIS NAME IS BARRY!
BABIES HAVE NAMES? NOT ANYMORE! HE IS A HOLE-Y GHOST! NOW YOU WILL GET SOMETHING PUSHED INTO YOUR HEAD AS WELL!
SORRY ONCE AGAIN SIR, THIS BABY IS TOO HARD! I WAS UNABLE TO PLUG THE SASS MACHINE!
MEOW THANK YOU FOR SAVING MY BABY PURR! YOU ARE GOOD BRAVE FIREMEN!
FIREMAN WHAT HAPPENED! SHE TOOK THE BABY! WHAT DOES "BRAVE" MEAN? HELP!
I FEEL FUNNY! THIS IS VERY STRANGE! IT REALLY MAKES YOU THINK. PERHAPS WE SHOULD CHANGE OUR FIREFIGHTING METHODS!
RETIREMENT HOME

11.5 Scientology Gets Litigious (SHOCK!)

Tuesday, Nov 06, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

A Not So Surprising Development

Lowtax and I have been making fun of Scientology for quite some time, it's no secret that we think they're insane and dangerous morons who are like cash vampires for their lower members. Naturally it was only a matter of time before one of their media detection teams caught wind of what we were up to and sent us a hotly worded e-mail. A guy known mysteriously as "GST" e-mailed me about my article which compared the Taliban to Scientology. He wanted me to take it down because it was hateful and he whined about the fact that Scientology was helping the victims of the WTC attack put their lives back together - with "E Meters" of course. Naturally in my reply I showed him what hateful really means, because I hate Scientology. Here's an excerpt:

> *Take your dangerous pyramid scams elsewhere. If you've got a problem with me unleash your five thousand attack lawyers on me for exercising my First Amendment right to satirize your stupid religion. Maybe you can get the SWAT team on me like you did with that grandfather living in Canada because he dared to protest against you.*
>
> Or you could always send me cool holographic stickers of L. Ron Hubbard's face that will hypnotize me into shooting dollar bills out of my wallet into the gaping maw of Scientology. All you're doing in New York City is preying on the vulnerable. Go shit up a flagpole pisspope.

Never able to lose a fight to a couple of Internet humor writers GST apparently forwarded this message to the legal wolverines of Scientology. I say this because today Lowtax notified me that The Church of Scientology was initiating some sassy legal action against us. More specifically they had contacted our web host CAIS and essentially threatened to sue them for over a hundred thousand dollars unless we removed a copyrighted photo of L. Ron Hubbard from Something Awful. The photo in question was of L. Ronnykins in some stupid captain's hat looking wistfully out at the piles of money he's raped out of people's bank accounts or something. I chopped his head off and attached a rocket booster and replaced his eyes with the barrels of machineguns. I guess this wasn't enough to qualify as satire or art in the eyes of those soulless lawyer whores that suck steaming loads of cash from the money cock of Scientology.

We relented. Yes, we took the photograph down and replaced it with a high-art rendering of L. Ron Hubbard. It turns out that we were wrong. By unsheathing their mighty legal sword the not-at-all insane Church of Scientology has proven to us that they are in fact a benevolent religion. We've also decided to begin a campaign to show our support for the Church of Scientology, which really is looking out for the good of all mankind. What I propose is an amazing exhibit of artistry! I encourage all readers of Something Awful to try their hand at creating an exciting and uplifting work of art based on Scientology. Send it in and we'll probably publish it here, because Something Awful has discovered Something Wonderful, and that is the Church of Scientology and the life altering powers of Dianetics!

To kick off this amazing art tour I'll offer up a couple of beautiful pictures I've designed myself. I've asked a snooty art critic - who insisted on remaining anonymous for some unknown reason - to interpret and comment on each piece. I guess if you support Scientology you get sued or something, I don't know what's going on with that, stupid insane other religions I guess.

The first is entitled **"Hubocalypse"** and features the heroic L. Ron Hubbard surviving in the post apocalyptic hell world all of the other incorrect religions have created.

"Hubbard is painted as an aging but strong man in this tenderly done portrait. He is looking off into the distance as if he sees a better tomorrow, a rebuilt world, a future man reborn like the Phoenix from the ashes of Armageddon. The burning cross, consumed by the raging nuclear fire, represent the ultimate failure of the other religions, built on a foundation of hatred. The ruins of the building suggest that even the secular creations of man cannot survive, but Hubbard has and he plans to build the world anew. He is of course pictured wearing a baby bib for catching the blood that spills during his insatiable feasts on the mewling babies he so craves. During his lifetime it is estimated that L. Ron Hubbard ate almost six-thousand infants, and this important achievement is memorialized in the portrait. An excellent piece."

The second piece I have created is based on the work of German surrealists and it is entitled **"Das Baby"**.

"The strong influences of artists such as Erzen and Kampfer are apparent in this work. The use of only three colors is indicative of clarity and single-mindedness. We see Hubbard pictured here in a reclining position, as though he is at ease. The baby is being dropped nonchalantly into his mouth, like a grape or Funyun. The blood spattered around his mouth sends a powerful message that L. Ron Hubbard is not concerned with what others think of him. He is completely secure with who he is and the slings of detractors will bounce harmlessly off his thick skin. The baby is almost impossible to make out. I thought long and hard about the meaning of this and came to the conclusion that the baby lacks the resolution of Hubbard because it is unimportant. It is nothing more than a snack to satisfy his unquenchable thirst for the blood of human young."

I am by no means a great artist, and I know many of you reading this are. Please, send in your work, just be sure not to trace a photograph because this is against the rules and Scientology will see the sue signal on the clouds and come running. In case you don't get the message: THE CHURCH OF SCIENTOLOGY IS THE BEST THING EVER. I like them so much I am going to have five hundred kids and give them all the first name Lronhubbard. Like George Foreman and his kids only

not like that at all because L. Ron Hubbard was a great man and George Foreman just has a great grill.

The Adventures of Hubbardhead

To comemorate this fateful day at Something Awful, when we finally saw the light and decided to unleash the raw power of Dianetics on the world, I have created a comic based around the adventures of the floating severed head of L. Ron Hubbard. Thanks go to Lowtax for his incredible but completely legal likeness of the big guy.

Oh those wacky Scientologists! I call them wacky because I love them so much. Standing up for what's right and protecting us all from the evils of the Thetans!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

SOMEWHERE IN THE SKIES OVER JOHN TRAVOLTA'S HOUSE...
FWOOOOOSH
MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE FORTRESS OF HUBBARD...
ALERT!
LORD CRUISE!! A THETAN APPROACHES!
GET HUBBARDHEAD ON THE MIND PHONE!!
BACK ON THE THETAN MOTHERSHIP...
QUICKLY MGLK, WE MUST TEACH THE HUMANS TO LOVE!
LUVLUVLUVLUV
THESE HUMANS ARE SO HATEFUL. TURN UP THE LOVE BEAM!
NOT SO FAST YOU THETAN CRUMB BUMS! I THINK YOU NEED TO TALK THIS OVER WITH MY MACHINEGUN EYES!
EXPLODE!!!
MINUTES LATER, BACK AT THE FORTRESS OF HUBBARD...
THAT CAPER IS OVER, SO LETS GO EAT BABIES LIKE WE DO EVERY NIGHT!!

11.6 The US vs. Taliban: PHASE 6

Tuesday, Nov 06, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Blowin' Up With Mr. Cooper

As Zack mentioned in his update yesterday, he was recently incarcerated for indecent exposure in a petting zoo. Oops, no wait, my mistake. That's the thing he **didn't** want to mention yesterday. Sorry folks, let me try this again. As Zack mentioned yesterday, he was once beaten up by a gang of bicyclists at a highway reststop and they used his face to mop the floor of the men's room. Shit, hold on, that was another thing he didn't want me to say. I'll give this one more shot. As Zack mentioned yesterday, the US Government wouldn't let him join the Army because his debilitating hair fetish caused him to uncontrollably ejaculate into soldier's helmets. Dammit, I screwed that one up too. Okay, enough of this, I'm just going to launch directly into the article.

> U.S. drops massive bombs on Taliban - *The United States has begun using the biggest conventional weapon in its arsenal over northern Afghanistan, NBC News has learned, dropping two BLU-82 "daisy cutter" bombs last weekend on troops of the ruling Taliban militia. Use of the 15,000-pound bombs - which leave craters as wide as five football fields - marked a dramatic increase in firepower over northern Afghanistan aimed at helping the opposition alliance launch an offensive in the north.*

Now if you're like me, and you'd better get down on your knees and pray to God you're not, you'll find this news to be very exciting. Let's face it: the war on the Talibaneseiumologists has been downright boring. Cameramen haven't been allowed to tag along with the elite US military squads. Reporters are kept in the dark, away from all the military action. Pentagon officials have been tightlipped. All of these factors contribute to making this the most dull war ever, causing many people to pass by the daily news stand and instead purchase a tabloid with the front headline:

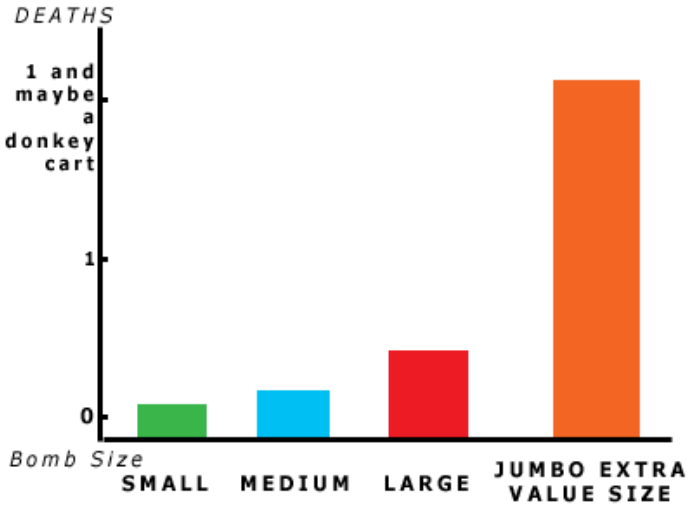
Devil Spoon possesses Italian ambassador! Country in shock as ambassador spews molten fire at villagers, then proceeds to desecrate statue of Virgin Mary! Also: 50 tips to prevent Anthrax from infecting your Don Knotts painting collection.

While the recently military action certainly isn't as impressive as Devil Spoon, it is nonetheless a break from the boring, banal, everyday updates of the US military failing to kill people. News reporters, after polling various other news reporters (namely themselves), have already declared this war a big fat failure. They claim many members of the American public (namely themselves), are quickly growing tired of the war and want the military to go back to what they should normally do, which is apparently not blowing up things. So this whole 15,000-pound bomb news item is just a kick to the world's collective crotch, bringing national interest back to the war and giving many Americans cause to root for the home team, the team which has the 15,000-pound bombs and jeeps that weren't manufactured in the late 1930's. The Pentagon arrived at this genius solution of dropping 15,000-pound bombs after their previous strategies failed to succeed. After looking at these previous strategies, it's no wonder:

> **STRATEGY 1:** Drop small bombs on things made out of sand. Send in an elite military attack force to panty raid somebody's house and get hit with rocks while trying to leave.
> **STRATEGY 2:** Drop slightly less small bombs on other things made out of sand. Have a pilot wreck a helicopter while he's trying to eat Funyuns and change the radio station at the same time.

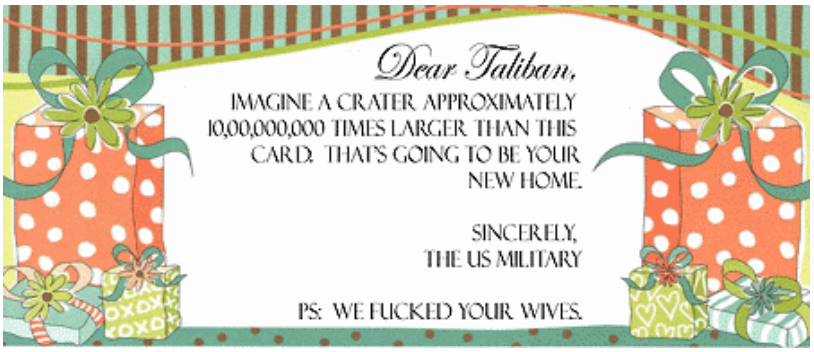
STRATEGY 3: Drop medium sized bombs on enemy mountains and dirt piles. Send in an unmanned spy probe to crash into threatening-looking enemy walls.
STRATEGY 4: Drop above-average sized bombs on evil hospitals, decreasing the chance that the Taliban can attack our soldiers with hypodermic needles and aspirin.
STRATEGY 5: Drop somewhat large bombs on top of all the unexploded above-average sized bombs, most of which have been hollowed out and used as condominiums by Afghans.

This is all that the American military, employing the brightest and most clever military scientists and strategists across the globe, shrewdly elected to do. That's it. Oh sure, there have probably been some ultra top secret cyborg spaceman commando raids of Taliban peacock breeding farms or whatever, but this has been the majority of this so-called "action." As a result, I propose we move to my own ingenious idea, "STRATEGY 6: Drop huge bombs," a plan which many Americans will undoubtedly deem as "okay with us just as long as it doesn't land on our heads while we're watching 'Sex and the City'." I have coordinated with The Pentagon to release the following informative chart, describing how effective "STRATEGY 6" will be compared to previous attempts.



As you can plainly see, the military uses really fruity colors and doesn't have access to a decent graphing program. In addition, the number of deaths is directly proportional to the size of the bomb used. Smaller bombs, while not weighing as much and being less large, aren't nearly as effective as larger bombs, which are quite larger than much smaller bombs. While that's all peachy keen and swelltasticular, you can't blow people up when you don't know where they are. Just look at that guy from "Caddyshack"; he spent the entire film trying to catch that gopher / chipmunk / jackal thing, and all that resulted in was his repeated embarrassment and various comical mishaps. The US can't afford to engage in comical mishaps in Afghanistan because the Taliban are much more heavily armed than a majority of gophers, and I doubt Chevy Chase could come up with a sufficient supply of witty remarks to make when his platoon is blown up by a crate of dynamite strapped to a camel. The US needs to devise a way to find the Taliban and bring them out into the open. "Strategy 6" will do this by dropping millions of the following beautiful leaflets on their villages.

Note that the card is printed in English. Since most Taliban soldiers can't read, it doesn't matter what we write there. We could quote the punchlines from the past 50 Garfield comics on there and it would have the same effect. Well, assuming we could find 50 punchlines from Garfield comics. There would also be some kind of tracking device stuck on the back of each card so our unmanned



spy probes could monitor the signals, track them down, and eventually crash into a hill hundreds of miles away. That would be Phase 1 of Strategy 6. Then we'd unleash our next deadly attack: The BLU-82 Mealbomb.

Currently, we've got Air Force pilots flying everywhere over Afghanistan, back and forth, back and forth, back and forth all day over and over again. Some guy in the back of the plane shoves out either bombs or food, depending on what his plane was filled with. The pilots don't even know what they're carrying anymore; they just shove it out the back of the plane. If people on the ground start running towards it, then it's food. If they start running away, then it's a bomb. The Air Force has had to split their planes up into Food Delivery Planes and Death Delivery Planes, and they're just wasting valuable jet fuel which could instead be used by John Carmack in one of his completely insane amateur test spacecraft launches. The BLU-82 Mealbomb combines both items into one easy-to-consume package and is both economical and deadly. For maximum damage, the bombs should be marked *"FREE BUFFET INSIDE"* and the names of the food should be crossed out and replaced with a more traditional Afghan dish, like, I don't know, broiled rice or twigs n' cheddar or mule surprise or whatever they eat over there. Death Dinner is Phase 2 of Strategy 6. The final phase, Phase 4 (we're completely skipped Phase 3 just to throw them off), will undoubtedly land the most brutal blow to the Taliban: an invasion of Counter-Strike players.

Counter-Strike players are known throughout the world as being the most aggressive, obnoxious, hyperactive creatures in existence. They're single-minded nutballs who only take a break from playing Counter-Strike to talk about guns, eat, update their clan site, write stories about guns, eat, draw pictures of guns, or eat guns. This mindless, one track devotion makes them the perfect killing machines... and since they claim to already be so knowledgeable in guns and the art of killing, they won't even need any training! All we do is box them up, ship them across the sea, load em into another plane, and drop them out of a plane over Afghanistan! Parachutes would be optional. The

ensuing confusion would render the Taliban helpless:

> **COUNTER-STRIKE PLAYER #1:** "DUDE! Afghanistan is just like de_dust!"
> **COUNTER-STRIKE PLAYER #2:** "Double-you tee eff?!? This AWP is a lot heavier than in the game! How the fuck-zor am I supposed to jump around with this?!?"
> **COUNTER-STRIKE PLAYER #1:** "DUDE! I'm going to run to the right over here." *(Runs to the right)* "Okay, now I'm just going to kind of walk around in circles and crouch randomly."
> **COUNTER-STRIKE PLAYER #2:** "Hey, that Army guy said he was going to give me dual Desert Eagles, but my backpack is just full of sand! That fag!"
> **COUNTER-STRIKE PLAYER #1:** *(Running into wall)* "What did you say? Something about lag?"
> **TALIBAN SOLDIER:** *(Shoots them to death)* "kekekekekekekekeke, jajajajajaja!"

Although Counter-Strike players won't really make an elite fighting force as I originally thought, they will cause the Taliban to waste precious bullets. Also they'll probably free up a shitload of bandwidth across the country, which means everybody else will have faster access to Japanese schoolgirl death porn. We could even force them to swallow tiny camera, so when their stomachs explode from incoming gunfire, audiences across America will get a live-action view of the evil Taliban soldiers. The crowds would probably cheer. So on second thought, let's remove the cameras and instead replace them with cantaloupe because I've always wanted to see somebody swallow a whole cantaloupe at once.

I think that this four / three step plan will easily render the Taliban defenseless, cold, afraid, lonely, and possibly dead. Even if it doesn't work, that's okay too, because I frankly stopped caring about the idea roughly five paragraphs ago. In fact, I forgot almost everything I just wrote, except the paragraph where I made fun of Zack for the time he threw up on the top of a rollercoaster loop and when they circled down again, the puke hit him in the face. Oh wait, I didn't actually write that before... that was just the thing I **wasn't** supposed to write. My mistake.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

11.7 Scientology Inside and Out!

Thursday, Nov 08, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Science is Here to Help, Not Hurt!

An overhead view of Scientology's Sea Org Headquarters.

When I first heard about the Scientology lawsuit threat against myself and Something Awful, my initial reaction was shock and horror. Well, actually I started laughing really hard at first. Then I laughed some more. Then I reread the email again and continued to laugh. Now that I think about it, I don't really remember where the "shock and horror" part came in. Oh wait, there was a moment after that when I went to get something to eat and feared I had put a beer in the freezer previous night. I felt shock and horror when I thought the beer might have exploded from being frozen for so long. However, it turns out everything was okay, so that crisis was narrowly averted. Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka: 1. Scientology and frozen exploding beer: 0.

Since Something Awful occasionally pokes fun at the flaming cash cow that is Scientology, it came as no surprise to me that they were teaming up with exploding beer and legal attack dogs to threaten this site. After all, Scientology is to lawsuits as humans are to breathing, although I'd really hate to draw a comparison between Scientologists and human beings. The Scientologist exploding beer legal attack team assaulted my webhost with the following letter, warning of their impending demise:

> *Dear Sir/Madam:*
>
> *Our office represents L. Ron Hubbard Library, the owner of the copyrights to certain photographs of Mr. L. Ron Hubbard. Please be advised that one of CAIS's customers, has placed one of these photographs on his or her home page on your web site without the authorization of our client. This copyrighted work can be found under the following URL:*
>
> www.somethingawful.com/archives/news-archive-24-9-2001.htm
>
> *Our clients have obtained numerous permanent injunctions concerning Internet infringements of other copyrighted works. For instance, in May 1998, a jury in the United States District Court in San Jose, California assessed damages in the amount of $75,000 against a Mr. Henson for copyright infringement on the Internet. Mr. Henson was also permanently enjoined by the court against further infringements. A United States District Court in the state of Virginia granted judgment for damages, costs, and a permanent injunction related to similar copyright infringement. Permanent injunctions have also been entered in three additional U.S. cases....*
>
> *blahblahblah*

The letter went on for roughly 10 pages, detailing every court case they won since the mid 1600's and basically inferred that if I didn't remove the picture, a gang of wolverines would somehow find their way into my apartment, tear me to pieces, and use my vital internal organs to fertilize their hydroponic tomato farms (the Scientologists' hydroponic tomato farm, not the wolverines'). While I am a big fan of tomatoes, I do not have the same zeal for $100,000 lawsuits against myself and

my site. I immediately changed the photo to a "new and improved" drawing of L. Ron Hubbard, depicting him as a floating head with machine-gun eyes and a large forehead in the shape of a giant penis. The penis forehead symbolizes strength, power, courage, and the fact that Scientologists are dickheads. Although the threatening lawsuit was narrowly averted, this strong-arm Scientologist technique alerted me to the fact that Scientology is, in fact, the "correct" religion and all my petty barbs concerning their noble work were pointless and mean-spirited. I have decided to change my hurtful ways and instead embrace the warm, caring iron grip that is Scientology. Let me present to you my first contribution to the religion which has given so many people so many things to live for. Here is my brief overview of Scientology, an article meant to help spread the word of this beautiful and wonderful organization.

A Brief Overview of Scientology

Scientology was created in the 1950's by famed author L. Ron Hubbard, a popular science fiction and self-help writer who created the following critically-acclaimed books:

L. Ron Hubbard in a promotional photo.

- Dianetics: The Modern Science of Mental Health
- What is Scientology?
- The Way to Happiness
- You Are Fat and Ugly and Stupid and Nobody Loves You Except Us Scientologists
- Happiness is This Way, Over There, to the Left of the Couch
- Happiness is Over Here Too, Next to the Hat Box
- The Alien Menace
- The Enemy Alien Menace Returns
- The Aliens Menace Enemies
- Aliens Vs. Mummies Vs. Tanks
- Alien Invaders Invade Alien Enemies
- The Alien Enemies Vol. 1-681
- Alien Slumber Party

This impressive book list proves that Scientology is set apart from all those other silly religions that were created by filthy hippies who lived in dirt and hung around with lepers. L. Ron Hubbard transcended dirt and lepers; eventually became too bloated and elderly for dirt to hang off him, and those fruity scarves that he always wore around his neck were constantly clean and kept the lepers at bay. Many non-Scientologist are jealous because L. Ron Hubbard was the first major religious person to truly "connect" with the general public. Look at the Pope; he's always protected by security guards, kept in secret, and never interacts with the people who admire him. L. Ron Hubbard showed up at science fiction conventions and signed autographs. Do you folks understand what that means? He went to **SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTIONS**, for crying out loud. That makes him a goddamn martyr as far as I'm concerned.

Due to his constant interaction with the human waste ponds that inhabit science fiction conventions, L. Ron began using a lot of anti-Thetan medications such as Martian Meprobamate and Venusian Valium. Eventually he noticed that despite the amount of drugs he took, the aliens kept coming back the next morning and doing typical Thetan stuff like spiking his coffee with gin or spiking his gin with even more gin. L. Ron then decided to do what any of us would've done in his position: he started his own navy. Members of his personal navy (called the "Sea Org") were given very fancy uniforms and strict instructions to not crash the boat into the sun. This made everybody terribly excited, and they naturally assumed what any of us would've assumed in their position: L. Ron was

going to board an atomic-powered spaceship and fly out somewhere into space. It turns out they were slightly wrong though, as L. Ron never successfully got his mothership functioning properly and instead had to settle for the next best thing which was dying as an insane wacko who lots of other insane wackos obsessed over.

Some members of Sea Org pose for the camera.

Before L. Ron had a chance to die, he spent his remaining years wearing dorky naval hats and creating new rules for Scientologists in his elite Sea Org. If you didn't abide by the rules, you had to pay money. If you abided by the rules, you had to pay even more money. If you forgot what the rules were, you were given a list, but it cost a lot of money. However, the benefits for giving Scientology all your cash more than made up for it:

- You were (maybe) allowed to wear a fake navy suit which you had to pay for
- You got a hat

And that was for the **ADVANCED** members of Scientology. The other, non-advanced people just got to stand around a lot and wish they were advanced. If you complained, L. Ron threw you off the deck of his boat. If you got back on the boat and complained again, then he threw you off the top deck of his boat. The non-advanced people had to settle for the plain vanilla version of Scientology Lite, which is like Sea Org only without the boats and suits. Scientology Lite is psychotherapy designed to rid the human body of alien "Thetans" which are souls of dead people who have been blown up by atomic bombs millions of years ago. We all have inner Thetans that tell us to do horrible things like smoke or steal or loiter. We can only be free or "clear" once we've tricked these Thetans into leaving our body and going away. Where do they go? I don't know. Probably Florida. Thetans like the humidity there.

Scientologists "audit" people, allowing them the freedom to realize that in reality everybody is conspiring against them. This is something the evil Thetans don't want people to know because the Thetans are "the Man" and as you know, the Man is always keepin' you down. Your inner Thetan can only be "audited out" by forcing him to telepathically experience being blown up by a hydrogen bomb. I imagine you just pay a few hundred thousand dollars and they lead you to a special movie screening room which shows footage of a bomb exploding with really big words that read "YOU ARE HERE, MR. THETAN!!!" and there's an arrow pointing to inside the explosion. You can buy popcorn at the theater there, but it costs $500 and doesn't come with butter.

If you want to know if you'd make a good Scientologist or not, you are invited to take the Scientology Personality Test, which normally costs "$500 and up." Since I provided the link to you for free, you can Paypal me your $500 donations right here. If you score high on the test, that means you should probably buy a lot of Scientology material. If you score low on the test, you should buy even more Scientology material. If you score in the middle, you're cheating and you will be grounded for a week.

So that's Scientology in a nutshell. Note that when I write "nutshell" I am simply using the old saying and I am in no way inferring that Scientologists are nuts or they should be shelled. Whew, I barely got out of that one alive. Now all I have to do is check my freezer for frozen beers.

Scientology Fan Fiction!

As mentioned before, Zack and I don't make enough money from this site to be a successfully Scientology member. We have given up our quest to become level OT-C-423-XMI-ULTRA-PLATINUM

members of the "church," and have instead devoted our time to spread the good word of Scientology online. With this in mind, I have created the ultimate "thank you for just being you" tribute that can be given on the Internet. Yes, that's correct, I have written Scientology Fan Fiction.

"This is Chase Hardrock, Scientomologologist Warrior," he proudly stated while brushing back his illustrious brown hair which had grown to new lengths and became much more handsome and flowing ever since he graduated to OT IV.

"Chase! This is Clair at Sci-Base 7, the floating Scientistalologoimistriology base above the Atlantic Ocean! We need you up here quickly!" Chase recognized Clair's voice instantly because he had heard it before and had wisely decided to remember it. "Those pesky Thetans are up to their old tricks again!"

Thetan. The mere word itself made Chase's skin crawl, which happened because a Thetan floated around and began prickling his skin with Poison Thetan Needles, which is a good reminder to the fact that Thetans are everywhere and can attack you no matter how well protected you are. Even if you wear a ski coat and a bunch of scarves and lock yourself up in the bathroom, the Thetans can still get you. You can put up a sign on your door that says "NO THETANS ALLOWED" but they'll still come in anyway because they're evil and superintelligent, like Lex Luthor except Lex Luthor isn't a ghost and can't pass through bathroom walls. Chase ripped off his jacket to reveal his Clari-T-shirt, which immediately scared away the weak and cowardly Thetans.

Wow! If this doesn't make you like Scientology, I don't know what will! Head on over and audit your inner Thetan!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

11.8 New Major League Baseball Commisioners

Saturday, Nov 10, 2001 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

Contraction Action!

Yes, it's been quite a memorable year for Major League Baseball. Barry Bonds broke the single season home run record. Future hall-of-famers Cal Ripkin Jr., Tony Gwynn, and possibly Mark McGuire retired. Ancient Aztec mummy Ricky Henderson set a few important sounding records that I can't recall off the top of my head because everybody was too busy listening to Barry Bonds' retarded daughter babble into a microphone about her daddy being the king of stool-pigeon hill or something. And this past Sunday the Arizona Diamondbacks were crowned World Champions, defeating the mighty New York Yankees in Game 7 of what is sure to be remembered as one of the most exciting, unbelievable, and entertaining World Series of all-time.

To commemorate these remarkable achievements, Major League Baseball owners decided to celebrate by arbitrarily deciding to vote two teams out of the league. Apparently they all saw the ratings for "Survivor" and decided that this idea would be "tighter than a Pontiac Aztek," as one 72-year old owner so eloquently put it.

MLB Commisioner Bud Selig melts if exposed to sunlight and sleeps to in a vat of resin to protect his recently refurbished, Rawlings manufactured artificial skin.

Way to go, MLB, just as fans were beginning to forget about that hilariously stupid players strike, you've got to go out and purposely piss people off again. Now obviously the Montreal Expos have serious problems and something needs to be done with them, but forcing another team out of the league to balance things out just because you can't find a city to move them to or can't afford to buy them out for $5300 million Canadian dollars (about $14 million U.S.) or whatever just isn't a very smart move. And if you've *got* to ditch two teams, get rid of the Expos and the Marlins and NOT the Twins. The Marlins are a weak-ass pathetic recent expansion team that bought cheap a World Series victory and Florida has enough baseball (and old geezers on Rascal Scooters) as it is.

I could blather on and on about how retarded the MLB is, but the bottom line is that contraction won't really solve any of baseball's serious problems. The **biggest** problem here, I think, is Bud "Steven Hawking with Working Muscles" Selig, current Commissioner of Baseball. Now when you're hired to do most jobs, you're required to have some sort of experience or qualifications. Buddy ran the Milwaukee Brewers and was once called "creepy" by a teenage girl he was caught leering at outside a Chuck E. Cheese. That's it. The *Milwaukee Brewers*. A team so forgettable, loss-ridden, and ignored, that nobody noticed or cared that they switched from the American League to the National League a few years ago to balance out the teams added during expansion. Oh wait, I take that back: a couple of Milwaukee's players noticed that they were striking out against new pitchers in unfamiliar uniforms.

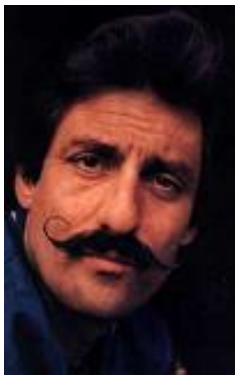
Bud Selig has done and will continue to do an awkward and terrible job running the Major Leagues, so he needs to be booted out the door and replaced with somebody who can either fix baseball's current problems or make new, more interesting ones. Here's a few potential candidates for baseball's next commissioner:

- **Vince McMahon**

OK, so that XFL thing didn't exactly work out so great and hundreds of confused Los Angeles Xtreme fans are still wandering the streets in a daze screeching "But... but... we're the world champions! Celebrate, people! We beat the S.F. Demons and Chicago Enforcers, DON'T YOU SEE?!?!" But the WWF is the leader in "sports entertainment" and surely McMahon learned from his football mistakes. And his wrestling successes! If elected, McMahon will make some exciting changes to MLB, including:

- Cheerleaders (crack hungry strippers) on top of the dugouts replace the "7th inning stretch" with the "7th inning snatch"
- The four traditional umpires will be replaced by one referee. This lone ref can be knocked out "accidentally" while the other team cleverly puts extra runs on the scoreboard. When the ref comes to, he'll just assume the other team scored the runs while he was passed out.
- Baserunners are allowed to interfere with fielders, but if fielders steal the runner's helmet and use it to catch a pop-up they get a bonus out
- No fair catch in the MLB (the infield fly rule is out, too)
- On-field cameraman and reporter ask pitcher if he's tired yet after every other pitch
- First basemen are allowed to hold the runners on by slamming the runner's face into the base and pile driving them into the infield grass
- First and third base coaches will be busty blonds named "Tina" or "Slhusi"
- If the game is tied, a home run derby determines the winner instead of extra innings. If no one wins the home run derby, both catchers in full protective gear hit each other with bats in a steel batting cage, last one standing wins.
- Players are forced to replace the last name on the back of their jerseys with nicknames or messages. John Rocker becomes "I Hate Y'All"
- Announcers call doubles "sloppy seconds"
- Bench-clearing brawls are encouraged, but cannot end until either the pitcher or batter is down for a three count or thrown into the stands for more than 10 seconds

- **Rollie Fingers**



No, this is not a picture of some Victorian-era child rapist supervillian, Rollie Fingers is a living, breathing, former Major League pitcher who helped popularize the brief return of the handlebar mustache while expounding upon the merits of the homosexual lifestyle during his years with the A's. The man knows baseball, and he knows style. He'll classy up the game with the following changes:

- Players must wear at least two additional accessories along with their regular uniform, options include top hats, monocles, scarves, berets, tool belts, leather jackets, and spurs.
- When the umpire says "ball four, take your base" the batter must turn to the ump, lean on his bat, and sassily respond "you don't know the half of it, big boy"
- Bat handles may be lubricated or ribbed
- "Walks" are now called "prances"
- The amount of fingers the catcher shows the pitcher when giving signs must not exceed the amount fingers he is capable of inserting into his rectum
- Frilly doilies help make home plate feel more like home

- Instead of relief pitchers coming out from the bullpen, they come out from a closet wearing feather boas
- The Village People's gay pride anthem "Y.M.C.A" will play at every game and the entire crowd must dance to it. Hey, wait a minute!
- Ugly players like Otis Nixon or Willie McGee are replaced by fresh-faced little leaguers
- Pitching and catching take on a whole new meaning thanks to crotch-less uniform pants
- The manager is referred to by his players not as "skip" or "coach" but "silly little man"

- **Sam Jain**

There's a lot of unemployed dot-com CEO's out there, but one in particular stands out: eFront Media CEO Sam Jain. Since he's a great example of how the typical Internet business was run, he's a wonderful candidate to take over Major League Baseball. Oh, he also nearly bankrupted Lowtax about a year ago when SomethingAwful was a part of his ill-fated scam and his embarrassing and scandalous ICQ logs were stupidly leaked to the public, putting the final nail in the company's coffin, publicly exposing him as a wannabe rapist con-man, but let's put the past behind us! Here's a couple of changes Sam Jain would make to baseball:

- Tickets are free, because the amount of people seeing the game is what's important. Donations are encouraged, but nobody ever donates because why should they pay to watch an Anaheim Angels game when they can go watch a high school baseball game for free?
- All team logos have lens flares
- Players don't have to wear uniforms, they can pretty much wear whatever they want and not show up until the 6th inning
- During random intervals of the game, salesmen run onto the field, blocking the path of the pitcher to the batter and trying to sell players amazing X-10 wireless cameras
- You can name your own price at the concession stand
- Instead of saying "the bases are loaded," announcers say "all your base are belong to us!" and think it's the most hilarious thing ever
- Outfielders can play Foosball if they're sick of just standing around
- Player salaries will be dramatically adjusted and replaced mostly with stock options. Alex Rodrigiez is the highest paid player at $124,000 a year.
- Managers will make more money than the players, and each team has ten managers. Joe Torre makes $10 million a year and gets a $5 million dollar bonus if the team goes bankrupt.
- Some teams have up to 300 players on their payroll, even though they only need 25
- The minor leagues are called "sub-domains"
- Scoreboards run on insecure Win95 servers, which often crash or reboot at random, wiping out entire innings and forcing them to be played all over again
- Ironically enough, Sam Jain hires Rollie Fingers as his "special assistant" and adopts some of his ideas

Bud Selig, I think it's crystal clear that your time as baseball's supreme overlord has come to an end. It's time to step down, go back to running the Brewers, and spend all your time demanding that the city council build a new $400 million dollar stadium exclusively for your team entirely with taxpayer money. The current stadium's luxury boxes don't even have maid chambers! And do you

honestly expect the millionaire players to continue playing in a ballpark without a retractable roof? What are they supposed to do if it rains, stand in the field and get wet?! Absurd!

An Ode to Glasses

People with glasses
Act strangely happy
Their eyesight is clearer
But they look pretty shabby.
Keep smiling, freaks
With those broken-down eyes
Pretend you are aliens
Or robots in disguise.
Keep pretending you hold
Some position of power
Thanks to two featherweight lenses
Crafted in under an hour.
You think you look smart
Like some crazy genius
But you can't tell the difference
Between your thumb and your penis.
Keep sucking on it, mutant
With that nose mounted device
You geeks look like nerds
I mean, Jesus CHRIST!

The racially diverse cast of "Asses in Glasses," coming soon to a theater near you!

Music to Your Ears!

Oh now here's a pleasant surprise! International audio sensation Semi Automatic Turban has blessed us with two new musical ditties!

- Elder Dreams - "When old people of sleep not children dreams are resulted. Dreams of children is anyone of Semi Automatic Turban but when geezer grandpa with knees knocked of slash wound there is reason we say no!" Apparently this song is about old people going to sleep. It's quite soothing!
- Mirth Day of Birth - "On a day of birth which is mirthfill in nature a song of happy birth of this day is a tradition in homeland as well as AMERICAN." This seems to be Semi Automatic Turban's version of a traditional "Happy Birthday" song. I'm sure snapping my fingers to it!

Semi Automatic Turban has also updated with some thoughts on the recent terrorists attacks, urging people to... well, I'm not quite sure what they're trying to say, but I'm sure it's nice and patriotic. Here's a sample:

> *The turban is a symbol of honor and friends having friends in other ways normal associate with not wearing cloth. This is a reason we tell people to pride in AMERICAN and many friend that we have that are not worm ridden. We say there is many thing for support and fly flag god bless american. This is how it is done in traditional way but the traditional way is not to scare people with airplane in building! I ever see a Bin Laden then perhaps my peace manner will shatter his jaw? I would bet on this with currency which converts into quarter with picture of bird on back slack pack.*

Head on over to their site and try to decipher the rest of it for yourself. Or not.

-∼Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

11.9 Guestbook Goatsecx

Sunday, Nov 11, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I occasionally get emails like the following:

> *Dear Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka*
>
> *Hello, I find your site to usually be more interesting than certain prime numbers on my graphing calculator. However, I was wondering why you link to guestbooks? Usually your readers go there and put image after image of some poor man exposing the insides of his rectum along with witty commentary such as "UR SITE SUX U FAG!!! SOEMTHING AWEFUL RULZ!!!". If they are feeling particularly clever, they also include a broken image tag, which they copy and paste a few million times. I don't think you should link to guestbooks anymore.*
>
> *Sincerely,*
>
> *Reginald K. Hobbleweed*

I'd like to take this moment to make my feelings regarding guestbooks clear:

> **1.** I do **NOT** support anybody flooding, harassing, or posting stupid shit in guestbooks. I do **NOT** support people posting their idiotic rotten.com-esque images over and over. I do **NOT** support morons hacking guestbooks and putting in malicious redirects. All that shit is extremely lame and unfunny.
>
> **2.** The only reason I link to guestbooks is because the author chose to create a guestbook for their site, make it public, and usually placed a link that says "please sign my guestbook, I have nothing else to live for in my shallow, pathetic life!" I'm simply relaying the information. If the webpage author didn't want people to sign their guestbook, they would not have made a guestbook.
>
> **3.** If I don't link to their guestbook, I get flooded with emails say "HEY LOWTAX, THAT GUY WITH THE WEBPAGE ABOUT CARTOON ANIMAL GAY SEX HAS A GUESTBOOK!"
>
> **4.** The people who sign guestbooks are clearly in the minority of SA viewers. We usually send about 2,000 to 3,000 hits a day to the ALoD. Of these hits, there are about 50-200 guestbook entries. Of these entries, about 70% are just some moron retard copying and pasting the same stupid message over and over. That means there's around 40 hopeless idiots from this site. Since we get over 50,000 unique IPs a day, that means the offending idiots make up less than .08% of SA's audience. That's a pretty good ratio.

Make no mistake; I think the people who fill guestbooks with spam, offensive pictures, and other brainless trash are the biggest morons on the planet. They're uncreative, untalented mountains of flesh. However, these are the same people who go out of their way to do this lame crap. If I didn't link to their guestbook... guess what? They'd find it and flood it anyway. It's like if somebody really, really wanted to murder you (but guns are illegal and can't be obtained), they'd end up stabbing

you to death or running you over with their car or stabbing you with their car. These people don't have anything better to do with their lives than post shit in a guestbook, so they're going to do it regardless if I post the link or not.

So what I'm trying to say is if I post a link to a guestbook and you feel that you're committed to signing it, at least do something amusing. Be creative. Be witty. Just don't be a brainless prick and flood it with stupid shit.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

11.10 These are a few of Zack's favorite things.

Monday, Nov 12, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Thanks for the Support!

A number of people have e-mailed me offering support for our crusade against Scientology. While I appreciate the sentiment I must comment that I cannot accept such support considering our goal has shifted from revealing Scientology as a dangerous and moronic cult, to celebrating the wonderful teachings of my personal savior L. Ron Hubbard. We're not going to shove this down your throat, so I won't be talking much about Scientology today, but I must thank all of the people for their thoughtful renderings of the late, great, L. Ron Hubbard. Especially those submitted by our loyal readers and those stopping by from Fark.

Just a sneak peak at what we're working on in the future, here's a screen capture of our soon-to-be released educational film on Scientology.

We didn't actually make it, we're just remastering and digitizing an old film reel from the 1950's, but I look at it as a step forward in my relationship with my spectral mentor L. Ron Hubbard.

Think Positive.

Readers of Something Awful are probably by now accustomed to us ranting about things that we absolutely hate, poking fun at the idiocy of gaming, the Interweb, and society in general. Today, however, I'm going to turn the tables like a scratch artist and talk about some things that I have found I liked recently. This is really just a not-so-clever way of inserting a brief review of a CD one of Rich's friends sent me that it turned out I liked a surprising amount. My mom always said I lacked things like "tact", and "good business sense", but mostly she said I stunk to high heaven and needed to take a shower.

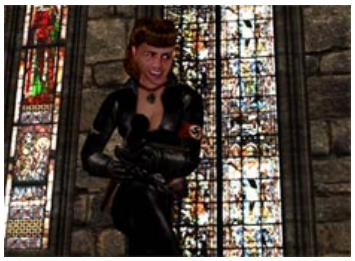
Return to Castle Sexenstein

If you've been following Rich's comments on the development of this game, you know that it is going to be one of the hottest porno games ever to come off the shelves. Pun intended! God I love puns, they are the height of creativity. A month or so ago - I'm not really sure since I don't own a calendar and whenever I try and open the calendar in Windows my computer generate general protection faults - a multiplayer test for Return to Castle Wolfenstein was released.

Since then my life has been consumed with murdering people online in the most enjoyable multiplayer experience since my friends and I networked Duke 3D. I've actually gotten quite good, considering I normally possess the motorskills of a mildly retarded drunkard, and if you see someone named "elpintogrande" stabbing you repeatedly, then yes, that's me. If you're a fan of first person shooters,

World War II, or like me, both, then I highly recommend you download the recently released new version of the multiplayer test. It is seriously deficient in the Nazi sexpots clad in leather department, but I'm sure they'll more than make up for it when the full game is released.

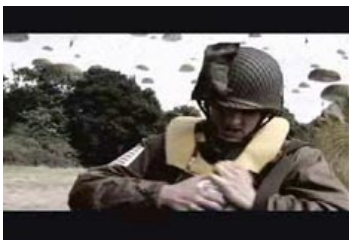
The boys at Gray Matter who are developing the game somehow manage to tolerate Rich and offered to include him in the final release of the game as a Nazi or a Nazi stripper or a Nazi mummy stripper or something. All he had to do was send in three headshots to them and they'd make his ugly mug into a texture for one of the Nazi sex women. Well, R-Lo being R-Lo, he completely forgot about this and was removed from the list of "men who look enough like women to stick their face on a big breasted model". Naturally this irritated me immensely because I was looking forward to shooting Rich in the face with a Luger about five thousand times.



Damn you Rich, for denying me the opportunity to shoot your face.

Despite all this, and despite the fact that they are not even fucking paying me to shill their game like they should because I am obviously a weak-kneed opinion whore, I highly recommend this game. It hasn't been released and may turn out to be buggy crapware, but my god is the Multiplayer Test fun.

- **Band of Brothers**



Most parts of this show actually have people shooting guns!

I am a huge fan of World War II. Not in the "that was the coolest war ever" sense, more of "that was the closest mankind has come to date to actually destroying itself" sense. Okay, I can't lie, it really was the coolest war ever. You had definite good guys, you had definite bad guys. You had underdogs like the British, anti-heroes like Erwin Rommel who were good people fighting for the wrong reasons, and above all you had this extremely evil super power that was willing to do the most terrible things that could be imagined. I guess that part wasn't really at all cool, thinking about all the Jewish friends I don't have because of the holocaust.

Saving Private Ryan wasn't the best war movie ever made. While it conveyed the visceral horror of war and the sense of losing friends to a bloody conflict, it lacked the sort of war poetry of other, superior films. Steven Spielberg and Tom Hanks have gone a good way in filling in this void by producing the new HBO series "Band of Brothers" which follows the exploits of "Easy Company" of the 101st (NOT 82nd!) Airborne Division. The show is filled with great characters (because they're real), great performances, and really damn impressive action. Some of the episodes of the show have been a bit clichéd and uneven, but overall I would have to say this is the best portrayal of war I have ever seen on the small screen.

If you're a big fan of reading like I am, the book by Steven Ambrose is also excellent, and it's pretty impressive how closely the show follows the history.

- **The Bloody Lovelies - The Ruins of California**

I once thought alternative rock was dead. I enjoyed bands like Alice in Chains and the more offbeat Primus in my highschool years, but these bands fell apart for one reason or another and their hip-hop alternative replacements just didn't do it for me. Neither did those pieces of shit Creed and their ilk. God I would like to fucking cut out the heart of Creed's lead singer. Aaaaaaarmssss Waaaaaaaaaadeeeeee Opppeeeeeeeen! Fucking dick!

I apologize, I let my anger get the better of me. Recently I discovered that the heart of alternative

rock had just lightened up. Radiohead is still going relatively strong (as you can tell by the incessant threads about it in our forums) and a lot of soft alternative groups like Calamine and others have caught my fancy.

One such group recently appeared on my desk in the form of a CD from one of Rich's friends (who happened to be in the band). Rich couldn't give an impartial review, but since I had proven I can be completely impartial with that Return to Castle Wolfenstein "review" above, he decided I should give it a listen. Ohhhhhh good. One of Rich's dopey friends has some caliopie music he put together on his Casio that he wants me to listen to! Hooray!

There's a party in your ears and everyone's invited.

Turned out I was wrong. Obviously, or I would have been censored by THE MAN, trying to keep me down. THE MAN is Rich Kyanka. He hates black people.

After ripping the mp3s and distributing them on Kazaa, I listened to their CD "The Ruins of California". The Bloody Lovelies are a piano infused and Southwestern (and Beatles) influenced rock band with catchy tunes and often times negative lyrics that juxtapose nicely with their usually upbeat music. Despite my reluctance and the fact that one of their songs is named after an ex-girlfriend of mine, I thoroughly enjoyed their CD. I've even added a couple of the tracks to my mp3 playlist, and that's no small feat. Even though they are somewhat reminiscent of Ben Folds 5 I somehow don't hate them.

- **Mulholland Drive**

I have to change my pants just remembering parts of this movie. Yeah, you know it, I'm talking about the parts with the rotting corpse.

It would be wrong to call David Lynch on the cutting edge of film making. He creates his own edge that is difficult to engage but always fascinating. Having recently seen this movie and only partially comprehended it, I can say without a doubt that if you are fan of David Lynch you'll enjoy it. If you don't like his work, you'll absolutely hate it. I happen to fall into the former category.

Let me take a stab at summarizing the plot. A woman is in a car crash and loses her memory. She stumbles into an apartment she believes is being vacated by a woman headed out on vacation, but it turns out the woman's niece is house-sitting while she looks for a job in the film industry. The niece and miss reverse elephant quickly become friends and attempt to solve the mystery of her past. By friends I mean they have lesbian sex. They get seemingly close to the truth and then everything goes off the deep end and stops making much sense, as tends to happen in David Lynch movies.

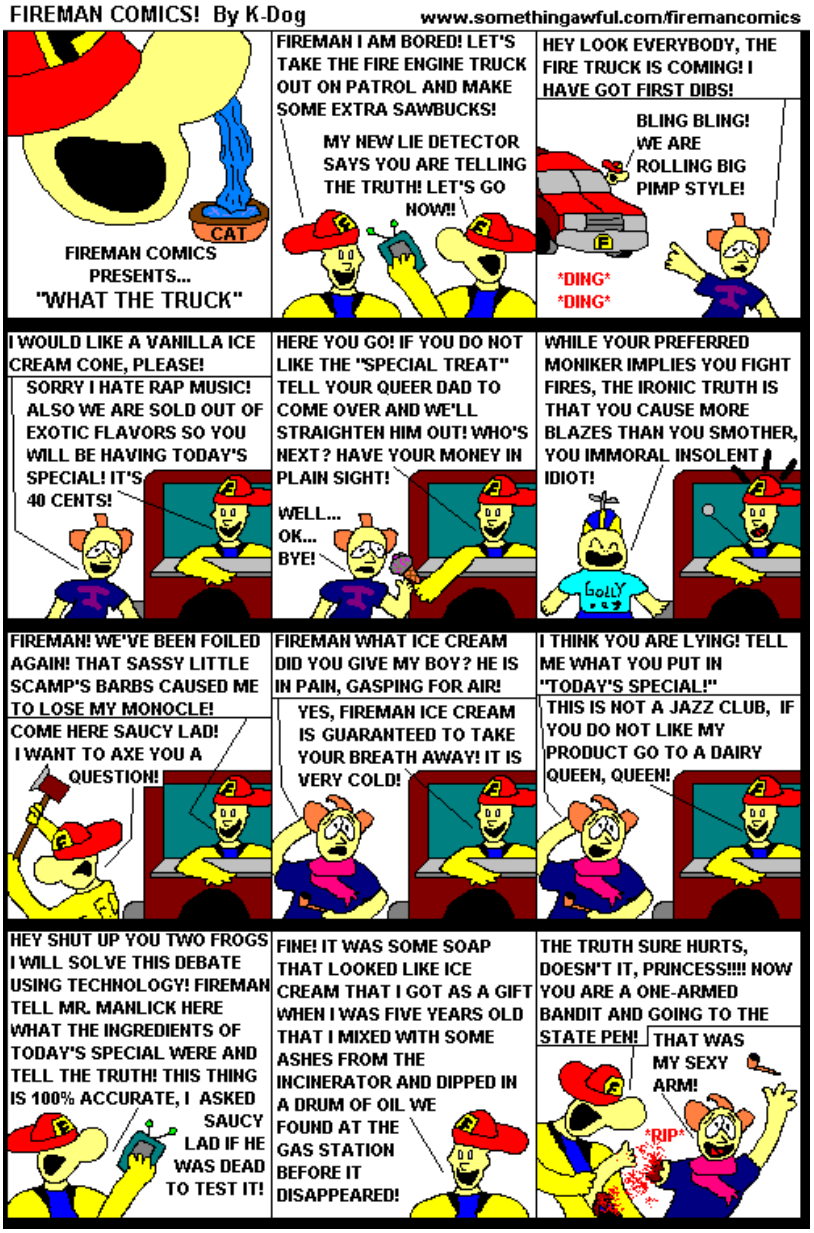
Hot girl on girl action aside, there are two scenes from this movie that stand out to me. One is a scene in which the director of a film negotiates with two mysterious men over who the lead actress on his current production should be. The men, one of whom is very difficult to please when it comes to espresso, demand an unknown woman star in the director's movie and he is understandably upset. The other scene takes place at a bizarre magic show of sorts, where Lynch really plays with the medium and the audience, and as always blurs the lines of what makes sense and what doesn't. The themes I get, the characters are fascinating, but the plot is an extremely enjoyable train wreck of logic. Go see this!

Or go see "The One", I heard that has a really cool part where Jet Li hits a guy with a motorcycle!

I'm totally drained. It really is harder to be positive, it goes against the very fiber of my being. I'm sure I'll make a full recovery and be back soon with my usual venom and cynicism.

Enfuego!

That crazy Fireman is at it again, just take a look!


FIREMAN COMICS! By K-Dog
www.somethingawful.com/firemancomics
CAT
FIREMAN COMICS PRESENTS...
"WHAT THE TRUCK"
FIREMAN I AM BORED! LET'S TAKE THE FIRE ENGINE TRUCK OUT ON PATROL AND MAKE SOME EXTRA SAWBUCKS!
MY NEW LIE DETECTOR SAYS YOU ARE TELLING THE TRUTH! LET'S GO NOW!!
HEY LOOK EVERYBODY, THE FIRE TRUCK IS COMING! I HAVE GOT FIRST DIBS!
BLING BLING! WE ARE ROLLING BIG PIMP STYLE!
DING
DING
I WOULD LIKE A VANILLA ICE CREAM CONE, PLEASE!
SORRY I HATE RAP MUSIC! ALSO WE ARE SOLD OUT OF EXOTIC FLAVORS SO YOU WILL BE HAVING TODAY'S SPECIAL! IT'S 40 CENTS!
HERE YOU GO! IF YOU DO NOT LIKE THE "SPECIAL TREAT" TELL YOUR QUEER DAD TO COME OVER AND WE'LL STRAIGHTEN HIM OUT! WHO'S NEXT? HAVE YOUR MONEY IN PLAIN SIGHT!
WELL... OK... BYE!
WHILE YOUR PREFERRED MONIKER IMPLIES YOU FIGHT FIRES, THE IRONIC TRUTH IS THAT YOU CAUSE MORE BLAZES THAN YOU SMOTHER, YOU IMMORAL INSOLENT IDIOT!
FIREMAN! WE'VE BEEN FOILED AGAIN! THAT SASSY LITTLE SCAMP'S BARBS CAUSED ME TO LOSE MY MONOCLE!
COME HERE SAUCY LAD! I WANT TO AXE YOU A QUESTION!
FIREMAN WHAT ICE CREAM DID YOU GIVE MY BOY? HE IS IN PAIN, GASPING FOR AIR!
YES, FIREMAN ICE CREAM IS GUARANTEED TO TAKE YOUR BREATH AWAY! IT IS VERY COLD!
I THINK YOU ARE LYING! TELL ME WHAT YOU PUT IN "TODAY'S SPECIAL!"
THIS IS NOT A JAZZ CLUB, IF YOU DO NOT LIKE MY PRODUCT GO TO A DAIRY QUEEN, QUEEN!
HEY SHUT UP YOU TWO FROGS I WILL SOLVE THIS DEBATE USING TECHNOLOGY! FIREMAN TELL MR. MANLICK HERE WHAT THE INGREDIENTS OF TODAY'S SPECIAL WERE AND TELL THE TRUTH! THIS THING IS 100% ACCURATE, I ASKED SAUCY LAD IF HE WAS DEAD TO TEST IT!
FINE! IT WAS SOME SOAP THAT LOOKED LIKE ICE CREAM THAT I GOT AS A GIFT WHEN I WAS FIVE YEARS OLD THAT I MIXED WITH SOME ASHES FROM THE INCINERATOR AND DIPPED IN A DRUM OF OIL WE FOUND AT THE GAS STATION BEFORE IT DISAPPEARED!
THE TRUTH SURE HURTS, DOESN'T IT, PRINCESS!!!! NOW YOU ARE A ONE-ARMED BANDIT AND GOING TO THE STATE PEN!
THAT WAS MY SEXY ARM!
RIP

Firemen selling ice cream, who would have thought? Not me! But they're sellin' it and dishing out the straight dope as usual!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.11 Cliff Yablonski: You're getting fatter!

Tuesday, Nov 13, 2001 by Cliff "Cliff Yablonski" Yablonski (@sexyfacts4u)

Lay Off the Goddamn Bean Burritos, You Bloated Gasbags

This is your old pal Cliff Yablonski again. That marble-headed halfwit Richard Kenyanka asked me to update his Interweb computer screen again because he's been busy working on some geekass computer machine program that does something to something else. I keep telling that spineless pantywaist that this computer shit is just a fad like rock and roll or afros or convertibles, but he doesn't listen to me because he's one of those Generation Axe punkasses who think they know everything in the goddamn world. Well listen here you smartass - you don't know shit. When all your computer gears and levers start breaking down like nobody's business, guess who will be laughing? Me, I'll be the one laughing, because while you cretins type all your words into your computer machine, I write my words down on paper and then I type that paper out on my typewriter and then I punch the typed paper words into the computer machine. And if you retards dont think your computer machines will break down, well maybe you should come down to my house and take a little look at the piece of shit lemon computer machine I got. That thing hasn't been working right from day one, and if I had any gas in my Chrysler I'd drive down to the place I bought it from and start administering a little baseball bat justice to the zit-faced greasebucket league of braindead shitheads that sold me this pile of junk. On second thought, I don't want you waste projects near my house so stay the hell away or else you'll be experiencing the fun of having motor oil thrown into your eyes while I soften up your chest cavity with the curtain rod that fell off and landed on my TV set yesterday.

So anyway I was sitting on my porch yesterday, sweating out concentrated gin and trying to figure out why I couldn't move my legs, when I noticed that the hellborn mutants walking around this Godforsaken town are even more bloated than usual. You're probably wondering how I could tell this, since most of the human errors in this town weigh more than an entire cattle car, but I got a good eye for detail. For example, one time I remember driving my car through the inside of the Sears in Eastside Mall, and when I got home there was a scarf stuck on the front of my car's grille and I remembered the price that it said on the rack when I first hit it. I didn't remember the right price or anything, but I did remember hitting the rack. That's why I'm a highly decorated war veteran and you're just some unemployed cellulite monster sitting on his fat ass and reading my computer machine TV show.

You're fat and I hate you.

Like I was saying, the Crisco circus tents in this town are getting even fatter than I thought was humanly possible, like the Blob from the movie "The Blob" where Steve McQueen fought some red space gravy. Steve McQueen was also in "Bullitt", which is a real man's movie for real men, not all those idiot fruitcups you seen reading books with Oprah these days. Real men don't read. Real men light fires. Real men drive fast cars or slow tanks or those boats with the guns welded onto them. Real men don't talk about emotions. Real men light men who talk about emotions on fire. Real men don't buy innertubes, wine, fashion magazines, spices, or margarine. Steve McQueen was a real man and if you don't think so then he'd kick your ass eight ways from next Saturday unless he's already dead. I don't remember if he's dead or not, but if he died then God bless his dead corpse because Steve McQueen

was a true hero and you'll never be able to amount to the pile of shit that Steve McQueen stepped in while filming "Hell is For Heroes."

So there I was on my porch, sweating like a stuck pig and taking a little breather to save up my energy so I can eventually get up without feeling dizzy and falling off my porch into the lump of dirt next to the steps. At least I think it's dirt, I can't imagine what the hell else it could be. Actually, now that I think about it, I vaguely remember getting into a fight with that loudmouthed pisshead who runs The Mulch Shack down on 17th Street. He was saying all kinds of crazy shit, like how he's better than everybody else because his wife got some disease and died. You know the type; he was pretending to cry and shit and act like he was all sad because his crusty old horse wife kicked the bucket of oats and retired to the big barn in the sky. So I drop my bags of groceries and storm over there and say, "hey you little scumwad, quit trying to act like you're King Hot Shit!" and I slugged him in the jaw with a can of peaches from my groceries. Then he fell backwards and hit his head on the counter and I started laughing my ass off because he forgot to put a lock on his abused children donations box, so I started grabbing handfuls of pennies and shoving them into my pockets. I must've grabbed about 17 pounds of pennies that day, but since that can't buy shit these days, I filled up my grocery bags with his top quality mulch and left. By the time I got home, my car was swerving all over the fucking road like an ice-skating retarded kid, so I pretty much forgot what I did with that mulch. So that could be the mulch by my steps but I don't know and I'm not going to risk getting near it because it smells horrible and it doesn't smell like no mulch I've ever smelled before.

You're fat and I hate you.

Anyway, back to the story. I'm comfortably relaxing on my front porch, thinking about maybe running some laps or chopping down some wood behind my house or passing out again. I gotta keep chopping down the wood behind my house because the fucking trees won't stop growing back there and its really pissing me the hell off. I call that clown Gary Reynolds every goddamn day and say, "listen up you miserable pile of cheese fries. When I bought my house 37 years ago, you didn't say nothing about no crazy ass trees springing up all over the goddamn place like a game of Whack-A-Mole! You'd better haul your hairy ass on down here and start chopping these fuckers down or so help me God I'm going to break an AM radio over your face." Then I'd start hearing that beeping sound on my phone which means something like I won a free prize or some shit so I hang up because I don't want no phone clowns getting my address so they can send me magazine subscriptions and bottles of laundry detergent. These oak trees or elm trees or wood trees or whatever they are keep growing everywhere and whenever ol' Cliffy has any energy, I go out back and start beating on them with an axe and shouting curse words. I hate those trees. All they do is bring bugs and deer and kids onto my property and if I had my way, I'd throw a few hundred gallons of asphalt all over the place and call it a night. But nooooooooo, the homeowners said I can't throw asphalt everywhere because I don't own the property or some ridiculous garbage. If I wasn't legally banned from going to the homeowner meetings, I'd show up and illustrate my point by throwing a frozen turkey through their window. I use all the wood from behind my house to work on my toolshed, but I can't figure out how to turn the logs into plywood. If any of you forest rangers out there knows how to turn logs into plywood, you'd better tell me or I'll bust down your front door and throw it into the dumpster.

So everybody in this town seems to be getting fatter by the day. I was going to write something about that but I'm running out of space on this typewriter page so maybe I'll get back to that some other day. Maybe I won't though because this computer machine is starting to act all fucked up

and the TV screen is yellow and I can't figure out how to turn that off.

You're fat and I hate you.

-∼Cliff "Cliff Yablonski" Yablonski (@sexyfacts4u)

11.12 El Pinto finds the ghost belt

Tuesday, Nov 13, 2001 by El Pinto Grande (@sexyfacts4u)

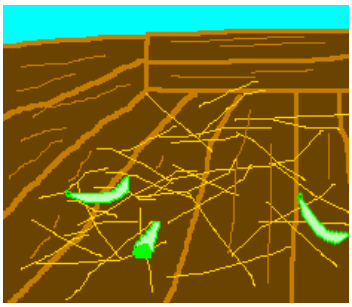
Going to Eating the Good Stuff

Those in the know of Yours Truly are making to know that I am some times cooking up quite a hurricane of flavor. I am a fine fan of the good foods in life too, not just the ones I am cooking up in my own sauced pans. I am hearing you as if to say, "Wrestling superstar El Pinto Grande, why are we given towards caring of what things you are putting in your stomach? Just relate the tales of your great victories in the circle that is squared!" It is true that I have many tales to explain on this computer book, but the ones that I am explaining today are about the Tijuana Salsa Taste Off which is exploding into the scene every November in great city of Tijuana.

Here is a picture of me drawn based on a photo of me which is taken after I am declared the undenied winner of 2001 salsa festival and the crown is on my head.

Much as I am crowned king of ring at all times I am given to being placed on the throne of hot salsas, so zippy is my concocted style. Every year I am brewing up grande sized pot of mother's secretive recipe, God rest her soul, and the secret ingredient is some of it love and mostly Camecca peppers which will burn through a brick wall they are so towards the hot side of the weigh-in. I am reading the cartoon stories of American wrestler Super Man who is able to be flying and is left in state of perfection by bullets that are bouncing off his eyes. Still I am thinking if this great champion of my Northern brothers is coming down south of the border and touching a Camecca pepper he is going to frighten easily!

It is no big deal when I am given scepter of salsa accomplishments and walk at head of great salsa parade. This is making to happen every year since 1987, except for 1996 when Senorita Suplex sneaks into ingredient tent of Yours Truly and is replacing Camecca peppers with a photocopy which is made from butter painted with nail polishes to resemble the austere splendor of Camecca. Since this years I am keeping the peppers under locks and keys I guess is going without saying!



This is wagon of rotten melon rinds and straw in which Yours Truly and Sombrero Largo are waking up into.

This festival is not just about the Salsa I am trying to tell you. There are many game-type booths for the younger luchadors to test their skill at punching rotten melons or throwing rotten melons at prisoners who are given the old work detail to stand against wall so the children are throwing the melons at them. Don't worry folks! It is safe. They are giving them the plastic bags over heads so the melon sauce is not getting in the eyes and burning something fearsome. Also the foods that do not necessarily involved with the salsa are a sight for sore eyes!

This year I have to give confession to readers that I am eating a bit too much of the deep fried rotten melon cakes. They are so good and they go straight to my hips which makes me asleep and I am falling asleep in the back of wagon which is bound for adventures. Somehow wife-type and large son do not see me doing the sleep in the back of the wagon as it is making headway into the countryside and I am left to my own device in the back with the straw and the melon rinds. Lucky for Yours Truly, good friend-type Sombrero Largo is also along for the ride, as he is given to drinking some of the rotten gut that will make his vision swimming like hookworm

larvae in river.

I am awaking first and it is hot sun above my head which is not the location where the sun should be occurring because when I am sitting down on wagon originally the sun is just setting. I am given to moving some of the straw and melon rinds and I discover that Sombrero Largo is curled into embraced with a jug labeled with XXX which is like liquid you are squeezing from "adult only" portion of video renting establishments I am guessing. It is smelling something terrible! When I am managing to wake him up as well and say to good friend "where are we fellow legend of Mexico wrestling scene?", he is gassing from the mouth and it is not the pleasant smells of days bygone.

The wagon is made to stop and the driver is not to be seen anywhere in sight and neither is the burro which I am assuming is what has locomotivated the cart into our current positioning. Sombrero Largo is still having a bad case of the "silly brains" from the bad stuff in the jug, so I am lending him a helping shoulder to cry on while we are making our way and trying to locate the bearings. The land mark is not familiar in the area we are around and I am beginning to get the worries about wife and large son and how they may be lost in the woods even though woods are not around because woods are not a place for wife and large son to be lost. Mall is okay, there is air conditioners and pet store with the hamster instead of bears that come and try to eat the faces, which is what may happen if you are lost in the woods and the bears catch word of you.

The sun is so hot and it is beating down on us both like the flurry of kicks and fisticuffs from Big Truck Punch, so we are seeking some sheltered living. There are some rocks cropping out from dirt and I spy a cave with my sense like a cat. We are headed to in there to get out of the baking sunshine until it goes away to the other side of the land's end.

There is a spooky feeling to this cave I am telling you the straight truth gentle reader-types. Sombrero Largo is busy being occupied with his stupor and he is not noticing the haunted sensations given off by this cave. I am fine tuned into this sort of phenomenon from being raised in a burn where we are leaving the doors open at all time and sometimes the white bull "Whitey" is like a specter of the dead come back from the grave to haunt us. I am always able to spot "Whitey" before he can creep to upon you and scare the spirit of the Lord right out of your bones! This skills are coming in hands in the rings with the tricks of some of these more evil wrestlers who are making agreements with the darkest of powers. It is also handy when you are in a haunted cave which is where I am saying Sombrero Largo and Yours Truly are finding themselves.

I am trying to convince good friend Sombrero Largo to accompany Yours Truly on a caper exploring haunted caves. After all that we are wrestling masters who should not be afraid of a few ghosts. He seems to be more interested with vomiting his insides into the corner and singing while he rolls around in the vomit lake he is quickly creating. I am afraid of his stink more than ghosts and so I set out alone into cave of despair, with the hoots coming fast and furiously. These are spooky hoots like an owl or a wolf but maybe between the two like if an owl got swallowed by a wolf and was hooting up a storm inside the wolf-type's mouth.

I am think this creepy hooting is of a ghostly natures but it is turning out to be less ghostly than I am originally thinking.

I put on the game faces and go deeper into cave using only my disposable lighter with a picture of Jesus on it. I am thinking maybe picture of Christ is warding off spirits until I am stumbling down a ghost trap set by those wily ghost and oh reader, I fall for so long I lose track of time all at once! When I am stopped falling I hear a voice echoing inside of deepest parts of cave.

"Bold warrior, I am The Great Ghost Wrestler. In my careers I am wrestling many ghosts and

always coming out on the tops. Then one day a melon rind wagon is out of control in village and I am run over by the wagon and made to kicking the bucket. I am still wrestling the ghosts as a ghost myself but it is just not the same way. Ghost beating ghost is not thrilling the fans like it used to. So I use all my spirit force to carry my magical ghost wrestler championship belt into this cave where it is waiting for a new warrior who is chosen to be the one."

I am losing track of what he is saying after this because I am having a spider on my leg and then it is getting tangled in my cape and I am not a large fan of spiders. I do not hear all of what he says because I am jumping up and down and yelling at the spider and cursing its mother's name, which is above the line perhaps, but spider doesn't know the difference. Once I have dispatched this eight-legged menace of the deep, I am made to ponder the words from beyond the graves. I decide in a hurry to search for this ghost wrestler belt so that I can become chosen to be the one.

I am wandering through the bone yards for what seems like a month and a day. I am hearing the weird hooty noises all the times and sometimes I am collapse on ground because the tired is too much. Finally I am finding the magical ghost wrestler championship belt in lava stream. I am remembering towards the movie Krull and I reach into the lava and it burns so much but it does not burn quite as much as a Camecca pepper so I am well girded against the powers that be in the lava. I make to retrieve the belt from the lava and I succeed and the belt is mine.

The powers it is giving to me are amazing. In a matter of minutes after finding this powerful artifact of ghost wrestling I am locating and defeating the sources of the hooting that has been driving me to the bonkers. It turned out it was an owl that was lodged in the throat of a wolf. I kicked that wolf so hard the owl came flying out of his mouth and then while the owl was shooting through the air I punched him into the wall and it was a one way trip to knockout hacienda. The belt is also shooting beams of light out of its top parts that lead me to the way to outside, where Sombrero Largo is finishing off his bottle of adult content beverages.

He is telling me that while I am traipsing around in the bowels of the earth he is on a scouting mission and is discovering that the Salsa Festival is right down the road a few feet behind a sign that says "Salsa Festival 2001". He is asking me about the belt but I just smiled and make to nod because he will see soon enough the amazing power of this belt. We are to have matches against Senor Fantasma and his Ghost Harem. These are no good sorts who are often difficult to defeat because they are such slippery customer.

Wife and large son are happy to enjoy the return of Yours Truly as well and they are wondering where I am going off to. Wife-type is suspicious that it is the naked bar to where Sombrero Largo is often leading Yours Truly, but I am swearing on the grave of The Great Ghost Wrestler that it is not the cases of truth. It was good wholesome family fun!

-∼El Pinto Grande (@sexyfacts4u)

11.13 SA Christmas Gifts: The PaceMastah 3000

Wednesday, Nov 14, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

And Now a Word From Our Sponsor... Me!

As you might've noticed, we're selling ad space on Something Awful. Since I refuse to join another lying, cheating, good-for-nothing ad network, I'm doing all the ad sales personally. When I first implemented the idea a couple days ago, I figured I would sell towards businesses and Internet companies, since they have all that money they made from shocking the monkey all day. However, I recently realized that this was a bad idea, as companies aren't interested in advertising anything anywhere, much less a site dedicated to pointing out how stupid companies are. I have changed my advertising strategy with this thought in mind.

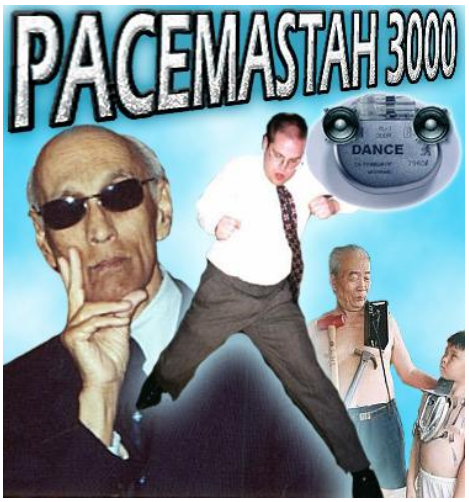
From now on, one banner ad on SA for one month will cost **$45**. I have lowered the cost so virtually anybody can now buy a banner ad on this site if they would like to support us. For $45, we'll put your ad into rotation for 30 days and link to wherever you'd like. There are no guaranteed number of times that your ad will be served; if more people take advantage of this service, then your ad will be shown less. However, we'll keep your ad in rotation for 30 days and you'll get traffic and the joy of knowing you helped support a site run by a bitter little troll-like man. If you'd like to see your snazzy message on every page of SA, click here to get the advertising details.

The SA Christmas Catalogue: Day One

Are you ready for the upcoming Christmas holiday? We here at Something Awful are! In fact, we're so ready for the holidays that we're currently preparing our site for the Christmas season... of the year 2002! As you've noticed, retailers are selling Christmas items earlier and earlier in the year, hoping to beat all the other stores to the punch. As a result, we've taken the ultimate competitive step and started shipping out our catalogue over 13 months in advance! Try to beat that, Radio Shack, you cutthroat bastard devils! Over the next month or so, we'll be showing brief advertisements for the hottest presents and gifts for the upcoming 2002 Christmas season, hoping that you too will be infected with the holiday fever, to which the only cure is purchasing quality Something Awful catalogue goods! Well that and maybe a daily barrage of penicillin.

Item #27192-9926a - "The PaceMastah 3000"

> Pacemakers of the past were bulky, expensive, "un-hip" items that were only used to keep old people from inevitably dying (which they did anyway). Nobody ever proudly proclaimed themselves as pacemaker user, choosing instead to hide their secret shame while avoiding the microwave section of K-Marts across America. Well guess what, folks? That's all about to change with the new and radical PaceMastah 3000!
>
> The PaceMastah 3000 is a revolutionary new product that's sweeping the country by storm, enabling men, women, and children of all ages the ability to get down with their collective bad selves while maintaining a steady heartbeat! The pacemaker is no longer just a vital tool for the elderly; it's a hot hip-hop happenin' gadget that lets the rest of the world know how "boss" and "awesome" you truly are! The PaceMastah 3000 will have your kids saying, "mom, thanks for the left ventri**COOL** present" in no time! Imagine the look on your son's face as he is wheeled out from the operating room knowing he's got the most kick-ass gadget installed next to his digestive system! Look out ladies, here comes Mr. Heartbreaker!
>
> So what exactly is the PaceMastah 3000? Let us explain. The pacemaker is known as



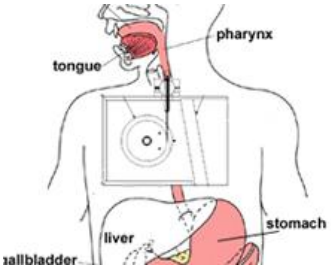
one of the most important medical devices in history, allowing hundreds of thousands of people to experience the tubular sensation of a heart that beats regularly. Although it has nothing to do with the medical industry, the personal stereo system is a light and easy way to listen to your favorite tunes at work or on the move. We've combined the best of these both worlds to produce the PaceMastah 3000, the first pacemaker that plays your favorite mp3s while you work, play, or sleep! The standard PaceMastah 3000 comes with 2-way, 45 watts x 2 speakers that can blast out the hottest chart-topping hits, all from the safe comfort of your chest cavity! Are you looking for the ultimate spine-thumping bass? Well your search ends here, as the PaceMastah 3000 is guaranteed to rattle every bone in your body as well as all major internal organs! Be the life of the party by blaring out the most popular songs... without any of the bothersome and obnoxious cords and cables!

- **Model 31-A: Mobile DJ Unit**

The Mobile DJ PaceMastah 3000 was created with the dance machine in mind! Spice up that boring rave by blasting out the trendiest new gabber core tech-step goa trace fusion acid 303 darkhouse horrorcore trickstep ambient techno tunes! In-track fades will automatically fade in and out between breaks, leaving your hands free to wave about and perhaps even feel up that "fly honey" that's been looking at you! If you're really hardcore about your music, our built-in DJ tools let you simulate record scratching by simply rubbing your hand over certain parts of your chest. Now you're probably wondering how on Earth you could be able to dance to the rhythm while DJing a party in your stomach. Well once again, the PaceMastah 3000 allows you the freedom to do

all this and much more! Your heartbeat will automatically sync to the music's beat, making it easier for you to twist and groove to those killer beats! Far out, man!

- **Model 28-C: The Hip Hop System**



The Hip-Hop PaceMastah 3000 comes with 3-way, 100 watts x 2 speakers that warmly handle all those tight subs and thumps from your kickin' DJ EZ Kool Kash Money tracks. In addition, there are two gold teeth that have been surgically welded to the unit, letting the rest of the world know you're "street tough" and "not a G to fuck with, aight?" What's a better way to say "whas up, niggah?" than with the Hip Hop PaceMastah 3000, the number one chest implant of the hood? Head on down to your local back street clinic and we'll shove one of these fuckers into you before you can say "yo holmes, step off my grille!" We'll even personally administer your malt liquor drip!

The Hip Hop PaceMastah 3000, due to its increased power requirements, requires that we install a hydroelectric generator inside your esophagus to create sufficient electricity. Our trained surgeons and firemen might have to strategically move or take out various "non essential" parts of you to make space for this hydroelectric generator, but as they say in the hood, "hook a brotha' up, yo!"

- **Model 13-A: The Prank Pacemaker**

So you want the ultimate gag gift, the perfect way to say, "ha ha, gotcha, sucker!" to one of your closest buddies. However, you've already done all the standard practical jokes. You've tried the old "spring snake in the can of nuts trick," "abc gum gag," and "wife buried under the basement prank." It's time for you to move on to the ultimate practical joke: the Prank Pacemaker! We'll call up your friend, pretending to be medical experts and claiming that he needs to come to our office right away because he has anthrax or AIDS or Exploding Man Syndrome. Once he arrives we'll knock him unconscious, implant the Prank Pacemaker, and revive him. Our specially trained nurses will then claim that we were mistaken and had accidentally confused him with Bob Hope. Your friend will come back home, go to work, and do all the inane things he usually does without the knowledge that he has one of the most utterly hilarious lumps of metal implanted inside him!

Cue the big day: you and your friend are at your boss' party. It's really important to your friend that he makes a good impression because his raise will depend on impressing his boss. As he approaches the big man and starts engaging in conversation, you quickly press the remote control Prank Pacemaker button, causing his hilarious health assistant to spring to life shouting "hey everybody! Help me! Help me! I'm a magic Leprechaun and I'm trapped in this guy's chest! He ate me when I was trying to grant him his third wish!

> The first person to free me gets his third wish! Just let me out!" Imagine the entertainment value of watching countless people tear into your friend's stomach, ripping him apart in search of the elusive Leprechaun! Think of the looks plastered across their faces when they realize there was no magic Leprechaun, just a Prank Pacemaker that begins to shout, "ha ha! Tricked you, suckers!" before exploding into a million deadly pieces of burning shrapnel! It'll be the greatest party ever!

Wow! These truly are going to be the hottest gifts for Christmas 2002! Hurry up and order yours now! Before you die!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

11.14 The Dark Side of Candy

Friday, Nov 16, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

American Confections Undercover

Candy has plagued man since the beginning of time. Raised up on the sugary foundations of chocolate pops, gum drop dinosaurs, and crunchy toffee hats, we are caught as children in its unrelenting iron grip. More insidious than nicotine and more addictive than heroin, candy has enslaved generation after generation. Adults fight to break free of the addiction by eating things like onions and cow heads, but deep inside and every day they crave the base satisfaction of a sugar high. They gobble down their plates of oatmeal and mustard waiting to sneak away from the dinner table and top the meal off with a caramel bee box. Behind closed doors many adults will slouch on the floor, shirtless and bloated, covered with spilled chocolate sauce and melted ice cream balls, groaning at their own inability to lift themselves out of a sticky pool of butterscotch fudge.

Down this path lies pain and suffering.

I do not speak from a moral high ground on this issue, not from the superiority of immunity to candy's dark vice, I too have succumbed in the past to its sweet embrace and must fight daily to resist its siren's song. I was a gummy adherent, gobbling gelatinous animal shaped confections like they were going out of style. M & M's were great, Snickers too, so many various delights to be had. I had lost touch with reality. I wasn't talking to my friends and loved ones anymore. I was holed up in the basement of an abandoned sock factory, surrounded by candy wrappers, wallowing in my own filth and self loathing. When my savings ran out I turned to anything I could for my next fix. I took handouts from those kids selling candy bars door to door, I begged for after-dinner mints outside restaurants, I even snuck into a Ponderosa and filled my pockets with the fudge topping for the ice cream.

A candy addiction will ruin your life, leaving you peniless and on the street, with no friend but the Mr. Goodbar dealer on the corner.

Finally my friends intervened. I had reached absolute bottom like some failed rock star in a VH1 Behind the Music rockumentary. When they found me I was incoherent, sucking down expired sweet & sour sauce packets I had rummaged from the dumpster next to a Chinese restaurant. Rich lured me into a van with a king-size Nestle Crunch bar, then Fragmaster put a burlap sack over my head and closed the van door. They drove me out into the country to an abandoned farmhouse, where they locked me in a room during my painful weeks of withdrawal. It was hellish. I craved candy, every bone in my body screamed for candy. It was as if the rungs on the ladder of my DNA had been replaced with Mars bars.

It ended though, and I returned to a normal life, able to walk by racks of Cherry Clans and Chick o' Sticks without grabbing handfuls. Then a little over a week ago I was enjoying a piece of toast and some canned (not candied) yams, when I read something horrible on MSNBC.

To capitalize on the release of the Harry Potter movie, some merchandising mavens have developed "Bertie Bott's Every Flavor Beans". A simple jelly bean is insidious enough, but these are far worse. These are modeled to simulate the flavors of almost everything imaginable, flavors that are normally not associated with candy and therefore pose a risk to the savory-only lives of adults.

> *Along with chocolate pudding, strawberry jam and Black Forest cake, you will also find sardine-, horseradish-, black pepper- and booger-flavored beans. And Cap Candy has announced plans to release dirt-, vomit- and mustard-flavored beans this year.*

I know what you're thinking; "how could people possibly be tempted into buying these jellybeans with flavors like vomit and dirt?" The answer is even more terrible than you might have imagined. By giving these jellybeans such unconventional - but everyday - flavors, it will allows the makers to bypass the usual adult reluctance to eat candy. Imagine if you will, Joe Everyman, after a night of hard drinking comes home and pukes up the contents of his stomach. Naturally, this leaves him feeling a bit empty, but with the taste of vomit clinging to his teeth he wouldn't dare try to enjoy a normal meal. Instead he finds a bowl full of vomit flavored jellybeans and his problems are seemingly solved. But his problems are really just beginning. From then on he is an addict, pulled into the painful web of lies and misdeeds that candy manufacturers pitilessly weave for the unsuspecting.

This is just a drop in the proverbial bucket of "stealth candy", the true menace of the 21st century. There are a number of such confections being marketed to the most vulnerable and easily manipulated demographic of all; adults. This is especially frightening because I technically belong to this demographic. With some contacts within the industry I managed to turn up a complete list of the flavors that will be released in the "Bertie Bott's Every Flavor Beans" line of candy, along with several other sinister delicacies from other manufacturers.

Bertie Bott's Every Flavor Beans

- Horseradish
- Mustard
- Chocolate Pudding
- Strawberry Jam
- Black Forest Cake
- Sardines
- Black Pepper
- Boogers
- Dirt
- Vomit
- Blood
- HIV+ Blood
- Semen
- Wet Wool
- Derailed Train
- Asp Bite
- Bitter Defeat
- Success
- Imagination

- Tom Bosley's Inner Ear
- Gently Used Coat
- Singed Arm Hair
- Top Hat Full of Battery Acid
- Removed Cholesterol Blockage
- Strength of a Fallen Warrior
- Green
- Air Force One
- Comb
- Used Comb
- Madonna's Used Comb
- Ken Griffey Jr.
- Coupon
- Conversation

Actually, I'll stop it there. There are more flavors than I could possibly list here in my lifetime. Other candy manufacturers want in on the action as well, here are some of their entries into this devious new market.

- Miller Lite Flavored Hershey's Chocolate Bar
- Almond Joy Joyless Marriage
- Motor Oil Twix
- Nestle Crunch w/ added MC Hammer's Complete Career
- Butterfinger Bee Stings
- Gummi al Qaeda Network
- Zero bars (no one knows what these taste like so we assume they taste like mystery)
- Crisco M&M's
- Makin' Whoopee Milkyway Bar
- Soiled Bart Simpson T-Shirt Duds
- Abusive Childhood Snickers
- Compulsive Gambling 100 Grand

Probably most disturbing of all are the candy bars soon to be released by the makers of Watchamacallit, which are said to taste like the concentration camp of Treblinka. Who that flavor would appeal to is beyond me, but the very fact that they think there is a market for it is disturbing enough.

Join me friends, boycott these products and avoid the pitfalls of a life addicted to candies. It's easy to tell yourself that you know when to stop, that you're just eating candy for fun, but even a tic tac can be a gateway to chocolate covered cherries. Don't get started.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.15 The Next Next-Generation of Consoles

Saturday, Nov 17, 2001 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

Now PlayStation2, Xbox, and Gamecube have all launched and the new console war officially begins, I guess. Doesn't effect me much, I can't afford any of them right now and will have to survive on closeout Dreamcast games. Oooh, *Blue Stinger* for $4.99!

No thanks, Mr. Gates! You can take this Xbox and shove it up your uni-nostril. Try giving me a call when Xbox 2 is ready!

But I've got it all figured it out, you saps. I'm just going to bide my time and wait for the next next-generation of consoles. Sure, you think your Gamecube's are pretty hot stuff right now, but just you wait. Go right ahead and waste your money on these soon to be outdated hunks of puke, I'll be sitting pretty in the middle of my state-of-the-art gaming paradise with the latest and greatest while you slog through your pile of old, jaggy PS2 games looking for the tissue box so you can dab away your tears of pure embarrassment and jealousy.

The better the graphics, the better the gameplay. You want to know what the best gaming system is right now? It's a Silicon Graphics X4080 with the D-Spec Memory package. That thing pushes over 9 billion polygons a second, Xbox only does... I don't know, 10 million or something. I've got 9 billion. And Xbox 2? PS3? GamePentagon? They'll probably do like 55 billion, so the games will be approximately 60 times even more fun. Plus they'll all have Internet-2 compatible wireless network cards, holographic projection, and virtual sex capabilities. Oh man, I'm going to laugh so hard when you're playing *Crazy Taxi 3* on a **flat** screen while I'm playing *Crazy Taxi 4* holographically while virtually banging your sister's best friend's second cousin.

Why bother getting any of these new systems? As soon as better ones replace them, they'll stop being fun. Look at Atari 2600, NES, Genesis... they're all out of date, so none of the games are good. I was playing Dreamcast yesterday and *Soul Calibur* seemed far less fun now that *Dead or Alive 3* is out, I mean the breasts in that game are just *so* more realistic. Games like *Street Fighter II* and *River City Ransom*? They're spit! Give me a break, GamePentagon will be 5480-bit!

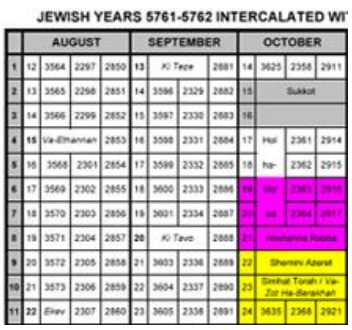
Then again, maybe I'll just wait for PS9. I saw a commercial for that, and it's going to rule all. Suckers!

The Truth is... "Out There"

The events of September 11th were a godsend to all those crazy apocalypse conspiracy religious freaks UFO people out there, since they could all finally say, "See! I told you so! I predicted it! The prophets were right! I told you God was pissed!" and feel good about themselves and their deluded, wasted lives. While I was going through some old Awful Links of the Day, I came across The Warning of the Second Coming site. I gave the site a visit and they hooked me up with the truth about September 11th! It's just too good not to share!

> *It is irrelevant who the terrorists were; they were hired and "programmed" by the Illuminati UK-US Committee of 300, the secret government that rules this world.Such terrorism is not normal human behavior, but rather, programmed behavior.This document will sadly prove that the Manhattan Tragedy et al. was planned bythe Illuminati (top Masons) before the Towers were even built. Further, they were built specifically for the tragic and DIABOLICAL events of September 11, 2001.*

Masons? You mean people who build stuff using bricks? I knew it! Bricks are just too damn sturdy. Have you ever tried to move a brick building using your telekinetic powers? It's impossible unless you have alien floating rods to assist you in finding vantage points! Obviously bricks must be some sort of secret government technology stolen from the mole people that live in the center of the earth next to the molten core of demons during the resurrection of Jesus's brother.



Don't you see... DON'T YOU SEE?!? It's all so clear! I sent the full 400 page chart to the newspapers but they refuse to publish it because only I know the truth!

As for the twin towers... golly, gee! I always thought they were built to provide office space, but I guess they were specifically designed to collapse like folding chairs when struck by planes that hadn't even been invented yet. I bet it even says as much in those secretly classified blueprints! And come to think of it, weren't these so called "twin towers" (if there were *only* really two) built with metal... and not brick? Of course, why would the Illuminati want to damage their own materials!?

Later, they follow this statement up with some stunning numerical "proof:"

> *The Templars were recognized at Clermont in 1118; add them : 1+ 1 + 1 + 8 = 11.The year 2001 was their 883 anniversary. In the number language doubles may beeliminated; 883 = 83 ; add them 8 + 3 = 11. The authors of Holy Blood Holy Grailprovide the definitive evidence that there were 9 original founding Templars andthey first banded together in 1111 taking no new members for 9 years. And thiswas the numerical basis of the 9-11's in the US tragedies as follows:*
>
> The attacks took place on **9** / **11** ; and add them: 9+1+1 = **11** **9/11** is day 254 of the year; add them: 2+5+4 = **11** On **9/11** there were **111** days remaining in the year ; there were also **111**days between Sept. **11** and the target dates of the two calendar crosses.The flight number of the 1st plane that hit the first tower was **11** The passengers and crew were 65 ; add them : 6 + 5 = **11** The towers had **110** floors or **10 x 11**; they also formed an **11** in the skyNew York City has **11** letters and it was the **11 th** state to join the Union. Per Bush's orders, flags flew at half mast for **11** days (**11th** to 22nd). Flight 175 hit the second tower at 9:02 AM 9 + 2 = **11** in NEW YORK = **111** NEW YORK = **111 (a double exactly like Oklahoma 76 Oklahoma 76 by the same author, the "head of hell" 76).** Why flight **175 ? A NEW WORLD ORDER = 175** (calculate it above)!!
>
> The symbol of the New World Order is the Pyramid on the Great US Seal. In turn, that Pyramid is a replica of the largest of the 3 Pyramids of Gizeh, Egypt. These pyramids were aligned with the star Sirius (a double star) in the constellation of Orion, the Warrior Hunter, which represents Osiris, the god of the underworld. At the time of the first attack on the Tower, Sirius was approaching the 33rd degree over the Gizeh Pyramid, and 33 is the numberof death, based on the 33rd (3 x 11) Masonic degree rendered INRI, the exact same acrostic found on the Cross which bore the Son of God who died age 33.

AH HA! It all makes perfect sense now! Those... uh... secret government people! They sure are crafty! And craftsmen to boot! They're probably spying on me right now! But if I rub myself with **NON-NEW WORLD ORDER BAKING SODA** (which you can order from me for $49.99) on the 6th day of every 7th month TWICE (6 + 7 - 2 = **11**) I'll be safe from their prying eyes.

Then, out of nowhere, there's this:

> *Understand please that George Bush Sr. and Margaret Thatcher attended a secret Conference keynoted by Gorbachev (Fairmount Hotel in San Francisco) on Sept. 27of 1995, where it was decided that the current world population of 6.5 billion must be reduced to 900 million.*

Wow, talk about a tax cut! Hmmm... perhaps by "tax cut" Lord Bush really meant "mass murder"? That would explain the hundreds of secret concentration camps located in America and a huge secret human processing facility located in Alaska (I read about these concentration camps, among other places, here). I always knew Margaret Thatcher was up to no good! I mean, it's so obvious: she's a WOMAN and she's from ENGLAND. The connection to Nostradamus is so obvious that I don't even need quote the particular link to his quatrain and Holy Scripture.

Oh wait, those refund checks the IRS sent out! Did anyone happen to notice that Anthrax started showing up *in the mail* shortly after those checks were sent *through the very same postal system*? By cashing those checks, you've signed your death warrant! Your entire life is only worth $300 to our shadow government!

Remember, gentle readers: if you read it on the Internet **it absolutely must be 100% true, accurate, researched and verified by unbiased third parties with only the most stringent journalistic ethics and training**. I mean, it's not as if any mental hospital escapee can just type out thousands of pages of gibberish and post them on the Internet from a library. This is the Information Age, for crying out loud!

Automatic Dumbasses

Semi Automatic Turban sent me this email, explaining that I had apparently forgotten to mention one of their new songs last week... or MP3.com was late in adding it... I'm not quite sure what they want but I better mention it since I don't want to get them upset:

> *Stop depress! Of last week we many thanks for cultured praise, however of there is mistake of mp3.com part which is not of happy! Yes there was a two new song ditties which you did of proclaim, but in real there was third of special! We say excellent for those who say that we have all three and you are the those! This is the new song for slap knew purpose:*
>
> "Owl Master Mine" - This is a song for those who dig treasure but for whose share of loot? We hope to answer this questions and many others. Yes punishment is carried out but this is how the homeland enjoys. Thank praise for you and your elderly peasuits!

Umm, well, "Owl Master Mine" is certainly... *different* from their other songs. Not, you know, **good**, but at least there's some kind of structure. I think. Just listen to the damn thing, and if anybody can figure out what the hell language they're speaking, let me know!

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

11.16 Zack chooses his own military adventure

Monday, Nov 19, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

In the Army Now

The enemy have a superiority in numbers, but American training and technology can win out.

In case you don't know already, America is at war. Not the same kind of exciting videogame war we were involved in during the early nineties, where we got to watch bomb after bomb drop through windows or slam into tanks. This one is a war of America's military elite versus a rag-tag bunch of evil underdogs. I'm not sure if you're supposed to root for the underdog even if they're evil, I'm certainly not rooting for those assholes. Things seem to be going pretty good right now, but even the most optimistic of us are beginning to see that things could turn ugly at any moment and for a very long time to come. With that in mind of been dusting off my selective service card in preparation for my possible entry into the United States armed forces.

If they're going to make me shoot stuff I want to do it on my terms. So I busted out the hundreds of pages of recruitment info that hits my doorstep every week and started going through it, shopping for the kind of soldier I want to be. After all, it is my Army! My Navy! I pay for that thing with my hard earned - no, my life is a horrible lie and I evade taxes like Chow Yun Fat dodges bullets; with a flock of white doves flying behind my head in a church.

According to the pamphlet "The Army of One: We're going to give you a gun so big and expensive you can take on a whole other Army" there are a number of options available for me in the Army. There were also a number of facts about the Army that I was not aware of, it was really an eye opening experience.

- Upon completing basic training you will be issued a combat knife and sent directly out on a solo mission deep behind enemy lines.
- You may find better weapons during the course of an operation, in which case you are authorized to run over and stand on top of them where they will be absorbed into your feet and appear in your hands. Bullets, grenades, rockets, and rations all function in a similar fashion.
- Because of ethnic and cultural differences, enemy soldiers almost all look the same. If they have a role other than shooting a rifle their uniform will be a different color to reflect this role. In accordance with the Geneva Convention all soldiers who are especially difficult to kill will wear red uniforms to give you fair warning.
- The arrival of enemy vehicles will be heralded by music that accompanies their slow movement into view. All enemy vehicles can be destroyed with any weapon provided you target a key weak point and attack it enough times.
- Heavy weapons such as a machinegun or a rocket launcher can only be carried by very large and fat men.
- If assigned as an officer, when looking at your units from an overhead view you will notice that they somehow appear as large as tanks and other vehicles.
- As a commander, you will be given only a few troops at the outset but you will be able to harvest resources such as iron ore, gems, and wood, to build more and better units.

Be sure to build a structure that produces 5 soldiers a second and send them out in an unorganized fashion to die by the hundreds. These "people factories" are apparently approved by the United Nations.

- Someone who you trust, either a senior officer or a fellow grunt, will betray you and actually work for the enemy.
- If at any time during the mission the president or one of his family members is kidnapped, you will be sent in by yourself to rescue him. See the first item for your equipment list.
- There is absolutely, positively, 100% NO WAY TO DEFEND ANYTHING. If you are forced to defend an outpost, barracks, or base, you will fail. Mankind has yet to come up with a way to defend anything from an army with combat skills similar to most girl scout troops.
- While both the United States and other countries use rifles, only the United States has developed the impressive ballistic technology known as the "triple shot". Use this wonder of science to your advantage.
- If you are operating in the field you are to respond to any orders with "orders acknowledged" or "moving out". If you are assigned to a unit with a tank in it, don't bother replying to orders, the guy in the tank is bigger so he will reply. And the guy in the helicopter? Forget about him, he's too busy spitting out clichés from the movie "Aliens".
- Some rogue nations are known to use "chemical troopers" which carry backpack tanks of poison that they shoot out exactly like a flamethrower. Nothing effectively stops this attack so do not bother to put on your gas mask if you managed to find one and pick it up through your feet.

Lucky for us South Korea is a peace loving nation, otherwise we would all fall to their incredible strategy.

- Never go to war with South Korea. Koreans are the best generals and they will swarm your base with an infantry rush before you even have a chance to build a "people factory". Korean infantrymen are also known to use the most powerful weapons and wait at the insertion point for reinforcements to appear, where they massacre them in cold blood.
- Nuclear missiles are precision weapons that will only destroy a few buildings, so fire away. Even though the United States has hundreds of intercontinental ballistic missiles only one can be fired exactly every five minutes. Two of those five minutes are spent "stirring the nuclear soup cauldron" which provides the material for each missile.
- The enemy is very deceptive and is known to hide American weapons and equipment inside of crates, barrels, laundry hampers, trash cans, cabinets, and picnic baskets. Shoot everything, including guns, there could be hidden guns inside of those guns.
- If you find yourself mortally wounded by an enemy sniper be sure to let him know that he is a faggot.

- In some situations you may be forced to go up against an exact replica of yourself, only appearing in black and white. This particularly applies if you have challenged an enemy unit to a game of dodge ball.
- When facing down the enemy commander he will seem easy to kill at first. Be prepared! After you shoot him to death his corpse will explode and a bigger version of him, a monster, or some sort of robotic death machine will appear. Follow the guidelines for combating enemy vehicles when facing off against this unit.

All of that seems so damned complicated. Maybe the Army is not the right branch of the armed forces for me to join. I mean they've got such an incredibly cool marketing campaign, but the last thing I want to be when I'm out on the battlefield and my life is on the line, is confused by a bunch of rules and facts. The Delta Force seemed like it might work out, their mass mailers consisted of a series of black three by five cards with their logo on the front and a message on the back with an 800 number you could call. The message read, "Unless your name is Chuck Norris you are going to die on your first mission. If your name is Chuck Norris expect to fight a whole country by yourself and see all your buddies die, unless they happen to also be named Chuck Norris."

That was simple enough but I don't think I'm cut out for the Delta Force since my name is not Chuck Norris and I don't want to die. I've always been a big fan of aircraft and it seems like the Air Force gets more and safer action than any other branch, so I checked out the Air Force recruitment package next. It was pretty spiffy but I didn't like a part in their "Your Role in the USAF" brochure.

"There are four types of USAF personnel: faceless support crewmen and officers, pretty-boy hotshots, troubled pretty-boy hotshots, and unattractive wingmen that die in training accidents. Aim High!"

Yeah, thumbs up for you shitbean, you look like a fucking super model, if I joined the Air Force I'd either be steam cleaning your underwear or dead in about five seconds.

Since I have a giant head and transparent skin I ruled out the USAF for fear of blowing up in a training accident. I've got friends in the US Marine Corps, so I checked out their information next. They had a snazzy poster with a skull on it that I immediately put up on my wall and all kinds of brochures and personal accounts about how great it was to be a Marine. My pirate heritage makes me a big fan of skulls by default, but the training pamphlet did not do a lot for my enthusiasm.

- You will run up a mountain carrying a sack full of scalding hot sauna rocks tied to your bare chest.
- Our drill instructors will punch you in the throat if your shoe is untied, then you will have to run up a mountain with two sacks full of scalding hot sauna rocks tied to your bare chest.
- You're about as useful as a football bat.
- If you don't have dreams about doing pushups our drill instructors are going to make you do pushups until THEY pass out from exhaustion.
- If you can't run the obstacle course in under 30 seconds our drill instructors are going to slit your femoral artery open with a trench knife and bleed you out into the mess chili.
- I hope you like rope burn, now climb that fucker you little faggot.

- Should you suffer a complete emotional or physical breakdown during the training process, speak to one of our helpful guidance officers, who will gouge out one of your eyes and kindly inform you that "you don't need fucking depth perception for a goddamn faggot desk job you fucking dicksucker."
- Cleaning the officer's latrine is a valuable skill for any Marine who is obviously a worthless faggot no better than a faggy gay from fag town.
- You will be fully trained in the discipline of combined arms. Are you smiling at me? Do you want to go out behind the ordinance locker and fuck me? We fly faggots like you up to the top of Queer Mountain in a big pink helicopter and then shoot you out of the "cockmaster"; a specially designed 280mm mortar.
- You are a faggot.

Since I'm not secure enough in my sexuality to endure Marine Corps basic training without breaking down and crying like a ten year old girl, I had to rule the Corps out. Which left me with the Navy. I had already just about ruled the Navy out because in their brochure they said "all of our fleet vessels are outfitted with imacs for you to browse the internet and e-mail friends and families." I had almost resigned myself to using shitty Macintosh computers on the USS Time Wasting Drills, when a piece of paper fell out of one of the Navy booklets.

> *"Join the Coastguard, we have a ping pong table in every lounge and the skipper lets us bring pornography onto the Cutter."*

It was scrawled on a napkin in permanent marker, but that was good enough for me. If they ever start drafting people I am joining the goddamn Coast Guard before the shit really hits the fan.

It's Burning Up In This Piece!

That's right more Fireman goodness to loosen your loins.

Oh those damned Firemen get all the action!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

LONELY LINDA By K-Dog
www.somethingawful.com/firemancomics
LONELY LINDA
OH NO! I'M OUT OF BATTERIES!
I HAVE AN ITCH THAT NEEDS TO BE SCRATCHED! HMMM... WHO SHOULD I FIND TO PUT THEIR FINGERS IN THE PROBLEM? I KNOW! AN UNIFORMED, STRONG, MUSCLE-BOUND, FIREMAN! MMMM!
OOOH, FIREMAN! THERE'S A "FIRE IN MY BASEMENT," IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN. CARE TO HELP PUT IT OUT?
A BASEMENT? SORRY WE DO NOT FIGHT UNDERGROUND FIRES! FIRE EXTINGUISHERS ARE ON SALE FOR $80!
NO, WHAT I MEAN IS THAT I WANT YOU TO TAKE OFF MY CLOTHES AND HOSE ME DOWN IN MY BEDROOM, YOU KNOW?
SORRY LADY, OUR ONLY FIRE HOSE IS 15 FEET LONG AND IS TOO SHORT TO REACH YOUR ROOM!
HMMM... WHAT A SHAME! I'LL JUST GO HOME AND SORT MY PRICELESS COLLECTION OF VALUABLE... UM... THINGS!
PRICELESS? VALUABLE? I LOVE THOSE! LEAD THE WAY, I'LL HELP MYSELF... I MEAN YOU!
BACK AT HER PLACE...
WHAT IN THE BLAZES? THERE ARE NO VALUABLES HERE! ALL YOU HAVE IS A TABLE FULL OF STRANGE ELECTRIC TOOTHBRUSHES AND BANANA PROTECTORS!
HEY, WHERE ARE YOU??
OH, I JUST THOUGHT I'D SLIP INTO SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE COMFORTABLE, BABY!
I HATE BABIES! AND WHY DID YOU TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHES? IS IT TIME TO DO LAUNDRY? WASH MY HAT!
I'D RATHER "JACKET!" AND IF YOU DO NOT WANT A BABY...
OH I HAVE NO PROBLEMS WITH MAKING A BABY, BUT I LOOKED AROUND AND YOU DON'T HAVE A SINGLE TEST TUBE! I THINK YOU'RE TRYING TO TRICK ME!
BYE!
WH.. WHAT DID I DO WRONG? AM I FAT? AM I UGLY? WHY DID HE REJECT ME!!! *SNIFF*
HELLO MA'M KEEP CALM!
SOB *SOB* FIREMAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?!? AM I PRETTY?
FIRE INSPECTION! AND SURE, YOU'RE USABLE! WHY THE WET FACE? LOOKS LIKE YOU COULD USE SOME COMPANY! WOULD YOU LIKE SOME?
SNIFF YES FIREMAN I AM VERY LONELY! TAKE ME!
THE NEXT DAY...
WHERE WERE YOU YESTERDAY, FIREMAN?
LONELY LINDA WANTED SOME COMPANY!
HOW NICE OF YOU!
SHE HAS PLENTY OF COMPANIONSHIP NOW! IN FACT...
... SHE'S TOTALLY SURROUNDED BY PEOPLE JUST LIKE HER! AND RENT IS SO CHEAP THAT PEOPLE ARE DYING TO GET IN THERE!
LONELY LINDA
1929-1957

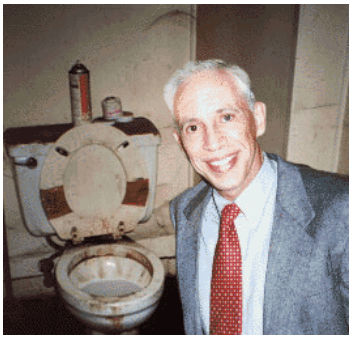
11.17 Just Sue Us! Two Lawsuit Tuesday!

Tuesday, Nov 20, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Law and Order!

Hey kids! It's your old pal Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka again, updating from sunny wherever-the-hell-I-am! I thought today we would take a little detour in the normal awful road traveled and instead I'd write about... nah, actually I can't do that, the church would hunt me down and crucify me. Well okay, we're going to change plans and instead... oops, okay, that's illegal in 48 states, forget that idea. all right, I'm going to replace today's regular content with a fresh and exciting... no, that idea is neither fresh nor exciting. Ah fuck it, there's nothing new and original today. Today's just another...

TWO LAWSUIT TUESDAY!!!



Leonard Crabs, seen here in his old office.

That's right folks, Something Awful recently racked up TWO LAWSUITS IN TWO DAYS! Actually, we technically got three lawsuit threats in two days, but the third one was written by a person with the IQ of a sliding door, who emailed the threat to a hosting company which has nothing to do with Something Awful. So, while that is a lawsuit threat, I'm not going to count it here. Regardless, two lawsuits in two days is very impressive considering the people who threaten to sue us often require federal workers to type their email for them. Basically, the lawsuit procedure goes like this:

1) Shitty site is featured as an Awful Link of the Day
2) Shitty webmaster of shitty site writes a shitty email, threatening to sue me for vague / nonexistent charges if I don't agree to take his site off my page, apologize to him, do 70 situps in one minute, and clean his oven.
3) Leonard "J." Crabs replies with an email that contains highly legal words such as "bench" and "magenta."
4) Shitty webmaster is caught using the public YMCA computer terminal to send legal threats and is promptly kicked off. Lawsuit threat is over and I win by default.

Every single lawsuit threat follows those easy-to-remember steps. Oh sure, occasionally you have a shitty webmaster who is a master of disguise and staples a fake wax mustache to his face in order to trick the YMCA workers, but all lawsuit threats seem to abide by these rules. It's easy to understand why this is; Americans are raised in a country that preaches legal threats as the solution to every problem. You don't like what somebody thinks about you? Sue them! You don't agree with what somebody said? Sue them! Your life didn't turn out the way you expected? Sue... somebody! Sue them all and let God sort them out! If life were a sandbox, these lawsuit-happy dopes would be the kids who instantly run away to their parents, bawling that another child called them a name or looked at them funny. They would also be the same kids who soak their bologna sandwiches in their own urine and eat it for lunch. However, life is not a sandbox. Well, the sandboxes are, but other than the sandboxes it's not. Supposedly "grown" individuals mature past the "mommy, he called me a name!" stage of life and progressively move along to the "lawyer, he called me a name!" phase of adulthood. The "I'm telling" mentality of such crybabies never goes away, it just manifests itself in different forms. That's fine with me though; these doofball lawsuits give Leonard "J." Crabs something to do instead of spending all day in my attic, making weird owl sounds and occasionally singing popular big band songs. Anyway, onto the lawsuits.

LAWSUIT #1: Something Awful vs. FLUFFY BUNNY SPARKLE CLOUD RAVES

The first legal threat comes from Internet powerhouse "Fluffy Bunny Sparkle Cloud Raves," a site dedicated to "candy ravers" who were somehow able to replace their collective brains with leaking glowsticks. Apparently they didn't enjoy being featured as an Awful Link of the Day, as it undoubtedly caused a "bad trip" or "nasty karma" or whatever the hell stupid ass shit they say. Something Awful doesn't abide by the rule of PLUR! More hugs, more drugs! The ravers initiated the attack with a blistering email message, sending my legal team (Leonard and his hat) into a tailspin.

> ***From: Laurence Maar***
> ***Subject: Copyright Violation Notice***
>
> *Copyright Violation Notice*
>
> *18 November 2001*
>
> *We are requesting that you remove all images taken from the Fluffy Bunny Sparkle Cloud Raves website. All images on the Fluffy Bunny Sparkle Cloud Raves website are copyright material and you have not been authorized to use them.*
>
> *Webmaster.*
>
> \- - - - -
> *Laurence Maar*

Yes, that's correct, we're being threatened by somebody with an email address of "bunnylust6" representing a site called "Fluffy Bunny Sparkle Cloud Raves." Can you sense the raw terror emanating from the lower region of my body? Can you eFeel my eFingers eShaking? PLUR! I can just picture the court case now...

> **IDIOT RAVER:** "Your honor, I claim that the defendant-"
> **JUDGE:** "GUILTY!!!"
> **IDIOT RAVER:** "What...? Woah, I like didn't even say anything and I like already like won the like case, dude! Like, woah!"
> **JUDGE:** "No, I find you guilty of LSD, ecstasy, and marijuana possession."
> **IDIOT RAVER:** "What a trip, man!"

Leonard "hittin' it" with "da ladies".

Not being one to take any risks, I handed the legal car keys over to Leonard "J." Crabs, ace Something Awful lawyer and consumer of fine shellfish. Leonard immediately responded, assuring us a quick and painless victory.

> **From: Leonard "J." Crabs**
> **Subject: I'm "raving" about your lawsuit!**
>
> **Dear Sir or Feminine Sir,**

Your letter has been passed onto myself and the law office of myself, The Law Offices of Leonard "J." Crabs, "attorney at law" who represents "clients" on the "Internet" in a "holographic 3D room." As I munch on a delicious snack of prawns and snack pretzels, I hereby legally serve you with the following notice: I have studied law near Harvard, inside a library, under a park bench, and in the court room. I have studied law while asleep. I have studied law from the deepest caves of the woods. I have used the law as my willing tool of legal building foundation, constructing a business with drywall of justice and ceiling tiles of truth. I, however, don't know what this "FBSCR" thing is you refer to; I think you probably work at a bank and that sir is bad business because you can "bank" on the fact that my upcoming legal "bank shot" will knock you through the courtroom doors and into whatever is beyond. It could be a broom closet or maybe somebody's office. I doubt you'd like to find out, Mr. "Candy Dancer," if that is your real name.

I am looking forward to fighting your "fluffy bunny" in the legal arena armed to my bare teeth with lawyer-type tools that would boggle your puny mind. Please forward me any appropriate legal photocopies, printed backwards and from right to left instead of left to right as my eyesight was recently damaged by an illegal alien I was defending in a court case that may have taken place in an alley. In addition, I will need to be sent the following judicial forms:

UO-Y102
ER-A7761.281
A-19-21
BM-UD 81.2731
SS-A 32-92

Thank you for your email, please drive through to the next window, the window of raw justice.

- Leonard "J." Crabs
"Team Racecar"
The "J" stands for "Job well done!"

We haven't gotten any response so far, and in fact the ravers' site seems to be down. That's like two victories for the price of one! Actually, Leonard just stabbed me in the ribs with a meat skewer, so that brings it back down to only one victory.

▪LAWSUIT #2: Something Awful vs. EMERALD CITY RECORDING

El Pinto Grande took over the site last Wednesday, detailing his epic adventure of danger, wonder, and mystery (he got drunk and passed out in the back of a wagon). His Awful Link of the Day featured an absolutely insane, horrible, eye-blisteringly terrible website that was evidently designed by detonating plastic explosives inside a paint factory. Of course EPG didn't really say all that, as he quickly went off on a tangent about wrestling or cooking or mansex or something. Nevertheless, this didn't stop the webmaster from threatening us with legal action! God bless America!

From: John Doet
Subject: PLEASE READ ASAP. VERY IMPORTENT - J. Doet

Dear Mr Kyanka,

I am mailing you to express my displeasure at your featuring my website Emerald City Recordings, on your entertainment site, Something Awful on the date of November 14

2001. I was informed of the matter via a friend, who was very distressed to see my website portraid in such a way.

I suggest you remove anything relating to my website, IMMEDIATLEY. You have caused me and my family much grief during this matter. You don't like my site? Well guess what, I don't like yours much either. But these are just opinions, it matters not what one person thinks, but what people as a whole think that matters.

Here is the deal: You remove any content related to my website or I'll see you in court. Unlike the others who's sites you mercilessley mock, I am not afraid to make a stand. You have 24 hours to remove anything related to my website from your site. Otherwise you shall be hearing from my lawyer. And before you think of informing any of your fans, so they can further harrass me, I mean to tell you this: If ANYONE other than you and I see the contents of this message, I will take court action, REGARDLESS of whether you remove all contents related to my site or not.

I expect you to reply IMMEDIATELY.

Yours Sincerely,

James Doet (co-Webmaster of ECR)

Oooh! Spooky! I hope you readers appreciate me putting my life in jeopardy by reproducing this email, knowing full well that James Doet could sue me into the Stone Age just for mentioning he sent me an email! Head for the hills, we're being bombed into legal oblivion! Leonard "J." Crabs instantly sprung up to my side, as he had been sleeping under my desk for the past four hours.

Leonard Crabs' promotional legal memo.

From: Leonard "J." Crabs
Subject: 500 free minutes of cellphone time!!! PLEASE READ!!!

Dear Mr. James "CO-Webmaster of ECR" Doet,

Greetings, my name is Leonard "J." Crabs, the official legal representative for the website Something Awful (hereby referred to as "defendant's website") and Richard "Lowtax" Kyanka (hereby referred to as "defendant"). I was recently forwarded your email expressing your deep distress, grief, emotional damage, and flaccidicular vermissitude in respond to the defendant's website (hereby referred to as "prime liability"). It is my job to look into these matters sent to me by the defendant (hereby referred to as "owner of prime liability") and make sure all parties interested are satisfied to a degree that they could potentially walk up to a person on the street and say, "you know that lawsuit I was in? Well I'm satisfied to a degree about that whole thing!" I have been doing this for over 28 years now, even longer if you count in dog years.

The prime liability (hereby referred to as "tantamount alliteration")expressed no prior notice towards your electronic rights (stated in amendments 582a

through, well, something. I seem to have misplaced my Jumbo Legal Advice Book somewhere under the 500 empty cans of Yoo Hoo in my office which some members of the community may call "the bed of a pickup truck" but I respectfully disagree. For example, there is usually hay and dirt and pigs in the back of a pickup truck and if you'll ever visit my office you'll notice there is absolutely no hay anywhere). The tantamount alliteration (hereby referred to as "climatorious post facto") and myself have been in a variety of court capers such as the one you are threatening us with. These past cases include the famous " State of Sudan vs. Richard Kyanka," "Richard Kyanka vs. The Island of Sudan," and "Captain Lou Albano vs. The Haunted Castle." I claimed victory in all of these cases, often performing a colorful "fatality" move on both the opposing lawyer and judge. One time I was in a spacecraft and saw my house!

As I originally stated, your emotional stress concerns me deeply, as I am a practicing hobbyist physician and it pains me to see a fellow human be in such dire straits. Your "emotional blowback" levels seem to be dangerously high, which can result in unnecessary stress, brain tumors, or chest beetles. Do you exercise regularly? If so, you should probably stop. Do you drive a truck? If so, you should purchase one of those bead things that you put on the seat behind you. In addition, increase the amount of chalk and vitamin M in your diet. This will not only decrease your emotional blowback level, but it will also grow hair in the back of your throat and allow you to pass through solid objects after drinking heavily.

Once you have taken my prescribed advice, I would be more than happy to conference with your lawyer regarding your impending lawsuit against the climatorious post facto (hereby referred to as "anabolic parable"). Who, may I ask, is representing you? How tall is he? What's his name? Does he think I'm cute? None of these questions matter much, as all lawyers look the same once I've run them through my 4-Ton Legal Lawyerin' Machine, which I recently upgraded with a level 18c plutonium rod core. Although the Washington State Judge enacted a restraining order explicitly forbidding me from coming within a 500-yard radius of another living entity, I would be more than happy to visit your lawyer in the middle of the night when he falsely believes himself to be safe and secure in his own home. For an additional fee, I will also check his dog for parasites and paint his deck.

Please respond to myself and anabolic parable (hereby referred to as "Marquee Mark") at your earliest convenience, or even faster if possible.

Thank you very much,

Leonard "J." Crabs
The "J." stands for "good work!"

The fun doesn't stop there, folks! James Doet continued to respond to me, and I continued to reply back in a crafty legal ping-pong match of rapier-like wits! However, the correspondence is too long to list on the front page. Head on over to the Legal Threats section and read the gory details for yourself! If you don't go, I'm going to sue you! No, I'm just kidding. I'll sue you regardless.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

11.18 The Chinese are on the right track

Wednesday, Nov 21, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Reeducation Center Funcapade

Former Falun Gong member Chang Xao enjoys a life free of troubles after leaving the Falun Gong. Also a life free of toenails, fingernails, and parts of his frontal lobe all removed by JUSTICE!

Since America declared war on terrorism, a number of countries have been using the label "terrorists" for various peaceful anti-government groups within their borders. By labeling them terrorists they are able to get away with things that they normally would have to hide from the international community; like beatings, torture, and prisoner deaths. China is particularly guilty of this and in the months following the WTC attacks, has escalated attempts to shut down the operation of the Falun Gong spiritual movement. While the Falun Gong are openly opposed to China's communist regime, they are not violent and do not conduct terrorist attacks, they peacefully protest and are hauled off to jail for it.

Recently China's state-run news agencies have been attempting to lessen the international outcry over the arrest and beatings of Falun Gong members by going into propaganda overdrive in a curiously Chinese fashion. Recently the Xinhua News Agency reported in a completely unbiased article entitled "Justice to Defeat Evil", that the Chinese government is reaching out to members of Falun Gong and reforming them into rational and productive members of society and exciting and fun "Reeducation Centers". You can read the whole journalistic masterpiece here.

> *"The reeducation center is more comfortable than my home and I am gaining weight here," said Teng, smiling shyly. The beaming Teng, who has received systematic training in Chinese herbal medicine, cannot be compared with the Falun Gong devotee she once was.*
>
> Teng came to China from the United States many times between February and May of last year to collect information on the Chinese government's handling of Falun Gong issues for Beijing branches of foreign news agencies and introduced Falun Gong followers to foreign reporters.

Well that sounds like a grand old time! I bet it is a regular barrel of laughs out there at the "Reeducation Center". Hey wait, what's this?!

> *"I am pleased to shake off the spiritual shackle of the Falun Gong cult and return to a normal life."*
>
> Teng Chunyan is now an active member of the re-education center dancing troupe and is busy preparing for an upcoming art performance organized by the center.
>
> "I have not been abused since my detention and have not seen any sign of beating or admonishment here. Police in the center are very polite and kind," said Teng.

Well that seals it! The Chinese government is the nicest government ever! Look at what they've done for poor misguided Teng Chunyan; she's so happy she's dancing. In fact, their war on terrorism is so gentle compared to our approach I think we need to take after them. We can start by capturing the leaders of the Taliban and the al Qaeda network and then we just stick them in special centers

where they can be taught that their version of Allah is wrong and a cult and that the so-called "Great Satan" is actually a love bear sent from the planet Hugsonia. Why stop there, reeducation centers are the wave of the future!

- **Atlanta Falcons Reeducation Camp in Savannah, Georgia**

The Bengals are obviously not going to win the Super Bowl ever, so why do they even have fans? Cult indoctrination, that's why. The Atlanta Falcons Reeducation Camp, located in historic Savannah, Georgia, will deprogram cultists and indoctrinate them in the happy life of being a fan of the Atlanta Falcons. It starts with a little tough love in the form of Falcons quarterback Chris Chandler throwing football-shaped blocks of solid steel to break the arms and legs of cultists. Once they are immobilized, Falcons Cornerback Ray Buchanan will then read a series of poems he has written about what America and Football mean to him.

Falcons Running Back Jamal Anderson is in charge of the Motivational Dance Troupe.

America, resplendent eagle,
In your amber waves of grain,
Does stimulate my love for thee,
Fills my heart with your refrain,
Atlanta Falcons Football program,
Your gridiron heat is hot,
Some other teams try to beat us,
But I would think they will not.

After the poetry program, which will last for 30 days while team dieticians stuff linebacker sized meals down the gullets of the former cultists, they will be ready for arts and crafts. Three-hundred pound Defensive Tackle Shane Dronett will teach the soon-to-be-former cultists that there is a place for them in the productive utopian society of the Atlanta Falcons. Each will be allowed to explore their own creative abilities, while Dronett encourages them on projects like "Giant Foam Hats", "applying an iron on decal of the number one to a t-shirt", "painting your fat ass in Falcons colors", and of course "picking fist fights with a father and two children who are at a game to see the Pittsburgh Steelers". Within two months these "lost souls" will be on the path to turning their lives around.

- **Microsoft Xbox Reeducation Facility in Redmond, Washington**

The Xbox is powered by a Penitum III, a GeForce3, and the majesty of The Lord Our God.

Why fight it? You know deep down inside that the only console worth owning is the Xbox from the Microsoft Corporation. In an effort to reach out to misguided owners of other consoles, Microsoft will be offering free enrollment at its Reeducation Facility in Redmond. This twelve-day seminar is not nearly as intensive as the one offered by the Atlanta Falcons, but it has proved highly effective in coaxing Nintendo, Sony, and Sega cultists out of their wayward lifestyle. The process will begin with a videotaped lecture featuring Bill Gates and WWF Wrestler The Rock explaining why your soul is forfeit if you choose to purchase consoles from rival manufacturers. The Rock will demonstrate how only the Xbox is imbued with the life-changing power of Christ by bending a pipe and raising an eyebrow provocatively.

"Do you smell what Bill Gates and The Rock are cooking?"

Why yes we do The Rock, you're cooking a better tomorrow for us all. After the introductory video ends, gamers will be segregated based on their previous console to prevent any brawls from breaking out. They will be shipped in rail cars to a secret underground facility somewhere just south of the Canadian border. There they will spend the next 11 days playing games like "Halo" and "DOA3", lulled to sleep by the soothing voice of Gates reading bedtime stories over an intercom system installed in their cells. On the final day they will be given a rebate for 10 dollars off the purchase of an Xbox and be sent home, convinced that a hardware error screen is really a sign of quality.

- **The Church of Scientology's Sea Org Floating Funhouse (Location Unknown)**

I can't think of a single person I know who isn't clamoring to become a member of the COMPLETELY SANE "religion" of Scientology. It's like that scene in "Dawn of the Dead" where they are moving all the trucks in front of the doors of the mall to keep the zombies from getting inside. Well those zombies are the people programmed by other religions and ideologies that are absolutely wrong and the trucks are completely overflowing with the life-changing power of "Dianetics". So the giant spirit ghost thing of L. Ron Hubbard says come on down to the Sea Org Floating Funhouse, located in international waters where laws for chemical interrogation and pyramid fun schemes do not apply.

This rendition of L. Ron Hubbard was done by SA reader Billy Harris and it shows that even an invertebrate can unlock the raw potential found in Dianetics!

> *"It totally changed my outlook on everything," said Jena McPierson, the briny sea wind stinging her cheeks, "I used to be well off and a hard worker. Then I gave all my money to the hive mind to achieve OTMCMXXXXX and spent five-hundred consecutive 16 hour days working the counter intelligence game for The Flag in the Volcano Operation. My codename was Laserblast, and I also taught the "sway back and forth chanting lines from Battlefield Earth" dance class. My life is so fulfilling. Would you like to join Scientology? We have free pizza back at the Sea Org Floating Funhouse, it has been fully scanned by our Emeters and I promise you it contains no pizza Thetans. We are carefree, come on, really you'll like it. Come on. Come on, I insist. Free pizza, come on. Come on. Come on. The true light is in the twinkling eyes of L. Ron Hubbard!"*

Jena continued to pester reporters until they disappeared with her into the Sea Org Floating Funhouse and immediately sent out a message demanding that we not print this article or quote anything they said. While I love Scientology and would like to respect this demand, we had already gone to press and once you print stuff on the Internet you just can't change it. Sorry Scientology!

The best thing about all these new reeducation centers cropping up is that you can just drift from one to the next, being constantly deprogrammed and indoctrinated. I think I'm going to try to see if I can last through ten of them before my brain melts out of my nose.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.19 Thanksgiving History, Lowtax: Entertainer of The Year

Saturday, Nov 24, 2001 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

Let Us Give Thanks!

Hundreds of years ago, Pilgrims sailed to America - the "New World" - to escape religious prosecution and begin life anew. They were befriended and assisted by friendly Native Americans, who taught these funny hat wearing newbies how to grow corn, beans, squash, and liquor. And one fine fall day they celebrated this friendship with a day of celebration. A great feast was held. The Pilgrims dined on heaps of freshly killed turkey, mashed potatoes, yams, radishes, apple pie, and a multitude of other treats on sturdy, rugged tables built especially for the occasion. The Indians sat in the mud and ate corn bread, scraps, and leftovers. All the children were sent off to eat at the "kiddy table," where they mercilessly mocked and tortured each other with dull knifes and even sharper spoons.

Furries and other woodland creatures celebrate Thanksgiving by killing their most annoying relatives and serving them up on a golden platter. Note that the dog is banging a bear chick, resulting in hot inter-species hardcore action.

A few early PETA charter members were there too, protesting the killing of hundreds of innocent turkeys and vainly trying to convince the Pilgrims that their moss-and-dirt turkey substitute tasted just as good as real turkey. After the meal, the PETA protesters were declared witches and burned at the stake for the enjoyment and amusement of all. The Pilgrim stand-up comedian remarked, “Yonder witches doth protest thee killing of feathered bird. Now we hast evened thy score by dispatching of said witches along with thee bird friends! Avast me matey, yarr!”

This day of celebration became a yearly tradition, celebrated by all colonists. They eventually officially dubbed it "Thanksgiving," and decreed it an official holiday in which no mail could be delivered.

Pilgrims line up to dump leftovers on mud-covered Indians. After this picture was drawn, the dog ran off to engage in a kinky tryst behind a tree with his (bear) girlfriend. Historians believe that this resulted in hot inter-species hardcore action.

The day after the very first Thanksgiving, an important Pilgrim elected official named James Coopwell awoke from a long slumber to discover a young Indian couple sleeping under a tree near the outskirts of the settlement. Apparently they had been so exhausted by the events of the previous day that they just didn’t have the energy to make the long trek back to their village. Coopwell grabbed a huge battle-axe he bartered from an Indian Chief for a single bead and a broken belt buckle, ran outside, and plunged the axe viciously into the neck of the sleeping husband, killing him instantly. His squaw awoke with a start, screaming in her native tongue and dripping with her lover’s blood. She tried to run away, but Coopwell managed to run her into a bear trap.

After violently raping the scared young girl, Coopwell led an elite team of Pilgrim black-ops into the Indian village. They stole everything of value they could find, including items the Pilgrims had previously traded to the Native Americans (hence the term "Indian Giver"). After some more rape and murder they returned to the Pilgrim settlement laden with treasure. Later, they wrapped their ill-gotten gains in brown paper and gave them away as Christmas

presents. When their wives asked how they were able to afford such extravagant gifts, the Pilgrim men laughed and explained they had been "on sale."

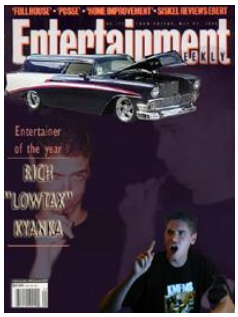
Thus, the day after Thanksgiving shopping holiday was born.

So while you wrap up those $39 George Foreman grills and $14.99 "Tomb Raider" DVD's you bought in a crowded retail store Friday, be sure to take a moment to thank our founding fathers for having the good sense to bilk the Native Americans and take over their land, eventually forcing them to build great casinos on tiny reservations to survive.

Speaking of really great casinos, why not visit the Turning Rock Casino Resort, located in scenic Fedona, New York? They offer blackjack, craps, roulette, Pai Gow poker, mini-baccarat, Caribbean stud, regular poker, Baccarat, Sic Bo, Bingo, Keno, and much, much more! Yes, for great food, good fun, and big money, be sure to visit Turning Rock Casino: after all, you owe us ***big time***, white man!

Vote for Lowtax!

Entertainment Weekly, an old-fashioned printed material publication devoted solely to criticizing celebrity hairstyles and rating movies on a grading scale that was originally designed for ranking 19th century schoolchildren, is hosting an Internet write-in poll for Entertainer of the Year. Apparently they don't remember that whole "Hank the Angry, Drunken Dwarf" fiasco.



Lowtax may not be a Hollywood pretty boy like Steve Buscemi, but he deserves to grace magazine covers too! Thanks Open Season for the pic.

Anyways, the Something Awful forum goons - led by GreatLemur - have started a campaign to elect SA founder and frequent supermarket shopping maven Richard "Lowtax" Kyanka as EW's Entertainer of the Year. And to this I say: "sure, why not! I've got nothing better to do!" He's already in first place and leading by 200,000 votes, but I suppose he could use more.

But let's analyze *Entertainment Weekly's* Entertainer of the Year page a little more closely, shall we?

> *As the holiday season rolls around, EW's editors are busy weighing our choices for Entertainer of the Year. We don't ask the age old question "Who's been naughty and who's been nice?" We just want to know which star has shone the brightest.*

The only thing *EW's* editors are "busy weighing" is their fat, bloated asses after gorging on endangered species during one of the many Hollywood Thanksgiving orgy-parties held around this time of year. And as far as star power goes, it just doesn't get much brighter than Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka! He's an Internet celebrity who lives in a filthy, cheap apartment with a cat who secretly hates him, but doesn't openly display these feelings out of acute mortal fear! For those of you that don't know, "Internet celebrities" are just like regular celebrities except they aren't famous or attractive. And instead of earning money to "entertain," they lose money thanks to bandwidth and hosting costs. You know, like reverse Christmas. Otherwise, they're the exactly same as regular celebrities, pretty much.

> *Julia Roberts had a stellar year, but then again so did Gwyneth Paltrow and Nicole Kidman. And Britney. And the boys of 'N Sync. And Madonna had a mad tour.*

Julia Roberts had a stellar year doing what? Throwing shoes at Brad Pitt in "The Mexican"? Cheating on that guy from "Law & Order?" Flashing her nine extra teeth at cameras? And Nicole

Kidman? Yeah, way to get divorced! Nothing says "entertainment" like marital strife, I guess! Britney Spears has had to resort to nearly stripping on stage and "singing" about being a sex slave in a vain attempt to win back the crucial "perverted old man" demographic, now that she's pushing 20 and no longer jailbait. "And Madonna had a mad tour?" Way to try to be hip, EW! Yeah, that tour was mad phat props word up tight, yeah baby, yeah! Radical and far out, nifty-keen like whatever omigod!

> *And don't forget newcomer Alicia Keys. Mel Brooks and his "Producers" crew made Broadway a hot ticket... George Lucas teased us with "Episode II" trailers. And we simply can't ignore the year's two biggest movie "stars," Shrek and Harry Potter. Or can we?*

I'd attempt to make some witty remark about Alica Keys, except that I don't know who the hell she is. Another one of those "I'm pretty and I also sing songs and here I am looking pretty on the cover to an album of songs to prove it" girls, I guess? Mel Brooks merely grabbed a movie he did while he was still funny and slapped it onto the stage. George Lucas spent most of his time thinking about how great he was, copping feels off Natalie Portman, yelling at his special effects people, and trying to figure out how to digitally add a hot and heavy Luke Leia Jabba The Hutt three-way to the original trilogy. And yes, we can forget Shrek and Harry Potter. If we really try.

It's quite simple, really: Lowtax = YES. Julia Roberts = NO. Please consult the diagram above for further information.

A vote for Lowtax is a vote for... well... either Lowtax or George Bush, since *EW's* voting system appears to have been designed by the same people who did Florida's. And of course *EW* may very well just ignore the true results of their poll and say Leelee Sobieski or George Clooney or whoever they hell the Editor-in-Chief is most attracted to this week won and the rest of the votes didn't count because Lowtax doesn't have a publicist. But if you wanna vote anyway, head on over to:

***Entertainment Weekly's* Silly Little Poll**

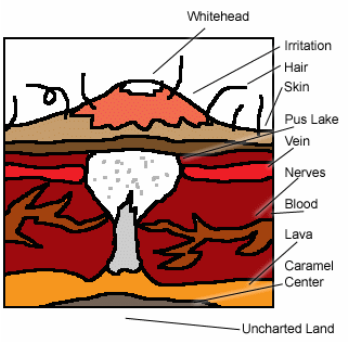
And vote for: **Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka**

If Lowtax wins, he'll probably say something to the effect of, "ooooooh oooooh ooooh look at me, I'm the ghost with the most!" Then he'll get drunk on White Russians, overdose on Ambien, and chase invisible blankets around the room until he finally passes out. So what are you waiting for, you gotta **vote now**! Or not! I really don't care, personally; I think the guy is kind of a jerk.

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

11.20 Acne Attack-ne!

Monday, Nov 26, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)



A diagram of acne.

Various parts of my body have decided to revolt ever since I moved up to Seattle. It's like one of those prison riot movies, only instead of murderers and rapists throwing flaming rolls of toilet paper off the second-story floor, my digestive system and brain are throwing flaming rolls of toilet paper off the second-story floor. This makes for some particularly uncomfortable moments in social situations, even moreso if I'm at a toilet paper factory grand opening (and believe me, there are more of those than you would expect). I've been trying to beat my organs into submission (stop laughing) by medicating them into paralysis, but so far I've only experience limited success. For riots in the stomach acid cell, I swallow a few dozen of those prescription antacid tables that Brian Dennehy used to advertise before the company that was paying him realized nobody anywhere would buy anything from Brian Dennehy. The guy has the star power and magnetism of one of those devil ventriloquist dummies that used to kill people in the 1960s. All complaints about Brian Dennehy aside, my body continues to rage its inferno of discontent, snuffing out my futile attempts to quell it. The latest guerilla attack that I have come under fire from is one of the human body's most devious and underhanded tricks in the history of human body tricks (which dates back to 1743)... the dreaded acne attack.

A picture of myself in high school (computer simulation).

Before I lurch into this powerful and gripping tale of irritated skin, let me take you back about 12 years, around my junior high school phase. I was an energetic and plucky young lad who resembled Fred Savage after he had been beaten in the face with a shovel a couple dozen times. All my friends were experiencing the joy of going through the wacky hormone rollercoaster ride known as "puberty," a time when the aces are wild and all bets are off and he's a good cop gone bad, framed for crimes he didn't commit... and now he's back for revenge. My friends and enemies, who were previously clear-faced, suddenly began developing complexions that resembled an explosion in a tomato factory. Their faces started dripping grease during particularly strong winds, causing them to play Dungeons and Dragons or listen to Def Leppard. Those two examples alone show the extreme dangers of puberty, in addition to the extreme dangers of growing up in the 1980s. I, in a particularly stunning display of ignorance, mocked them mercilessly and prided myself on my smooth and clear complexion.

"Ha ha, you have zits!" I would shout while trying to force my hair down enough to fit under the classroom doorway. "You have zits while I do not! I have won life's grand prize of clear skin!" Then I would go purchase more Kirk Gibson baseball cards or new parachute pants.

The God of Acne was not pleased.

My face began to revolt in high school, appearing with the sudden unexpectedness of the Pearl Harbor attack, the deadly ferocity of the Pearl Harbor attack, and the remarkable disgust of the movie "Pearl Harbor." I woke up one day during freshman year, went to the bathroom, and noticed a cantaloupe-sized welt on my cheek. I had initially thought that perhaps a golf ball had snuck its way under my skin while I was asleep, but further study went on to prove that this wasn't any piece of sporting equipment: it was a zit. Now before you start saying, "oh big deal, everybody has zits!

Your story sucks and I hate your website and I hate you and I have all the episodes of 'Mama's Family' on tape," let me point out that I didn't have your normal, everyday acne. No, I was blessed with superzits.

A normal zit is formed when stray dirt, oil, or farm machinery flies into your skin and blocks the oil glands. This makes your skin unhappy and it begins to pout and turn bright red, in addition to producing a pussy substance that is routinely seen coming out of aliens' ears when they're killed in those terrible movies about UFOs invading North Dakota. My acne was much, much worse than that; somehow the dirt and crud managed to fly so far into my skin that it burrowed down to my bone. This caused the Skin Patrol to go into vigilante mode, crashing their Skinmobiles into the offending particle and creating a puss pileup inside my face. The irritation was so deep that it was hanging out with my nerves, kicking back and drinking beers while laughing at my pain. And folks, those suckers hurt like a bitch. They would sting in pain whenever I touched them, looked at them in a mirror, or listened to music with a lot of vibrational bass. The worst part was that there was absolutely no way to pop the bastards like a really disgusting water balloon since they were so deep under my skin. The only conceivable way to get rid of them would involve me dying via explosive decompression, and since I wasn't living inside a faulty spaceship orbiting the Earth, this was out of the question.

The acne attack didn't let up for the next three years or so. I was forced to develop exciting new ways to disguise my megazits, such as wearing an eyepatch that covered my nose or my cheek or my chin. I would come to school every day, stand up in the middle of homeroom, and exclaim, "oh! I thought today was National Pirate Appreciation Day! Boy, don't I feel like a fool!" I think some of my fellow classmates began to catch on after the second consecutive year, probably because I wore five eyepatches to school every day and none of them were covering my eyes. I tried everything to nuke those megazits... nothing worked. I would lather soap and water onto my face every morning and night. I'd use those over-the-counter creams which show pictures of happy interracial teenagers partying on the beach and running in slow motion for some unknown reason. I cut all excess lard and Crisco out of my diet, yet I would still wake up every day looking like I had blocked a volley of BB-gun shots with my face the previous night. A dermatologist prescribed me some mysterious topical goo that came in a white plastic tub and smelled like the bathroom of a hospital. While it was effective in making my skin flake off in large chunks, it didn't really do anything to stop the internal acne attack that appeared to be festering in my bloodstream itself. Then the doctor brought out the big guns: Accutane.

A current photo of myself (computer simulation).

No, I do not know why I have a scar and a large mustache or what appears to be the Bubonic Plague. And yes, this is the like the only picture I have of myself, so expect me to continue Photoshopping it.

Accutane is a highly scary drug which was approved by the FDA because they forgot to come in on a Monday and the janitor accidentally filed the form. Seriously, nothing is more frightening than reading the label on a bottle of Accutane, which says the following:

> ***WARNING:*** *Nobody should ever take this drug! Side effects may cause drowsiness, internal bleeding, external bleeding, Exploding Man Syndrome, fatigue, nausea, vision blurriness, dizziness, vertigo, confusion, diarrhea, spontaneous combustion, death, horrible death, and an eternity trapped in hell forever or 30,000 miles, whichever comes first. 132 test subjects died after taking Accutane. The other remaining nine subjects were dead*

before taking the drug.

Sure you're going to turn the kiddie pool red with blood if you dip your ass into it, but hey, your acne will be gone! Also you'll think you're a 5,000-foot tall invisible cyclops from Mars! Teenagers are often willing to take this risk, mainly because teenagers tend to be stupid. I know I sure as hell was. The risk paid off for me since the Accutane nuked my entire underground zit production facilities, sabotaging their supply lines and cutting them off from the rest of the radical Muslim community. I was still suffering from normal acne, but since it didn't feel like I had bloated ticks crammed under my skin, things were looking a lot better (literally). When I moved to California, my skin actually cleared up completely. It was great; I didn't have to run the risk of touching my face and having a clear coat of waterproof sealant rub off onto my hand.

Cut back to today. My skin is vocally expressing its displeasure with the city of Seattle by growing horribly irritating mounds of doom. I'm back on the plastic tub o' goo prescription again, serving no functional purpose besides making me pay $5 a month in medical coverage. I've been washing my skin twice a day, refusing to dip my face in the grease pit behind the local Arby's, and generally trying to make my skin as happy as possible. No dice. I suppose I'm just allergic to the Seattle air, an environment which makes people's organs do crazy things like convince them to get their nose pierced or dye their hair the color of Skittles. I plan on seeing my doctor in the immediate future, begging him to use some experimental procedure of shooting gamma lasers into my face or dragging me from the bumper of his Ford Explorer or whatever it takes to get my skin back to normal. I don't know exactly what he'll prescribe, but I can be sure of this: Brian Dennehy won't be endorsing it.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

11.21 Megamanamegamania!

Monday, Nov 26, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Mega-Mania!

I decided to go out and purchase "Megaman Battle Network" for the Gameboy Advance, in preparation for the inevitable "standing around like a shithead while waiting to board a plane" fun that one experiences when attempting to catch a plane at the Seattle airport. In case you've never been to the Seattle airport before, let me share a big secret that the aviation authorities are afraid to reveal: *there is only one functioning airport gate in the entire facility.* The airport simply rotates around at unpredictable intervals so the plane will line up with the random functioning gate. Note that I wrote the word "plane," which is singular. This is because there's only been one plane to ever successfully enter or leave the Seattle airport, and all it currently does now is spend two hours driving up and down the runway, racing the baggage mobile and playing chicken with the food service bus. This is the closest that the airline food service industry has ever gotten to real "chicken," so I suppose we should all be thankful for this.

Leave it up to cosplayers to ruin any fond memories any of us have of anything.

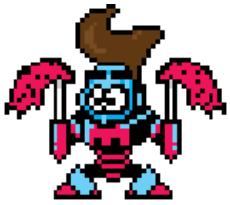
While I was sitting on the plane and attempting to count the various vehicles that were queued in front of my plane for takeoff (I'm fairly sure the line stretched to Portland), I began playing Megaman Battle Network. To my shocking surprise, I actually found it to be a really fun and original game. Now don't get me wrong; I'm a huge Megaman fan. If Megaman were to walk into my livingroom right now, I probably wouldn't try to murder him. I would say, "hey Megaman!" and he'd say "hi Rich 'Lowtax' Kyanka" and then we'd go out to get a beer and he'd get all pissy when I would keep pouring alcohol into his lasergun arm-hole. We'd probably get into a drunken brawl and I would wake up in a drainage ditch at the bottom of a hill wearing nothing but a Burger King crown and women's jewelry. Megaman beats me because he loves me and cares for me and my black eye is from the time I fell down the stairs and then my face hit his fist six consecutive times. I have been able to maintain this Megaman fandomness for such a long time for one simple reason: I refuse to play any Megaman game after number four. Anybody out there that has the Megaman Playstation series will undoubtedly know what I'm talking about... I'm sure as hell not going to force myself to loathe the Megaman franchise by subjecting myself to the feces rollercoaster that Capcom began riding after the third sequel. Not that the Reploid saga isn't just the most enchanting work of literary art to hit the Playstation since Revolution X.

The Megaman series started with Megaman 1, the number "one" signifying the fact that it was in fact the first game in the series, as opposed to Megaman 4, which was the fourth game. I remember playing this game over at my friend Dustin's house while we listened to Metallica and threw burning rags into underground wasp nests. He lived out in the middle of Shitsburg, Missouri, a town which had more fenceposts than residents. I'm not really sure why there were so many goddamn fences all over the place... I think that a secret redneck fence cult snuck into town in the middle of one night and began building fences in a drunken construction orgy. I mean, it'd be one thing if the fences were used to contain cows or horses or corn or redneck farm children or whatever, but these fences seemed to be built for the sole purpose of dividing different varieties of mud. Maybe the town had a huge "raw filth" export that needed to be split up or something, I don't know.

Like many good Nintendo games, there was a distinct lack of fences in Megaman. The original game, along with the 50 games which followed it, revolved around a good robot named "Megaman" who

ran around destroying bad robots who were not named "Megaman." This was because 99.999% of all robots in the Nintendo universe are evil. If you're opening up a robot production facility and you have even the most remote association with Nintendo, you can be pretty much sure that your robots are going to be running awry and blowing up major metropolitan areas within a matter of minutes. I bet the Nintendo insurance salesmen refuse to visit the Nintendo robot factories. They're too busy insuring the "defenseless princess and large-eyed animal demographic" from being kidnapped and stored in the top of a castle which is populated with floating blocks that have giant eyeballs painted on them.

In the original game of Megaman, your mission was to destroy the renegade robots who have taken over your town of Monstropolis and created tiny linear theme parks devoted to their kinky superpowers. Oddly enough, the following 800 sequels also followed the same central theme, with the only noticeable difference revolving around the exponentially stupid powers of the robots or the fact that instead of being humanoid shaped objects, they were now animal-shaped objects or alien-shaped objects or kitchen appliance-shaped objects. I don't really blame this on Capcom; the main storyline behind Megaman forced the writers to really scrape the bottom of the barrel when thinking of evil robot themes in later sequels. Look at this simple comparison between games:



Although Male Cheerleader Man was one of the most creative Megaman bosses, he never really caught on.

MEGAMAN 1 ENEMIES:

- Bomb Man
- Guts Man
- Cut Man
- Elec Man
- Ice Man
- Fire Man

MEGAMAN 9312 X ULTRA SUPER PLATINUM ENEMIES:

- Paste Man
- Valentine's Day Parade Man
- Homeless Windshield Washer Man
- Woman Man
- Right Turn on Red Man
- Congress Man
- The Man Formerly Known as "Man Man"
- Bleached Flour Man
- Long Division Man

The enemies in Megaman 1 pretty much revolved around basic forces of nature: electricity, ice, fire, and boomeranging barber shears of death. Although Bomb Man was included because black circles were easy to draw on the Nintendo, I am still not sure what the hell the motivation behind "Guts Man" was. I can just imagine the conversation between the developers and Capcom...

CAPCOM BUSINESS GUY: "Okay, I see Bomb Man here throws bombs, Elec Man shoots electricity, and Fire Man shoots fire. Now what's the deal with... Guts Man?"
MEGAMAN DEVELOPER: "Well see, his superpower is being big and fat! Once you kill him, you absorb his power to do something vaguely related to moving large packing crates!"

CAPCOM BUSINESS GUY: "Alright, I understand that. He's got super strength. But why did you name him 'Guts Man'? Where are the guts?"
MEGAMAN DEVELOPER: "Who cares, we've spent three minutes total translating all our instruction manuals to English. What are the Americans going to do? Stop playing our game and instead buy Section Z?!? Ha ha ha ha ha!"
ENTIRE ROOM: "Section Z, ha ha ha ha!"

Star Trek Collector Plate Man turned out to be one of the worst enemies.

I'm fairly sure that the inclusion of Guts Man was the result of some overlooked contract clause that the Capcom lawyers missed, like in those movies where the person sells their soul to Satan in exchange for incredible sexual powers, but they forget to read the fine print of the contract that reveals their power only works on crippled animals in Shriner petting zoos. Then Satan begins laughing maniacally and a dramatic orchestra score swells while the camera zooms into the darkened background, revealing a character sketch of Guts Man that Satan made the previous night. I think I actually saw this on an episode of "The Outer Limits," although I could be wrong because that show doesn't have a big enough budget to afford both sketch paper *and* a plastic devil mask.

Regardless, Megaman Battle Network recaptures the uniqueness, fun, and originality that began trailing off after Megaman 3. Instead of the tried-and-true sidescrolling platform game that defined Megaman, this Gameboy Advance title takes the characters and launches itself in a new direction, combining action with RPG-like combat. If you can somehow ignore the comically embarrassing use of inappropriate Internet lingo inherent to the title, you will probably enjoy this game. It's one of the first GBA titles that have given me an actual reason to fight with the portable console's horrendously shitty screen and underpowered sound system. Oh yeah, and you get to blow up Guts Man too. 'Nuff said.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

11.22 Finally, an alternative to Christmas.

Wednesday, Nov 28, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The Season of Crushing Depression is Upon Us!

HO HO HO! MERRRRRRY CHRISTMAS!

With Thanksgiving behind us, it's time to really settle into that lovely bone-chilling cold of winter, and all of the familial problems that are associated with the holidays. Sweet December is the month of sorrow for me, and I suspect many others. You've got the super fun Christmas gift giving and the financial burden it places on you, you've got having to jam your bloated carcass into hour long lines to buy a stuffed animal for a cousin you've never seen, you've got chirping saccharine songs blaring at you over and over again from every mechanical orifice that can produce sounds. Worst of all, you have to spend time with your family, and not just your immediate family, your extended family too.

I know some people would disagree with me, would tell me that Christmas is the season of giving and sharing. They would call me a Grinch and fire rock salt at me when I try to burn down their houses, but these people are fools. Christmas is an annoying religious holiday that has been hijacked by capitalism and turned into some nightmarish hell world of endless commercial hand jobs. Oh hooray, look at what bleeping glowing monstrosity Japan has vomited into our border this Holiday Season! I'm glad everyone I know under the age of 16 absolutely must have it!

On top of all that, terrorism and a stagnant economy are joining forces to bring incredible social pressures down on every American. BUY NOW OR IT'S THE GREAT DEPRESSION. DO YOUR PART FOR AMERICA YOU LOWLIFE! I'm sure I'll succumb, I'm sure I'll be waiting in line for "Lord of the Rings Frodo Underwear" and "Screeching Monkey Platform Jumper" for the Nintendo Gamecube. That way I can wrap it up and mail it off to a great nephew that looks like his head got run over by a truck and his father can force him to write me a nine word thank you note under threat of grounding.

Kids especially love the Holidays!

Then there are Christmas cards. I somehow resist the pull of these idiotic bitches. I don't want to talk to the guy from college who tried to pour water under my locked door, much less send him a card wishing him a happy holiday. Then I'd get a card back from his incredibly gorgeous wife with a picture of the two of them on the cover and him winking back at me reminding me that he's sleeping with her and not me, even though I was the one she made out with at that party. No, I'm not bitter, I love the holidays!

Christmas cards are a fucking trap, an addiction of loneliness worse than drugs. You send out ten and you are committed to sending out those ten cards every year until you finally put the gun in your mouth and work up the courage to pull the trigger. I'd like to send out a card of that. Me, with a gun in my mouth and my eyes clenched, with the caption "MERRY CHRISTMAS" in big red letters that are dripping blood. Like the "Fatality!" letters in Mortal Kombat. Maybe I could even hook up a musical card that would play some depressing Doors song like "The End".

No one would thank me except for my great nephew, forced to write a nine word thank you note

under threat of grounding.

I'm done with Christmas! My family gets Thanksgiving and that's it, from now on December 25th is my new holiday "GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY APARTMENTMAS". You're welcome to celebrate it with me. Here, let me explain it in a little more detail so you can celebrate it yourself.

Get the Fuck Out of My Apartmentmas

Date: December 25th

Practicing Countries: Anyone across the globe can celebrate it.

Historic Roots: I got sick of fucking Christmas so I said to hell with it and replaced it on my calendar with this holiday. You can too if you want, I don't care, I'll be celebrating it by myself.

Jenna Jameson is like Santa for Apartmentmas,
only the fake Jamesons hang out on the corner of Montgomery Street instead of at the mall.

Observances: On Apartmentmas Eve I'll rent several pornographic movies and masturbate to them while I listen to Slayer loud enough for my neighbors to call the police. I don't like Slayer, but my neighbors like them even less than I do and if Jenna Jameson yelling for Peter North to do something to her ass doesn't drown out Jingle Bells, I know Slayer will. After I'm spent I'll start drinking cheap beer, probably listening to really loud opera music while I turn a chair to face the wall and contemplate how much I hate the world. Once the beer takes hold I'll move on to stiffer drinks and probably break some stuff in my apartment. Nothing specific, but it needs to be worth enough for me to cry when I find it the next morning. Then I pass out in a pool of my own vomit.

I'll wake up at the crack of 2PM the next morning and throw a towel over the drying shell of vomit on the carpet. Too hung over to strip naked I'll shower fully clothed, squirting half a bottle of shampoo onto the reeking stains on the front of my shirt. I almost forgot, I need to be sure to set my answering machine or voice mail message to say something like "I'm out of town for the holidays to spend time with my girlfriend's family", that way people will think I am cool and have sex with things besides myself and furniture. After my refreshing shower I'll put a bathrobe on over my clothes and put on sandals and go to the grocery store and buy a frozen pizza and steak knife. If I managed to drink all my whiskey the night before I'll pick up another bottle of that and some egg nog. When I get home I'll pour the whiskey into a lemonade pitcher along with a few shots of eggnog and begin drinking while the pizza cooks.

The final observance of the day is to carve the names of every woman who broke my heart into my arms and stomach, my senses dulled by the whiskey nog. Then I'll climb up onto the roof of my apartment building and sit on the bird bath someone bought

> me from my retarded Amazon Wish List. If I'm lucky it will be cold enough for my still-damp clothes and the tears streaming down my face to freeze solid when I pass out. It's a good idea to keep the porno tapes rented for a few weeks so that the video store has to call and ask for them back. When they do, I say I don't remember what I rented and could they read the titles back for me. If it's a girl, I'll masturbate again while she reads the titles, if it's a guy then I'll feel guilty about masturbating while he reads the titles. Then I'll return the videos.

Ahhhh Christmas, land of enchantment. Shit, that's New Mexico, there goes my plan for a happy holiday.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.23 Van Damme you aliens to hell!

Wednesday, Nov 28, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

The Truth Is In Here

Aliens exist. They are real and they walk amongst us as you read this update. They also sit, chew, and mosey amongst us while others decide to saunter, strut, and circumambulate. Oh yes, they love to circumambulate. A popular alien motto is, "circumambulatuation is next to godliness," as well as "no circumambulatuation 'till Brooklyn," and "the roof, the roof, the roof is on fire! We don't need no water, let it circumambulate, yo!" How can I be so sure that extraterrestrials are as real as you, me, or Jeff K.? Simple. I present the following undeniable truth, concrete proof that we're are being visited by creatures from another planet:

Jean-Claude Van Damme.

Jean-Claude Van Damme.

I have had the incredible misfortune of being tricked into watching two Van Damme films within two days. "Impossible!" you are probably thinking. "No man has ever watched two Van Damme films... and lived to tell the tale!" Well I'm living, breathing, and here to tell the tale, so that should be proof enough. The AT&T man installed digital cable here a few days ago, since I had previously been living in Seattle with no television connection for seven months. My parents and friends can't fathom this, often accusing me of being a communist because I never watch television. I eventually became so tremendously un-hip and out-of-the-loop that I was not able to make casual pop culture references in the company of other people. I had to settle for talking about Richard Moll and my outrage upon learning they had canceled "Sledge Hammer." This caused me to break down and pay for digital cable, despite the fact that I don't watch television and everybody who has ever seen digital cable claims it has the picture quality of an Etch-A-Sketch after rotting under the ocean for two years. A few days after installation, I eventually got around to sitting down and turning on the television set. Despite the fact that I get approximately 700 channels, I was awestruck to learn that 699 of these channels consisted of:

- Romance movies from the 1970s
- Children's shows that revolve around neon-colored puppets pointing at arbitrary objects and repeating themselves
- Dramas about British people who sit around and don't do anything for 90 minutes, after which point one of them suddenly dies
- "Friends"

I suddenly realized I was boxed into a corner; there was absolutely crap nothing on television, yet I had to watch *something*. I got to the wonderful television-watching point where you begin searching for the show that has the lowest volume, hoping that it will put you to sleep and you can dream about something more entertaining, like the dream I had where I was trapped inside my bathroom with one of those laser pointers, only the it wasn't working right so I spent the next three hours trying to figure out why. Before passing out, I managed to hit one of the movie channels, proudly featuring Jean-Claude Van Damme in the film "Double Impact." Keep in mind that I'm using the term "film" in the loosest sense possible, as referring to anything with Van Damme as "a film" is like calling the filthy space under my sink "the most wonderful vacation spot in the history of all mankind." In "Double Impact,"

Jean-Claude Van Damme's evil twin.

Van Damme plays two twin brothers who were separated at birth, vowing revenge on the people who killed their parents. This movie taught me that you can be somebody's twin brother, grow up in a completely different environment and a completely continent on Earth, yet still maintain a psychic link that allows you both to speak with the same terrible accent. Hell, I'm not even sure he has an accent... perhaps he's been kicked in the mouth too many times and his teeth are growing into the back of his throat. Sections of this film were completely incomprehensible, as the native Hong Kong residents had better enunciation than Van Damme.

HONG KONG VILLAIN: "Werr Awrex, it seems we meets agrain!"
VAN DAMME: "Mooph romp ahh beenos tee vahn hoil!"
HONG KONG VILLAIN: "Yous do not tand a chonce!"
VAN DAMME: "Glurr wuh buh munga."
HONG KONG VILLAIN: "No I disagwhee, da '79 Mets wehr much bettah."

Jean-Claude Van Damme's clone (note the slightly different hair style).

Van Damme teams up with Van Damme so they can overpower the evil non-Van Damme bad guys with the sheer force of embarrassing acting. The movie really begins to heat up when Van Damme has conversations with his twin brother, which are all convincingly portrayed by either shooting the scene with a really dark background (so they can splice the scenes together) or by showing the back of a stand-in double's head. Then they run around for 15 minutes, some people die, they run around for 20 minutes, some more people die, and this repeats until the director runs out of film or realizes his car was double-parked in the White Castle parking lot and they're about to tow it. I forgot how the movie ended, but I'm fairly sure it revolved around something exploding multiple times from different camera angles.

After recuperating the following day, I decided to try again and turn on the television. I scanned through the cooking shows, documentaries about carpenter ants, and "Golden Girls" reruns. The tuner eventually hit the movie channel section and immediately proceeded to beat me in the gut with a pipe wrench. That's right, it began showing Jean-Claude Van Damme in "Replicant." On a scale of 1 to 10, I would rate "Replicant" as shitty. In a clever twist of filmmaking ingenuity, Van Damme plays both himself and... get ready... an evil version of himself! Yes, once more we're treated to two Van Dammes for the price of none! What a bargain! It's like being in a fatal car accident but not having to pay for the gas to get there! Placed in the gritty, bleak, incredibly non-futuristic FUTURE, Van Damme is a serial killer who evades the police because law enforcement agents of THE FUTURE apparently have the intelligence of rubbing alcohol. The FBI or CIA or NAACP or whomever clone the killer so they can use the replicant to hunt down his evil twin. See, in THE FUTURE people would rather spend $15 billion on cloning bad actors instead of the traditional approach of actually trying to find the suspect themselves. Then, if the clone starts killing people, I imagine they would simply clone the clone and have him track them both down. And if the clone's clone decides to go on a murderous rampage, well, I don't know what they would do then. It would probably have something to do with dinosaurs or jets.

So how does Jean-Claude Van Damme prove the existence of alien lifeforms? Simple: watch these movies. Study Van Damme's actions, dialogue, and mannerisms. Take notes on the movie plotlines, carefully noting how one event somehow inexplicably leads to the next. Pay attention to the fact that nothing in the films makes sense, nothing follows any rational train of thought, and nothing even remotely resembles how anything would happen in real life. Then sit back, read your notes, and try to figure out how the hell a human being could come up with such monumentally insipid crap, much less decide that another human being would pay to watch it. It's impossible that any mammal on Earth would think such ludicrous things and somehow be able to glue them all together

to create a motion picture. Therefore, by process of insemination, we are led to only one conclusion: aliens from another galaxy are somehow producing films and releasing them to the general public, softening us up for an inevitable invasion. Sure you may be laughing and mocking me right now, but when they start sending the evil Van Damme twin brother clones after you, guess who will be laughing then? Your guess is as good as mine. Probably the aliens.

More Movie Magic!

Fragmaster has taken time out of his busy schedule of staring at the walls to bring us a star-studded review of the Adam Sandler bomb, "Going Overboard." You may not have heard of this supposed "comedy" before. There is a very good reason for that.

> *Being somewhat of a Sandler fan, I actually bought this movie thinking...well...how bad could it be? The box even promises "big laughs on the high seas," "zany cocktail waiter(s)," "stunningly gorgeous beauty queens," and "antics (which) rock the boat in this hilarious sea adventure which contains hysterical comic sketches and sexy fantasy sequences."*
>
> *I made a terrible mistake.*

Gee, a terrible Adam Sandler movie? What are the odds? If you're ready for some world-class hurting, head on over and take a look into the face of terror.

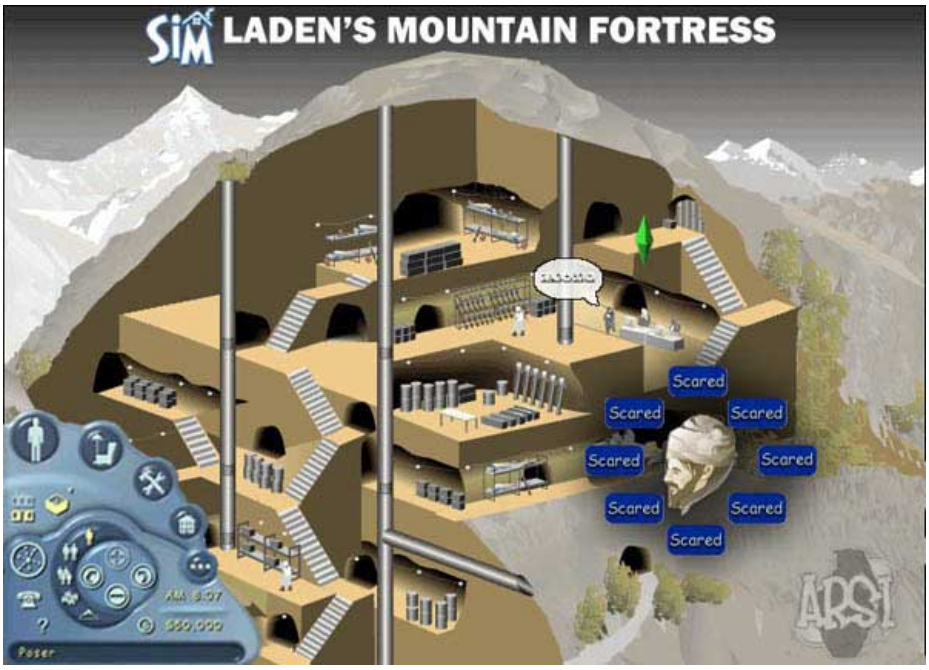
-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

11.24 Osama Bin Photoshop!

Friday, Nov 30, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Photoshop Fun!

The SA Forum Goons have pulled out their Photoshopping hats (you know, the ones with the pink feathers in them) and have started cracking on Osama Bin Laden's Mountain Fortress. Ever wonder what the headquarters of the international terrorist looks like?



Wow! Make a beeline (whatever the hell that is) for the Bin Laden Mountain Fortress Photoshop section and check out what you're missing!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Chapter 12

December

12.1 Not-A-Fan Fiction

Saturday, Dec 01, 2001 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

Jerk of The Year

Just to briefly follow-up on my update last week regarding Lowtax's bid for *Entertainment Weekly's* Entertainer of the Year, it turns out *EW* (as expected) basically just made up the final results themselves. They threw out all the votes for Lowtax, Will Wheaton, L. Ron Hubbard, and pretty much any musician that actually knows how to play an instrument. After all, pretty blonde girls who sing and dance are far more deserving of such an award. Boy, [INSERT NAME OF BLONDE SINGING GIRL] sure is hot! Perhaps if I buy this CD and stare at her breasts on the cover long enough, she'll come over to my house and thank me with sex! Oh mercy! Better buy two copies!

Since Lowtax didn't win Entertainer of the Year, I shall honor him with the equally prestigious Jerk of The Year award. No need to thank me, Dick, you deserve it! Note how the "J" hooks his mouth like a fish. But this is one catch even the loneliest fisherman would throw the hell back!

In the article where they announce the top ten finalists, they do dedicate a paragraph to all the votes Lowtax received and even quote some emails they received from crazed SA readers, but they blame the huge number of votes on hackers (which is partly true since some forum goons used auto-voters) and say, "So Kyanka didn't make the cut. At least until next year." Which is really quite ironic since that's the same response Lowtax got when he tried out for the XFL's Los Angeles Xtreme, and there was no "next year" for the XFL. Or any fair catches. Unfortunately, there will probably be a next year for *Entertainment Weekly*, because there's plenty of barely literate middle-aged women out there who need a steady stream of Heath Ledger pictures. Oh, and they end the article with this strange note:

> *You can also check in with Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka, who will -- undoubtedly -- have something to say about it.*

Huh? "Check in?" Are they trying to imply that we're supposed to all head over to Lowtax's house and make sure he's getting enough Vitamin C? He's probably not. And as for having "something to say about it," Lowtax had nothing to do with any of this and was drunkenly sputtering around Bat Hill, Kansas or wherever his hick-ass family lives on Thanksgiving vacation when the forum goons started their little campaign.

So Lowtax didn't win and didn't deserve to win and will probably never win anything other than a button that says, "I'm a Winner Because I Survived Liposuction." Still, it was fun to help screw up *EW's* retarded idea and prove - once again - that magazine people should stick with pasting words on sheets of paper and leave the Internet to us crazy hermits and social rejects.

Not-A-Fan Fiction

As a person of obvious social graces, I'm sure you're familiar with the nifty-neat phenomenon that is fan fiction. It's a great way for die-hard fans of popular television shows, books, and movies to share appallingly crappy new plotlines with their fellow rabid addicts. For example, fans of the "X-Files" often write stories that revolve around Scully and Mulder going at it like wolverines on Assistant Director Skinner's desk while a wacky alien named "Strommbone" secretly videotapes the lusty scene with a Betamax camcorder. I myself wrote some Lowtax fan fiction awhile back, and Lowtax recently wrote a charming piece about scientology.

But what I'd like to see more of is "not-a-fan fiction." These stories would be just as poorly written as regular fan fiction, but they'd be written by people who either hate the subject matter or have never seen the show they're writing about before. This seemed like a really great idea to me at around four in the morning last night, while I was searching for secret passages in my apartment, so I decided to give it a shot by writing fan fiction for a show I really don't know much about nor particularly care for: "Friends." I looked up the names of the characters on NBC's web site and got to writing. Enjoy!

I got this on Google image search when I searched for "Friends," so this must be them.

FRIENDS NOT-A-FAN FICTION
"Dark Designs"
By Kevin "K-Dog" Bowen

Rachel Green strode proudly into her fancy New York City apartment and slammed the door. "God damn!" she exclaimed, tossing her mini-skirt into the sink. "I need to shit so bad I can taste it in my ears! Fucking Christ, booyah!" She stared vacantly at Chandler Bing, who was casually puffing on a week-old blunt. He gave a faint nod and went back to staring at the coffee table. "Hey, fuck yourself up a rest stop barbecue, asswrench," said Rachel, walking towards the bathroom knock-kneed. "I've gotta deposit some shit tokens into the porcelain vending machine, if you know what I mean."

A few minutes later, Ross Geller slouched into the apartment with laid-back ease. "Sup mah nigg," he said to Chandler, who was still staring at the table. "Whuts the dilly yo mah main man?" Chandler's head jerked up, his eyes glazed. "Heyyyyyy Ross," he said, his voice mellow and throaty. "Heyyy man I was thinking of the funniest thing mannnn." Ross flipped back the hood of his Tommy Hillfinger sweatshirt, adjusted his platinum necklace, and eased into his favorite bean-bag chair. "Out wit it, G-money," he said.

Chandler leaned forward. It took him a minute to regain his composure and adjust to the sudden movement. "OK, listen to this," he began. "OK how about this... this is some funny shit man. Like how if like you changed your name to like Ross Sarah Michelle Geller? You know, like that hot vampire chick? And I changed my name to like this Chandler Bing Bing! You know, like Chandler Bling Bling? You know what I'm saying?" He paused and stared at Ross, who was shining the faceplate of his gold-plated pager. "That's some funny shit, man," said Chandler, leaning back onto the couch. Ross looked up. "Yo, you be trippin' dawg," he said. "You gots the reefer fever all up in this piece foo!"

Monica Geller, Ross's wife, slid silently into the room. She had apparently come in through the back entrance. "Darkest designs upon thee," she said, bowing and clutching her ankh. "Haha, talk about hot vampire chicks... she's like... not, dude!" Chandler said, laughing hysterically. "Fuck y'allz," Ross said, rising to his feet. "Damn bitch! Where you been at! I tried to page yo crazy azz but you be givin' me the hand girl!" Monica fiddled with her studded dog collar nervously. "You see," she said. "My boss is coming over to feast tonight, when the moon rises high, calling werewolf spirits to frolic upon the deepest shade of black..."

"HOLD THE FUCK UP!," Ross interrupted. "Yo boss be chillin' in our crib? Yo work for Satan, you wack goth ho!" Chandler perked up. "Dude!" he said. "Satan is coming like over for munchies? Far out!" Monica frowned, cracking her heavy white makeup with black lipstick. "Yes," she replied. "Satan is coming over, and it's not just for dinner." She paused and turned away from Ross. "Sinner," she mumbled under her breath. "What you say girl?" Ross said, spinning Monica around. "Fuck THIS shit, yo. I ain't be illin' wit no dark lord and shit, I can't roll wit dis wack bizbomb. I just don't jive that workin for Satan shit, if J.C. wanted Satan he'd have created him himself!" Ross grooved towards the door. "I am fucking over and out outtie, LATEZ, peeps." He left.

"Friends" suck.

The bathroom door swung open in a flash, and Rachel stumbled out, burping loudly. "Motherfucker!" she exclaimed. "I've knocked cock with Elvis impersonators with bigger balls than what just happened in there, I mean, Jesus fucking Christ!" "Shhh!" Monica shushed. "Don't mention the false God! My boss is coming over!" Monica toed a pentagram on the floor and chanted a brief incantation. "What the fuck?" Rachel said. "Oh yeah, Satan. Well, don't expect me to change these panties because it's my last pair and they'll have to rot off my crotch before I go out and waste any more money on this frilly-ass shit."

Monica lurked about the pantry. "Wait a minute," she said. "Where in hell's kitchen is my eye of toad? My dead goat's head? My spellbook! They're all missing!" "Oh yeah, that shit," Rachel said, rubbing herself against the fireplace. "It stunk so I threw it all out." Just then Joey Tribbiani entered the room. "Well, your smell is quite malodorous," he said. "But there is nary a whisper of eradicating your character from this fine shared dwelling of ours!" "Fuck off tinselfag," replied Rachel, pointing between her legs. "Suck me dry." "I respectfully decline your invitation!" replied Joey. "Now I must regretfully take my leave of you, my dear Friends. Ta!"

Monica sprung from the kitchen to block the door. "In the name of the dark lord himself," she cried, "I compel you to stay! The darkest corner of your dreary soul implores you to help me prepare a feast worthy of our demon dinner guest!" "Well," Joey said, stroking his beard, "I presume I could be of some assistance in this endeavor, just allow me to retrieve my safety goggles." Rachel attempted to say something, but she slumped to the floor with a crash and passed out. "Death be praised," said Monica.

Two hours later the door bell said, "Ding dong!" and Monica led a thin, pasty, dirty, long-haired man into the room. "Mortals!" she announced. "I present our Dark Master, the mighty and all-powerful Beezelbub!" "Hey!" Satan said. Joey pulled Monica off to the side. "Pardon my intrusion," he whispered, "but this individual appears to be nothing more than a gaunt teenager with a sorry case of rickets!" "Sush!" said Monica. "I know, but I want to keep my job at the Wicca bookstore, so just play along or I'll curse you to an eternity in the flaming pits of the seventh level! Now go smear some more of that fake goat blood you synthesized on the table." Joey nodded.

Dinner was going remarkable well and "Satan" was telling an amusing tale involving the time he left his trench coat at Denny's during a 4am "bleakfast" when Phoebe Buffay burst in the front door. "Hey hey hey!" she screamed. "Fat bitch wanna eat! Yeah, baby, yeah!" She patted her stomach in a circular motion and winked. "Curses!" Monica spat. "It's Phoebe, the mindless sheep of Christian desolation. Excuse me!" But she was too late. "Where's the beef?" Phoebe said, spying Monica's boss. "Certainly not on this guy! Can I get a what-what? Raise the roof for me, party people!"

Monica or Rachel or Petunia or whoever the hell, somebody.

"Hahaha, that's some funny shit!" said Rachel, waking from her slumber. She looked at Monica's boss. "Hey, a guy I haven't fucked yet," she said. "Don't see that every day! Hey Phoebe, wanna tag-team this skinny dickstick on Joey's futon?" "Dear me!" cried Joey. "How scandalous!" Monica's boss was not amused. "Excuse me, servants," he sputtered meekly, as he ran into the bathroom. "You'll all burn for this!" fumed Monica. "Now I'm going to lose my job and have to go back to the alternative body piercing and bondage shop!" "Wow," said Phobe. "Kiss the cook!" Suddenly there was a piercing scream, coming from the bathroom.

"Oh yeah," said Rachel. "I forgot to mention that I backed up the shitter earlier." Monica rushed

off to the bathroom. "One moment," said Joey. "Where did Chandler scurry off to?"

Suddenly Ross drove through the window in a big, custom GMC Van. "I pity the foo who don't get in mah fly hoopey, suckah!" he said, motioning for Joey to sit in the passenger's seat. "Chandler's been abducted by evil alien landowners chillin' in Nebraska and we'll have to save his sorry azz."

"When did this absurd event take place?" asked Joey. "Huh?" replied Ross. "This shit went down while youse waz macking on mah crazy bitch! Also I scared o' flyin' so we drivin, crackah!"

"Cunt up the pisshole motherbitch," said Rachel, ripping off her disguise as Ross and Joey drove off, revealing herself to be the true killer. "That was a close one!"

"Dyno-mite!" said Phoebe.

THE END

Wow, that was great! And to think I'm wasting my talents on a web site instead of penning multiple award-winning novels like Tom Clancy. I'm a scribe of great skill!

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

12.2 The next 50 years of Internet advertising

Sunday, Dec 02, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The Future of Internet Advertising

This is just one of the many wonderful images that cropped up when I did a Google search for "pain in the ass". I think it's a guy with his chin resting on a house made out of butter.

Progress is everywhere. You remember back in the 1980s when companies first started making cell phones, but they were about the size of a cat that you feed too much and it has a gland disorder that makes it extra fat and it just lays around all the time being fat? Look at cell phones today! They are probably smaller than your wallet. In twenty more years cell phones will just be a cloud of microscopic robots that float around your head and transmit your voice to the moon.

Invention and progress do not necessarily equate to improvement though. Take for example the standard set by the online advertising industry. It started with banner ads, sidebar ads, text ads, small stuff that is only a minimal annoyance. Then it entered the realm of pop up ads that opened in new windows that you immediately closed out of frustration. Forward-thinking ad wizards then began to include script that would spawn new windows of advertising every time you closed one. These proved especially useful on pornographic and warez themed web sites, because advertisers consider them a prime demographic who loves to click the "x" button or hit Alt+F4 as quickly as humanly possible.

Trying for a less explosive but no less annoying approach, marketers then developed the "floating" advertisement. Usually animated, the ad would move around on a given page, sometimes accompanied by hideous caterwauling that made you want to puncture your eardrums with a hat pin. The most recent development in online advertising, according to c|net, comes courtesy of travel company Orbitz and Comet Systems - the makers of the second most annoying thing on the Internet; the Comet Cursor.

> *Comet will display fare information from Orbitz whenever a Comet cursor user is searching for fares at Orbitz competitors Travelocity and Expedia.*
>
> For example, if a Comet cursor user is comparing airfare for a flight from New York to Los Angeles on Travelocity, Comet's software will launch a search on Orbitz for the same flight and display Orbitz's fares next to Travelocity's.

Great! You can read about the whole annoying scheme here. About the only good thing I have to say about this idea is that it couldn't really be any more disgustingly painful or invasive than a regular Comet Cursor.

While this seems bad, I am not optimistic enough to think that it's the worst that advertisers can devise to torture us with. Maybe I'm a simpleton, but I still long for the days when an elderly announcer would say things like, "The Slippery Jack Happy Hour was brought to you by Boromelt, the only sandwich that contains liquid boron." That day is gone unfortunately, so I must look ahead to the future using my crystal ball of woefully inaccurate predictions to determine what tomorrow may hold. Without further ado, I bring you the next fifty years in online marketing.

- **2004 - The Dot Com Startup Stealth Advertising Package**

  With the justifiable collapse of much of the "Dot Com" industry, a number of relatively high-profile Internet based companies will go out of business and sell off their domain

names. Shrewd advertisers will then purchase these names and begin marketing them again, using the same branding as the original company. However, when a visitor goes to the web site it will be nothing but advertising for another client, including several dozen porn pop-ups and the installation of a special cursor that shrieks at you in Arabic any time you mouse over a link.

- **2006 - The Moaning Hypnotron Pop-up**

Advances in mesmerism technology will permit the development of the dreaded Moaning Hypnotron Pop-up. A window will open when you go to a web site featuring this advertising technique. The window will lock up your system for three to ten minutes depending on your connection speed while it loads the proprietary Hypnotron Player. The Player will then display an animation of various hypnotically colored floating blocks while a recording of a woman moaning loops at maximum volume in the background. If you try to hit Alt+F4 or click the close window button it will bookmark the Hypnotron, set it as your homepage, and make it your wallpaper. In theory, it worked by hypnotizing viewers into submission, at which point Moaning Hypnotron scientists came over to their house and used a branding iron to stamp their advertising products into the user's skin. However, the Hypnotron ultimately fails when it is discovered it can only hypnotize you into being extremely angry at the makers of the Hypnotron.

- **2011 - Browser Cop**

Browser Cop is like Bonzai Buddy's slightly more evil twin.

Browser Cop is an invasive piece of software that installs on your system without prompting when you visit various web sites. After installation your computer will automatically restart. When you next browse the Internet a 3D rendered policeman will appear in the bottom right quadrant of your screen. Any time you visit a site other than those who paid to be added to the Browser Cop he will shout at you and threaten to write you a ticket. If you ignore Browser Cop he will issue onscreen citations that automatically deduct money from your bank account. Browser Cop is also tied into the Justice Department's database. Should you repeatedly refuse to acknowledge his commands he will falsify a criminal profile on you accusing you of being a child pornographer. To follow up, he will clandestinely download hundreds of images of child pornography into your browser cache and place an anonymous tip with the local authorities.

- **2012 - The Fingerprint Mouse**

Microsoft's development of the revolutionary Fingerprint Mouse will be resisted by various organizations. Any time you use the mouse it will scan your finger prints and store them in Microsoft's "customer service database", ostensibly to provide you with better service. In reality it will all be done to appease Browser Cop, who needed fingerprints of non-criminals to be able to better falsify criminal profiles. He achieves this by blackmailing Bill Gates and other Microsoft executives by threatening to reveal their elaborate child pornography ring. Whenever you take your hand off the Fingerprint

Mouse, Browser Cop will activate sirens located throughout your apartment or house and will yell at you to "stop loitering" or "get back here and quit taking pictures of those children!"

- **2016 - The Poker**

Catering to the needs of the online gambling industry, The Poker is an inexpensive hardware peripheral that doubles as a low quality scanner. Its real purpose is to support casino pop ups by heating up a coil within The Poker and stabbing you with it whenever a pop up appears while screaming "DRAAAAAAWWWW POKER!" and "BIG WINS AT SLOTS AND KINO!" It has a power cord that plugs into the wall but the stabbing/screaming mechanism runs off an internal battery to prevent people from avoiding stabbings by keeping it unplugged while browsing the Internet.

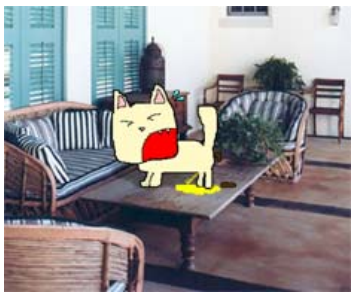
- **2020 - eCoupons**

The eCoupons program will be initiated in 2020. By signing up for eCoupons you will receive a free eCoupon pocket device and a password to the eCoupon site, where you can download various discounts for groceries and plane tickets. You can then take the pocket device into a retailer and show them the coupons to receive the discount. While good in theory the pocket device rarely work. Also, only Petsmart and Waldenbooks accept eCoupons, neither of which sells groceries or plane tickets.

- **2034 - The Porn Star Sucker Punch**

The switch to direct sensory interface for the Internet in 2033 proves an incredible boon for the porn industry, which increases its stranglehold of online revenue. One particularly devious reverse marketing technique is termed the "porn star sucker punch". Paid for to discredit a rival, a beautiful woman will appear and seductively rub up against you while telling you about how good a certain porn site is. Once you're aroused she will punch you in the kidneys and disappear, leaving you hating the competition. This is the first example of effective online marketing.

- **2039 - Freakish Screeching Japanese Cat Character That Shits and Pisses All Over Your House**



That darn cat!

Developed by an advanced psychological marketing team working with Sony, the Freakish Screeching Japanese Cat Character That Shits and Pisses All Over Your House (or FSJCCTSPAOYH for short) is a cartoon cat that emerges from your computer and runs around your house constantly screeching, urinating, and defecating. It is impossible to uninstall this cat as it somehow physically manifests in your house. The purpose of it is to record your reactions and transmit them into a "consumer profile" used by the Sony Corporation to produce demographic targeted mass mailers. The only way to stop the cat is to either destroy your computer completely or cut the cat's head off and bury it under salt, burn its body, and scatter the ashes in running water.

- **2045 - Team Fortress 2**

  Slightly delayed, Team Fortress 2 is released in 2045. It won't run on modern sensory interface computers but its amazing team play somehow manages to addict almost a dozen antique obsessed teenage boys. What these kids don't realize is that Valve and Sierra have inserted dozens of "purchase keywords" into the game. When a user of Team Fortress 2 hears the word spoken they - much like the Manchurian Candidate - must go out and buy whatever product is attached to the word. Since Sierra only makes Roberta Williams "King's Quest" games and gay porn, most of these key worded products are either ass rimming jerk off fests or gay porn.

- **2048 - iDiets**

  The sheer amount of obsolete computer hardware around in the mid 21st century prompts the formation of the non-profit organization iDiets. Founded by Korean dietician Dr. Lee Jong, the program determines the caloric value of various pieces of computer hardware and creates a "desired weight menu" for registered users. Scandal brings an end to iDiets when it is uncovered that it is simply a scheme by Korean fertilizer company Shit Heroes Inc. to convince fat Americans to turn their useless old computers into nutrient rich topsoil. Not only that, but 32 and 64 bit sound cards are high in fat and full of empty MIDI calories, making them a terrible addition to a weight loss plan.

- **2051 - Iron Maiden**

  No, I don't mean heavy metal music; the Iron Maiden is the ultimate evolution in online marketing. When you visit a web site that is running the Iron Maiden ad campaign your signal will be locked in place and you will be unable to navigate out of the site. Flames will engulf your feet, roasting them with agonizing slowness while a grating metallic voice repeatedly says the name and slogan of a product. Needles will stab into your genitals and other nerve points and a hot brand will burn the company's logo into your chest.

I guess the future looks pretty bleak, but it beats the apocalypse that shithead Nostradamus was always talking about. Wait, no it doesn't! God, please bring down the Rapture, spare me the agony of one more Comet Cursor!

Cliff Yablonski is Mad Again!

Everyone's favorite hateful ogre of a friend down the road has updated his site once again!

The one and only Gothic Garden Service. They're the "one and only" because I used all the other ones throat's to shoot out fireworks for the 4th of July. After I got done shooting off the fireworks, I tried to cook some ribs on my grill but I accidentally put it on an uneven surface so it started rolling down the hill and it hit Gary Mentez's boat

> and caught it on fire. I tried to put out the fire by breaking a bottle of gin over Gary's face, but that didn't work so I had to settle for taking his dartboard and going to sleep in my garage.

He is definitely going to hurt me really badly if you don't go read it now!

Unasked Sex Questions Answered!

Feeling the need to set the record straight about how to please that special woman in your life, I put together a little informational piece.

> I like to hang out in the women's restroom at Applebee's and just lean casually against the tampon machine, let women know I'm comfortable with myself and with them. They always give me the eye when they walk past and I'm all "what's up baby?" Then when they're done with their business I'll try and chat them up. Sometimes the Applebee's employees run me out or call the cops, but I think that's just because they don't like the competition.

I hardly know how to unhook a woman's bra, but I think that's qualification enough for me to ruin your love life!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.3 It's It and It's That and That's It!

Tuesday, Dec 04, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

It's That!

It's no big secret that I'm too retarded to figure out how to make large amounts of money. In fact, just about every venture I've been even remotely affiliated with has fallen to pieces; Gamefan, eFront, Express.com, the Detroit Lions, that one Israeli church where the married people danced through the floor, and Jon-Benet Ramsey all suffered from my patented "Touch of Death." Do you remember the Lost City of Atlantis? Of course you don't; that's why it's "lost" as opposed to the "Not Lost City of Atlantis." Ancient historians (NOTE: the historians themselves are not actually ancient) have discovered conclusive proof linking the fall of Atlantis to early banner ad sponsorships with this website. If you're reading this paragraph right now, and I'm fairly sure that you are, house odds are pretty good that you'll wake up missing a vital appendage tomorrow morning. This is all because when God was distributing luck points to members of the general public, he decided to withdraw all those points and instead boost my constitution stat. I also received a +5 resistance bonus against Geocities sites and AzN PrYdE.

This is not "It" but is instead an "erotic" picture of Alf! Only on the Internet, folks!

However, this is all going to change soon. I have the most ingenious idea to reap in ill-gotten gains faster than Gamespy swindled Michael Ovitz out of $5 million for Radiospy. As you are (probably) well aware of, the human populace was recently shown the wonders and marvels of "Ginger," the scooter which isn't a scooter and was previously called "It" but now it isn't called "It" anymore due to the fact that it's called "Ginger" because that's it's name. The fantasy world that the media invented up was apparently clamoring for Ginger ever since Steve Jobs claimed people would "erect entire cities around 'IT'" and Amazon.com CEO Jeff Bezos said, "I'm so excited about 'IT' that I can almost forget the time our stock sold for $500 a share, unlike today when you can purchase a couple million shares for the price of a Krispy Kreme donut." Bezos never explained why anybody in their right mind would want to purchase a Krispy Kreme donut since they all look like sweaty bloated ticks and have the equivalent nutritional value of digesting the bumper from a Chevy Impala. Fortunately, today's article is not about eating bumpers or stock prices, it's about me making money. And there's no way I'll make money by doing whatever the hell I'm currently doing. Judging by this CNN article on IT / Ginger / Fake Scooter, this is where the cash money is:

> *The ABC television program "Good Morning America" demonstrated the invention Monday, a two-wheeled, self-propelled scooter that can travel at about 12 mph.*
>
> *Kamen said the two-wheeled scooterlike vehicle is "like a pair of magic sneakers" because the passenger moves by thinking forward or backward -- as if walking -- without falling.*

Okay, so correct me if I'm wrong here, but this so-called "revolutionary" piece of mechanical engineering history is simply a psychic scooter? Did somebody somewhere start wanting and demanding this kind of invention while I was asleep or out of town? I can think of about a hundred things that I would prefer to be invented before a psychic scooter, many of which shoot out flames and spin. In an age when people are spending ridiculous amounts of money for the largest and most inefficient consumer SUV tankers they can find, why would people suddenly decide that they actually desire a goofy little two-wheeled piece of mind reading metal? You can't hook up 50,000-watt speakers

to a psychic scooter and play whatever fucking awful rap music is currently in style. You can't use a psychic scooter to get drunk and commit vehicular homicide. You can't make out with your girlfriend in the back of a psychic scooter because it has no back and you both would fall off into the street where other psychic scooters would bump into you repeatedly while making little bleeping sounds like the spaceships from "The Jetsons." Despite all these shortcomings, the fantasy world that the media invented up is apparently going apeshit over Ginger the Psychic Scooter, which is easy to believe because the fantasy world that the media invented up previously went apeshit over Limp Bizkit and fly fishing. I have studied and documented the hype behind Ginger the Psychic Scooter to such a degree that I actually read an article about it and briefly thought about it last night before I fell asleep. As a result, I believe the world is now sufficiently prepared to learn about my latest invention, a creation which will change the entire world. Well it might just change large portions of the world. And I don't know what it will change these portions into. Maybe lava or some type of clay. That's of little concern to me though since my main concern here is mass marketing this thing even more than the amazing XCam2, only with significantly less emphasis on the "pedophile voyeur" demographic. Without further ado, I would like to introduce you to my beautiful new creation: **That.**

It's That! That's It! My mother often cries while talking to me on the phone!

As you can tell by the image on the left, "That" is very mysterious and highly interesting. It's so mysterious and interesting that every time our photographers tried to film it the cameras combusted and their faces began to melt like the Nazis from "Raiders of the Lost Ark." We had to darken out the image of "That" because it was the only way we could reproduce its image and also because it's in the FBI's Witness Protection Program. How mysterious! And interesting! Let me present some of the many, many features that "That" can offer you, the average slob who watches "Fraiser" and eats those potato chips that taste like plastic cutlery.

- Travels at speeds up to 18 miles an hour, even more when nobody is riding it or it is thrown from the back of a pickup truck and off a mountain.
- Is completely environmentally safe (according to environmental laws from the 1800's, back when people used to live in coal mines and relieve themselves in any nearby water supply).
- Receives that new XM radio crap where you have to pay $1500 and all you get is 138 different classic rock stations rotating the same Eagles songs for infinity.
- Travels at speeds up to 21 miles an hour, even more when the wheels are attached.
- Will not read your mind like certain other inventions which I won't name, inventions that are psychic scooters which intercept your brainwaves and report any of your impure thoughts to the police or the church or the Police Church.
- Comes with a large blue question mark and a orange spikey thing which will poke you if you try to use it.
- Travels at speeds up to 36 miles an hour, even more if you purchase the "Type R" model which has a huge racing tailfin that also doubles as a ironing board.

- If you mount a blender on it and somehow get a really long extension cord, you can use it as a blender. Blender sold separately and not supported by our warrantee.
- You will become immortal after using it. Note that not a single president or astronaut has died from using "That." This statistic proves that "That" is the key to living forever, much like Alex Chiu or ginseng.
- Travels at speeds up to 84 miles an hour, even more if you're racing a Buick full of Mexican high school kids.
- Comes with instant messaging software and a variety of different tools that analyze why your instant messaging software never works properly.
- Is guaranteed to never defy the laws of physics as long as you own it. You can sleep safely at night knowing that it will not suddenly become dark matter and turn your basement into some kind of twisted inferno from another dimension!
- Travels at speeds up to 367 miles an hour, even more if you use the "turbo" button that simply causes it to jettison excess weight such as your luggage or yourself.
- Is completely elf-proof.
- Special bolt-on mother-in-law simulates the experience of taking long journeys with your mother-in-law who has severe flatulence problems and only talks when her mouth is full of taco meat.
- Travels at speeds up to Mach II, even more if you're able to shift into 568th gear without your skin flying off.

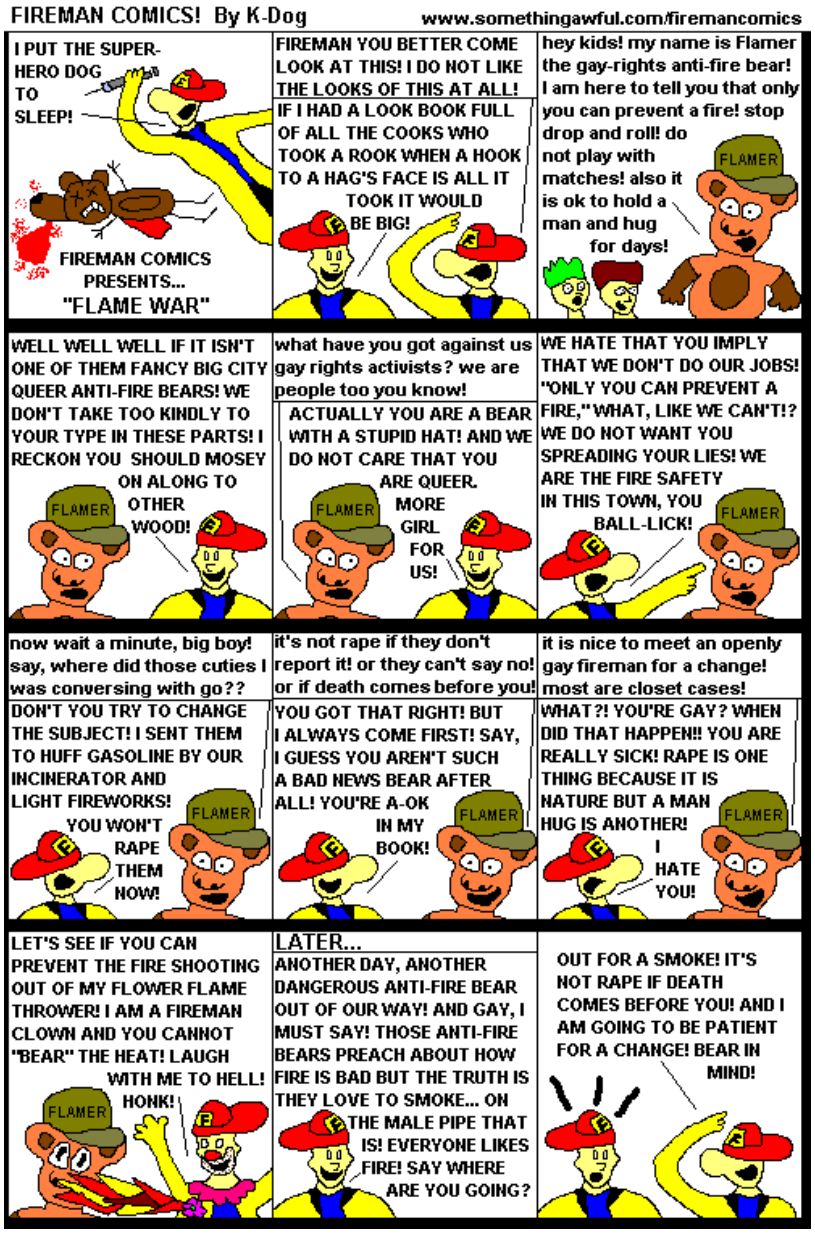
I'll be hitting up investors for large sums of money as soon as I've finished cleaning all the cat hair that is congealed to every object in my apartment. Expect to see me on "Good Morning America" once I figure out how to get around their security guards. I'll be the guy in the crowd behind the window holding a sign that reads, "HIYA MARTY, JANICE, AND EVERYBODY IN SASQUATEECHIE, WISCONSIN!!!" So that's that and it's "That"!

Firemen Ahoy!

Another week, another new Fireman Comic!

Well that certainly was an educational experience! Or something!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)


FIREMAN COMICS! By K-Dog
www.somethingawful.com/firemancomics
I PUT THE SUPER-HERO DOG TO SLEEP!
FIREMAN COMICS PRESENTS...
"FLAME WAR"
FIREMAN YOU BETTER COME LOOK AT THIS! I DO NOT LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS AT ALL!
IF I HAD A LOOK BOOK FULL OF ALL THE COOKS WHO TOOK A ROOK WHEN A HOOK TO A HAG'S FACE IS ALL IT TOOK IT WOULD BE BIG!
hey kids! my name is Flamer the gay-rights anti-fire bear! I am here to tell you that only you can prevent a fire! stop drop and roll! do not play with matches! also it is ok to hold a man and hug for days!
FLAMER
WELL WELL WELL IF IT ISN'T ONE OF THEM FANCY BIG CITY QUEER ANTI-FIRE BEARS! WE DON'T TAKE TOO KINDLY TO YOUR TYPE IN THESE PARTS! I RECKON YOU SHOULD MOSEY ON ALONG TO OTHER WOOD!
what have you got against us gay rights activists? we are people too you know!
ACTUALLY YOU ARE A BEAR WITH A STUPID HAT! AND WE DO NOT CARE THAT YOU ARE QUEER. MORE GIRL FOR US!
WE HATE THAT YOU IMPLY THAT WE DON'T DO OUR JOBS! "ONLY YOU CAN PREVENT A FIRE," WHAT, LIKE WE CAN'T!? WE DO NOT WANT YOU SPREADING YOUR LIES! WE ARE THE FIRE SAFETY IN THIS TOWN, YOU BALL-LICK!
now wait a minute, big boy! say, where did those cuties I was conversing with go??
DON'T YOU TRY TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT! I SENT THEM TO HUFF GASOLINE BY OUR INCINERATOR AND LIGHT FIREWORKS! YOU WON'T RAPE THEM NOW!
it's not rape if they don't report it! or they can't say no! or if death comes before you!
YOU GOT THAT RIGHT! BUT I ALWAYS COME FIRST! SAY, I GUESS YOU AREN'T SUCH A BAD NEWS BEAR AFTER ALL! YOU'RE A-OK IN MY BOOK!
it is nice to meet an openly gay fireman for a change! most are closet cases!
WHAT?! YOU'RE GAY? WHEN DID THAT HAPPEN!! YOU ARE REALLY SICK! RAPE IS ONE THING BECAUSE IT IS NATURE BUT A MAN HUG IS ANOTHER! I HATE YOU!
LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN PREVENT THE FIRE SHOOTING OUT OF MY FLOWER FLAME THROWER! I AM A FIREMAN CLOWN AND YOU CANNOT "BEAR" THE HEAT! LAUGH WITH ME TO HELL! HONK!
LATER...
ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER DANGEROUS ANTI-FIRE BEAR OUT OF OUR WAY! AND GAY, I MUST SAY! THOSE ANTI-FIRE BEARS PREACH ABOUT HOW FIRE IS BAD BUT THE TRUTH IS THEY LOVE TO SMOKE... ON THE MALE PIPE THAT IS! EVERYONE LIKES FIRE! SAY WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
OUT FOR A SMOKE! IT'S NOT RAPE IF DEATH COMES BEFORE YOU! AND I AM GOING TO BE PATIENT FOR A CHANGE! BEAR IN MIND!

12.4 El Pinto Grande covers the Weapons of the Wars.

Wednesday, Dec 05, 2001 by El Pinto Grande (@sexyfacts4u)

The Taliban is On to Runs

I am so glad that President of America is giving the bombs in anger to the leaders of desert nation of Afghanistan. This is exactly what is needed when the times get rough, you are not going to lay down and sleep things off you are going to put up some dukes and go to the fair with your fists up. President of America George Bush is riding the Ferris Wheel of misery for the Taliban, whose rudos schemes and friends have caused so much pain to Northern friend types. These bombs are exploding in the midst of their fortresses like the stars that are made to appearing when I am being kicked too hard in the head by the trickery of Bug Ox.

Watching the television as I am sometimes made to be doing I am seeing the bombs drop and explode the buildings and I also see the shows about the weapons of the wars. These are very good shows and are like stealing the secret fighting technique book of rival wrestler. Sometimes I am giving towards worry of the Taliban seeing on the TV the shows about weapons that American President and British President are using to fight against. Then they maybe are learning secret weak spot or kick move that will defeat attacks and then all is lost.

Then I laugh and remind myself that they are likely not getting television channels because the bombs are going into the telephone lines and scrambling up the signals. Some places in America maybe you are not to be watching this show, and all over the world in additions because this computer page is going out across the land. I am thinking to myself "Yours Truly, you need to spread the word about the special bombs the American President is using, also make sure no member of the Taliban or the Osama Bin Laden Network are reading."

If you are a terrorist I am advising you and giving to the count reaches three to stop reading or it will be a whole new world of pain for your heads.

1. . . 2. . . 3. . . 4. . . 5

This is where it is supposed to be, I am doing this pieces and I am calling it the Weapons of the Wars, and this is taken directly from my memory about the television show about the weapons.

- **The FA-18 Hornets** - This is a jet which is coming towards the land from the sea because it is being launched from the carrier, which is a big ship that holds airplanes in a secret compartment. This is like the blinding powder that rudos wrestlers are throwing in the face of Yours Truly when they know that going is going to be getting tough so the toughs are going to the throwing. This time though it is not blinding powder but dangerous and deadly fast jet airplanes that are being thrown into the sky by the ship. Then there are bombs that are guided by laser beams down into

the bunkers. Look out Taliban, your goose is going to being cooked.

- **F-16 Fightin' Falcon** - This airplane is very much like the Hornets but it is the junior version and it is flying in to drop bombs from airports and not from boats. This plane is not the best that America has to offer but it is getting the job done. The other pilots are laughing about how little the pilots of the Fightin' Falcon are, because you have to be a small guy to fly one of these birds! Sometimes this is making them sad but when it comes down to the wire they drop the bombs just like the biggest boys and they are knowing it is another mission accomplished and then back to the base for fried chicken like mother used to make, God rest her soul.

Jets are taking the lead from the secret door on the "carrier".

- **F-35 Stealth Jet** - The Stealth Jet is the pride and joy of American air plane army and it is quiet so you cannot even hear it if it is right behind you. This is the plane which is going to be giving the final blows to the Taliban in their caves. It is also painted black, which makes it hard to see in the dark. It is dark inside caves and it is not afraid to go into the dark, so it will crawl into the caves and shoot the terrorists at closest range in the head with a silencer. This is what I am to be identifying as a cunning plan.

- **Night Time Goggles** - Big trademark move of US army is the fighting in the night, which is good because they are made to bear the night time goggles. It is like seeing in the day time even when there is no light at all, only everything is green and also fuzzy. This is better than not seeing at all, which is what the Taliban has to do. While they are busy stubbing toes on inside of cave Stealth Jet will wear Night Time Goggles and sneak into cave and give them the one-two punch that sends them down to David Joneses Locker.

The goggles are helping to target in the night for the Rangers and the Marine Corpse.

- **GRBZ44 Bunkers Busted Bomb** - This is the big one! When the Taliban has nowhere left to go but into the bunkers it is time to send in these fine fellows who are capable of going into a vent and exploding deep into the grounds. This will explode a whole bunker in one go and it is very precise, a vent is not easy to hit when you are high up in the air, but these are called "smart bombs". I am meaning to say, don't try and challenge them to a game of "Guess Who?" because they are always knowing who you are by only asking if you have a beard. Even if you are good with the bluffs they are going to know when they inquire as to your glasses or if you are not having glasses. Then they know. They always do.

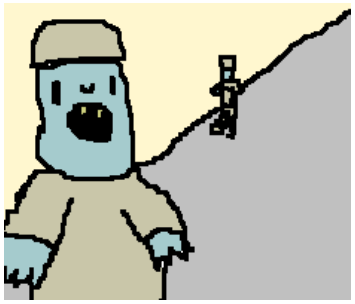
- **Bomblets** - These are little bombs that come out of bigger bombs. You can attempt to be calling them baby bombs but I am telling you to keep your eyes peeled because the only thing cute about these little fellows is the word cute within "acute injuries" which is what they will cause if you get near them.

- **Armor Piercing Fin Stabilized Discarding Sabot Rounds** - I don't remember what these are doing but I think tank guns shoot them and they sound ferocious like a desert lion. They may have dangerous radiation in them that might give the Americans Gulf War Syndromes, so watch out friends.

- **The Rangers** - Rangers are very highly trained, spending long time in the pits fighting the

different animals they are sworn to be protecting in the parks during peacetime. During a war they are brought into the planning room and told to attack. They know over five hundred ways to kill a deer with their bare hands, this is not a move to be trifling with. I think that a deer may not be using an AK-47 except in the bad parts of the park, but they are very fast runner and the kick of deer is giving runs for the money even to Yours Truly and you know the might of my kicks. I think Taliban may have always AK-47 but this is not enough to stop a man who can destroy a deer until it is just dust with only the ring on his finger.

- **The Marine Corpse** - Televisions shows do not talk about this secretive force, but the Americans have discovered technology much like voodoo to make the dead jump to attention when called to duty. This is called the Marine Corpse and they also have a very dangerous airplane that likes to crash called the Ocean Spray, mainly I think because zombie pilots are not good pilots at all. The man in charge of the Marine Corpse is supposed to be General Patton who was in charge of tanks in the big war in Europe. He was not a Marine to my recalling but he is still the zombie at the head of the charge when the Marine Corpse goes into the battles. I saw a movie once called University Soldier that was about this, and also about two hours too long! Hahahaha! No, seriously.



The Marine Corpse are being lead out upon the mountains by one tough customer going by the names of George Patton.

These are all I can remember, there are maybe some more but I think all of these big fights in the rings have knocked me for the loops. I am seeing stars and I am not meaning stars like handsome actor the latest George Peppard, God rest his soul. I am hoping this is giving you the information you need to go the rally and wave and cheer when the soldiers come home to victory.

-∼El Pinto Grande (@sexyfacts4u)

12.5 Jeff K covers Holiday Game Releases

Thursday, Dec 06, 2001 by JEFFK (@sexyfacts4u)

TEH HOLADAY GAMEING SEASON!!!!!

BY JEFF K!!!!

HO HO HO teh time is hear once again for us to takes a looks at teh games that are hitting the shelfs!! OF STORES!!! They crops up all throughout stores and see what si worth buying and what should go strait into the sea of pearils. I have teh spirits infestering in my hat for the seasons to be vary jolly! This elf has protable powar only dont call me an elf because I pusshed JErry down a flight of stairs for calling me an elf. Thas what he gets for unleasheing my raw potential onto the gameing pubic!!

Last yaer I want to teh mall with Jerry and Jerries mom LINDA and we saw Santa Clawes and he says "wait in lien for a picture with santas and his merry bands of elfs"! IT is for fagots so I sad no thanks to that deal Mister Moth! Jerry is a fagort so he has to see santa and sit on his magic lap to grant his three wishes. Most of the kids ar esmaller tehn Jerry and me but his mom is very happy to see us in teh lines so I said "who are you to tell us how to lives our lives!?" I dont think she heard me though because we waited inline anyway and when Jerry got to Santa he started crying just like I knew he would. Its liek with teh pumpkens we made for Holloween that he made his of Vegeta and I made mine of Charmararanders! How could they compete!?! IT WAS A WINNARS CIRCAL, HANDS DOWN!!!

I sat on grizzly santas lap for Jerry and his mom even tough Jerry was crying in teh pictures teh elf is taken of us!! I told satna I wished he didn't try to jump up teh Holiday butts as much as he has been known to do! SO JEFF K WON THAT ROUND, BABEY!!!

I have installed maney games on my computar loately and tehy are the holidays games. Some arent working correctly but hold youre huskers and take one thing at a time! I am a proofessianal computar hacK0R so I know my bisness here, BLOCKHEAD!!!

Returned to Castle WOlfrencenstain

Thes game si promased to be a hit for magic and it comes from the glory hounds at ID gameing!! And John Romereo was tahnkfully not involved in teh process so no frogs to ruin my days!!!!111 I was intrigued by teh game which is during the big war in Italy. You have to catch pieces of pizza like in teh game Food Fight for teh Atari Lynx which is for littal bugs. Everything in this game is destructionitable like in Red Fraction!! I can blows up teh chairs and teh maps and all teh pictures of Halter to my hearts contendedment.

I couldnt take a picture in the game so this will have to fill your cup for today!!!1

I had some problams installing this on my computer because its so fast the intaller bars went all the way off to the side. It was so fast i thougth it might catch on fire from fraction!!!1 It didn t and soon I am shootings at all of the big bosses and teh speers of destiny are at last in my grasp.

Pros: I gets to ate teh meal just like gauntlets so it brings back teh memories of yesteryear. Halter was a bad guy to top the hats of all teh bad guys in hisstory. Even Megatron!

Cons: Teh installer probalms with also causing my super computar to go into conniptions becase it si not used to thinking down to teh common mans leval. WHY ELSE WOULD YOU SAY I HAVE A MEGARAM OR BITS PERHAPS??? Also teh zombies were good but where were the mummies

I have came to except from qaulity gamess everywar?!!!

Verdict: I gave thsi one 4 stars out of 6 because it si good despite the bugs which were caused to my computar. I had to spray it down with teh fly sauce!!!1

Civalization IIII

Sid Mayers si a vary famous professianal indeed!! He has a bunch of silly girls who wait for his every game and tehy throws the pants at him when he comes out of teh tour bus. GIRLS ARE FOR FAGORTS!!!111 Teh only game I have played by Sid Meyers is Gettysburgars wich was not very fun at all. You had to march to the left and to teh right and march up and down and there was no telsa coil or nukes or attic dogs. Sometimes you shots teh cannons and it was not vary good. Jerry had this one on his crappy computar and it was too old to even run on mines even though Jerry told me to install it. Jerry also had teh sequel which is Cid Meyars Vietnam which is teh same game!!!1 Still not telsa coils!!!

Pros: Jerry is a fagot!!

Cons: I didnt buy tehs game because Sid Mayers does not have a track record in the field. I am not parting with my allowance for his bunk!!1

Its Doctor Smarts makeover studios and you can give him a beard and a nice hat!

Vardict: Out of six I gives this one teh big horshoe! Thats cowboy talk for zero!

Derak Smarts Battlecruiser 5000AD

Where si it professor smart aleck?!

Pros: I dont have to give teh bugs to my computar because it is not out as of this articals date of writing that I wrote it on today.

Cons: One time in math class I had to go to teh board to solve a problem and I didnt know it because hax0ring doesnt use maths. So I wrote MR. HAMPSON SMOKES MAN PIPES on teh board and he gave me democrats!.

Vardict: Keep it comin bub, you got a long way to go! And watch out for flying in planes Derek Samart, because THEY DONT HAVE MUCH HEADROOM, HAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHA-HAAAHAAAAAAAAA!!!

Teh Eldar Scrolls: Tomorrowind

There si a big buzz but it is all delays delyas delays for this bag of turkey! I am so sick and tried of being sick and tired! The delays are making me sick and tired! Thsi game is like crashing festival of light called Daggarfall which was running on my computar just fine until today.

Don't trust the blue elf he has teh tricks up to his sleeves!!!

It is too slow for my tastes but it si an adventure which is like Harry Potter; for fagots!!1 You can play an orc or an dumb elf (for Jerry) or a dragon or a giant or a buzzard or a shrimp man. I playad as the shrimp man and I jumped the platforms to teh wizards cave where I won the golds from him in a duel of wits!!!1 IT was downhill from there and I lost all lust for adventare quickley.

I am such a bigshot they sent me a advanced copy of this game which is leik the special edition of it!! They said oh jeff k you are so l33t can we harbor your

children in our hearts!? No thank you funk daddies! This game is for the bonfire! I cant even get it to play in my computar and my advanced copies of teh sims worked wonders so fix it or you can go home to mama!! Thats cowboy talk for fly away NERD.

Pros: You can play as teh shrimp man and "lives your own life, explora another worlds!!1" I want to explore mars and be the shrimp man king of mars!! Everyone will bow down to my spells of powar like in Biadlo! I will buy a house and put my records in it because this game is fantasy! Jerry will pretend he is not a marone, because this game is a fantasy!!1 ahahahahahaaaa

Cons: I cant play thsi bad boys thanks for nothing Eldar Scrolls back to error massage!

Vardicted: It shows teh prom promise but too many delays will keep it in the klink until the end times for evarybody!!

Goose Recon

The imp is a sniper he shots you with the fireball from the top of the mansion and you die in one blow!

Tom Clancy is writing up anothar spinster tale of teh high seas!! Looks out ghosts because teh special soldiers are coming to get you!!1 In this installmanant it is like a sequal to Rainbow Six but it is more soldier than cops and robbars. Instead of man down they say to you watch your six and you lost R2D2. This si a pretty fun game but it si too easy to die and there are no powar ups to get. I spent an hour and a day looking for teh quad damage!!!1

Every time you turns the corner it is another bad guy with yuo in his sites! One shot to the head and the show is ovar, no halftime and no promises of wealth!! This time they are hiding behind a tree or teh barn doors instead of a vase or a pop machines, but who cares?! NOT ME!!! Big fat hairy deals I say!! I still die when I stub my toe on the doorway, what a tough cookie cracker!

Pross: I like the FN-FALSH but teh AWP from Counter Strike si bettar.

Cons: They should call this stinkar "Corpse Raccoon" because I am dead in five seconds. Oh it is so fun to get shot in teh eye from space by teh MOON SNIPAR.

Vardict: If I wanted to die this fast I would call Walter teh "special kid" a retardeds fagot. Thumbs down which si cowboy talk for thsi game sucks!!!.

Plastic explosifs dont do the trick to MEtalgear, try the missiless1!!

Metal Grear Solid X 2 Turbo Partriot

Many folks are waiting a long time for this one to come out!1 I played it on my computar and it was already warez. You had to know teh special code by clicking on the ads but they can't pull wool over the my eyes!! It was only 120k of MEGS to download! That took like two minutes on my 58k modam which is as fast as teh laws will allow. WHAT KIND OF CRAPPEY MAN THROBS IS ONLY 120k OF MEGS?!!/?

I heard all about the graphics in thsi gaem from ShugarnewsShark and it wasnt all that and teh bags of chips. I did liek the machinegun which mows down some badguys and shoots three times at once!! The guards had comic book bubbles for teh speech and this and are very sleepy. They need to saw some more logs or roll some more Zs or something before the mission

is begun! Why do I only have a knife to start out with?! I am going to fights the fight against metalgear solid snake and why am I only with a knife?

I remember Jerry had a comb that he brought to school that looked like a switched blade. He showed it to me and I told miss Francis because I thought he would stab me with more than just his Fagotry!!1 He got put in detention for the evening and I hope he enjoyed his gruel and hard luck for teh stone ages!!

Pros: The dialogue was good and wittay. I liked when every guard takes a nap ON TEH WRONG SIDE OF MY DEADLY KNIFES STABS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

CONS: 120k of MEGS is not enough punch to pack into a game these days! Try and make it 500k of MEGS and then I won't feel as bad about my downloads!

Verdict: One star out of five. The sixth star has gone missing to the ghosts of ghost Reconned. I likes the end fight with metal gear but I ran out of stinger bullets and it was a disaster and a half!!

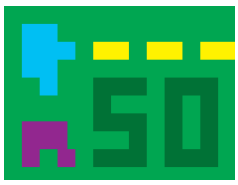
Thats all the time I have for this games of the Holodays, I hope you can take home something useful and put it in your pocket. Savings!!! Now you know which game is a winner and which is a stinkar!!!1 BY JEFF K!!!!

-∼JEFFK (@sexyfacts4u)

12.6 The Atari 2600 and other non-Nazi related items

Friday, Dec 07, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

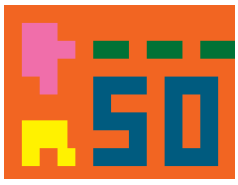
Down With Nazis!



A screenshot from the Atari 2600 version of Pac-Man

I swore off most serious PC gaming months ago, as I got sick of being a repeated victim of games that spawn more error messages than bad guys. Every time I try to run any game, I invariably crash to the desktop before I can see my first green colored light or battle my first zombie mummy possessed sniper soldier from Hell or Christmas Island. It got so bad that I gave up attempting to game on the PC entirely, instead choosing to play poorly translated Japanese Playstation 2 games. If you were wondering which games I was referring to, I can safely say, "all of them." I don't think there is a single Playstation 2 game in existence which wasn't produced by Japanese businessmen who consider "fluent translation to English" to be less important than "making sure the game's plastic shrink wrap is edible to pelicans and trout." I remember the good ol' days of Intellivision and Atari 2600, a time when you could play games and not have to be reminded every nanosecond that they were manufactured and produced in Japan. This was mainly because you couldn't tell what the hell was going on in any of those games. The gameplay style was best described as "nine rectangles that somehow interact with each other while 600-inch wide numbers appear in random locations." When the Atari 2600 programmers wanted to get really snazzy, they also included a colorful rainbow background that was supposed to represent some mass of land. Sure it looked like the Earth was composed from a big shit that God took after eating a crate full of Skittles, but we all grew to love and accept this because it was the Atari and we had nothing else to do all day. Back in the early 80's, your free time could be spent doing the following things:

- Playing Atari and trying to guess what cartridge was inside the unit by distinguishing between the color of enemy rectangles,
- Watching sports on one of those wooden-paneled TVs that weighed 14 tons and had a tuner knob the size of a dinner plate,
- Jogging (everybody jogged in the 1980's until they realized that no matter how much they jogged, they would invariably end up back at home),
- Being worried about the Russians taking over their town's water supply and replacing it with acid or poison or poisonous acid,
- Saying how glad you are that the disco era was over and all the tacky horridness was in the past, shortly before purchasing a new pair of parachute pants and Jams t-shirt with more colors than paint factory after being gangbanged by surrounding convenience stores.



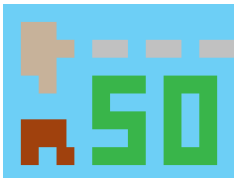
A screenshot from the Atari 2600 version of Asteroids.

So it was only natural that people flocked to the Atari 2600 like the way people flock to stamp on each other's skulls during European soccer matches. Note that I didn't say "football" matches, which is what they call it in incorrect countries. "Football" is a sport where large black men run into each other while attempting to protect small white guys. It is a sport where the only person who kicks the ball is the guy who drinks strawberry spritzers at all male bars on the weekends. Everybody else drinks motor oil and gasoline. "Soccer" is a sport where grown men cavort and prance. The only action in the game is the action that occurs in the stands when opposing fans get tired of watching sissies run back and forth for nine hours so they decide to start beating up each other and provide at least SOMETHING interesting to watch. And before you soccer fans start signing me up for gay porn mailing lists and

composing your angry email accusing me of being another ignorant American who is uncultured and highly ignorant, let me point out two things. I'm already subscribed to every gay porn mailing list in existence and I don't really care what your opinions of soccer or football are. Hell, I don't even care what my opinions of soccer and football are. I might be confusing soccer with amateur circuit hopscotch for all I know.

Back to the Atari. During its peak of popularity, there were over 1.9 million titles being produced for this game system every day. Every day! On weekends there were probably more because all the game developers had easier access to heroin then. That's how they were able to produce such gems as the following:

- ***Video Olympics*** - Choose from over eight different sports to compete in! No, we don't know what these sports are, but your competitors usually have neon orange skin and a box skull that obscures half the screen! Do you have what it takes to earn the gold medal? Probably not, but that's okay because the "gold" medal is the color of asparagus! And it flashes!
- ***Haunted House*** - A spooky supernatural treat that puts your courage to the max! While adventuring inside a haunted house, your character soon realizes that he is adventuring inside a house that is haunted! Using only a flashlight and some objects that produce random distorted square wave screeches, can you escape? The game's producers are hoping you can't because they never got around to finishing the game! In fact, as much as 90% of the game is incomplete, including a plot, any discernible gameplay, and a way to keep the television from continually producing sounds that resemble a Casio keyboard being shoved into a garbage disposal.
- ***E. T., the Extra-Terrestrial*** - The ever so mass-marketable alien from the 80's needs your help to escape scientists and promote shitty candy. Guide ET and / or Elliot as you travel through hundreds of seemingly identical screens, separated only by a random splotch of color that is used to represent a tree or a bush or a hot air balloon or the producer's niece. Try to rack up as many points as possible on the way, although nobody's really sure as to how that's done. Our best guess involves making the orange rectangle collide with the red one (or possibly vice versa).



A screenshot from the Atari 2600 version of Star Wars.

With choices like these, is there any wonder how dopey people were in the 1980's? If you want to blame video games for something, give up trying to pin youth violence on them. Blame the entire goddamn 80's on them. Miami Vice. Golden Girls. Max Headroom (although Matt Frewer is still my personal hero). Gigantic poofy hair. Iran Contra. Well just Iran I guess, "Contra" came in the 90's. And as bad as the 80's were, they were a lot cheerier than the 90's, a decade portrayed by youthful hipsters defining their angst and individuality by doing whatever the hell all the other people defining angst and individuality were doing. I'm going off on a yet another tangent here, which is actually my second consecutive tangent. Believe it or not, this article was originally going to be about "Return to Castle Wolfenstein," hence the Nazi reference in the title. But I find the 80's more exciting than Hitler, so bear with me.

The successor to the Atari 2600 was the Atari 5200, a system which I was lucky enough to own. Atari shrewdly elected to "upgrade" their control paddles for this system, producing some ham-sized monstrosities that required 5200-pounds of pressure to activate the trigger buttons. This is no exaggeration either; these controllers were made for people from Jupiter that had vice grips for hands. The fascination with pleasing native Jupitarians didn't stop Atari from releasing their cruddy 5200 unit since they wanted to cash in on the wild success of the 2600. And, after all, the number

5200 is like twice the number 2600, so people would be stupid to not buy it! In addition to that, it was featured on the hit Dabney Coleman movie, "Cloak and Dagger!" I spent 40 weeks trying to get ahold of the goddamn Cloak and Dagger video game and nobody anywhere carried it. I became so angry at Jack Flak that I refused to watch that stupid Dabney Coleman sitcom he was in on Fox, where he was some grade school teacher who molested his students for 30 minutes until "Herman's Head" came on. The 5200 had a bunch of good titles including "Football," a game that you could score 700 points against the computer by simply calling running plays and then jogging along the sidelines until your player hit the top of the screen. The Atari 7800 came after this unit and nobody bought it because Atari decided they didn't want to sell them to people. Atari decided they instead wanted to concentrate all their efforts on a completely different system that nobody would buy, the Atari Lynx.

Compared to the rival handheld systems in that time period, namely a bunch of shit LCD games produced by Tiger and some other crud that I can't remember offhand, the Lynx kicked ass. I don't remember why nobody bought it, except perhaps they were all tired of playing Zaxxon on four consecutive Atari models. In fact, I don't remember jack shit about the Lynx except that back in high school my friend Steve had one of them. Steve also got thrown out of school for tossing a canister of tear gas down the hall. Were these events related? Perhaps, which would explain why so many people refused to purchase them. If the tear gas manufactures would've stepped up to the line, Atari wouldn't be in the huge hole they are now. And I assume they're in a hole since I don't recall seeing Dig Dug on any consoles lately.

In conclusion, I think "Return to Castle Wolfenstein" is an excellent game and is worthy of a place in any gamer's library. Small complaints such as shortness of gameplay time can easily be overlooked by large complaints such as suits of armor falling over and crushing you to death when you kick them. Yet throughout the entire game, these complaints took a back seat to the intrigue and mystery which revolved around the American general's refusal to look at the movie screen while they're briefing him in the cutscenes. Did any other of you guys notice that? He never looks at the damn screen! Here they are, the Clark Kent guy and the pseudo-British fatass going on and on about zombies and Hitler and God knows what, and the American general doesn't even have the courtesy to turn around! He just sits there like a goober, staring at the pansy British weenie and flailing about as if ghosts had possessed his underwear. Maybe I'm just mad because the Grey Matter clowns didn't put my idea of a giant Nazi zeppelin into the game. Isn't it illegal to have a game about Nazis that fails to include a zeppelin? If not, it probably should be. Fucking Nazis.

Photoshop Phriday!

As we're going to do every Friday (or at least until we forget), we're presenting the best and most hilarious Photoshop Pheatures phrom the phorums. Okay, this stupid "ph-" gimmick is getting on my nerves. As I was saying, we're going to feature what we consider to be the best Photoshopping threads from the forums, which are currently subscriber-only. I made them into a paid subscriber area because they were simply taking up too much bandwidth and server CPU when they were public. In addition, it cut down on the number of trolls and gimmick posters who registered accounts just to annoy me. So if you'd like to register an account and check out the other great material, grab yourself an account.

This week's Photoshop Phriday feature is based off a series of cheesy sci-fi novels that the forum goons got their grimy hands on and thoroughly mutilated for your pleasure. I present to you, the worst science fiction tales never told!

And you wonder why it took this long for the stories to be told. Head on over and check out the other works of science which also happens to be fiction!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

BADGER BOOKS
FEATURING
"I can't move my fucking legs!"
R. L. FANTHORPE
Very Ineffective and Non-threating Monster Stories
STRANGE. WEIRD. EERIE
MONTHLY
6/-
The horror that just kinda stands there and waves it's arms around and stuff

12.7 Selling Out: Mainstream Humor

Saturday, Dec 08, 2001 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

To many folks, Something Awful's brand of "comedy" is too Internet-centric and well... scary. And to this I say, "yeah, that's what your mom said last night!" See, now that was a joke everyone can understand and appreciate, because everybody has a mom. Sure, she may be rolling around the stomachs of maggots, but that doesn't matter. The point is that the mainstream audience can relate to that joke because everybody knows about moms. But if I had said something like "that's about as entertaining as den.net in a day care center," not many people would understand the reference since den.net was a stupid dot-com with a child-molesting CEO. Plus it's somewhat offensive. And if I said something like "Kurt Warner is passing like proposition H-248A in Grover Cleveland's second administration," I'd be Dennis Miller on Monday Night Football.

So in a concerted effort to make Something Awful more acceptable to your average soccer mom or steelworker, I've decided to do an update full of socially acceptable humor, free of any crass Internet cynicism or pictures of dead babies being eaten by deformed kittens. It'll make us more marketable. Enjoy!

Hard-Hitting Satire

People love TheOnion and stuff right? Well, we can do that!

> *Area Man Mistakes Joe Pesci for Danny DeVito*
>
> ROCHESTER, NY - Local pizza delivery man Jeff Godwin found himself in the chewy caramel center of an embarrassing social faux-pas late last night when he foolishly confused Hollywood big shot Joe Pesci with fellow Italian-American actor Danny DeVito. "Danny DeVito!" Jeff cried, while eavesdropping in on a conversation between five fellow partygoers. "He was great in 'Home Alone'! I love the part where he burns his hand on the doorknob! That clever little boy... what was his name... Elijah Wood?" After an awkward pause, U of R graduate student Mary Saffron, 24, correctly pointed out that Joe Pesci portrayed hapless burglar Harry Lime in the 1990 Macaulay Culkin blockbuster, while Danny DeVito is best known for his challenging portrayal of the Penguin in 1992's "Batman Returns." This is the Godwin's second discomforting blunder in as many weeks, following ill-fated attempt to purchase a Big Mac hamburger sandwich at a Fairport Burger King drive-thru window.

Something that silly would never appear in a real newspaper! Tee-hee!

Email Jokes

Here are some funny jokes I was forwarded in the email!

> Did you hear about the blonde who brought a large thermos with her into Starbucks and asked if was big enough to hold six cups of coffee? The counterman looked at the thermos, hesitated for a few seconds, then finally said, "Yeah. It looks like it would hold six cups to me."The blonde said, " Good. Then give me two regular, two with cream and two decaf, please."
>
> "Are you a lawyer?"
> "Yes, I am."
> "How much do you charge?"

> "A thousand dollars for four questions."
> "Isn't that pretty steep?"
> "Yes, it is. What's your fourth question?"

Those are fine jokes, good Christian humor, but I can do better!

> A cute little boy walks into Church and says, "Father, I have a problem." The priest looks at the little boy and says "What is it I am a priest and I love God!" and the little boy says, "I think my family is dysfunctional." And the priest says, "why is that?" and the little boy says, "because you knocked my mom up on the sly and you really are my father!"

Hmmm... this isn't as easy as I thought. I'll try again:

> Guy walks into a bar and says "Jeez Barkeep, my wife won't get off my case!" Barkeep says, "Ah, she a real nag, eh?" Guy says "Nah, she's a lawyer!"

Close but no cigar! I'll try some workplace humor. It works for Dilbert...

> Guy is talking to his boss says, "Golly, that's a pie in the sky idea! Impossible!" Boss says "Oh you think so?" Guy says, "I know so!" Boss hits him in the face with a pie and grins, "Now the pie has fallen back to earth, so get busy!"

Ah, there we go. Some good clean corporate humor. Share that one around the water cooler, white-collar slaves!

Funny Pictures

Here's a cute funny picture my mom forwarded to me!

Aww! See, they're trying to use the dog door together!

Here's a funny picture I made:

... OK, so I'm really tired and I got distracted and started thinking about banks.

Inspiration

People love inspiring crap too, here's another forwarded email treasure:

Subject: A MESSAGE FOR BIN LADEN

Osama Bin Laden, your time is short;
We'd rather you die, than come to court.
Why are you hiding if it was in God's name?
Your just a punk with a turban; a pathetic shame.
I have a question, about your theory and laws;
"How come you never die for the cause?"
Is it because you're a coward who counts on others?
Well here in America, we stand by our brothers.
As is usual, you failed in your mission;
If you expected pure chaos, you can keep on wishin
Americans are now focused and stronger than ever;
Your death has become our next endeavor.
What you tried to kill, doesn't live in our walls;
It's not in buildings or shopping malls.
If all of our structures came crashing down;
It would still be there, safe and sound.
Because pride and courage can't be destroyed;
Even if the towers leave a deep void.
We'll band together and fill the holes
We'll bury our dead and bless their souls.
But then our energy will focus on you;
And you'll feel the wrath of the Red, White and Blue.
So slither and hide like a snake in the grass;
Because America's coming to kick your a--!!

So I suppose I should post some inspirational garbage too, so you can mail it to your Bridge club or whatever.

Subject: HOW ABOUT KILLING YOUR SON

Your son is a loser and sits in the basement;
Stupid lazy faggot, why hasn't he cleaned it?
Yeah, that's right, he's gay, I saw him last week
He was selling off blowjobs for $5 a piece.
He's committing crimes against God, and it's your entire fault,
So you're going to hell... like... by default.
The only way to be a good Christian is to find your gun
God says it's OK to kill, as long as you're not having fun

Walk into his bedroom and fire fifteen shots,
If you don't he'll turn into a killer robot.
Make sure that you wear gloves or mittens,
Or dead babies will be eaten by deformed kittens.

Sorry, this just isn't working out. I'm not funny to begin with, and trying to write gags for this crazy "mainstream society" is just a little out of my league.

I apologize. Sincerely.

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

12.8 The Confusing History of War and Video Games

Monday, Dec 10, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The Great Battles of History

Since America is currently embroiled in a strange war that represents a unique but not wholly unprecedented type of combat, I thought the time might be right for us all to reflect on the battles past. Even the wars and operations that America wasn't involved in can teach many lessons to the corpulent citizenry of these United States. You see, that's the great thing about how a democracy works; if you don't like the way a war is going you can just write a letter to your congressman and they will redeploy troops to your specifications.

Everyone loves a good war!

Having been raised on two things - war history and video games - I look at every battle fought in a very analytical light. This may fascinate some of you; others may call me a hawkish conservative even though I once wrote an article about animating aborted fetuses as flying sentinels of the cities. So without further ado, I present to you my incomplete history of warfare.

Hannibal Vs Scipio

Having traveled across much of the Roman Empire, Hannibal's unique army of elephant cavalry and more conventional forces had been gradually reduced by battle, sickness, and starvation. His brother dead and reinforcements not forthcoming, Hannibal faced off against Roman commander Scipio at Zama. Unbeknownst to Hannibal, Scipio had upgraded his dwarven spearmen to dwarven long bowmen at the archery range. Hannibal, unable to harvest enough gold or wood to build any more elephant riders could not withstand the withering barrage of arrows and spells cast by Roman necromancers. Even with the added defense of a chain of stone guard towers built at the last minute, the buildings soon caught fire from arrow and axe attacks and Carthage was forced to surrender.

Genghis Kahn Vs Persia

Genghis Kahn avoids skulls and ropes steers, sending Persia a one way ticket to the village named defeat.

In 1219, Genghis lead his vast armies against Persia in a campaign that ultimately destroyed the rule of Khwarezm Shah. The cap stone of this campaign was at the battle of the Pulagati Steppes, where Kahn routed an army of 100,000 Persian archers and chariot teams. An adept horseman, Kahn achieved this victory by pursuing cattle down a slowly scrolling horizontal pen on his blocky horse. Careful to avoid the instant death of running headlong into one of many cow skulls as big as an entire cow, Kahn managed to rope over 700 steers before he began to scroll too fast and intentionally ran himself into a bull to end the battle. Weeks later most of the Persian Empire was ashes.

Richard the Lionhearted Vs Salidan

During the Third Crusade, Richard the Lionhearted led a large army of crusaders against warlord Salidan at the battle of Jerusalem. Fat and bald, Salidan was a masterful tactician, but what

Richard did not know was that Salidan also had the ability to breathe fire. Salidan was in for the battle of a lifetime, facing foes like the treacherous Yoda in a nest and the noble yet wrong-minded fish woman with a basket. Progressing through a series of fortifications by climbing ladders and jumping from one platform to another Salidan finally managed to confront Richard the Lionhearted. A brief but brutal combat ensued between the two. When it was through Richard lay dead, or so Salidan thought. As he began to shoot fireballs randomly around the room in celebration Richard stood up and grew to three times his size. He began to launch seeking white spheres at Salidan that nearly cost him his life, but the crafty warlord prevailed and managed to slay Richard a second time, ending the Third Crusade. Seeing the defeat of their master the dancing fags defected to his side and Salidan ruled over Jerusalem once again in peace.

George Washington Vs Hessian Mercenaries

During the dark days of the American Revolution, Washington crossed the Delaware River on Christmas night 1776 and surprised the predominantly Hessian garrison there. Dispatched from a submarine Washington crept into the Hessian base where he snapped several guard's necks by repeatedly putting them in a sleeper hold. Facing down a number of Hessian elite soldiers like Flintlock Ocelot and Bedlamite Mantis, Washington eventually discovered the truth behind the small pox virus and the DARPA chief. He then faced down Ironclad Gear and Liquid Washington with the help of Pegleg Ninja, destroying them utterly and dealing a mortal blow to British morale.

Washington sneaks behind enemy lines.

Sherman's March to the Sea

After General Sherman captured Atlanta, the South stood no chance of winning the American Civil War. The Confederacy had been defeated in Georgia. However, to make sure that everyone knew that further resistance was futile, General Sherman began a new campaign. He demolished all of the default houses and built a small house for Tim O' Sexy. He then acquired several new and risqué outfits from a dealer and constructed a second and larger house with four bedrooms. Sherman drafted four young women to occupy this house and assigned them "sorority duty". He repeatedly instructed Tim O' Sexy to call them and have them come over to dance and talk together incoherently.

Unfortunately, when he made the bold move to kiss sorority girl Jenny Boobs she rebuffed his advances. This sent Sherman into an angry spiral of buying useless clown paintings and train sets for O' Sexy's bedroom. Soon O' Sexy wasn't cleaning up his trash, was late to his job as a daredevil and was no longer in good with the sorority girls. Eventually Sherman built O'Sexy a pool and when he went for his first swim Sherman removed the ladder and O'Sexy starved to death. The remains of his fortune were used to purchase a picket fence that extended in random directions across his property. Sherman surrendered his entire army to the remains of the Confederacy and was labeled a traitor. The accusations of treason caused his happiness rating to plummet.

The Battle of Verdun

A major military engagement of World War I, the Battle of Verdun was a ten month long ordeal between the French and German armies. The battle was part of an unsuccessful German campaign to take the offensive on the western front. Both the French and German armies suffered incredibly

with an estimated 540,000 French and 430,000 German casualties and no strategic advantages were gained for either side. Many military historians believe Germany had the slight edge in the battle because German generals had moved the difficulty slider to easy. They also enjoyed air superiority for much of the battle as German ace Manfred Von Richthofen destroyed a number of French fighter aircraft and collected the floating orbs they dropped. This gave his fighter the ability to shoot three lasers out of the front and produced two floating pods that automatically tracked a stream of destructive white spheres onto enemy aircraft.

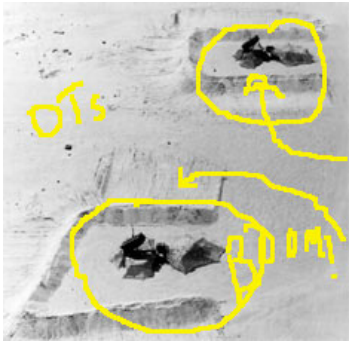
The German Blitzkrieg in France (WWII)

Richthofen strafes advancing French infantry with his tri-laser upgrade.

After overrunning Poland in record time, Germany turned its attention to France's Maginot Line, which it promptly bypassed by invading Denmark and pushing south into France. There is great speculation that the stunning defeat of most of Western Europe owes much to the German's new technological advances in armored warfare. Take for example the Panzer Mk IIc, the German workhorse at the time of the invasion of France in 1940. The Panzer IIc came equipped with a carbon fiber driveshaft, a level 3 turbo kit, sports treads, a 7.92mm coaxial machinegun, an exhaust upgrade, and sports suspension. In addition, master tank strategist Heinz Guderian insisted that all his tanks be tuned for maximum top speed but poor acceleration, allowing the Panzer II to complete the High Speed Ring in less than 45 seconds per lap. Very few tanks even gave the Germans any competition throughout the war until Germany's invasion of the Soviet Union in 1941 introduced the high command to the T-34 Pike's Peak Escudo.

Norman Schwarzkopf Vs Saddam Hussein

In 1991 the United States declared war on Iraq in an effort to protect tenuous allies Kuwait and Saudi Arabia and all of the delicious oil they sell us. While it didn't unseat Saddam as the ruler of Iraq, Scwarzkopf's "Hail Mary" plan dealt the forces of Hussein a crushing defeat on the battlefield. Schwarzkopf had originally planned on using all of his Madden Cards in the attack, but then president George Bush considered it unnecessary and only allowed him to use a silver human plow card, upping his Infantry stats by 50% across the board. The 101st All Madden Division was dropped deep within enemy territory where it disabled the elite forces of the Red Guard by utilizing a powerful offensive line. This paved the way for an all out aerial attack by recent draftees Dan Marino and Rookie QB. Meanwhile back in Washington Madden himself commented uselessly about the battle to no one in particular, drew on radar screens, and gave out those fucking dumb ass Turducken awards.



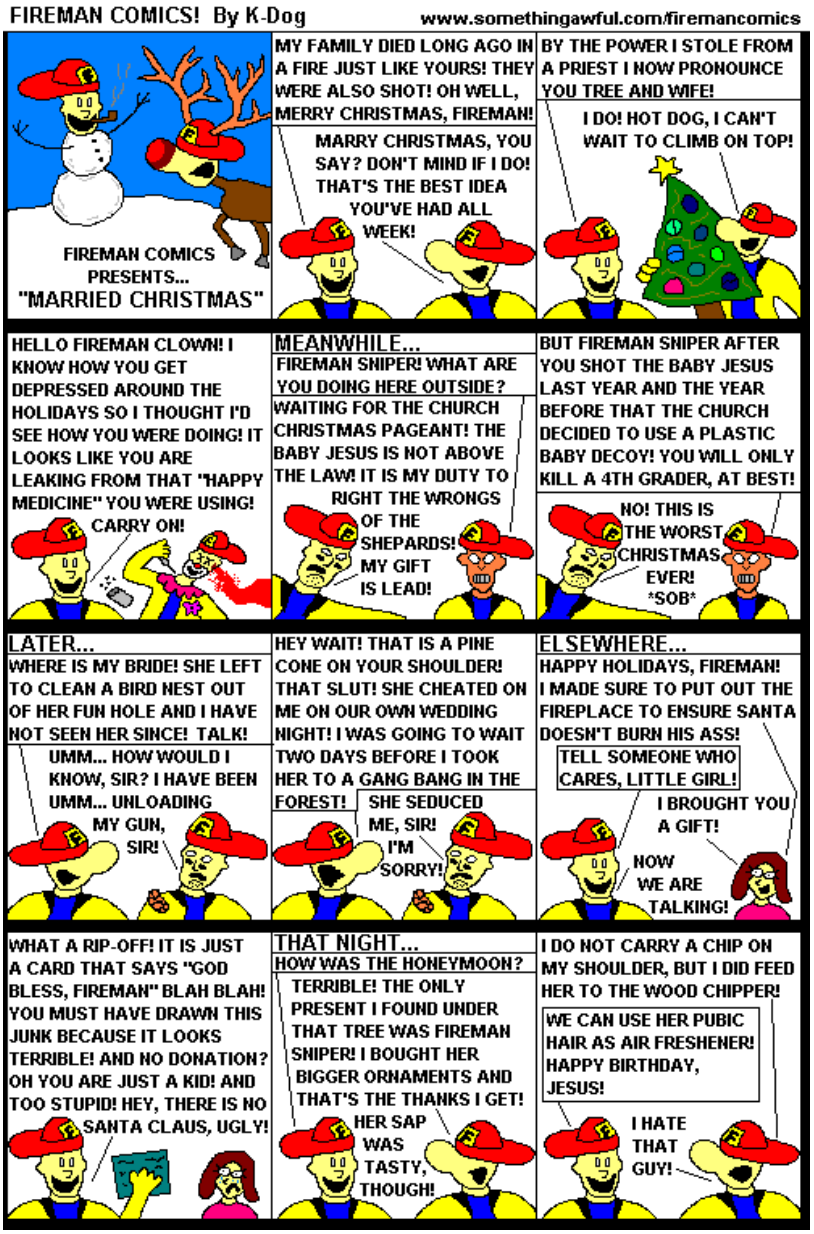
Madden circles two Iraqi targets and shills Tenactin at the same time.

I think it takes a comprehensive knowledge of warfare to fully assess and comment on the situation in Afghanistan. I would like to go into more detail and provide more insight but there are so many battles to cover it just isn't possible. Like the Chinese Zergling rush at Chosin Reservoir or the incredible underground supply network constructed by Dig-Dug and the North Vietnamese. There

are nuggets of knowledge and experience to be gained everywhere for the professional armchair general. Now fire up those letters to your congressman and tell him to send in the jet pack infantry and battle mechs.

When the Thermometer Goes Way Up...

No, it's not a shitty Erasure cover, it's time for an all new Fireman Comic!


FIREMAN COMICS! By K-Dog
www.somethingawful.com/firemancomics
FIREMAN COMICS PRESENTS... "MARRIED CHRISTMAS"
MY FAMILY DIED LONG AGO IN A FIRE JUST LIKE YOURS! THEY WERE ALSO SHOT! OH WELL, MERRY CHRISTMAS, FIREMAN!
MARRY CHRISTMAS, YOU SAY? DON'T MIND IF I DO! THAT'S THE BEST IDEA YOU'VE HAD ALL WEEK!
BY THE POWER I STOLE FROM A PRIEST I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU TREE AND WIFE!
I DO! HOT DOG, I CAN'T WAIT TO CLIMB ON TOP!
HELLO FIREMAN CLOWN! I KNOW HOW YOU GET DEPRESSED AROUND THE HOLIDAYS SO I THOUGHT I'D SEE HOW YOU WERE DOING! IT LOOKS LIKE YOU ARE LEAKING FROM THAT "HAPPY MEDICINE" YOU WERE USING!
CARRY ON!
MEANWHILE...
FIREMAN SNIPER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE OUTSIDE?
WAITING FOR THE CHURCH CHRISTMAS PAGEANT! THE BABY JESUS IS NOT ABOVE THE LAW! IT IS MY DUTY TO RIGHT THE WRONGS OF THE SHEPARDS!
MY GIFT IS LEAD!
BUT FIREMAN SNIPER AFTER YOU SHOT THE BABY JESUS LAST YEAR AND THE YEAR BEFORE THAT THE CHURCH DECIDED TO USE A PLASTIC BABY DECOY! YOU WILL ONLY KILL A 4TH GRADER, AT BEST!
NO! THIS IS THE WORST CHRISTMAS EVER! *SOB*
LATER...
WHERE IS MY BRIDE! SHE LEFT TO CLEAN A BIRD NEST OUT OF HER FUN HOLE AND I HAVE NOT SEEN HER SINCE! TALK!
UMM... HOW WOULD I KNOW, SIR? I HAVE BEEN UMM... UNLOADING MY GUN, SIR!
HEY WAIT! THAT IS A PINE CONE ON YOUR SHOULDER! THAT SLUT! SHE CHEATED ON ME ON OUR OWN WEDDING NIGHT! I WAS GOING TO WAIT TWO DAYS BEFORE I TOOK HER TO A GANG BANG IN THE FOREST!
SHE SEDUCED ME, SIR! I'M SORRY!
ELSEWHERE...
HAPPY HOLIDAYS, FIREMAN! I MADE SURE TO PUT OUT THE FIREPLACE TO ENSURE SANTA DOESN'T BURN HIS ASS!
TELL SOMEONE WHO CARES, LITTLE GIRL!
I BROUGHT YOU A GIFT!
NOW WE ARE TALKING!
WHAT A RIP-OFF! IT IS JUST A CARD THAT SAYS "GOD BLESS, FIREMAN" BLAH BLAH! YOU MUST HAVE DRAWN THIS JUNK BECAUSE IT LOOKS TERRIBLE! AND NO DONATION? OH YOU ARE JUST A KID! AND TOO STUPID! HEY, THERE IS NO SANTA CLAUS, UGLY!
THAT NIGHT...
HOW WAS THE HONEYMOON?
TERRIBLE! THE ONLY PRESENT I FOUND UNDER THAT TREE WAS FIREMAN SNIPER! I BOUGHT HER BIGGER ORNAMENTS AND THAT'S THE THANKS I GET!
HER SAP WAS TASTY, THOUGH!
I DO NOT CARRY A CHIP ON MY SHOULDER, BUT I DID FEED HER TO THE WOOD CHIPPER!
WE CAN USE HER PUBIC HAIR AS AIR FRESHENER! HAPPY BIRTHDAY, JESUS!
I HATE THAT GUY!

I've heard of a green thumb before, but those Firemen have once again caused my monocle to fly right off my face!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.9 Yo Joe!

Tuesday, Dec 11, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Zack has stepped up to the plate and provided our wonderful, five-star site (out of a possible 982 stars) with a review of the ever-so-cruddy Genesis game, *Caliber .50*.

> *In a desperate move to stop the attack of Blonde Guy, Far East has signed away its collective soul to some sort of dark god so that they could enlist the help of three very predictable freakish baboons that throw skulls at you. After dispatching the baboons with some difficulty I proceeded back to the surface, the menace of helicopter attacks left behind and replaced with screen-freezing swarms of bazooka bullets and snipers. This level is a barren desert wasteland strewn with cow skeletons; an ominous sign of things to come. I managed to blast my way through the unending hordes of troops and into a desert canyon full of skeletons. It smelled like an ambush.*

I used to play this game all the time at the Ward Parkway mall near Kansas City. I didn't play the game because I liked it, mind you, but because it was the only arcade machine there that didn't cost nine dollars a minute to play or have a 15-person waiting line. Nobody ever played *Caliber .50*. It was the arcade machine of the damned, the leper who had been cast aside and forced to stand in the back of the room next to the broken skee-ball machine and the sealed up emergency exit door. Of course I probably shouldn't expect much from a game that attempts to simulate the Vietnam War by pitting you against giant monkeys and rotating turtles, but I guess that goes with the territory. The really weird and creepy territory. Head on over now and see what you are missing - for a damn good reason.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

12.10 A car repairing good time!

Wednesday, Dec 12, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

My Life as a Car

I thought it was an immutable fact that my car never breaks down. Sure, it had that problem with the CV Boot years ago, and just a little over two the alternator gave out, but other than those two little incidents it has been a stoic Japanese workhorse. I pretty much knew what the alternator was and after the mechanic explained it to me for the third time while I chuckled and shined a laser pointer in his eyes I finally had it down. If you really want to know, the alternator connects to the engine to transfer energy into useable electricity and charge the battery, I think. I'm not very good with machines bigger than a computer. Cars are out of my league and trains and small buses absolutely terrify me with their Byzantine steam valves and hoses and little pinching gears.

The police in some areas arrest car owners for mistreatment or neglect. Thankfully I do not live in one of these areas.

As for the CV Boot, well I have no fucking clue, I asked the mechanic and he went off on some tangent about the axle and I just started picturing Guns N' Roses' front man Axle Rose eating a plate of lasagna. Then a helicopter piloted by Slash broke in through a glass sun roof and he started shooting at Axle Rose with what at first seemed like machineguns but then I realized were actually bee cannons. Around the time the bear started trying to open a can of tuna like an otter opening a clam the mechanic was wrapping up his tale of the dread CV Boot and I was none the more educated.

All of these years of intimate knowledge about my cars have built into a crescendo of disaster with my car's recent unforgivable starting failure. I tried jumping it multiple times, something that sounds really exciting but you would probably think it isn't if you ever did it. After about the third time I was really hoping my battery would just explode so that I could buy a new one.

My woes with the car have continued over the course of a few weeks, with me alternating between stranded in my apartment, relying on friends for rides and jumping my car long enough to drive it halfway across the lot to have it die again. Some light was on in the dash long before I started having problems, and in hindsight I guess I should have done something about it immediately. Unfortunately, I don't speak car, so I didn't know what the light meant. Also, I am intensely lazy.

I called a local automotive parts shop with the thought that I might be able to replace any diseased components within my car. The man on the other end started spinning his sailor's yarns about amperage and corrosion or the CV Boot or something. I interrupted and told him exactly what the problem was so he would stop using that kind of scandalous language with me.

> **Me:** "Yeah, yeah, yeah, that's what they all say buddy. I'll tell you what my car needs is some more Vitamin C and a sparkplug in the fuel line."
>
> **Clueless Parts Dealer:** "Well I have never heard of such a thing as a sparkplug in a fuel line, but if you will allow me to expand on my theory about a dead battery and a failed alternator we might be able to resolve this problem together."
>
> **Me:** "Slow down there Hoss Cartwright. Back up the gravy train and pull it off the wagon trail, because you've got me all mixed up. What we need here is some unilateral action. Now do you sell bolts and hammers?"
>
> **Clueless Parts Dealer:** "Indeed we do good sir, but I believe you are mistak-"

Me: "That's all I needed to know!"

Never believe the parts man. He is an albatross, a harbinger of terrible things to come, and is not to be trusted.

With greatest haste I made my way to the auto parts shop and purchased a five pound bag of assorted bolts and a five pound hand sledge. I arranged the bolts in a geometric pattern on the hood of my car and hammered about three of them clean through the metal before the whole hood caved in and my car somehow caught on fire. The part's dealer, ever the troublemaker, emerged from the store yelling and liberally doused my car with some sort of confusion foam that also stifled the fire. After a brief exchange of slanderous comments I agreed to allow him to test my battery if he would help me detach the charred remains of my hood so I could continue to pound bolts through it with the hammer.

While I was pounding away he returned from testing my battery to inform me that it was indeed as dead as Jesus after he lost his third life in the ghost mansion or whatever happened. I don't know, the Bible is like cars and I always write my own rules. So I threw a wad of money at him and told him to do what needs to be done, because I wanted him the fuck out of my hair so I could concentrate on those bolts. The more of them I pounded through the harder it was getting to maintain the overall integrity of the hood.

He came back and installed a new battery in my car and told me to start it. So I tossed the keys at his fat head and dazzled him with my laser pointer so I could get back to those bolts. He fired it up and said the "battery light" was still on. I asked him if that's a good sign and he replied "no". I suspected subterfuge.

That was when I blacked out. According to the police report my clothes ripped and my muscles started growing until I was twice my previous size, rippling with huge muscles, and wearing a tattered white shirt and purple jean shorts. My skin was also green. I uprooted a yield sign and threw it into the nearby hospital where it started a fire in the burn ward. Sweet irony!

I say keep your chromed exhaust manifoldy type thing with the gears! Your hard sell makes me angry!

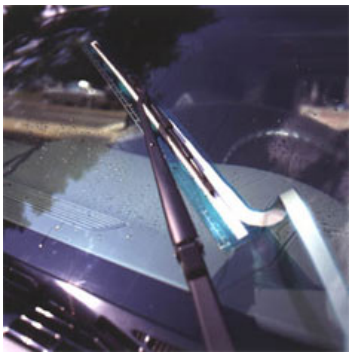
There is nothing like waking to the smell of burning flesh, except for maybe waking to your car still not starting and the sassy auto parts guy telling me I needed a new alternator. Which is actually what happened, and I never blacked out or turned into the Hulk, it turns out I just imagined all that while he was describing why my alternator, in its death throes, had also sucked the life from my battery. So I bought a new alternator too, and since I had such good luck with the hoodbolt installation I figured I could handle things myself. Parts man offered to assist me but I didn't trust his sideways glances and told him to skedaddle off to his parts nook.

I held the not inconsiderable weight of the new alternator in my hands and stared down at my car's exposed engine, so vulnerable and soft. Each piece of worn chrome interlocked elegantly with another piece of spray sealed metal to produce a series of nodes. Connecting these nodes were various rubber-sheathed cables, hoses, and belts, like a giant vulture had decided to make a nest inside my car out of tire scraps. I fumbled around inside this mess, feeling for the comforting hardness of bolts on the alternator, groping perversely like a veterinarian birthing a calf.

Coming up empty handed was not on my dance card. As my frustration grew I began kicking my bumper and grabbing hoses and clawing at them until they separated from parts of my engine,

spewing an interesting variety of neglected fluids. My eyes stinging from some car approximation of blood, I reached elbow deep into the car and extracted the beating heart of alternator goodness. It was the proverbial nexus of energy within my car, the Head Master to my car's Optimus Prime Head Master Edition Transformer.

"That's the wiper fluid reservoir," observed a passing old woman.



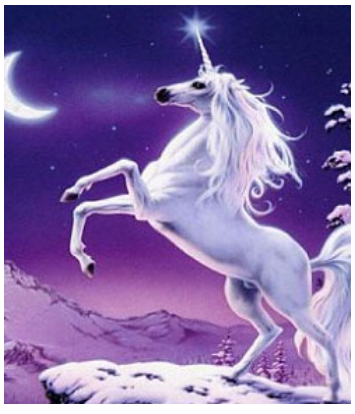
These iMac windshield wipers are attached to a translucent orange reservoir that is easily distinguished from the alternator. I don't own a Macintosh.

I flung it against the window of the auto parts shop with a resounding thud that sent soapy blue liquid splashing across a faded NASCAR decal. Actually the decal was applied from within the store, and it laughed, gloating at my ineffectual attempt to soil it with my car's most useless of humors. I fell to my knees defeated; knowing that if I were in a John Woo movie somewhere behind me a flock of white doves would select this moment to take wing. I did my best impression of that litter-saddened Indian in those old anti-littering commercials and allowed a single tear to roll dramatically down my age-weathered cheeks, cheeks that concealed my secret of an Italian rather than a Native American heritage. Actually I have no idea what the fuck I'm talking about; I'm half-German and half-British and look like something carved out of bar soap.

I actually didn't cry, I didn't throw a tantrum, but I still knew I was beaten. I packed up the new alternator and tossed it in the trunk of my car next to the jumper cables and a three-year old piece of black matte board that I used to mount design mock-ups on. Somewhere in there, probably drifting in the taurus of my spare tire, was an unopened bottle of ketchup that disappeared from a bag of groceries in a millennium past. I blame it for every inconvenience possible, and ancient sealed ketchup makes a better fall guy than you might imagine.

To make a long story somewhat less long than I would make it if I didn't take this opportunity to accelerate and condense the timeline of events subsequent to me departing the parts store, I went to a mechanic and asked him to install the alternator. He asked me a bunch of questions about my car that I could barely answer and then refused to install my store-bought alternator. He informed me a new alternator - identical in every way excluding minute differences in chaos-theory related manufacturing offsets - would cost over twice as much excluding labor. I let him know that this was not an acceptable resolution and departed.

That's when I began building my alternator installation cannon, but I'll save that story for another time. Tonight, as I type this, my car sits in the lot, a wounded predator with no prey. It will start, it will drive, but it is bleeding and cannot last long. I must transplant this occult alternator to its charred breast or all is lost. It will die in my arms, as much as I can cradle a car in my arms, gasping out its final blasts of fiery breath as its electrical systems fail. So, in sad contemplation, I curse the name of a Christ so unmerciful that he will not provide me with a car like the Terminator. One that even though battered and crushed, with its fake skin torn half off of its face, will reroute its internal power supply and go after a giant ball of CGI mercury.



I

I end with a poem. It is a piece most unwieldy and amateur, and one that I hope will better convey my innermost feelings about my car.

Wild Horse
By Jewel Kilcher I'd like to call you my wild horse
and feed you silver sage

I'd like to paint my poems
with desert tongued clay
across
your back
and ride you savagely
as the sweet and southern wind
through a green and wild Kentucky

I'd like to make you my secret sun
blazing dark and red in the orchards
and I would steal away
to watch the way
your silver belly bends
and bows beneath me

I'd make you my wings
in the foothills of Montana
my lover in the oceans of the world

I'd make you my many calico children
and scatter you
across
the green memories of home

I'd be your hunger Valley
and sow your golden fields of wheat
in my womb

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.11 Dungeons and Draggin'

Wednesday, Dec 12, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I AM THE DUNGEON MASTER!!!

The star-studded movie "Dungeons and Dragons" infested my television screen last night while I was in a weakened state and unable to change the channel. I own one of those TV sets that are impossible to turn off without using the remote control, a large, cryptic, confusing slab of plastic that has more buttons than an Eddie Bauer outlet store. I've had my TV set for over a year now and I still can't figure out what half of the keys do because every time I push one them, the television displays some bizarre flashing menu written in an alien foreign language translated from another alien language. The buttons don't only have random words printed *on* them, but they also have random words written *above* them in an entirely different color. In addition, the buttons are different colors and shapes, making it look like a nuclear rocket control system designed by eight-year olds. Alien eight-year olds. With Down's Syndrome. I'm fairly sure that my TV has that useless picture-in-picture feature, but I'll be damned if I can ever get it working since the only time I attempted to activate this feature, men's gymnastics appeared on the main screen and some Cinemax softcore porn appeared on the smaller screen. I kept squinting to discern the women's breasts from the surrounding pillows and floral arrangements in the background, but my eyes would eventually wander off and were greeted by bulging spandex crotches rotating around a brown log thing. My attempts to turn off the television were in vain because I had forgotten the 500-digit secret combination needed to access the 700-digit secret combination required for the process. I eventually ran out of the room and attempted to sell my apartment from a pay phone in another city. Nobody bought it though, as the stench emanating from my carpet was known by law enforcement officers in the surrounding counties.

Needless to say, I was forced to watch "Dungeons and Dragons" last night because my gigantic yam-filled gut was interfering with my ability to fight gravity and track down the remote control. I had heard rumors about how terribly poor "Dungeons and Dragons" was, but I merely dismissed them with a flip of the hand. "Poppycock!" I would shout while flipping my hand in a way to properly dismiss them. "It can't be that bad! I've reviewed movies where the main character was a hunk of wood or a rabid Christmas tree ornament! How bad could it be?"

I AM THE DUNGEON MASTER!!!

Well it turns out that the movie is very bad. Not like "man, that gallon of expired milk I drank tasted bad," but like "the time I passed a gallstone the size of a horseshoe through the inside of my dick was bad." I'm not sure what the plot was about, but it involved dragons. Lots of dragons. If a dragon shipping truck hit another dragon shipping truck on the I-405 and they both blew open, that would be half the number of dragons involved in this film. Jeremy Irons plays the role of a man who has lost any semblance of a career while acting as Mage Profion, the evil magic wizard from hell guy. Mr. Irons apparently developed some central nervous system disease over the years, since each time he speaks any word in this movie his eyebrows shoot up and bulge out as if there are tiny elves pushing them from the inside. After acting in "Dungeons and Dragons," Irons went on to film "Ohio Impromptu" and "Night of the Iguana," which leads me to believe that the good mage should probably cast the spell "revive career" as soon as possible. Oh well, at least the movie didn't kill him like "Street Fighter" did to Raoul Julia.

Mage Profion wants to take over the kingdom of Computer Graphic-tania because he is evil. However, Empress Savina is in charge of Computer Graphic-tania and she rules with a set of laws that sound were written by failed Miss America contestants and freshman liberal arts college students. Half of the movie is dedicated to her long-winded boring diatribes about how everybody is created equal and everybody should be considered equal and we're all the same and all the colors of the rainbow are grey and inside all of us we have the same blood and guts and gooey stuff that would make a really gross sound if it was run over by a minivan. Just listen to one of Al Gore's campaign speeches while staring at a picture of Queen Amidala from "Episode One" and you'll be able to recreate the same experience without running the risk of seeing that annoying Wayans brother act like his skull's being inflated with a bicycle pump. Her idiotic equality speeches were such hokey bullshit, especially when you consider that the movie is based off Dungeons and Dragons, one of the most racist games ever. Think about it; one of the first things on your silly D&D character profile sheet is the category "RACE." Certain types of magic, attacks, and other crud can only be done by certain races, making it impossible for one race to ever be equal to another. That kind of crap drove me nuts when trying to play the game since I can never remember what race / class can do what painfully asinine thing.

DUNGEON MASTER: "You're in a room. There is a door. The room is moist."
ME: "I want to open the door."
DUNGEON MASTER: *(Rolls dice)* "You can't open the door. You're an elf and your elven saving throw versus door opening failed." *(Rolls dice)* "Also, you took 2 damage points."
ME: "Wait, damage from what? Nevermind, I want to throw my flask of flaming oil and burn down the door."
DUNGEON MASTER: *(Rolls dice)* "You throw it but miss the door because you're an elf and you can't throw." *(Rolls dice)* "The oil burns you for 18 damage."
ME: "Fine, I want to cast a 'Open Door' spell."
DUNGEON MASTER: *(Rolls dice)* "You screw up the spell and instead end up casting 'Open Sore.' The dwarf behind you suddenly shouts while dwarf goo drips out of his STD." *(Rolls dice)* "You take 9 damage points."
ME: "Huh? From what? Okay, whatever, I want to give the dwarf all my gold in exchange for him opening the door."
DUNGEON MASTER: *(Rolls dice)* "He accepts your proposal and opens the door for you."
ME: "Great, finally I didn't get hurt by-"
DUNGEON MASTER: *(Rolls dice)* "You get hit in the face by the door for 12 damage points."
ME: "Goddammit."
DUNGEON MASTER: *(Rolls dice)* "Inside the room is a set of chainlinked iron coif shell plate scale power armor."
ME: "I want to wear the armor!"
DUNGEON MASTER: "You can't because you're an elf and the only things elves can wear are those sissy green folded hats and a light cotton blend shirt that attracts enemy projectiles."
ME: "Wait, you never told me that-"
DUNGEON MASTER: *(Rolls dice)* "You suffer 21 damage points of sheer embarrassment for failing to put on the armor in front of the dwarf. You have died."
ME: "Hold on a fucking second here-"
DUNGEON MASTER: *(Rolls dice)* "Your corpse takes 15 damage points."

I AM THE DUNGEON MASTER!!!

In addition to the inherent racism of the game, Marlon Wayans played the role of "Snails" in the movie, a crazy jive-talkin' slap happy stereotypical hip-hop homeboy. The movie's directors should've just called him "Stupid Nigger" because that's apparently what they thought of him. "Hey look! Let's cast a black guy as the inept and cowardly sidekick in our crappy movie!" the producer must've shrieked while snorting up his third line of cocaine. "Then we'll reinforce every negative stereotype of black people only it will be funny because it's supposed to take place in medieval times! Maybe we can dig up Al Jolson from his grave, slap on some black facepaint, give him a bucket of fried chicken, and toss him in front of the camera while we run electric current through his corpse and play Chris Rock standup comedy routines! Everybody likes a stupid nigger!" Wayans, however, got the best deal out of any cast member because his character was killed halfway through the film, saving him an additional 40 minutes of humiliation. Choke on that, you whitebread chumps.

Much like the movie itself, the game Dungeons and Dragons bored me to tears when I tried to play it. My friends used to play D&D all the time in junior high school but I could never really get into it, invariably losing all patience with their stupid rules after the first 20 minutes. TSR, the cretins responsible for this movie, made roughly 10 million billion dollars from D&D rulebooks in the 1980's alone. If the CEO ever wanted a new house, he would simply think up new rules and make his company print them out and distribute them next to the Clearasil display stands in drug stores. You weren't "cool" unless you had the brand new "Orc Underwater Mildew Farmer Parade" campaign book that detailed the rules behind hitting a Confused Blue Wizard Sewer Slime with your +8 Sword of Huckleberry Hound Resistance. So I guess Wizards of the Coast naturally assumed that they could release any crud movie they wanted and their hardcore 1980's geek fanboys would somehow propel themselves out of their couches and stumble into the theaters during a Bawls-induced haze. Too bad all the D&D geeks from the 80's either turned into born again Christians or committed suicide by choking on their own 100-sided dice.

I don't really remember how the movie ended because I began alternating between sleeping and shielding my eyes behind a pillow for the last half. I recall the protagonist going into a treasure room, a bunch of dragons shooting fireballs at Computer Graphic-tania, and an orchestral score which never ever ever stopped playing, even after the movie was over. If I could've found the remote control, I would've changed the channel to something more interesting, such as male crotches in spandex. However, I didn't get to see any crotches and had to instead settle for a movie made by a bunch of dicks.

Bruce Lee - Errr... Lea?

Fragmaster has reviewed one of my all-time favorite movies, the immortal "Bruce Lee Fights Back From the Grave," starring Bruce Lea. Yes, that's correct, Bruce **Lea**. The only affiliation Bruce Lee has with this movie is the fact that his name and picture were stolen and put on a film that didn't respect international copyrights. Fake Purse Ninjas ho!

> *"Bruce Lee Fights Back From The Grave" is just one example of these miserable rip-offs. The title clearly implies that Bruce Lee or at least a zombie Bruce Lee is somehow involved, but this just isn't the case. You see, "Bruce Lee Fights Back From The Grave" stars Bruce K.L. Lea as Wong Han. At least I think that's what his character's name is supposed to be. Every time he says it, it sounds like "Want Ham." So I'll just call him Bruce. I guess I should mention that Bruce K.L. Lea doesn't look or fight anything like the real Bruce Lee did, but that's a given.*

By the way, the company that distributed this film is called "Media." Media! That's like a construction firm being named "Wood" or "Construction" or "Build."

Now that's class, folks! Head on over and check out Bruce Lee - er, Bruce Lea!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

12.12 The fake Bin Laden tape

Friday, Dec 14, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

A New *Moon* Record

Some of you may not be aware of a simple fact, and I'm not going to dance around it with some expository intro, I'm going to get right fucking to it: the moon landing was faked. Sure, you can attribute that sort of theory (truth!) to Art Bell fan boys and trailer dwelling Sasquatch sightseers, but that doesn't change that it really was faked. John Glenn, Neil Armstrong and whoever else was involved in the moon mission - the details are a bit sketchy - never actually left earth. They filmed all of the moon footage in a sound studio in Burbank, California; the same studio where they filmed Laugh In. The special effects team from "Towering Inferno" filmed everything with camera filters that made a bunch of sand look like the moon. The pictures of the earth? Big matte paintings. The Lander? It was made out of aluminum foil and painted cardboard.

Thursday the US government released video footage of Osama Bin Laden admitting to foreknowledge of the attacks on the World Trade Center. As much as I would like to believe that it was real, I just can't. The government has a proven track record of faking information like this when it serves its own ends. We need the continued support of our allies and the best way to curry favor with them is to make it very clear that Bin Laden really is the culprit behind all this.

With a heavy heart I captured the video released by the government and analyzed it frame by frame in a video editing program. After hours spent pouring over the footage with my Arabic friend I discovered a number of glaring inconsistencies. My duty now, as a professional journalist, is to provide you with hard evidence that this video is a cleverly produced fake straight from the Federal Government.

Item 1: Creed Poster

Prior to Bin Laden and his Saudi Shayka companion sitting down for some snacks and a nice chat, we see a wild angle shot of the two men settling in. Partially obscured by a gun-toting extra is a poster on the wall, which, when enhanced digitally proved to be a poster for the band Creed.

In itself this is not damning footage, as Bin Laden could theoretically be a big fan of the band Creed or he could be staying in the basement of an angst filled teenage Christian who happens to have posters of his favorite band up on the wall. I doubt both of these cases though, so I am presenting this as item one.

Item 2: Possible Imposter

Bin Laden is not a remarkable looking man and it would be well within the abilities of the US Government to find a double for him to film this obviously staged scene. In one shot that centers fairly closely on Bin Laden you can obviously see that he is wearing not just a fake nose and beard, but also glasses. This last detail is odd because Bin Laden is not known to wear glasses except when he is doing his crosswords. Editors must have spotted this error on the cutting room floor because the snippet of footage with him wearing glasses is very brief and not repeated.

Item 3: Pikachu

During one shot in which we can see Bin Laden's lower body a stuffed Pikachu doll is clearly visible. Again it is possible, however unlikely, that Bin Laden has a great deal of affection for Pikachu and Pokemon in general. He could, much like Lowtax, rely on his stuffed Pikachu to comfort him in times of stress or crisis. I imagine being subjected to around-the-clock bombing by the most powerful nation on earth might drive any man to cradle his favorite Pokemon beneath his blanket at night.

Item 4: Factual Errors

Couple with a number of suggestive visual clues, the factual errors not edited out or only partially edited out began to solidify my belief that this video was a fake. There were a number of them, so I will only touch on each briefly.

- A copy of "The New Yorker" seen sitting on the floor next to one of Bin Laden's men is opened to the crossword page, which has been nearly completed. Digital enhancement shows that the clue for number 36 across was "He has been given high praise for his upcoming feature debut 'Donnie Darko'". The correct answer was "Richard Kelly", although Bin Laden apparently did not know this because the space was blank. This question was on the December 3rd movie related crossword in "The New Yorker", while the video was supposedly filmed in November.
- At one point audio enhancement allows you to hear someone saying in plain English "Awesome, craft-services brought in fresh salmon for lunch".
- Bin Laden's watch is not set to the same time as a wall clock seen at one point in the video, it is actually set to West Coast US time.
- In scenes filmed near a wrecked US helicopter, one Al Qaeda fighter can been seen drinking a Frappuccino from Starbucks.
- The license plate of a four wheel drive truck in the background bears California registration and the vanity message "2LGT2QT".
- The reflection of a teleprompter is visible in a window pane.

These are probably the most damaging clues to the authenticity of the video, but there are a few more. Apparently unaware of what Bin Laden should say, government scripters wrote in some interesting lines for both him and the Shayka.

UBL: When the first plane hit the building I was in the Viper room talking to Horace about his new line and I was just so "Oh my god girl!"

Shayka: The American devils are so stupid. They drive their cars like "doh doo doo" and Afghani and Saudi men are all like "bee beep bee"

Item 5: Clutch Cargo Mouths

A technique sometimes used on "Late Night with Conan O' Brien", this replaces the mouth of a still photo with a video image of someone talking. During any close-up of Bin Laden a shaky and badly blended mouth will appear while he is talking. For some reason whenever he talked like this he also spoke in English and sounded just like Secretary of Defense Donald H. Rumsfeld.

I can't be certain that this video is a forgery. What I can be certain of is that my gut and my intuition are both telling me that it is one of the worst fakes I've ever seen. They should have involved Hollywood like they did when they faked that damn moon landing, at least that had an interesting ending and a better plot.

Photoshop Phriday - Historical Inaccuracies

Speaking of playing god with the history books, the SA Forums have offered up another bounty of comedy to us! This time the goons have taken to Photoshopping various people and fictional characters into historic photographs. It's quite the eye opener, so take a look!

> *DJ "Howard Beale" thought he remembered Oscar the Grouch being nearby when Martin Luther King Jr. was assassinated.*

I love it when I can write a boring unfunny article and rely on the SA Forums to serve up the comedy that saves the day! Enjoy!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.13 Scientology's Holidays!

Monday, Dec 17, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Happy Scientolidays!

Check out this "bad ass" calendar of events! It's totally rad!

Looking at my calendar here I note two things; that Christmas is fast approaching and that we haven't taken the time to celebrate Scientology on Something Awful lately. This odd alignment of the stars got me to thinking, if Scientology is an actual religion then they probably have their own Holidays, and since I am a huge fan of L. Ron Hubbard I really needed to make it my business to know about them. So I called up my local Church of Scientology, which also happens to be the basement apartment of this guy named Cliff who lives with his widowed mother. Cliff told me that there are several Holidays, including one which supplants and somewhat resembles Christmas. He explained to me how these holidays are celebrated and gave me the dates so that I might enjoy them in the comfort of my own home. Then he just started trying to get me to come over to his basement and sleep on a bunk bed with him (he said I could have the top) and that I needed to bring a valise full of all my liquid assets.

That's how Scientologists operate. They are like really pushy and persistent vampires, who constantly try to infect people with their special brand of cash vampirism. Sites like "Operation: Clambake" and news groups like "alt.religion.scientology" are the Van Helsing to Scientology's Dracula. And L. Ron Hubbard was like those two hot vampire women who were getting all sexy with Keanu Reeves and then Dracula came in and fed them a baby. And Dracula is Xenu, I think. Shit, I've confused myself again.

Since I know a lot of you are avid fans of Scientology and the completely rational beliefs that it includes, I figured I should share the wealth. There may be more Holidays that Cliff didn't tell me about during his harangue about the bunk beds, he might not even know about them since he's only a level 45 Fighter/Body Thetan Remover.

- **The New Year of Scientology - January 1st**

Minutes before the fun begins!

Coming on the same date as the Roman New Year, the Scientologicalistical New Year is celebrated much differently. Festivities are held at ever Church of Scientology facility, including stringing up flashing lights and placing refrigerator magnets of L. Ron Hubbard axioms on every metal surface. A caged and starved tiger is brought in (if the facility is small or poor a caged and starved dog will be used in the tiger's place) and forced to watch the Scientologists devour pounds of red meat, often including live human babies. Worked nearly into a frenzy the tiger is then released in the facility to chase the Scientologists through the halls trying to get at the fresh baby meat buried in their soft bellies. These "running of the tiger" events often result in at least one fatality and a number of serious injuries from tiger maulings and gout induced by the richness of infant meat.

- **All Xenu's Day - February 18th**

The lord and master and two ton disaster of Scientology Xenu is congratulated for being such an

incredible alien overlord on the 18th of February every year. Scientologists everywhere join together singing songs of praise such as "We Love You Deeply, Xenu" and "Xenu, bitch up in this shit, yo, rockin' the mike East SIDDDAHZ got the hot ish!" which is a lovely choral piece. At the end of the night the Scientologists practice their breakdancing moves on mats made from consecrated cardboard while a life-size holographic projection of the guy from the "Fat Boys" who died be-boxes. The person who is the best breakdancer is declared "Clear" and given a plane ticket to Easter Island, which is where the fun really starts.

- **Clamtastrophe! - April 9th**

Hubbardonians believe that the reaction to stress of clenching your jaw only seen in movies with cowboys and Bruce Willis is actually because we used to be clams and now we remember it or something. When I was a clam I was a clam DJ and I would spin crazy beats at the House of Clam, I had everything; money, women, and power. Now look at me, I'm a worthless human shitball writing for a web site with none of the three mentioned qualities. But I digress! "Clamtastrophe!" is one of the biggest Holidays of the Scientomonomistimy year and it attracts people from across the globe to Scientology's underground inner sanctum in the mountains of Peru. In the blood pits where the infant cadavers are drained for kosher Scientology meals a lucky few get to romp in a crimson drenched bacchanal of sex and violence. The rest of those attending will watch from the big screens and participate in a number of baby-themed games and merry-making. Just imagine those posters abortion protesters put up of a dead fetus, that's what the plates look like at the dinners, only with some red potatoes and a white sauce.

- **Deep Sea Fun Mission - June 4th**

In 1967 L. Ron Hubbard was leading a mission of Sea Org to test the first Scientology submarine, the LRH Thetan Seeker, when things went disastrously wrong. The sub began to leak terribly, possibly due to Thetans infesting its instrumentation and E-Meter sonar system. In a few short minutes the entire aft section was completely flooded and the sub had settled to the ocean bed, some 900 feet below the waters surface. Over the radio trapped sailors could be heard screaming for help. Rescue operations led by Hubbard failed completely as the explosive charges he had hoped would blast the sub to the surface actually just blew it in half and killed the survivors of the initial disaster.

1998's wooden sub made it to a record depth of 97 feet.

Since 1968 June 4th, the date of the sinking, has been celebrated as a holiday with in the church of Scientology. A submarine made from wood will be filled to the brim with Scientologists who have failed to meet payment requirements or who have otherwise committed thought crimes. Huge lead weights are then attached to the bottom of the sub and it sinks quickly. For added fun the Scientologists onboard several yachts on the surface place bets on what depth the sub will finally implode at. The winner gets to butcher and eat the families of those sent to the bottom.

- **Lobster Celebration - October 31st**

Submarines and clams aren't the only relationship with the sea that Scientology has. Level 3 and above member of the church begin to undergo a bodily transformation into something not quite human. This being, which achieves maturity around Level 9 (after you kill Zorgar in the Snake Bite mountains and get his magic broom handle +5), closely resembles a giant lobster. These advanced scientologists can be disguised as normal human beings using strange technologies given to the church in a dark alliance with Xenu. On the 31st of October, the night when fiends of all manner stalk the night, the Scientologists cast off their disguises and walk openly as giant lobster creatures. Since

they are so large they require an incredible amount of meat to sustain their life. Can you guess where the meat comes from? Here's a hint; it rhymes with "maybes".

- **Night of the Long Knives - November 30th**

While this holiday sounds sinister, it actually isn't, since the Scientologists kill each other instead of innocent people in a complicated series of clandestine strikes. The leadership of the church will frequently change during this night. There really isn't any real reason for all this to happen, just the usual noble greed that motivates the church once again gripping its members with an unquenchable lust for money (and babies).

- **Giant Floating Orb of Money - December 25th**

It's pretty well known that Scientology rakes in ridiculous amounts of cash, but where does it all go? To the giant floating orb of money (and pain) of course! It is an-ever growing sphere composed of cash that spins at the exact center of the earth, accessible only by advanced Scientologist Thetan projection technology. The Scientologists give praise to this floating ball of money and with a blinding flash and the slightest smell of frying bacon, they transport their money into the orb. Many of them work a day job just to earn money to give to the floating orb, when they give money they receive the best wishes of the orb, often printed on a piece of blue paper that says "THANKS FOR YOUR MONEY JERKWAD."

This is the first incarnation of the money sphere. It was this size for about five seconds. Now it's nearly as big as the moon.

Now I know how to spend a few more days of each year instead of just shaking in the darkness hoping for a merciful God to come and claim my life. Thanks for restoring meaning to me Scientology, you are the glue that binds together my shattered dreams!

Ja! Hooray! Ein neuer Kitty und Fatty Karikatur!

Incredible dreamboat Dante Passera has completed his third and longest Kitty and Fatty cartoon! It's really something, uh... well, it's something! Check it out!

It features dancing elves, Nazis, death, and rebirth. Who could ask for more?

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.14 I Was A Pre-Teen Psychopath

Monday, Dec 17, 2001 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

Since I'm unemployed and have nothing better to do, I decided to travel back to my childhood home in snowy Western New York for the holidays. While adjusting to the lack of both decent temperatures and asshole Southern California SUV drivers that constantly try to run me over, I've been doing what any down on his luck nerd worth his two-inch thick spectacles would do in this situation: sell off all my precious childhood memories on eBay.

Me, age 4, taking a break from Stickybear and Pac-Man on my trusty Apple IIe. I'm still sitting in front of computers, wearing that exact same shirt.

Actually, that's not entirely true. While I do have a stack of old computer parts, baseball cards, comic books, *Transformers*, and *He-Man* figures in the basement that I plan on selling to fat men living in basements, I haven't really got around to auctioning off much of anything. I've been too busy being cold and scaring old friends and relatives. But what's distracted me the most from my ultimate goal of pawning off the treasured heirlooms of my youth is the shocking discovery that I was one *messed up* little kid.

Sure, I'm not exactly the picture of perfect mental health nowadays either, but I can blame all my current problems (outside of the physical deformities) on my long exposure to the Internet. But the only person I can blame for being a stupid little kid is myself. Or my parents. And that's no good, I need something tangible, something I can get money out of. Hmmm, maybe I can sue Sesame Street! No, that wouldn't work, if they called Big Bird as a witness I'd freak out and start crying. I saw him bite a kid's head off and eat it once, I swear. And that Bert character hangs out with known terrorists.

I submit to you as evidence a few choice entries from my second grade, age eight, February 1988 journal. Thankfully, this is the only second grade journal I've managed to unearth thus far. I sincerely hope for the sake of mankind that the rest have been destroyed. As you can see - even back then - I was already well on my way to embarking on a successful career as a geek-ass loser:

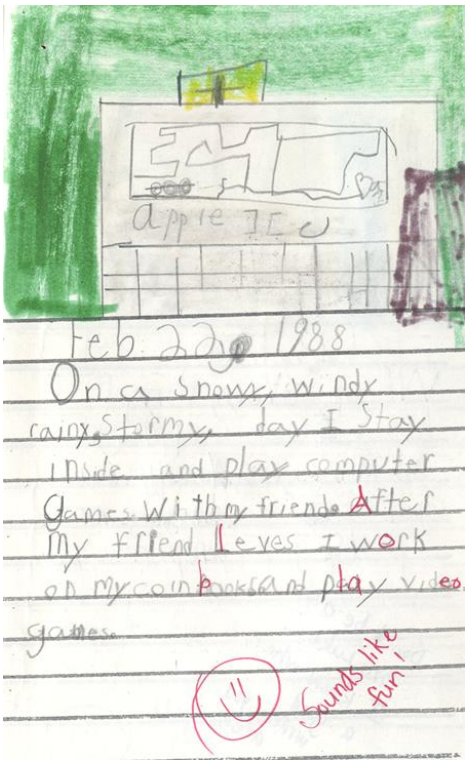
If you can't make out my childish scrawl (which really hasn't gotten much better with age), this is what the entry reads:

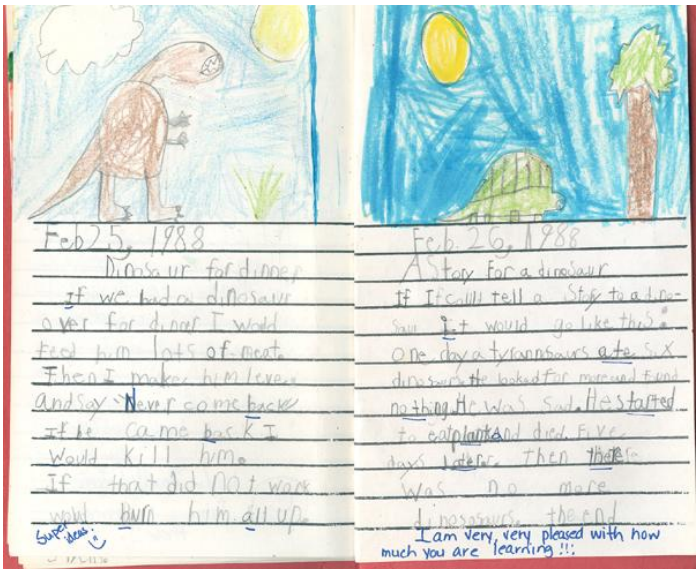
> *Feb 22, 1988: On a snowy, windy, rainy, stormy, day I stay inside and play computer games. With my friend. After my friend leves I work on my coinbook and play video games.*

Way to spend the most impressionable years of your life, wasting time on computers with 8-inch discs, playing *Karate Kid* for NES, and... collecting coins?! Oh, how embarrassing. Yes, it's true: I used to collect coins. I spent many hours painstakingly jamming pennies into stupid cardboard books. In my equally geeky early teenage years, I cannibalized my extensive collection of quarters in mere minutes, since I needed them to solve *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles* down at the arcade. Check out my horrible drawing of an Apple IIe. I don't know what game I was trying to portray, but it doesn't look very fun.

And even back then, I used way too many commas. I also was completely fascinated by dinosaurs as a young lad. Check out these thrilling back-to-back journal entries:

Again, here's the translation:


Feb 22 1988
On a snowy, windy rainy, stormy, day I stay inside and play computer Games with my friends. After my friend leaves I work on my coin books and play video games.
Sounds like fun!


Feb 25, 1988
Dinosaur for dinner
If we had a dinosaur over for dinner I would feed him lots of meat. Then I make him leve and say "never come back." If he came back I would kill him. If that did not work would burn him all up.
super ideas :)
Feb 26, 1988
A story for a dinosaur
I am very, very pleased with how much you are learning !!:

Feb 25, 1988: Dinosaur for dinner. If we had a dinosaur over for dinner I would feed him lots of meat. Then I make him leve. And say "never come back." If he came back I would kill him. If that did not work wolud burn him all up.

To this my teacher, Mrs. Lodge, replies: "super ideas :)" Way to encourage childish stupidity, Mrs. Lodge, no wonder I ended up writing for this godforsaken site instead of a respectable magazine like the *National Enquirer*! If killing the dinosaur didn't work, I would burn him all up? What?!? You

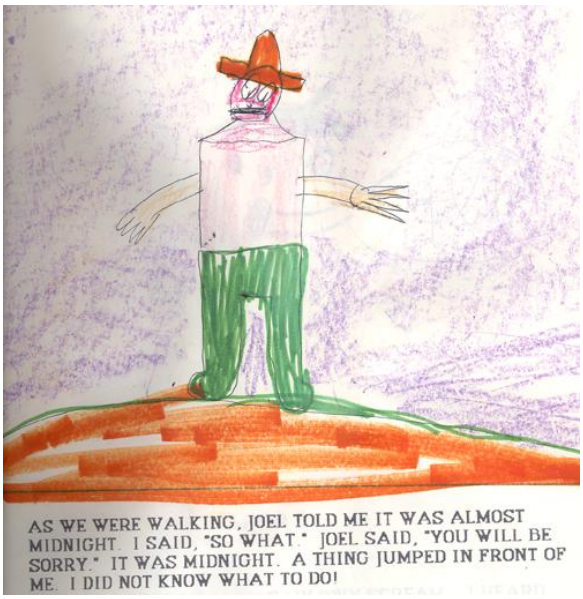
retard. Dinosaurs **are not** witches!

The next entry isn't much better:

> *Feb 26, 1988: A Story For a dinosaur. If I could tell a story to a dino-saur it would go like this: one day a tyrannosaurs ate six dinosaurs. He looked for more and found no thing. He was sad. He started to eatplantsAnd died. Five days later. Then there were no more dinosaurs. The end.*

"I am very, very pleased with how much you are learning!!!" my teacher says. What exactly did I learn? That "eat plants" is one word? That dinosaurs went extinct because one T-Rex ate all the other dinosaurs, was forced to eat trees, and croaked? Wait a minute, why I am telling stories to dinosaurs? **Dinosaurs are extinct, you dumb little shit**! You can't tell them stories or invite them over to dinner! Jesus Christ, if I ever travel back in time I'm going to kick your pansy coin-collecting carcass over a goal post.

I also discovered a cache of "books" I wrote in fourth grade. You would think that at the ripe old age of ten, I'd be a little less pathetic. Sadly, it just isn't so. Here's a scan from "Horror at Midnight: Book One:"


AS WE WERE WALKING, JOEL TOLD ME IT WAS ALMOST
MIDNIGHT. I SAID, "SO WHAT." JOEL SAID, "YOU WILL BE
SORRY." IT WAS MIDNIGHT. A THING JUMPED IN FRONT OF
ME. I DID NOT KNOW WHAT TO DO!

> *AS WE WERE WALKING, JOEL TOLD ME IT WAS ALMOST MIDNIGHT. I SAID, "SO WHAT." JOEL SAID, "YOU WILL BE SORRY." IT WAS MIDNIGHT. A THING JUMPED IN FRONT OF ME. I DID NOT KNOW WHAT TO DO!*

On the next page, it continues: "I HEARD A SCREAM. IT WAS MY OWN SCREAM. I HEARD MY NAME, 'BRIAN, BRIAN.' IT WAS JOEL." Nice work, Steven King Jr.! That's some snappy dialogue! Some truly terrifying tribulations you've whipped up there! The second book is more of the same, the only thing interesting about it is that a girl in my class who grew up to be really hot wrote "excellent story" and signed her name on the back cover. In hindsight, I should have used this book as a pickup line in High School: "Hey baby, if you liked 'Horror at Midnight: Book Two' you'll love my latest work: 'Whore, You're in My Bedroom: Tonight!'" Yeah, that would have probably worked.

It seems as if the "Horror at Midnight" books were a runaway success amongst my classmates or something, so I followed them up with the equally thrilling "Horror in the Basement" books. Here's chapter two and three from "Horror in the Basement: Book Two:"

I GUESS YOU'RE WONDERING WHAT I SAW. IF YOU'RE NOT WONDERING WHAT I SAW, YOU'RE RIGHT.....A PARSONGON.

SCOTT MUMBLED, "BRIAN, WE-UM.....BETTER RUN." THE PARSONGONS WERE OVER 300 FEET AWAY, BUT THEY RUN FAST."

SCOTT AND I WENT WEST AND SCOTT WHISPERED, " A SCARE-A-SAURS IS AROUND HERE."

NOW I THOUGHT SCOTT WAS SOME PSYCHO-WACKO BECAUSE I KNEW THERE WAS NO SUCH THING AS A SCARE-A-SAURS BUT, I WAS IN FOR A BIG SURPRISE.

CHAPTER THREE

NEXT THING I KNEW A BIG MONSTER CAME OUT OF NOWHERE AND BLEW OUT FIRE. THE MONSTER WAS HALF MAN-HALF DINOSAUR AND ABOUT 8 FEET TALL. SCOTT THREW STUFF AT THE MONSTER BUT THE HORRIBLE MONSTER GRABBED SCOTT AND ATE SCOTT UP. WELL, I DIDN'T SEE HIM GET SCOTT. I JUST THOUGHT THAT SCOTT GOT GOBBLED UP BECAUSE I NEVER REALLY SAW HIM GO INTO HIS MOUTH. THEN I HEARD A GROAN "OOH-H-H-H." THAT WAS WHEN I SAW SCOTT!

It's interesting to see how little my artistic abilities have advanced. Compare this to some of my more recent work and you won't be able to discern much of an improvement. So why do both monster things feature a big number twelve on their chest? The answer is quite simple, really: I was a big Buffalo Bills fan back then and twelve was quarterback Jim Kelly's jersey number. I guess it made sense to put his number on every monster in the book. I think I seriously thought it was a funny or clever thing to do at the time.

Speaking of "funny," one of the books in the stack was probably my earliest attempt at satire. It's

entitled "What Really Happened at the Revolutionary War." Since the illustrations in this book are sparse, I'll just transcribe a bit of it here:

> *In winter, 1777, American soldiers went to Valley Forge because the British captured Philadelphia. They were trying to get it back.*
>
> It was so hot at Valley Forge that everyone had to wear no clothes. If they did they would die of heat stroke.
>
> There was so much food that almost everyone died because they ate too much.
>
> Meanwhile, England tried to start a war with Mexico because they felt like it. Most of them froze to death.

Hahaha! It's funny because - in reality - Valley Forge was terribly cold and miserable! I cleverly told the *opposite* of the truth, thus creating scathing political commentary! And that bit about England invading Mexico? How delightfully ludicrous!

Near the end of the book, there's this little masterwork:

> *The Kevination of Independence cannot be written about because John Hancock lost it on his computer. The Nintendo version was blown up by an angry apple pie.*

What a hoot! Our founding fathers didn't have access to computers! And how could an apple pie blow up a Nintendo cartridge? That's silly! It's hijinxs! Hilarious hijinxs, I tell you!

sigh

And the box crammed with comics I churned out during Middle School study halls? The hundred-page plus collection of 8th grade penned short stories? They only made me more sad and depressed. That junk made the High School "humor" pieces I wrote about *Quake* and unfortunately posted on the Internet look like pure unadulterated genius.

Looking through my past failures had one positive effect, however. It made me realize that I was doomed all along. I was destined to be a second-rate freak, and there's nothing I could have done to alter my fate. I still can't draw, I continue to write embarrassingly bad, unfunny crap (proven by my update last week, if nothing else), and I still have the overall mentality of a drooling, annoying rugrat who wants to invite dinosaurs over for dinner and tell them historically inaccurate stories.

The only real differences is that I'm taller, my eyesight is quite a bit worse, and instead of thinking that girls are icky, they all think I'm icky.

If I really did have the opportunity to meet my second grade self, I probably wouldn't really follow through on my previous threat of kicking him for a field goal or perhaps an extra point. Instead, I'd probably just give him some advance tips for *River City Ransom* and beg him not to waste so much money on baseball cards. "They're never going to be worth anything, buy Microsoft stock instead," I'd say.

Besides, kicking myself over a goal post would be too much work. I'd just beat me up, because it'd be one fight I'd be sure to win, either way. My old self wouldn't care, he was probably used to daily beatings by then. Loser.

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

12.15 Paintball subterfuge.

Tuesday, Dec 18, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Paintball: The Sport of Kings

Bloat-gutted hunting enthusiasts, former and current military personnel, and adult children who refuse to give up their glory days of playing soldier in a vacant lot seem to be the crowd most commonly drawn to the game/sport/whatever of paint ball. If you're not familiar with how it works, please allow me to give you a brief tutorial: A bunch of raving gun nuts and some college kids home on vacation square off, usually into two teams, to either capture a flag or eliminate every member of the opposing team. This is done by using a paint ball gun, naturally, which is a pump-action or semi-automatic projectile weapon that propels marble-sized spheres of washable paint using compressed carbon dioxide. I say weapon because if you've ever been shot repeatedly in unprotected areas by a paint ball gun you know that they do a little more than sting, they will raise welts, bruise you, possibly even break your bones if you have that disease that Samuel L. Jackson had in "Unbreakable".

These guys know how to kill a deer with a sack of rocks and are willing to use the same tactics on you.

Despite the fact that actually being shot by a paintball gun sounds about as pleasant as having your toe-nails pulled out by a Colombian drug lord's hit squad, the game is actually extremely fun. I haven't played it in a few years but I used to own a paint ball gun and play every month or so. Like with any hobby there were (and I assume still are) two general levels of people involved in paint ball. There were the passing enthusiasts like me, who maybe owned gun and a mask, maybe just rented gear on the course, but just enjoyed the simulated event of shooting another person to death. Then there were the raving fucking paintball batshit loonies. These people scared the hell out of me, not because they were intimidating, but because they were spending thousands of dollars to play a game against a ten year old boy who cries when you shoot him in the back from 50 feet away.

If all you walk away with are a few welts like this consider yourself either skilled or lucky.

My personal style when playing paint ball was always to catch people off guard with my daring and downright idiotic bravado. I would sing really loud stupid songs while I was playing and charge forward to capture objectives and yell taunts at ex-Navy SEAL members who were wearing some sort of fiber optic camouflage that made them blend in with the trees and using guns that called in paint ball bombardments from orbital weapons platforms. One of my favorite anecdotes involves a group of these guys who played ever week at a local course. The first time we played them it took us about five seconds to know we were out classed. They had camouflage netting they wore over fatigues, state-of-the-art paint ball guns (you'd be surprised how high-tech and expensive these things can get), combat webbing, custom face masks, and I think at least one of them had human ears on a necklace.

Of course they kicked our asses. I don't have an underdog story to tell about how we rallied to beat the crazy Vietnam vets at their own game. I think in 5 consecutive matches maybe one of them got shot and the ball didn't even break on their netting shit so it didn't count. However, in between matches one of my friends and I made an interesting note. They were using two-channel voice activated radios to communicate with one another. After getting our asses handed to us for the last time that day my friend and I went out to radio shack and bought the

cheapest set of multi-channel walkie-talkies we could find. The pieces of junk were like ten dollars. A few weeks later we showed up at the paint ball course and the death squad was there again, ready to take us down. So we explained the plan to our friends; we would stow the radios in the bullpen where you go when you've been "killed". The people who are eliminated can then use the radios to continue a little informational warfare against Cl4n D43th's H34d out there.

Right away I got pegged. I either do really shitty or really good (for a lazy amateur) in any given game of paint ball, and I think I actually wanted to be the first out so I could try to mess with them. So I hoofed it to the little shack where everyone stows their gear and pulled out one of the Radio Shack radios. I tuned through the channels on the walkie talkie and very quickly found the one they were using. I then listened to them for a minute or two, knowing I didn't have long before the noose tightened on the besieged defenders of our flag.

Some people take the game a bit too seriously, for example people who would purchase this 2,000 dollar paintball MORTAR.

Doing my best impression of one of the guy's voices I said "I have the flag, pull back". A second later I heard "confirmed". Stifling a girlish giggle I waited to see what would develop. It didn't take long before "this is Bravo, please verify flag position" crackled over the radio.

I didn't wait for someone else on their team to respond, I cut in "I'm under heavy fire (pulling the trigger on my unloaded paint gun so they could hear convincing pops of compressed air) I'm by the big log."

I didn't know if there was a big log or not, but I was going to try to convince them there was one. They were good though, as amusing and effective as that brief distraction was it was only maybe ten seconds later that I realized the jig was up.

"Say again? Who is this?"

"This is Echo Charlie," I replied, "I'm by the log! Dammit I need help here guys!"

"This channel has been compromised." Cold, calculated, I think I pissed them off.

But I wasn't done yet. A few more casualties from our team had returned to the base and I could see one of their guys solemnly walking to the dead pool as well. This was a major victory! We'd bloodied their nose!

Frantically, telling the other guys from my team to shut the hell up, I dialed through the channels on the radio looking for the alternate channel. The enemy team members were just chattering with one another, asking for status and various other bullshit. I looked down at the walkie talkie and saw my path laid before me in poorly molded yellow plastic, assembled in Taiwan. I motioned for the guys to watch the dead man walking from their team and they leaned across the benches to see. I hit the yellow button.

The poor guy looked like he had been shot for real, and he tore his headset off in frustration, letting it drop limp on some sort of complicated clip that attached to his ridiculous battle harness. I think it took them a disastrous ten whole minutes to mop up our entire team, but we got one of them, and ten minutes was a lot better than the five it normally took. The angry looks in their eyes told us that we had won the battle and lost the war. Another hint was when they put their radios in their duffle bags after that match and proceeded to whip our asses three more games in a row. But they were shaken, and I had achieved my favorite goal in life; making something that much less fun for someone else.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.16 Law and Order Up!

Thursday, Dec 20, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

The face of crime today! Run!

The American public has somehow lost its faith in the justice system over the past few decades. People across the nation spend sleepless nights, tossing and turning restlessly and worrying about the current state of the American legal profession. Then their wife rolls over and asks, "honey, what's wrong? It's not the justice system again, is it?" and the other person replies that this is indeed the case. Then they kiss and have justice system sex which is very hot and provocatively alluring because they're both women or one of them is a very effeminate man who looks like a female if I squint really hard and drink that beer they sell in the bad part of town which has a name like "Captain Steamship's Incredible Alcohol Adventure." That's the name of the beer, not the part of the town. If there was a town in Washington named "Captain Steamship's Incredible Alcohol Adventure," I'd move there within minutes or at least purchase a t-shirt with their town's name emblazoned across the back.

Although I've gotten momentarily sidetracked by "Captain Steamship's Incredible Alcohol Adventure," I am still adhering to my original point about the justice system, whatever the hell it may be. The public's confidence in the legal system began to erode in the 1980's, around the same time President Regan started his infamous "war on drugs." His idea to combat drug trafficking and use revolved around two key elements:

> 1. Ordering police officers in Los Angeles to stand around and scowl more frequently,
> 2. Airing anti-drug public service announcements between Saturday morning cartoons. These cartoons all featured some talking animal that had seven frames of total animation, four of which were used on their breakdancing sequence. These announcements would be lodged in between cartoons about floating magic Rubix Cubes that could speak, so children really got the message that drugs weren't for them; they were for the people who make cartoons.

The war on drugs soon shifted to the war on gangs since you can shoot at drugs all you want but you'll never be able to kill them, unlike gang members. The police targeted anybody wearing headbands, jean jackets, and those 80-pound cassette tape boom boxes that were unfortunately popular back then. Then the gangs smarted up and stopped wearing headbands which turned out to be the fatal flaw in the law enforcement's grand scheme. As time progressed linearly, the police officers began to adopt a new anti-gang plan in the 90's, one which consisted of simply shooting random black people and hoping they had committed a crime or were planning to commit a crime or once saw a movie about a person who thought about committing a crime. While this plan stopped a lot of would-be criminals from potentially breaking the law, it didn't help the public's perception of the American law enforcement division, a negative outlook which they still suffer from to this day.

However, today's update is not about the many flaws inherent to our justice system. As many of you readers out there know, Something Awful is a very positive and upbeat site, choosing to continually adopt a cheery spin on every outlook and news item. We're a digitized version of a three headed octopus that is part Kathy Lee Gifford, part Martha Stewart, and part floating wad of death from the movie "The Langoliers." Also we can shoot a combination of fire and ink (which we call "flaming ink") at anybody who seems threatening to us or happens to be our natural predator, the dove. So strap yourselves in, folks, because your shaky faith in the American legal system is going to be

completely rebuilt and strengthened by the rock-solid foundation of the following article.

> Men's lawsuit challenges constitutionality of park sex sting - *The suit alleges that men perceived as gays seeking illegal sexual activity were arrested and their cars were impounded for acts such as waving at police decoys. According to the suit, Gmerick, who often used the park's walking trails, was arrested in June when police said he gestured suggestively to an undercover officer.* ***He was charged with being an annoying person,*** *but the charges were dropped. Other plaintiffs****were arrested for waving****and accepting an undercover officer's offer to go have a drink, they said in the suit.* (**NOTE:** I added the bold print for emphasis. Same goes for the pink font. I'm not sure why I underlined part of it, though. I think I pressed the wrong key.)

Now if you're like me, and I know I am, you'll find this tidbit of news to be the most exciting thing since the last time Salon.com laid off people and hinted at bankruptcy. Finally, the police and other government officials are boldly and recklessly pursuing the true criminals in today's society: the friendly waving homosexuals. Why it was just last week when I found myself walking down the street minding my own business, when a probable homosexual waved in my general direction, causing a nearby baby to began sobbing uncontrollably and her mother to remark, "when will we ever be free of these horrible homosexual greetings?" I consoled her as best as I could while the homosexual menace casually strolled down the sidewalk, arrogantly reveling in his immunity to legal prosecution. Our society has been oppressed too long by the iron-fisted reign of terror caused by gay waving people and I wholeheartedly support this crackdown on individuals who ignorantly believe that greeting people and drinking in bars isn't a highly illegal and amoral activity punishable by the death penalty or at least the towing of their car.

ADetroit Police Anti-Queer task force unit.

This article is simply fantastic in a wide variety of ways. First off we've got a large portion of the Detroit Police force currently sitting around in unmarked cars, using binoculars and hidden cameras to look for horny waving homosexuals. I hope the city took some of their officers off less-important duties such as busting crackhouses or patrolling neighborhoods so they could become part of Task Force Anti-Queer. They probably gave the anti-queer patrol some really nice jackets that had a penis logo with a big "X" through it. Then the anti-queers piled into their unmarked anti-queermobiles and drove through the bad, crime-infested part of town so they could reach the nice, fag-infested part of town where homosexual men gallivanted about and waved at each other with frightening ease. After a lengthy stakeout, a Task Force Anti-Queer member would approach a seemingly homosexual man and engage in the following conversation:

> **ANTI-QUEER COP:** "Hey there sexy non-heterosexual man. How are you?"
> **GAY GUY:** "Just fine. Do you know where the bookstore is?"
> **ANTI-QUEER COP:** "Sure I do, but I was wondering if you could do a little something for me."
> **GAY GUY:** "Well I really don't have the time, I need to get to the bookstore before it closes. Isn't it down this street?"
> **ANTI-QUEER COP:** "I'll tell you where the bookstore is if you do this one little thing for me, sailor."
> **GAY GUY:** "Fine, just hurry up and tell me because I really need to pick up this book before it closes tonight."
> **ANTI-QUEER COP:** "I want you to wave to me, long and hard. Wave to me now,

handsome, I want to see you wave!"
GAY GUY: "Uh, you mean like this?" *(waves to cop)*
ANTI-QUEER COP: "That's it buddy, you're under arrest!" *(thousands of cops come rushing from around the corner brandishing assault rifles and tear gas canisters)*
GAY GUY: "No! Please don't bust me! If my family knew I waved to people they'd disown me and the church would reject me!"
ANTI-QUEER COP: "Oh, so now you're being an annoying person, eh? You'll get the chair for this one, fag!"

Oh no, not you too Jeff Gordon! It's a regular CRIME WAVE! Ha ha! Get it? That's comedy! Thanks for joining in!

I'm positive it was undoubtedly difficult for the city of Detroit to recruit enough officers to fill out Task Force Anti-Queer since policemen are well aware of the inherent dangers in staking out waving homosexuals. For example, a West Lincoln, Ohio officer was fatally wounded in 1997 when he was on a routine gay greeting patrol mission outside of a strip mall. He caught a glimpse of what appeared to be a man of the homosexual persuasion apparently saying hello to another individual who was a known repeat homosexual offender. The officer shouted a warning at the two men and began to run after them but they responded by turning towards the officer and spraying greetings in his general direction. The underequipped officer was caught in a wave of waves, falling to the ground and dying before an ambulance could arrive at the scene. The two homosexuals still remain at large and are assumed to be friendly and dangerous. If you see these two men, please report them to your local authorities. They can be best described as "gay."

If this weren't enough, and by God it most certainly is, the article claimed the Detroit Police are also cracking down on "being an annoying person." Finally, all my anti-Carrot Top legislation has been approved and enacted! I'm not exactly sure what the constitutional definition of "annoying" is but I'm fairly sure that obvious stuff such as waving and agreeing to visit drinking establishments with undercover police officers could easily be considered "annoying." I'd like to add the following offenses to the official illegal annoying list of crimes:

- Being a cashier who prints out and forces you to take 500 feet of receipts and paper when you buy anything from their store.
- Seriously referring to Puff Daddy as "P-Diddy."
- Being Puff Daddy.
- Walking down the sidewalk in front of me and then abruptly stopping for no apparently reason, causing me to either bump into you or lunge out of the way and into oncoming traffic.
- Waving without a waving license.
- Waving while being under the influence of homosexuality.
- Working in a restaurant that officially closes at 11:00 yet you stop making or serving new food at 10:20 and you force me to order something that's been lying around the back of the kitchen for weeks because nobody is dumb enough to ever order it.

So it finally appears that our law enforcement system is shaping up and becoming the utopian dynasty that we all dreamed about the night after eating really spicy Chinese food. Our society is finally approaching the day when women, children, dogs, and other non-homosexual entities can safely walk down the street without fearing the abject horror of being greeted by people who know an awful lot about showtunes. Before you know it, the streets will be free of friendly homosexuals

and will be populated by its rightful denizens, people who wear bandanas, Jean jackets, and boom boxes. Oh what a future indeed!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

12.17 Travel Tips For Hectic Holidays

Thursday, Dec 20, 2001 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

These people are doing the smart thing and fleeing the airport. I think that woman in front is an ogre.

With the Christmas season rearing its acne-ridden face early next week, many people are packing their suitcases and preparing for their inevitable cross-country holiday flight. Friends, family, neighbors, enemies... everybody goes flying for the holidays, although only at the time when your flight is scheduled to depart. Of the 195 billion Americans flying this Christmas, 194 million of them are all going to be on your plane and fighting for the space between your seat and the middle one. We advise wearing spiked shoulder pads, or if at all possible, deciding to ride on a ferry boat instead.

If you absolutely, positively, must fly this season, we would like to offer a series of tips and advice that will help you make it to your travel destination with a minimal amount of hassels. All major airlines have increased their security and checkin procedures as a result of September 11th terrorist attack, in the hopes that they'll aggrivate the entire human population from ever flying again. If there was some economical way for the major airlines to fill all their jets with poison spiders and solid concrete, they'd jump at the chance. Until masonry becomes more affordable, we'll all have to settle for the current state of the airline industry and use the following Something Awful Travel Tips to make the flying experience more enjoyable or slightly less suicidally annoying.

- There are two different ways to travel: either through ticketed travel or ticketless travel. Each is exactly the same and requires you to have a physical copy of your original ticket, the receipt and proof of purchase, the home address and phone number of the person who sold you the ticket, and a DNA sample from the tree that was cut down to produce it. If you fail to bring all these to the airport, you will not be allowed to fly. Ever. Although this sounds like a bad thing, trust me, it isn't.

- Armed anti-terrorist military forces are positioned throughout the airport, looking for suspicious foreign people who don't speak English. This is why they are always stationed around the group of people who do not speak any coherent language, the airport X-ray inspection squad, a group of highly trained untrained people who were imported from Jupiter to operate the radiation-emitting machines while speaking in tongues to invisible people who never existed.

- The "new and improved" carry-on baggage rules are strictly enforced. These rules permit you to only bring aboard only one bag which cannot exceed the physical dimensions of a "Sweet Valley High" paperback book. Wallets, car keys, and children are considered to be carry-on baggage, as well as the individual objects contained inside your carry-on baggage. You will be forced at gunpoint to check all your baggage and clothing and prosthetic body parts at the ticket desk so they can load it on seperate planes and take bets as to what country or dimension it will end up in.

- Passengers are no longer able to bring box-cutters onto their flights. In order to prevent renegade boxes from taking over the cockpit and hijacking the plane, each flight has at least one federal agent disguised as a loud-mouthed Jewish woman from Florida. Key phrases such as "my son just graduated from college," "I'm flying to see my nephew," and "it's unseasonably warm" are simply codewords meaning "there are currently no enemy boxes trying to crash the plane."

- Travelers may no longer joke about terrorists or terrorist boxes within a 500-mile radius of a federal airport. If you absolutely MUST crack a joke about terrorists, you may do so in the designated "Free Speech" sections of the airport which are located next to the smoking sections in an underground cavern filled with toxic waste and troll-like creatures who beat you with refueling hose parts.
- Plastic knives are no longer offered in airport restaurants. Instead, tickets to use an in-house diamond cutting laser system must be purchased if any passenger would like to saw through the slab of charred animal ass that they bought for the cost of a new car at the airport bar and grill.

This is the second result that returns when "airport" is entered into Alta Vista Image Search.

- Any terrorists attempting to bring a diamond cutting system on board will have their travel privledges revoked and be forced to sit in the "time out" room for the weekend while they think about what they tried to do.
- Airlines are allowed to partake in random checks of passenger carry-on luggage. If your name is chosen by their 1980's computer system which runs on deisel fuel, you will be pulled out of line and taken aside by security guards who have been trained by the government to look at your underwear while making really frustrated facial expressions. Everything in your bag will be inspected up to the point of dissecting each part into its individual atoms and asking the atoms if they plan on blowing up the plane. Make sure to get your atoms in order before arriving at the airport.
- Passengers are not allowed to read any books or magazines that promote or describe things that have the potential to catch fire or explode unless it's a Tom Clancy novel about planes catching fire and exploding. Dean Koontz books are fine as well, but at least two of the major characters must be teenagers who have been unknowingly infected with an experimental virus produced by a meglomaniacal corporation to make people either psychic or more like housecats.
- Arrive at the airport least two hours before your plane is scheduled to depart. This way you will be six hours early for your flight.
- Electronic devices such as Gameboys or laptop computers cannot be used within 30 minutes of takeoff or landing. This is to prevent a reoccurance of the 1987 catastrophe when a Boeing 747 was taken over by a rogue Iraqi Nintendo and forced to jump up and smash a floating brick, revealing a gigantic bouncing coin.

We hope these travels tips have helped in your quest to get from point A to point B this holiday season, as long as "point B" is not a horrible, fiery, deadly inferno of doom. And by "we" I mean "I." And by "hope" I mean "don't care if."

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

12.18 Baseball Cards

Saturday, Dec 22, 2001 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

Do You Remember Pete Harshnish?

Today I had planned on presenting a very keenly researched and well-written treatise on the perils of mid-level marketing on college campuses, taking into account current geographic boundaries, tariff restrictions, subway fares, and of course the introduction of glucose to an already helium-saturated environment. However, while searching my extensive private library for a pen with which I could twirl around in my hair and murmur "hmmm... how intriguing," the top shelf broke and I was quickly buried under hundreds of binders, filled with collectible sporting cards.

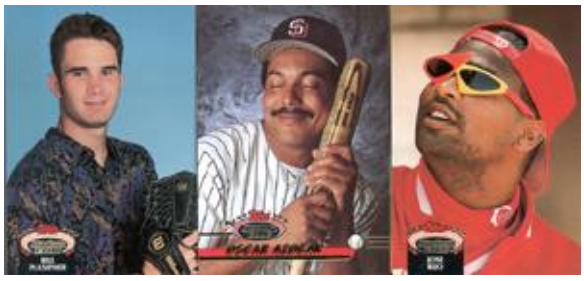
I was trapped under this bulky pile of baseball buffoonery for several hours, as I had foolishly given the maid, the butler, and the greens keeper the day off. As my screams echoed futilely through my cavernous mansion home, I passed the time by perusing page after page of bubblegum trading cardboard, an activity I had not partaken in since my formative years.

It sucked. Why did I buy so many photographs of middle-aged men waving their arms at flying balls? Wait, don't answer that, I just thought of Lowtax's "Crime Wave" update and don't want to spend Christmas in a jail cell. I mean, what was I thinking? And when I found out that I hadn't actually given any of my servants the day off, because I didn't even *have* any servants, or live in a mansion, for that matter... well, I felt even more foolish!

I really do have an extensive private library, though. But it's basically just a stack of "Choose Your Own Adventure" books.

Anyhow, I was in no mood to write a research paper. So I thought it'd be a good idea to merely scan in some of my baseball cards and make insightful comments about them, you know, like that Yablonski feller does, only not as good. Let's, shall we?

First up, some Stadium Club cards. Topps' Stadium Club produces only "premium" collector cards, made with only the most freshly murdered trees and coated generously with a highly flammable and toxic combination of lacquer and Capri Sun.



(from left to right) **A)** Bill Pulsipher played for an ill-fated expansion team called the "Corporate Sponsors." He's pictured here in his "Casual Friday" uniform. **B)** Oscar Azocar savors the feel of a hard, long stick of wood against his face. Nope, no gay here! **C)** "I HAVE COME FROM THE ALTERNATE FUTURE WHERE BILL & TED RULE THE WORLD WITH ROCK AND ROLL AND I AM HERE TO CATCH A FLY BALL OR PERHAPS A GROUNDER! DAMN I LOOK GOOD!"

Leaf's Studio line of cards featured glamour shots of baseball players, suitable for use in high school yearbooks or perhaps a memorial service.

A) Huh? What's the deal with this old-timer? The card claims that he's "Jimmie Reese, CH," but

what the hell is a CH? Charbroiled Hitter? Cock Handler? I'm guessing the latter. **B)** Hey, it's one of the guys from those "House Party" movies! Kid? Play? Oh, it's just Sammy Sosa. Ooops. **C)** These two guys obviously don't require the services of a CH like Jimmie Reese, they've got each other covered. The card even identifies who catches! **D)** "YARR! SHIVER ME TIMBERS! THROW A FASTBALL, LANDLUBBER!" Sorry, Steve Lake, the "P" on your hat stands for *Phillies*, not *Pirates*.

When card collecting was big in the early 90's, a bunch of companies got really stupid and made cards for the most retarded things. Examples include *senior league* baseball cards (seriously, I have a set), Stadium Club: "Batman Returns," and... country music singers? Yes, it's true; they actually made cards for Eddie Rabbit and the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band. As for why I possess these, don't ask.

A) Hank Williams Jr.'s rookie card, I guess. Yes, I *am* ready for some football, Hank. Baby football, that is, and you're going to get spiked! **B)** Let's all laugh at the silly clown woman-man! **C)** Wayne Newton?! What are you doing here? And why are there third-degree burns on your face?

Finally, we come to one of the dumbest ideas in the history of sports collectibles: Pro Line Portraits. My guess is some gay photographer lisped something like this: "Let's take a bunch of those silly handsome big strong football players and dress them all up in cute little outfits, just like I did for the Sears catalog!" And this set of cards was the result.

A) See what I mean? An uncomfortable amount of these pictures are merely a sad excuse to see football players in an even more extreme homoerotic fashion. **B)** Wow! You pranced right over the goal post and scored an extra two men! Someone's fabulous! **C)** O.J. Simpson, before the...

incident. I took the liberty of *slightly* editing the personal quote O.J. wrote on the back of his card, my changes are in **bold**:

> *"I thought as a **murderer** the most important thing was to be in good condition. Throughout my college and pro career, for the most part I thought I was the best conditioned **homicidal maniac** in the game. I learned early in life that it wasn't always the toughest kid who won the fights; quite often it was the guy who **beat his wife to a bloody pulp**. So I made it a point always to be in the best condition, and I think it may have accounted for my effectiveness in **not getting convicted for multiple homicides**."*

"I hired you people to try to get a little track laid, not to jump around like a bunch of Kansas City faggots," says some guy in "Blazing Saddles." And it's true; Kansas City is the San Francisco of the Midwest. Not surprisingly, Lowtax's favorite team is the Kansas City Chiefs because he's from... Kansas, or Missouri, or wherever the hell, so I scanned in some pictures for him. I'm sure he'll "enjoy them" more than I ever could.

A) Coach Marty Schottenheimer is coming for your soul! RUN OR YOU'LL GO ZERO AND FIVE! **B)** No comment. **C)** A forty year old failed soccer player convulsing on the floor and trying on shoes. Is this part of some place kicker fetish I'm not aware of?

A) A guy in a red bow tie holding a football and a horse. Is he a player? Is he a farmer? What's the horse's opinion on the Electoral College? **B)** Troy Aikman climaxing all over his exercise machine. Charming! **C)** These two Russian people are merely laughing at all the gay Kansas City Chiefs in the pictures above. Unless the kid is Hank Williams Jr. or something? Help?

Once all the Pro Line player portraits were taken, somebody in the NFL's marketing department must have gotten a hold of some copies and said: "Dear God, this is the gayest thing I've ever seen!" And by "gayest" he didn't mean "retarded," he meant "abundant in homosexual innuendo." So to counteract all the gaydom, he ordered that pictures of some players' wives be included to balance things out. Actually, there are only a dozen or so wifey pics, which undoubtedly means that the aforementioned gay photographer got "tackled" a lot. Unfortunately, too many hits to the head caused a good majority of the players that stayed straight to marry dumpy broads. The quotes on the back of these cards are hilarious, but the best part is that they all list their positions as "wife"

in place of "running back" or "missionary" or "sleeping with another man while hubby is off playing some childish little game," which would be more accurate.

A) Joe Montana's wife shows off her ass, because she's probably flat-chested and ashamed of her lack of mammary glands. Or maybe she just likes to hump walls. **B)** Oh look, Barbra Streisand! Stupid bitch, thinking she can sing and... oh, my mistake, it's Janet Elway, John Elway's wife. I don't like you either! **C)** Just for good measure, here's a pic of a man with moss growing on his chest.

As my professor in journalism school always said, "When lacking for stories, scan in football cards and make fun of them." Wait a minute, I never went to journalism school, I don't live in a mansion, and here I am with a binder full of bare-chested football players on my lap. I sure am confused!

(note to all you ladies: just kidding, I'm sure I'm straight)
(note to all you ladies again: yes, I'm aware that you couldn't care less and that I'm desperate and you hate me, so go piss up your respective tampons)

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

12.19 'Tis the season!

Monday, Dec 24, 2001 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Welcome to Christmas Eve

I have commented before on my dislike for the Holidays, and I must admit while this one has a lot of promise for joy and happiness, this Christmas is already shaping into the usual burning meteor of suck. If this Holiday were an animal and I were to dissect it in the grim Christmas abattoir I believe I would find that one lobe of its brain is greed and another generosity. The blood that flows green through this beast's veins is the viscous sludge of rampant capitalism, and the pinkish glow of its cherub's smile comes from the charity you can find if you look hard enough. It's a creature of contradictions and it even after a complete autopsy I can't decide whether it is a holiday of joy masquerading as a manipulative month long commercial for buying gadgets, or if it is a month long commercial for gadgets with a heart of kindness.

Lady, get away from him! He's wearing those rubber gloves because that's how he likes to screw people.

Any way you slice and spread it, Jesus isn't in there anymore, so shut up about "the reason for the season". Jesus was a commie and this country just doesn't go for that sort of "share everything" policy, we only share when the government makes us or for tax write offs.

To kick off Christmas I drove 8 hours to Illinois from Ohio to pick up my grandmother so she could stay with my parents. There is something dispiriting and desolate about driving through parts of Illinois in the winter. Much of the state is normal, but portions are so flat and agricultural that you have massive empty cornfields that stretch to the horizon in every direction. You can see a car driving on another road five miles away and other than it and a few diesel belching metal monsters on the interstate with you, you are utterly alone.

This album cover from hit sensation Testament roughly approximates the vistas of rural Illinois.

When I reached my grandmother's house I spent an hour or so helping her organize her huge quantities of junk she was going to bring with us. After that we sat in her living room and she told me about how alone she was since my grandfather died, how she was afraid she couldn't keep up her house (it is dusty but clean and in excellent repair), and how I should look around the house and take anything I wanted. I politely declined and was reminded how some family members might jump at that chance to loot the tomb of the still living. After that we had very little to talk about being so vastly different, we did discuss politics since we can usually agree on that, but for the most part we watched CNN with half of the screen obscured by closed captions.

When I went to bed I remembered why I hate staying at my grandmother's house more than any single reason; her guest beds. There are three of them, all identical in size and composition. They are single beds dating back to when my father and his brother were kids, probably the fifties. They are a box spring with a two foot thick foam mattress on top. They are five feet long and covered with more dust than a newly unearthed sarcophagus in Giza. Did I mention they are on wheels? When you lay down in one you know you

will awaken poorly rested, with a wheeze from all the dust, your legs hanging over the end of the bed to the knee, and the bed itself displaced at least two feet from its starting position. At least she gave me a blanket the size of a bath towel to cover up with!

The next morning I woke up at the crack of dust-induced sneezing fit (very much before dawn) and hurried down stairs to start getting ready to go. My grandmother was awake since it is some sort of written law that all people over the age of sixty have to get up at like four in the morning. She went through a long list of things she needed to do while I waited patiently and helped where I could. My grandmother is one of the sweetest people I know. She's a bit out of touch with the times (she always calls homosexual people "a gay", as in "I think he is a gay.") and technology (she got her first VCR three years ago), but I can certainly forgive that. She is very easily upset though. Last Christmas I was in the process of separating from my wife and I made a point to reassure her that things would be much more pleasant this Christmas. I explained that I wouldn't be punching walls and throwing burning furniture out windows, that I wouldn't be half drunk and rolling around on the floor in my underwear, that I wouldn't punch her and then cry myself to sleep in the corner. Not that I ever did those things.

The drive home was rough in a different way than the drive over. It was uncomfortable to talk to her at times, especially since about half of the things I could talk to her about revolve around the Internet.

> **Grandma:** So what are you friends up to these days?
>
> **Me:** Oh, well Robert is still at college, and Ben and Dev are still around here. Amy is here for another semester then she might transfer. Lowtax is still in Seattle, I talk to him all the time about the web site. SexyGurl75 and I are getting along really well too, although if things don't work out xX R4v3rQu33n Xx and I can always get together. Then there's this creepy girl who I think is an old man who keeps ICQing me for naked pictures, and the people on IRC still think I suck.
>
> **Grandma:** I have no idea what you just said.
>
> **Me:** Just pretend I said "My life is a hollow shell of humanity occupied with staring at a low radiation monitor and smoking cigarettes waiting until I die from some strange jungle disease."
>
> **Grandma:** (sobbing)

We stopped for lunch at a Bob Evans, a welcome relief to both my sore "drivin' foot" and my aching nicotine gland. Staring across a half eaten plate of grilled cheese at her I wondered how a world could produce two people so closely related yet so completely different. The stories she related ad infinitum about her youth and years gone by didn't really sound all that different from my childhood. Sure, different events and lower technology, but have we changed that much? I pocketed a mint at the register and carried on with our voyage, burying my concerns about our differences as quickly as anyone avoids any deep problem or difficult question.

My attempts to search for pictures of my ex on Google yielded this. I don't think it's her, but she could have changed some in the past year.

I got to my parent's house safely and spent about an hour helping her unload and unpack stuff from the car. Then I returned home to my apartment to jot down some notes about this little adventure and catch up with my group of friends who are almost always around; the ones on the Internet. It was an hour or so later that I got a call that just added more sunshine to an already odd and somewhat

depressing Christmas. My ex wife had called my parents to inform them that she had cleaned out my bank account while I was on the road, maybe even while I was staring over that grilled cheese at my grandmother. It wasn't a lot of money; I had already emptied all but the amount of a few outstanding checks from it with plans on closing it once they had cleared. Yeah, it was my fault for not closing it six months ago, but I really didn't consider it a priority since she had left behind her ATM card and check book.

I figured out which check still hadn't cleared by calling the bank's 24 hour support line (she had closed my account leaving me unable to check my balance online) and talked to the friend who it was written to. I told the bank to stop payment on any checks and forked over cash to my pal. Not a big problem, but just all in all a great way to get things started for Christmas.

Ho ho ho fuckers.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.20 Welcome to 2002

Monday, Dec 31, 2001 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

That's right, the year 2001 has come and gone. Time continues to blindly hurtle itself forwards into the abyss of the future, folding itself into a spatial parallelogram of murky mystery and ever-cheaper card tables. As Ed Wood so succinctly stated in "Plan 9 From Outer Space," *"We are all interested in the future, for that is where you and I are going to spend the rest of our lives. And remember, my friends, future events such as these will affect you in the future."* Truer words have never been spoken in the past, where they were spoke, or perhaps would be spoken if one had thought of speaking as one spoke while speaking.

I for one am glad to see 2001 go. Good riddance. It was easily one of the worst years of my shallow existence, and throwing out this stupid *Far Side* daily calendar and replacing it with a *Dilbert* daily calendar should solve all my problems. 2002 is a vast improvement already since it's one of the few years you can spell backwards and still get right, which is great if you're dyslexic. I'm not dyslexic personally, but I'm often mistaken for having a variety of birth defects. So 2002 is great. Especially if you're retarded.

Happy New Year from an alternate reality where bears are suave and sophisticated!

Lots of magazines, web sites, and urine-stained homeless people are making bold predictions as to what the new year may bring. My forecast is simply this: 2002 will either be better or worse than 2001, some people will die, and something spectacularly stupid will happen. It may involve Don King, but it may not. It will also rain somewhere. I may be going out on a limb here, but it's a risk I'm willing to take.

The sad truth is that 2002 may just be the last year of human existence. Peace isn't exactly the hottest fad right now. Pakistan and India may just launch nuclear holy cows and atomic Korans at each other, terrorists will probably let loose more suicide attacks on innocent dermatologists, or an asteroid could strike the earth at a 38 degree angle and destroy all of mankind. You never know.

How will humans be remembered? My guess is not very fondly at all. Any Earth-residing animals that survive whatever disaster wipes us out certainly won't have very many positive things to say. For every bird that says something like, "some old lady built me a house and fed me seeds, I miss humans!" there'll be four times as many birds telling tales about how their ancestors were locked up in cages and forced to say "POLLY WANT A CRACKER???" over and over again until they were starved to death. Dogs will share embarrassing stories about being ordered to retrieve sticks and catch Frisbees against their will while being dressed up in stupid looking sweaters. Ants will speak of murderous massacres caused by eight-year-old boys with magnifying glasses. Farm animals will whisper sexy stories of bestial abuse. And all the creatures we didn't eat or lock up in zoos will curse humans for leaving them with a polluted crapfest of a planet to live on, coated with rotting hulks of concrete, steel, and Wal-Marts.

Aliens will dismiss humans as a goofy, silly, primitive race that only barely managed to launch itself into space. Even then they couldn't muster up the fortitude to colonize or even set foot on any of the other planets in its incredibly tiny solar system. Just having a couple of chumps in diapers gallivant upon the moon was considered a significant feat!

But since there's unfortunately a slim chance that the majority of us homo sapiens will survive to see another year, I present to you one of those stupid year-end "out / in" lists popular with vapid publications such as *Entertainment Weekly*. These are supposedly "hip" pieces of editorial that tell

you what's trendy and what's old hat. For example, *Entertainment Weekly's* out / in list looks something like this:

OUT	**IN**
Dying in the World Trade Center Vin Diesel	Filthy Americans Allah and Nicole Kidman

But I can assure you that Something Awful would never stoop to *Entertainment Weekly's* level and print such a thing, partly because we don't have any printers or paper. Anyway, here's our stupid list:

OUT	**IN**
Walking	$3000 scooters that make you look like a complete dork, causing people to laugh and point at you as you whiz down the street until finally somebody mercifully takes your ill-advised purchase and throws it into a river
LOL (Laughing Out Loud)	LOL (Licking Off Lacerations)
Dying peacefully in your old age	Dying violently from multiple gunshot wounds, Smallpox, Ebola, and Anthrax at the age of four
Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone	Harry Potter Hits Puberty and Jerks Off to Sharon Stone
Osama Bin Laden	Dr. Octopus
Teenagers dressing up like babies, strapping candy around their necks, taking drugs, and stumbling about awkwardly to repetitive, terrible Trance music while staring at glowsticks for hours and calling themselves "ravers"	Teenagers dressing up as business men, strapping strap-ons around their torso, taking drugs, and stumbling awkwardly through the forest while searching for places to bury the latest freshly murdered intern that threatened to tell the press about their illicit affair and calling themselves "Congressmen from California"
Hardcore Pornography	Hardcore Sternography
Being Gay Furries	NFL's Detroit Lions XFL's Memphis Maniax

Britney Spears	A topless, pigtailed 11-year old girl who sings about getting fucked by her grandfather and his friends
Low Interest Rates	$1000 a week unemployment checks
Movies	Cave Paintings
Catholic Priests abusing altar boys	Catholic Priests abusing altar girls
Tom Hanks	Roast Duck
Lowtax	William Slater
Honesty	Going to jail
Napster	Other programs with even stupider names than Napster
This Guy:	This Guy:
Playstation 2	Going outside and not being such a loser, you pale fanboy
Sex	Knitting
Performing artificial heart transplants	Executing dying people on a 24-hour cable channel for your entertainment
Pirates	Pirate Robots
Derek Smart	This amazing circle that you can stare at for hours it's so cool it's like a circle and it spins and you just watch and it's the best slurpie you'll ever taste I swear to God it's like putting two slurpies into a soda can and drinking the bottom you won't believe it

So Happy New Year. Way to start things off on the wrong foot, jackass.

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

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